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ART. I.—*Unpublished Letters of the Princess Charlotte.*

Nothing is more pathetic than old letters. The most elaborate biographies fail to convey a correct idea of the illustrious dead unless supplemented by letters and records; and even where the actual life was uneventful and obscure, there is always an interest in reading the words that survive of a past long gone by. There exists an old collection of letters by one whose name survives in history as an embodiment of all that was beautiful and graceful and hopeful. The memory of Princess Charlotte of Wales is still cherished, the sensation produced in England by her death has never been forgotten, and the remembrance of it has lately been revived in many quarters by the publication of the memoirs of Baron Stockmar, containing a description of her happy married life, and of the melancholy circumstances of her death. But comparatively little is known of her earlier history; all the public had learned about her, was that she had shewn spirit in breaking off an engagement she hated, that she was afterwards most happily married, and then cut off in the enjoyment of perfect happiness, and of the most brilliant prospects. Her fate is generally felt to be tragic, because her death put an end to what seemed the acme of human felicity, but few have realised how short that felicity had been, or what heavy trials and sorrows had clouded her childhood and girlhood. In her case, the ordinary experiences of a woman's life were reversed. As a child and girl she was burdened with cares, overwhelmed with responsibilities and struggles; peace and perfect careless happiness, gaiety,

and all that makes youth light and happy, were unknown to her till she married; then she shook off cares and responsibilities, and then she first felt free to enjoy youth and life.

Princess Charlotte was born January 7th, 1796, at Carlton House. Her mother, as is well known, quitted her husband's house for ever, as soon as possible after the birth of her child. The baby remained but a short time longer under her father's roof; a nursery in his house did not apparently suit George, Prince of Wales, and the poor little girl, not wanted by her father, and not allowed to be with her mother, was eventually established in a house of her own, with a staff of governesses and maids, under the superintendence first of Lady Elgin, and afterwards of Lady de Clifford. Warwick House, a small house adjoining the garden of Carlton House, was chosen for her; it was close to her father's, it is true, but practically he never saw her. Once a week, on Saturday afternoon, she was taken to Blackheath, to the house of her grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Brunswick (who had returned to England after the death of her husband, killed in battle in 1806), there to meet her mother for an hour or two. On rare occasions she visited her other grandmother, old Queen Charlotte, and her aunts at Windsor or Frogmore; now and then she was sent to the seaside. Though her father rarely saw her, and never took any interest in her, transferring to her his hatred of her mother, he did occupy himself about her so far as to interfere in all arrangements respecting her, always with a view of preventing intercourse with her mother, and keeping her as secluded and as much in the

background as possible. He especially avoided anything that might appear like a recognition of her position as heiress-presumptive to the Crown, for he probably always hoped either by the death of her mother, or by a divorce, to be set free to marry again and have a son who would exclude her. His mother, Queen Charlotte, seems to have shared both his dislike to her as connected with her mother, and his views about her.

The child was quick enough soon to find out their dislike; her mother, on the other hand, though allowed no control whatever over her own child, and only seeing her in formal occasional visits, was kind and affectionate in manner to her. With all her faults (and possibly crimes of later years) Caroline Princess of Wales had a warm and affectionate heart; she was naturally very fond of children, and would have been a tender and affectionate though perhaps not a judicious mother. No wonder then that her little girl clung to her, and that her Saturday afternoon visits were the great event of her life. The probability is, that neither the Princess of Wales, on the one hand, nor the attendants of her little girl on the other, were very discreet; between them she very soon found out that the father, who was cold and hard to her, had ill-used the kind mother she so seldom saw, and it was but natural that she should become a violent partisan of the one against the other. Of the people about her, there were some she loved, but they all were at the mercy of the Prince, her father; the slightest indulgence to her, or even encouragement of her natural affections, would have made them liable to dismissal, and their treatment of her must therefore perforce have been constrained. She was, however, allowed a few friends of her own age; there were some children living at Blackheath at that time, whose parents' position was unexceptionable, and who were allowed to go and play with her at her mother's on Saturday afternoons. These, and a few others, children of persons about the Court, remained her friends through life, and to one of them the Letters now before us are addressed. They commence in 1813, when she was just seventeen years old, and give us an insight into as sad an existence as any young girl was ever condemned to. The handwriting is scrawling and illegible to a degree, and bears evidence of her neglected education. The grammar is often at fault, the style stilted and pompous, like that of the novels of the last century, with which she probably had a large acquaintance; but it can scarcely be called affected, because it is evident that she was pouring out her real

feelings in the language most natural to her. She was very sentimental, as girls of that age, if naturally warm-hearted and imaginative, are sure to be: in the present day, the young lady of seventeen, with feelings as strong, would probably veil them in the garb of slang; but in 1813, young ladies were fed on the pompous and grandiloquent style of the literature of the day (when sensational novels and slang were alike unknown), and were proud of expressing their feelings in the warmest terms.

Princess Charlotte, in spite of her lonely education and loveless life, had retained a most warm and affectionate heart. The companion she most loved was going abroad for an indefinite time, just at the time that the Princess Charlotte had had her establishment changed, and had gone through many annoyances. The friends had exchanged keepsakes, and poor Charlotte thanks her friend for a ring she had sent her, thus:—

‘I am all impatience till I can express my thanks for the most kind letter and *beautiful* ring which this *fortunate* evening has brought me from you. . . . I know I am a very bad person at expressing myself when I feel much, however that you must excuse me, as the impression is not the less made to be lasting for that; the *souvenir* of such kindness and such fleet but happy moments are likely to be both “*doux et douloureux*” to me, but to the last I am much accustomed. . . . Your delightful *billet* reached me whilst in the midst of composing a waltz for you, and I really believe it inspired me more than anything could have done. I enclose it, and have ventured to name it after your favourite jewel. I cannot boast of the other enclosure being in any way equal to the beautiful *cadeau*, which I shall *never cease to wear*; but as it contains the hair you wished for, and [is] a true emblem of the feelings the donor will ever entertain towards you far or near, I flatter myself it will be worn as an answer to yours, which I have turned round every way in hopes of finding a correspondent lock in vain. . . . I feel very melancholy at your leaving this country, as I cannot but reflect on the uncertainty of things, and what my fate may be before we again meet. . . . Am I asking too much in repeating again the wish of hearing often?..’

This letter is nothing more in itself than a sentimental schoolgirl's effusion, but the interest of it lies in its extreme humility and general sadness. As a rule, royal children inevitably acquire from their earliest youth a condescending manner: however true and warm-hearted they may be, their every-day experience, and the habits of their lives, so entirely teach them that in their intercourse with their friends they are always conferring favours rather than receiving them, that the

humble, deprecating tone of this letter can hardly come within the range of their imagination. But Princess Charlotte had had none of this experience. She had taken no part in any sort of Court life, except in her visits to her grandmother, the old Queen, during which she was repelled and treated with severity. At the moment this correspondence commenced she was in some sort of disgrace with her family, owing to the effort she had made a few months before, on the resignation of her former governess, Lady de Clifford, to have her schoolroom routine relaxed, and instead of a new 'Governess' to have a 'Lady' of her own. The Dowager Duchess of Leeds had, however, been appointed Governess, with Miss Knight as sub-governess. These changes had caused her to realise more and more her isolation, and made her cling more than ever to her few friends. The one to whom these letters were addressed was unexceptionable, and belonged to a family in favour with the Prince Regent, but even this friendship was made a cause of vexation. Princess Charlotte was staying at Windsor with her grandmother, and finding the Queen was going to London, asked leave to accompany her, to say good-bye to her friend; but the stiff reply was that 'it was contrary to princely dignity to seek after any one,' but that the Queen would honour the lady in question with an invitation to Windsor. Charlotte hereupon wrote off a humble letter of apology to her friend for drawing her into what she evidently considered the dreadful ordeal of a visit to Court.

The visit was, however, paid, and soon afterwards Charlotte went with the Court to Weymouth. She was in bad health at the time, and her letters are tinged with melancholy, referring to her rides and her music (for which she seems to have had a passion) as her only interests or amusements. She occupied herself a good deal with composing and setting favourite verses to music, as well as with playing and singing, and was fond of serious occupation—happily for her, for her life was totally devoid of all outward interests or enjoyment; the dull stiff routine of old Queen Charlotte and her elderly daughters seems to have been considered quite sufficient to content this clever eager girl. As to any idea of training her for her future great position, or even of giving her an ordinarily good education, that seems never to have been thought of. What pained her most was the total ignorance in which she was kept as to the time when she was to be emancipated from the seclusion of her schoolroom; she was shrewd enough to suspect that her father, in his anxiety to rid himself of her,

would be anxious to marry her off as soon as possible; but whether he had any definite plans, or whether any choice would be given to her, she had no means of knowing. Neither her father nor her grandmother, nor any of the persons about her, treated her with any kind of confidence or openness. She knew that, according to ordinary precedent, some changes should be made in her establishment when she was eighteen years old, but what those changes were to be no one could or would tell her, although the time was so close at hand, and she was living with the grandmother whose influence in the matter was naturally great, and who, one would have thought, was the person of all others bound to show her kindness and make up to her, as far as possible, the loss of a mother's care and affection. But, instead of this, the old Queen kept her at arm's length; and the very warmth and earnestness of the girl's feelings made her resent this coldness and stiffness with a bitterly injured feeling. She writes from Windsor November 2nd (1813):—

'I am pretty satisfied that I shall not be well or in spirits till I remove from hence, which will be on the 10th of this month, to London. . . . It will perhaps be dull at first, as no one I know will be there; but I like town so very much, and intend to employ every hour of the day, so that I look to the change and the settling with great impatience. I shall have to pay a visit of a week here at Christmas; I fancy so is the present intention, as I am to be confirmed, and take the Sacrament with my "*good family*." There are, as there always will be, various reports about, some true, I presume, others false, so that I hardly know what to believe and what not. One of them is that I am to have an establishment on the 7th of January [her birthday], which is to consist of four ladies. That I am to have *one* is, I believe, true; but further I cannot say. You will easily believe it will be a subject of no small interest to me who these ladies will be, and if the nomination will be left to me. All is in uncertainty and doubt at present. . . . Is it not natural that I should wish to have my friends about me, and more particularly those who can in no way be *exceptionable* to any part of the family, for that is also a matter to be considered, and of no small importance where different interests draw different camps, and particularly as I have seen people never spoken to who may have pleased *one side* and *not another*. . . Pray do not forget me: think sometimes of my fate.'

When the old Queen was lecturing her granddaughter on 'princely dignity' it does not seem to have struck her that leaving her to find out the matters most nearly concerning herself only through the gossip she might get her friends or attendants to bring

her, was hardly the way to cultivate that dignity. From the same source, and from her own observation, this girl of seventeen was allowed to know all the squabbles and family jars which she had better have been ignorant of; these were not kept from her, but all counsel, all kind advice, all knowledge that might have been really useful to her, just as she was entering on life, seem to have been denied her by the cruel and short-sighted policy of those who governed her education. Her confirmation had been delayed unusually late, but there is no trace in her letters of her thinking of it, or looking forward to it, with the least sense of its importance, or with any of the solemnity and awe with which even much younger girls usually regard this moment. Yet she was neither frivolous nor empty-headed; but she was good, thoughtful, generous, and unselfish, and, as we shall see later, both anxious to do her own duty and to help others to do theirs; always ready to sacrifice inclination to duty and self to others. That such a disposition should have seemed so little affected by one of the most solemn religious acts of life can only be accounted for by the fact that it had never been brought before her except in a cold official way; no glimpse of love, no real earnestness, had pervaded the formal 'religious instruction' she had received. The age was one of much coldness and deadness in forms, and to that prevailing coldness was added, in her case, utter lovelessness. Queen Charlotte, we all know, was a 'good' woman, but there must have been something thoroughly unamiable in one who could visit on her innocent grandchild the sins of the poor child's mother; probably she saw in the girl's enthusiastic temperament and outspoken frankness and warm-heartedness merely signs of her mother's flighty disposition; and the very good qualities of a fine and loving nature were those that most alienated the stiff old Queen. However that may be, she shewed the poor child no tenderness. Princess Charlotte was undutiful, no doubt, both to her and to the Prince Regent, but, in her wretched situation, the keeping of the Fifth Commandment does seem to have been well nigh impossible to her. We will follow her to London at this time to await in her solitary home the unknown fate her eighteenth birthday was, as she thought, to bring her. On November 29th she writes from Warwick House,—

'You will see by the date I am in town again. You will be glad, I flatter myself, to hear that I have been settled here three weeks for good, except a week, the 1st of January, when I am to go to Windsor to be

confirmed, &c. &c. In every sense of the word it is *for good*, as I am quite well again, and indeed feel quite comfortable, as I have been *left quiet*. Nobody has been in town of my friends, but I have filled up my day with masters. I draw a great deal, also; and have composed some more things for the piano. . . . I am both delighted and satisfied with my two masters, and they both give me great encouragement to proceed. . . . I am delighted to say C—s [some girls she had known from childhood] are to be in town to-day, so that I hope to enjoy them nearly three weeks quietly, though they are, I am very sorry to say, far from being favourites at Windsor; and though no prohibition was given to my seeing them, yet there was an expression of not too much intimacy; and the Queen said, "she never could *taste* those young ladies." I will do her justice in saying nothing has passed of that sort since I came to town. There were several abominable lies set about before I came away, and had been believed; it was very uncomfortable for the time; nothing since, however. As to an establishment, I know nothing more of it than when I wrote last.'

The Queen's severity and objections to her granddaughter's most innocent friendships with the few companions of her childhood were not likely to increase the Princess's taste or respect for the etiquette which the Queen considered so necessary, but of which the Princess was intensely impatient. She complains of the 'formality' of her friend's letters to her, saying:—

'You need not be afraid of tiring me with your long letters, which are always too short a great deal, and are *made more so by the space you leave at the top*, which can then only allow of very few lines to one who so eagerly devours them; perhaps you are thinking of *etiquette*, that odious word, which is well for great people and great occasions, but which ought not and need never surely obtrude itself beyond what is absolutely necessary between two *friends*. Am I not taking a great liberty with you in saying this? do I stand very guilty in your sight? or am I to be forgiven?'

The month of December had now arrived; Charlotte was to 'come out' for the first time in a very limited way, and her anticipations of a marriage being arranged for her were soon to be realised. In a letter of December 15th (1813) she thus describes the great event which had broken in upon, and apparently put an end to, her schoolgirl life:—

'Since my last letter to you, the Queen has been in town for a great party at Carlton House to all the foreigners. On Thursday it was, and I must confess it was the only very good party I have ever been at as yet; as there was very little form, and one could

walk about and talk to everybody. The night before, too, there was a small party, but that went off well too, as it did not flag at all, and the Prince [her father] was in very great good-humour with everything and everybody—*myself not excepted.*

This was so rare an event that she could not help dashing the words strongly. The Prince had a very strong motive for conciliating her just then; there can be no doubt he was anxious to get rid of her by concluding, as quickly as possible, the marriage he had in view for her. She may have suspected his intentions beforehand, but certainly had had no idea that her fate was to be so rapidly sealed. She goes on to say:—

'I go to Windsor on Wednesday, the 20th, for ten days; I shall return for certain the 2nd January (it will be Sunday) after church; 24th I am to be confirmed, and 25th to take the Sacrament. The Prince wishes I should be with the Queen both Christmas and New Year's Days. You know, I hate Windsor, so that ten days is *too much*. However, as it is not a residence, and to get me a little more out of the schoolroom, I submit.'

This seems a sad state of mind for a girl who was looking forward to her Confirmation and her Christmas family party. Now, at the end of her letter, she passes on to tell her friend of the great event to which all the unwonted graciousness of her family had been the prelude:—

'I cannot, after all your kindness to me, avoid or prevail on myself not to tell you *what has, and what is to happen.* . . . On Friday night the Prince of Orange arrived in England; the Prince (Regent) wished excessively I should see him, which I agreed to. On Sunday evening I dined at Carlton House to meet him with a small party—the Castlereaghs, Liverpools, Lord Bathurst, two Fagels, besides the Duchess of Leeds, and myself and the Duke of Clarence. During the evening I was called out to say what I thought of him, and, in short, to decide in his favour or not, on so short an acquaintance. However, I decided, *and in his favour*; we are *fiancé*, or *promis*, therefore, on his return from Holland. I confess I was more agitated than I can express at the whole proceeding. The Prince was so much affected himself, but so happy, that it has quite appeared to me since like a dream! He was with me Monday and yesterday, when I took leave of him, as he is off to-day for Holland, and will not be able to return before spring. He thinks about April, when he will go to Berlin and bring over his family here for a short time. He told me yesterday what has cut me to the heart nearly, that he *expected* and *wished* me to go abroad with him afterwards to Holland, but that I should have a home here and there, and be constantly coming backwards and forwards; that he wished

me to go to Berlin, and travel in different parts of Germany. He was all kindness, I must say; at the same time, as he told me, it should never prevent my seeing and having my friends with me as much as ever I liked; that he should be happy if they would all go with me, or else come and see me; his *anxious wish*, I must say, is to do what I like as much as possible to make me happy, and study everything that can make me so. I have only to add that this latter plan must, as you will see, remain in perfect uncertainty, as it must depend upon a Peace and that all is safe, and no Frenchmen remaining anywhere, or else I could not certainly go; besides which, this is a step which cannot be taken without consent of Parliament. I should not, I think, be abroad more than six weeks, or perhaps three months at a time; and considering this is an advantage which hereafter I could not have, I feel more reconciled. Spring is the earliest time when he could possibly return. When he does, he is to go to Berlin and bring his family over for a little time, and when they arrive I suppose the marriage will take place. I believe I have now told you everything. I assure you all has passed so quickly, I often cannot help thinking it is a dream.'

The poor girl, thus hurried into an engagement, must have been glad at a prospect of escape from her solitary life, but, in spite of the subjection in which she had been kept, she had independence of character and an obstinate will which made themselves felt the moment she was called upon to act. Her generous nature impelled her to make the most of the Prince of Orange's attentions and of his kind manners to her; but she had no real respect or liking for him, or she would not have expressed so much uneasiness at the prospect of having to live in his own country. Her reluctance to leave England was, however, mixed up with other feelings: with all her humility and self-forgetfulness towards her friends, she had a very strong feeling about her own position as eventual heiress to the crown of England. She resented the neglect which had allowed her to grow up with none of the training requisite for her station, and now she resented still more any idea of alienating her from her country. In Baron Stockmar's memoirs a supposition is hinted at that one of the objects of the Prince Regent and his friends in urging on the Orange marriage was the hope that, once settled abroad, Princess Charlotte would lose all affection for England, become identified with her husband's country, and so be easily induced to abdicate her own rights in favour of any son she might have who would be educated in England. If such a scheme ever existed, its authors can have had but a very false conception of her

character. They probably reckoned on her impulsiveness and power of attaching herself to those about her for effacing her early impressions, but they knew nothing of the real strength of character and lofty idea of the duties to which she might be called, which all the faults of her education had been unable to stifle.

When the Prince of Orange was gone, and the influence of his kind and considerate manners was no longer present to bias Princess Charlotte and win her over to his wishes, her mind dwelt more and more on the hints which had been thrown out of weaning her from England, and she came to the conclusion to frustrate by every means in her power such a design. At the same time she seems to have wished to face all the duties of her new situation in a thoroughly honest spirit; there is no trace of frivolity in the tone of her letters at this period; they express a great wish to prepare herself for the future, some dread of it, generally sad impressions of life, and a nervous anxiety to keep about her the few friends she really loved. She does not seem to have flattered herself with the idea of any real attachment between herself and her future husband, but simply to have hoped for a quiet life with him; at eighteen years old she had already gone through so much vexation and so many trials that peace alone was all she longed for. Happiness, or the possibility of anything beyond the absence of positive annoyance, she seems to have had no faith in as regarded herself. Her own affairs did not, however, entirely engross her, even in this great crisis of her life. She had been very anxious that a lady whom she had known from childhood should consent to be one of her attendants in case any choice was left her in forming her establishment. She believed the lady to be well qualified to be a comfort and a help to her in a situation 'which' (as she writes) 'may be a very painful and difficult one, with few about me I could trust or like.' The lady in question, however, had refused to entertain the idea, alleging as a reason that her own home duties claimed her whole time. Charlotte, far from being offended, as she might have been, describes the whole transaction in the most generous terms to her friend and correspondent, dwelling principally on her own remorse at having placed the lady in the embarrassing position of refusing, and throwing herself entirely into the lady's view of the matter, much as it pained her. She tells her friend of the affair, and writes thus:—

'Perhaps I was doubly selfish in having so

fixed my eyes. This I cannot but say, that —'s reasons are too good, too sensible, and too urgent not at once to strike conviction. Had I at first allowed myself to think of them, the truth might have flashed across my mind, and prevented the proposal ever reaching her ears. I do not regret it, as it may be one of the few proofs I can give of the worth of the admiration I have ever expressed. . . . Her ever leaving her husband would be wholly out of the question and impossible, and I sincerely applaud her the more for following out the line of conduct she has marked out for herself. I *wish* not and *will* not urge more to distress her, or make another refusal painful.'

She goes on, however, to enter into various plans which shew how much she had the appointment at heart, and how much pain the refusal gave her, but still with the same generous anxiety to defend, as it were, the person in question for the resolution she had taken. There must have been in the Princess a generosity and a sense of justice very unusual in a young person, and still more unusual in royalty, to make her take so unselfishly a disappointment which the lady who caused it had feared might alienate the Princess from her for ever.

With reference to her own affairs, she writes, January 20, 1814, betraying doubt and anxiety, and yet still a wish, if she marries the Prince of Orange, loyally to do her duty to him and his family:—

'My fate, I feel, is an uncertain one . . . at least I hope I have the prospect of enjoying all the happiness of a private and domestic life for some years (until it is necessary I should be called forth to act), with the power of royal splendour attached to it, to be called forth when it is necessary or agreeable; for that view of things should ever continue. The Prince will certainly be obliged, from his situation and connections, to join and give active service; it is his own wish—and certainly in that case would be mine, that I should go with him—to Holland first, and then to different places in Germany. True, all this is in uncertainty, though, as I apprehend, it will be arranged and settled; and consent of Parliament, I fancy, must be obtained before I can leave England; however, there cannot be insurmountable difficulties.'

The idea that her permanent home was to be abroad had evidently at this time not even dawned on her. With the exception of what the Prince of Orange himself had said to her, she was entirely in the dark as to all the arrangements concerning her marriage. She had been forbidden to mention the subject to her mother; neither her father nor her grandmother deigned to give her the least idea of what was to be arranged and

settled for her. In the same letter she thus describes her visit to Windsor for her Confirmation, immediately after her engagement:—

‘I have now to offer you a thousand apologies for the most incoherent and scrawled epistle that ever was, some time ago, giving you an account of the sudden and unexpected turn things have taken in my future fate: I hardly knew what I wrote, I was so agitated. I went through quite an ordeal at Windsor; what with *congratulations*, ill-concealed joy, as ill-concealed *sorrow*, *good humour* and *bad peeping out*, my Confirmation and the Sacrament, and little jokes and witty sayings that were circulating, I was both excessively put out and overcome; and when I returned to town, was quite ill for some days afterwards. I made a flying visit on New Year’s day, and returned the day after, when I met the Duchess of York, all kindness and as amiable as possible about it, very happy at it, as she is extremely fond of her nephew. Ever since I have remained quietly in London. . . . My birthday I was condemned to spend alone.’

These passages about her own affairs occur in the course of very long letters, the greater part of which are devoted to her friend’s concerns and the part she takes in them. Throughout the correspondence it is very remarkable how even at the most critical periods of her life she not only never forgets the interests of others, but always seems more inclined to dwell on them than on herself. It is undoubtedly part of the *métier* of Royalty to show a flattering interest in those they address, but in these letters there is something more than this: there is the evidence of a really sympathetic nature causing her always to put herself in the place of others, and to enter into the affairs of those she loved, before even thinking of her own; and the same force of imagination and power of sympathy made her always both just and generous to those she most disliked. Any act of kindness from her father—anything she could find to praise in her grandmother—she never omits to chronicle, and seems to rejoice in doing so.

The subject of the marriage began to be publicly discussed, and the propriety of sanctioning the removal from the country of the heiress to the Crown was much disputed. Though kept as much as possible in the dark by her family, and forbidden to talk on the subject, Princess Charlotte nevertheless contrived to hear many of the reports afloat. She wished to know all that was said, for the purpose of coming herself to a right conclusion regarding the conflicting duties she might owe to her foreign husband and to the country she might one day have to govern. It is surely creditable to her that,

considering the life she had led and her enthusiastic nature, instead of exulting in the prospect of the freedom marriage would give her, all her thoughts on the subject were earnest and serious, influenced only by the desire conscientiously to attend to every claim made on her by her position. She writes on February 14th, in a tone that would have done credit to a far older head and that shews how, in all the heartless transactions of which she was the victim, her heart remained true, and warm, and upright. After thanking her friend for her ‘kindness relating to a future event, which I believe to be at once the most important and most awful step in one’s life,’ she goes on to say:—

‘I am told, God knows how truly, that when declared to the States-General, it did not please. The Dutch are naturally very jealous, and they imagined it was a trial to annex Holland and the commerce to this country forever. I will tell you, too, that I believe the subject of my quitting this country will be made a cause of much debate as soon as Parliament meets. *My own family*, and *the head of it*, too, is very desirous I should leave it, which I cannot say I am, as I feel naturally excessively attached to the country I was born and educated in. You must be sensible, too, that I have been as yet so very little out, and so little known, that I am nearly a stranger, and leaving it with that impression would, I think, never do. What I am anxious for is, that, at all events, no *absolute prohibition* shall pass, so as wholly to prevent the possibility of my going even if I wished it; for if such a law was passed, you will be aware how very painful it might hereafter be to me, when I may (with truth to you) say that *he may be liked much better than he is now*. For this reason, that he is nearly a stranger to me, and as you may suppose, naturally dying of shyness and fear predominant in all his few visits to me, though to do him justice, he was all kindness and amiability, and endeavoured all he could to make me more at my ease, and to soften down the visit abroad. This is so much the sense of all his letters, that I cannot but think of it; my wishes would be certainly not to think of moving from England for a year at least after the event. . . . As to anything certain or settled I cannot tell you a word, as I have not heard or been told anything of the arrangements. All I can therefore tell you is, that when he was going he told me, “I shall return as soon as possible—March the soonest; I should think the end of April.” It now may be sooner, as from a letter I got yesterday, he seems to be heartily *ennuyé* in Holland, and very anxious to return to England; and if so, the moment he comes and he has been here a week, it will take place, I fancy, as I never saw any one in such a hurry for it to be done as the head of my family [her father]. In his letter he again refers to

his wish of my choosing ladies from among my own friends. . . . I will not be fool enough to try and make you believe that it was an *unbiased* choice. The fact of the story is, that they were so anxious always, and feared so much any *entrave* to it, that when they found there was a *chance* they contrived to hurry the matter on so as to preclude the possibility of hesitation except decidedly *yes* or *no*. . . . When I reflect on it I believe it—considering my peculiar and delicate situation—the wisest measure I could adopt. I was allowed to go to Connaught Place [her mother's house] on the 7th of last month [her birthday], but not to dine there. My birthday was kept quietly at home, and, except for a few cadeaux, totally neglected. I thought she [her mother] looked ill and grown thin, and her spirits wretchedly bad: since then I have not been. The interdict as to my informing her [of her marriage] has not been taken off; but I have broken through it, as I could not endure her being *the last* to be told of what so nearly affected her child. I wrote the other day to her, and her answer was *better* than I had hoped to receive, as I happen to know, *from the best authority*, that she did not like it. It was short and very good-natured to me. That is over . . .

The Prince of Orange was one of a large and affectionate family, and Princess Charlotte's warm-hearted nature rejoiced in the prospect of being admitted amongst them. She mentions in the same letter that she is sending over dolls and cradles as presents to his youngest sister [then about four years old, afterwards Princess Albert of Prussia], 'the very little Orange child' of whom she has heard amusing accounts, and of whom she says, 'a little *vive* thing is an acquisition, I think, generally in a family; so I am not sorry to have so young a sister. Last night brought me a letter from "la Douairière" [the Dowager Princess of Orange, grandmother to the Hereditary Prince], in answer to a very *dutiful* one I wrote her. The young Princess [her intended mother-in-law, wife of the reigning Prince] I am satisfied I shall like. . . .

On the whole she seems at this time to have made up her mind to look at the bright side of things and take as cheerful a view as she could of the future. The next letter, dated February 26th, is written in a merrier mood than almost any other in the collection. She describes how she and two or three girls of her acquaintance act French proverbs, written for them by her governess, Miss Knight—the governess and maids forming the audience; she had also been allowed to see a courier, lately arrived with despatches from the seat of war in Germany, whose account of the gossip current at head-quarters had amused her. As usual,

she enters warmly into all her correspondent's interests. Of her own affairs she reports:—

'The interdict [not to speak of her marriage, though it was everywhere talked about] has at last been taken off my tongue. Lord Liverpool [Prime Minister] was with me the other day, to say I might now write and inform the Princess [her mother] of it, as it was no longer to be kept secret, and it would be strange if she were not the first informed of it. Indeed, Lord Clancarty, at the Hague, had orders to send over a person of high rank to ask me for the Hereditary, and as he was either on his way or soon would be, I might tell it to whom I liked; and as to all future arrangements, I should be informed of them hereafter. As you may believe and suppose, from the moment it was talked of here so universally I could not, in delicacy of feeling, keep it from my mother, and therefore what I wrote afterwards, in consequence of this permission, was *for form's sake*. It went off better than I expected, for I had both a kind and good-humoured letter on it, which I communicated to higher powers [her father], and in a few days I propose going to see her, which will be proper, as I have not done so since my marriage being announced to her.'

In these references to her mother, Princess Charlotte certainly never speaks as if blind to her mother's faults, or inclined to espouse her cause with anything like violent partisanship. But she did feel that whatever her mother's conduct might have been, she was subjected to wanton insult and ungenerous petty persecution; and certainly none can blame her for disregarding her father's orders as to the time of announcing her marriage to her mother. In the recently published memoirs of Baron Stockmar, a speech is attributed to her (after her marriage to Leopold) to the effect that 'her mother was bad, but she would not have been so bad, if her father had not been much worse;' and this has been commented on as shewing 'most unfilial impiety.' But when reading the evidence in her own letters of the treatment she experienced from both parents, we cannot wonder at it; indeed she must have been either stupid or heartless if she could have avoided coming to this conclusion. If her father wished to keep her from her mother, one would have thought he would have tried to win her affection for himself; but instead of this, whilst using her as an instrument by means of which he might insult her mother in every way, he and the old Queen in their relations with herself still continued to treat her as a child, or rather as a slave, for a child is generally treated with personal kindness, whereas in her case neither kindness nor confidence was shewn. Those communications which

were unavoidable were made to her, as we have seen, not even personally, but through Ministers. She goes on in the same letter to ask her friend to tell her *frankly* the impression the marriage makes on the outside world, adding:—

‘Of course I am told here that it is *universally approved of*—*mais je ne me fie pas à beaucoup qu’on me raconte*. As to an establishment or anything relating to it I am quite in the dark about it: *le bruit court* that it is all to be *left to my nomination*. What could I desire more? but it is what I never had any reason to expect.’

Confidence and kindness had never been encountered by her in her dealings with her family, and she naturally was incredulous about them now. Where she did meet with sincerity and kindness, she appreciated them all the more from being so unused to them. She appears about this time to have made another attempt to persuade the lady before alluded to (in the event of any choice being left to her) to become one of her establishment; but the lady remained firm in her previous resolution, and Princess Charlotte, writing on March 12th, after expressing her renewed disappointment, says:—

‘Though it [the refusal] has destroyed all the plans I had been forming, I am left with approbation of her conduct; I implicitly believe every word she says to me. . . . I have never found her otherwise than *very sincere* with me, and an honourable and frank refusal is almost as handsome as a generous acceptance. I cannot for a moment be offended or displeased, but I much regret; for, in the difficult situation I shall be placed in, particularly at the beginning, who could have been so fit as her, or who would have so conscientiously filled the situation?’

She was beginning to have misgivings about her marriage. Probably in the course of their correspondence she had discovered some of the failings in her future husband’s character; her quick perceptions had detected the real motives of her father in urging on the marriage, and her sound sense shewed her the many practical objections. She certainly was beginning to wish and hope for an escape from it, for she writes on March 12, in a very different tone from what she had done before:—

‘As to going abroad, I believe and hope it to be quite out of the question, as I find by high and low that, naturally, it is a very unpopular measure in England, and as such of course (as my inclinations do not lead me either) I could not go against it, and besides which, I have now no manner of doubt that it is decidedly an *object and wish* of more than one to get rid of me if possible in that way. The event is not now to take place certainly

till May; but about when I cannot really say. I shall be enchanted to see you again . . . and, as the event is far from what I could wish, it will soften that much of pain. *Après tout*, dearest —, you are far too sensible not to know that this [marriage] is only *de convenance*, and that it is as much brought about by force as anything, and by deceit and hurry; though I grant you that, were such a thing absolutely necessary, no one could be found so *unexceptionable* as he is. I am much more *triste* at it than I have ever chosen to write; can you be surprised?—a twenty-four hours’ acquaintance, too, really, and where, and how? But I could go on to a thousand claims and reasons as much against as for. No more on it, but that a person of high rank has arrived here with the formal letters for the Prince Regent, which I have seen and got, and have also had a formal visit from him and Fagel, with Lord Liverpool; that the picture is arrived, and the Prince of Orange allows 15,000*l.* for the jewels, including the setting of the picture, all of which I am to order and make choice of myself. Will you believe that not a single word has dropped either relative to residence, establishment, &c. &c.?’

In the latter part of this letter she mentions a report that, amongst expected foreign royalties, the Grand Duchess Catherine of Russia is coming to England. This Princess had a great reputation for beauty and cleverness; Princess Charlotte had heard much gossip about her through some of her uncles who had seen her in Germany, and she was therefore naturally curious about her. In most of the memoirs and histories of the time, the Grand Duchess Catherine’s influence is said to have been the chief cause of Princess Charlotte’s rupture with the Prince of Orange; but this letter shews that more than a month before she ever saw the Grand Duchess she was already thinking of getting out of an engagement which she hated. We have seen her a short time before dwelling, with tolerable satisfaction, on the prospect of travelling abroad; now her mind was running on all the undoubted objections to the marriage, and she had again become feverishly anxious about arrangements for a permanent home in England. Though sore and angry with her father for so palpably wanting to get rid of her, she still at this time respected his wishes; and so far from vehemently siding with her mother out of spite to him, she says in this same letter that she has not been to see her mother from *prudence*, adding, ‘when I was there, I was told my marriage’ was much *abused* and *disapproved* of, but I am careful what I believe *there*.’ Her partisanship for her mother was therefore certainly not blind.

Unfortunately for us this letter closes the correspondence for some time; her friend

returned to London and was with her during the subsequent events preceding her rupture with the Prince of Orange. These events have been often related, and again quite lately in the memoirs of Baron Stockmar. In all the accounts published the rupture is attributed to political reasons,—the Princess's determination not to leave England, and her partisanship for her mother being put forward as the ostensible reasons. But her correspondence shews clearly enough that no such causes would have weighed with her if she had really liked the Prince of Orange, as she at first tried and hoped to do. But on closer acquaintance, after his return to England, she found less and less to like in him; and her own nature was too passionate and too true to suffer her, even for the sake of escaping from the slavery in which she lived, to marry a man she absolutely disliked. It was this simple feeling which led her, unconsciously to herself perhaps, to hold out so resolutely as she did in the course of her negotiations with Lord Liverpool and her uncle the Duke of York, on the question of an establishment in England. She was no doubt very willing that the proposed treaty of marriage should be broken off on this point, but in reality the rupture came from a far more simple cause. We know from an eye-witness, that the immediate rupture followed on a common every-day squabble. Princess Charlotte wanted the Prince of Orange to ride with her in the riding-house; he made objections, she reproached him for his want of attention; he got bored with her vehemence, and left her 'to recover her temper.' It was a dispute which would have been made up at once between two people who had any real liking or esteem for each other; but as it was, this quarrel, trifling in itself, brought to a climax the dislike which had been growing in Princess Charlotte's mind ever since she had had opportunities of watching the temper and disposition of her future husband. She seems to have been keenly hurt at his manner, and wrote, in a fit of temper, that very evening to say she would never marry him.

The Prince of Orange was quite unprepared for her sudden resolve. His letter in reply to her, which has been published, shews he accepted it very philosophically; in fact their dislike was mutual, for both were conscious that in tastes and ideas they were utterly unsuited to each other. Princess Charlotte had acted on impulse in taking this bold step, and she was urged to pause. It was reported that she asked the lady who was with her when she wrote the letter to light a candle for her to seal it, but

the lady refused, saying, 'she would not hold a candle to so rash a step.' The Princess agreed to defer sending off the letter till next day, but in this case, second thoughts, if they had caused her to waver, would not have been for the best. Her hasty resolve was, indeed, the wisest thing she could have done for the eventual happiness of both herself and the Prince of Orange. Truly the immediate consequences were very terrible to herself; she was punished more severely than she expected; but still she had done right, and her reward came at length. She certainly had not the submissive temper of a well-brought-up Princess, who should accept without questionings the husband chosen for her; but then she had both stronger feelings and more character than most girls of her age, whether Princesses or not; she had had no schooling into propriety and sweetness, no guidance but that of her own honest instincts. The whole thing resolved itself into the fact that she disliked the man, felt she could never do her duty by him, and therefore would undergo any suffering rather than marry him. It needed no intrigues of the Grand Duchess Catherine or any one else to bring about this result, and in point of fact they did not.

Another version of the history is that she broke off with the Prince of Orange because she had fallen in love with Prince Leopold of Coburg, who had come to England about that time. This notion is equally disproved in this correspondence, for at that time, all she knew of the Prince of Coburg was having heard of him as a supposed admirer of a young lady of her acquaintance; as such he was pointed out to her at one of the few parties at Carlton House at which she had been allowed to appear, and she had then expressed an opinion that he was so handsome she wondered the young lady in question did not feel more flattered. No nearer acquaintance then took place; and though, after the rupture with the Prince of Orange was declared, it is certain that Prince Leopold, informed of the admiration of the Princess for him, had had the idea suggested to him of returning as a suitor for her hand in a year or two's time, when the storm was blown over, it was long before the poor Princess herself, as we shall see by her subsequent letters, had the least notion of such happiness being in store for her.

The Prince Regent was totally incapable of understanding his daughter's feelings. He looked upon her rupture with the Prince of Orange merely as an act of disobedience to himself. He did not appreciate in the least her strength of character, and imagined

her conduct must be the consequence of bad advice, of intrigues amongst her friends, deeming it impossible that, even if she had ideas or a will of her own, she should venture to assert them unless backed up by his enemies. After a short interval, during which he vainly tried to bring her to a reconciliation with the Prince of Orange (a hopeless endeavour, as the latter was as glad to be rid of her as she of him), the Prince Regent resorted to strong measures, suddenly dismissing her whole household, at the same time scolding her personally in unmeasured terms. The consequence was that, driven to desperation, she took the extreme step of rushing out of the house and taking shelter with her mother in Connaught Place. The circumstances are well known, and are told with great detail in Miss Knight's Memoirs. The boldness of the step is scarcely to be wondered at, when we see, by the light of these letters, the struggles she had gone through, and the treatment she had received from her father and his friends for months before, and realize the utter despair she must now have felt at the prospect of seeing herself surrounded by strangers probably instructed to coerce her in every way. The flight to her mother's took place on the 12th July, 1814; she was carried back to Carlton House the same night, and a few days afterwards removed to Cranbourne Lodge, in Windsor Park, with an entirely new set of attendants, who had orders to prevent her receiving visits from any of her own friends. She was, however, permitted (though under many restrictions) still to write occasionally to her old correspondent, who had never come forward in all these matters, and against whom the interdict was consequently less severe than against others, though even she was not allowed to pay the Princess a farewell visit before leaving London for her winter home. An express permission was given her by the Prince Regent to write, but only under condition of sending her letters under cover to Lady Ilchester, the new Lady-in-Wrang. Princess Charlotte's first letter from Cranbourne Lodge is dated August 10th; in it she says she does not know what rules and regulations there are, but that since she has been there no one has called even to write his name down, and that she has not seen a soul. She thinks that if her friend made a special request to the Prince Regent to be allowed to see her, it could scarcely be refused, but she is doubtful. On the 24th she writes again to urge her friend to ask this permission. She tells her she is ordered to Weymouth for the benefit of her health, and complains of pains in her chest, adding 'I fear Time

alone will be of use to cure this as well as many other evils one has to combat with in this world.' On September 6th she writes that the permission she had asked to see her friend (who was to be absent above a year) had been refused,—

'with a clause, too, of no visits being allowed till my return from Weymouth. This has made me quite hopeless and spiritless. . . . At Weymouth I hope not to remain more than a month. Going there is a *devoir* for my health; certainly I stand very much in need of being recruited in health. . . . I return here afterwards and probably remain until Christmas, or after that. If you will write to me as often as you can, I shall feel it very kind of you, and I will not fail in writing; only consider that if you do not always *get my letters* it is *not my fault*, and that I have written; and I shall think the same if I do not hear from you. . . . What may or may not happen, God only can tell: for those who are happy, looking forward is a happy reflection; for those unhappy, a sorrowful one of uncertainty. Should I have any commissions (to you I cannot call them commands) I will give them to you; but what I am to give you I know not, but that of not forgetting me, or believing *all you may hear about me*, for I am aware many stories may be in circulation and may reach your ears.'

Alluding again to the refusal of permission to see her friend—which was the more uncalled for, as the only part her friend had taken in the late events had been an endeavour to patch up the squabble which led to the final rupture with the Prince of Orange—she repeats,—

'how bitter a mortification it is, heightened by bad spirits, and presentiments of God knows what all. . . . There are pains and pangs that come sometimes, and make one think one's heart will quite break, is it not so? This is a grave letter, I fear, very grave; I have tried not to make it more so than I could help: could I write all over again, it would be still more so. . . . I wish and I pray for your health and happiness, and all that can add to it; and that when we meet, it may be under happier auspices and circumstances. I can only offer you my *best wishes*; it is little . . . will you accept the enclosed trifle? it is only that, but all I have to offer of my own, for I have *no means of any sort to procure* what might be more worthy of your acceptance.'

In Miss Knight's Memoirs it is said that one of the Prince Regent's complaints against his daughter concerned her extravagance, and it would seem, from the concluding sentence we have quoted, that, amidst all her other mortifications, she was at this time also deprived of pocket money. The number of petty restrictions under which she suffered appears inconceivable, and could

only have been devised to torment and punish her. She went to Weymouth, desponding and sad, with no kind word from any one, and no apparent hope to brighten the future. Indeed the dread of being forced into some other uncongenial marriage seems never to have been absent from her mind at this time, and, worse than this possible evil, was the ever-present sense of daily mortification and coercion, and separation from the few friends to whom from habit and congenial disposition she had become attached. If she might have been allowed only to return to the schoolroom life she had led, with those friends who had been about her before all these events, she would have been comparatively happy, but even of that amount of comfort she saw no hope. Her friend had lingered on in London in hopes of still being allowed to see her, but in vain. On October 23rd she writes from Weymouth again. After entering with her usual affectionate solicitude into all matters affecting her friend, she says of herself:—

‘I have given up the warm baths and bathe now entirely in the open sea, which braces me. . . . Mr. Kent [the doctor], who is here constantly to attend me, says that all my complaints proceed from *nerves*, and that they should be *soothed* instead of *irritated*, and everything done to *quiet them*. They are not certainly as they should be; but then, as you say, I am not in a dangerous way, and I have always to reflect there is that *would cure me* if adopted, and that, if not, I can but go on in the tedious way I am in now—sometimes better and then again worse—exactly as things are. . . . I sail a good deal and make parties to sea, *ce qui passe le temps*, and *kills thought*, which I find of great use to me. The sea-air really is of use to me, I think, and therefore it is always permitted.

A great gap ensues now in the correspondence, and from the next letter it is evident that the kind of imprisonment in which Princess Charlotte was held was increased in severity, and that the system of tyranny pursued against her was carried now to such lengths that all her correspondence with the friends she most loved was suppressed. We learn from Miss Knight's Memoirs that when the Princess came to town, in the spring of 1815, she was still kept secluded from all her friends, and almost from society; the only amusement allowed her being a weekly visit to the theatre. Instead of the establishment of ladies chosen by herself, which she had hoped for, she was surrounded by a new set of persons placed about her by her father, all previously strangers to her, and many of whom she disliked. It was while she was leading this life that the next letter of the series before

us was written from Warwick House, July 23rd, 1815. In it she thanks her friend for a letter she has *at last* received, and explains how no former ones have ever reached her, any more than those she had herself written had reached her friend, ‘only shewing the tricks played with my letters.’ After entering into many particulars concerning mutual friends, she goes on to say:—

‘I am just on the point of going off to Weymouth. . . . I cannot choose for myself, I am quite dependent; *such is my hard fate*. . . . I have had a dull season in town since April; however I go to the plays and operas once or twice a-week. I like music and dancing still too well not to enjoy the latter, and the former on account of Miss O’Neil, who beats anything that *ever has* yet been seen or ever will be again, I think.’

She proceeds to explain that her departure from town is hurried to get her out of the way of the disensions and discussions in the Royal family, on account of the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland with the Princess of Solms, who had been divorced from her previous husband, in consequence of which the Queen refused to receive her. Though, as we have seen, Princess Charlotte had no love for her stern grandmother, she was yet generous enough to feel for her in her difficulties, and to praise her warmly when she could. She writes:—

‘The Queen's conduct I hope you will admire as I think it deserves; indeed the whole country is with her. The discussions in the family are *grievous*, and the terms they are on very bad; she has been nearly dead with all she has gone through. . . . As to me, nothing can be so wretchedly uncertain and uncomfortable as my situation; no changes for the better. I see nothing of *him*, [her father] though *next door*, and indeed now one yard serves us both, for there is no entrance here now but through Carlton House yard. I am allowed to see but few of those I really like, though a *large list* has been given; but whom I could not like to receive I have never invited here. The same ladies continue; there are not many of them agreeable to me, some far from it, but the evil one knows is better than what one *does* not. . . . My family are very kind to me, as far as they can be; but you know they *can say and do* nothing, but yet one likes to see and feel affection. . . . I am grown thin, sleep ill, and eat but little. Baily [the doctor] says my complaints are all nervous, and that bathing and sailing will brace me; but I say *oh no!* no good can be done whilst the mind and soul are on the rack constantly, and the spirits forced and screwed up to a certain pitch. . . . I always think six months got over of the dreadful life I lead, six months gained; but when the time comes for moving from place to place, I do it with reluctance,

from never knowing my lot or what next may befall me. "*Espérance et constance*" is my motto, and alone supports me in it all."

It is evident from these letters, as we have already said, that she entertained no idea of Prince Leopold intending to come forward as a suitor, or she would never have written in so hopeless a strain. She seems to have anticipated nothing better than another *mariage de convenance*, or the continuation of the life she was leading, separated from the friends to whom she only clung the more for the very reason that they were separated from her. Fortunately for her, her mother had gone abroad by this time, so that element of discord was removed. On September 15th, she writes again from Weymouth, thanking her friend for never having attributed her strange silence to neglect, saying:—

"There is nothing in the world I dread so much as being forgot by my friends, or their thinking they are by me in return. Could you have thought that was your fate, I must deeply have regretted it. But like other people and things, I should have imagined my *crocodile luck* pursued me, and that, as usual, I was *misrepresented*. . . . It makes me sad to think of the time past or the time to come; I don't know which is most painful, the past or the future. . . . You hope I am more comfortable, and well you may, for I am far from it at present in *every way*. . . . My life is quite that of uncertainty from day to day, hour to hour, and total ignorance as to what my fate is to be, where to go, and how things are to be arranged. . . . One lady has resigned, but remains on to please me, because I think *an evil one knows* is better than what one does not know. A new one is to be appointed; I don't know who she may be. I am told one is actually fixed on, but I am not to be any wiser till I move from hence. I cannot wish to go from here while the whole of my family are in such an unfortunate divided state. [They had all quarrelled on the question of receiving the new Duchess of Cumberland.] Happily for me, being here I am out of it all, for which I devoutly thank God. I wish, being so, to keep as long neutral as possible. The Queen has been quite the saving of this country by her *struggle for its morality*; I only fear she will sink under it, and indeed her life at this moment is beyond everything precious. The country must and do look up to her with admiration. As to myself I assure you I cannot express all that I feel for her and towards her. All this you may easily believe affects my mind and spirits not a little, in addition to all the other sources of unhappiness I have."

Here the series of letters terminated for a time. The life of restraint and seclusion that the Princess had now led for a year

was to be continued some months longer; but early in 1816 Prince Leopold returned to England to propose for the Princess Charlotte. Her father probably thought that by this time she had been sufficiently punished; the desire of the country to see her married may also have weighed with him; and the whole matter seems to have gone smoothly and prosperously up to the wedding itself, on the 2d of May, 1816. We have seen that Princess Charlotte had admired Leopold's good looks when she first saw him in 1814; and, as soon as she knew more of him, his great qualities filled her with admiration. She had longed for the affection and sympathy denied her in her miserable girlhood; now she found both in the fullest measure, and her happiness was just as great as her former misery had been extreme. The troubles she had passed through had, however, not been without their uses to her; we can trace in the letters themselves how her mind and character had ripened under them, and the change in her tone of speaking of her grandmother and her other relations shews that instead of hardening her, her grief had only made her more sensible to kindness; even where she had much to find fault with, she was ever anxious to praise all she could, and to record the few kindnesses she received.

Everybody knows that her marriage was perfectly happy, but it is only by recollecting her former misery that we can appreciate what her happiness was. In the place of constant petty coercion, indulgence, instead of isolation, loneliness, and suspicions, sympathy and confidence in their fullest measure—and the society of all the old friends she loved as well as of many fresh ones whose talents or goodness could recommend them to her. And this happiness, did not spoil her any more than adversity had hardened her; the few letters preserved after her marriage breathe the same spirit of unselfishness, humility, gratitude for kindness and generous thought for others as the earlier ones, with a more refined and higher tone pervading all. Though their natures were very different, there could not be more perfect harmony than existed between her and Leopold. She was impulsive, quick-tempered, eager, and impetuous; he was quiet, cautious, reserved, and grave; but those who lived with them—especially her old friends—could not help being touched and amused by the change wrought in her by the influence of this temperament so unlike her own. All her little roughnesses quieted down, her vehement expressions of likes and dislikes were restrained by a improving look or word. Leopold at that time

spoke but little English; they usually talked French together, and when her tongue and her high spirits were carrying her beyond the bounds of dignity or prudence, she would be checked by his '*Doucement, ma chère, doucement.*' She called him '*Doucement*;' but she took his advice, acted on it, and indeed thought of nothing but pleasing him, and shewing her gratitude for the happiness he had brought her. He on his part felt the bright influence of her sunny disposition, her liveliness and warmth of heart, on his own naturally melancholy and somewhat morbid nature. For such it seems to have been even then before misfortune had clouded it. Her brightness was just what he wanted; and the peculiarities of each seemed to have completed what was wanting to the other. Tennyson has said that the dearest bond of love is 'not like to like, but like in difference,' and their love realized his saying. Of their union it might truly be said that

'she set herself to man,
As perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.'

Unfortunately, we possess only a few short notes written during her married life, for her friend was near her, and their constant intercourse made letters unnecessary. Of the few she wrote there is one dated from Claremont, December 3, 1816, shortly after taking possession of this new home; she says:—

'We lead a very quiet and retired life here, but a very *very* happy one. I think you will be delighted with the house and place; the latter is not, of course, in its greatest beauty at this time of year, although the vendure is still great and the trees kept their leaves wonderfully. The former is not furnished as it *ought* and *is* to be; but one cannot do all *and everything* at once, and in these times one must be careful—indeed, one cannot be too much so. . . . I know you have always loved me, and I know how much too, and that you were *very* anxious for *this marriage*, which, as it makes *my whole happiness*, I shall never forget, and always love you all the better for.'

A touch of her husband's cautious character comes out in her reference to the necessity of prudence 'in these times.' She had now obtained the realization of the hope she had expressed in the early days of her first engagement 'to be permitted to lead a quiet and domestic life, with the power of royal splendour attached to it, to be called

forth when useful or agreeable'—though in point of fact it never was. Just before her marriage she had talked of looking forward to living much in London and enjoying society; but very soon all thoughts of amusement beyond her own home faded from her mind. Her country home, her charities, her garden, and her beloved music, all shared with her husband, filled up her time and thoughts. Leopold shared her love for music; their rare visits to London were chiefly made for the sake of going to the opera to hear any very good music, or to the play to improve Leopold's English. There are those who can still remember these visits to the theatre, in which Princess Charlotte provided herself with a book of the play to go over it and explain it to Leopold as it went on. He learnt quickly enough under her bright, happy teaching and merry ways. Her gratitude for his kindness to her is touching in its humility: she writes to tell her friend how he has planned an excursion to London for her, to hear a particular opera, and his unselfish devotion in insisting on taking her, 'though himself so *unwell* he was not fit for it, but he will not have me disappointed.' Whilst indulging her thus, his influence on her in more serious matters soon became apparent. Her relations with her father had become more cordial: we read of visits to Brighton; of an intercourse which, if not affectionate, was at least friendly. Her father's conduct to her, her relations with her own family, all seemed to have faded from her mind in her engrossing affection for her husband. In the sunshine of her own happiness she forgot all her old grudges and annoyances, but retained her old affectionate sympathy with those she loved. In the middle of her own joy she was full of thought and solicitude for one of her former friends who was at that time in sorrow for the loss of an only child, and two or three of her letters are full of the plans she is making to bring that friend to Claremont, to devote herself to her, and comfort and soothe her. She still entered into all the sorrows of others—even those she most disliked. She had been greatly prejudiced against the Duchess of Cumberland, whose marriage had been the cause of so much heartburning in the Royal family, and whom, in consequence of the Queen's refusal to receive her, she had herself never seen. We have seen that she applauded the Queen's resolution, and therefore could have no very good opinion of the Duchess, but nevertheless when she heard of her having had a most dangerous confinement, and of having lost her child in January, 1817, she writes:—

'I really feel quite unhinged and unable to write after an express from the Duke of Cumberland announcing to me the melancholy termination of all his wishes and the Duchess's, and of all her sufferings. Her fate is really a most hard and unfortunate one. I never felt more or so much for any one I did not personally know as for her.' . . .

A day or two later she says: 'The poor Camberlands are in the greatest distress and affliction,' and she 'hopes people will write their names down to inquire, for they feel so much any little attention, or what looks like kindness.' They were then living under a cloud in England.

In Baron Stockmar's Memoirs there is an account of a visit of the Grand Duke (afterwards Emperor) Nicholas of Russia to Claremont. Princess Charlotte describes the same visit in the following letter:—

'We have had two parties and a third yesterday for the Grand Duke since I wrote to you. We are now once more alone and quiet, which I confess suits me much better, and I prefer it greatly; but yet it is sometimes necessary to remember that one does not live entirely in this world for ourselves. We took the Grand Duke over Hampton Court to-day, and from there he returned to town. I think it is quite impossible not to like him—he is so natural, unaffected, and good-humoured.'

This passage is curious, compared with Stockmar's impression of the Grand Duke's manner as 'very affected.'

In another letter dated in January, 1817, she thanks her friend for her congratulations on her birthday, saying, 'I have only cause to rejoice at it, as it has enabled me to make others happy,' and then gives an account of the little festivities on the occasion. Each letter is full of allusions to her husband's kindness, his anxiety for her pleasure, and her own admiration for him. His picture does not please her, 'but then I know I am difficult to please in anything of a likeness of him.' He is always thinking of her pleasure, and she is the happiest of the happy! So time goes on, and then come complaints of feeling unwell, and next allusions to her approaching confinement. She anticipated no evil, but she was not without her serious thoughts about it. In September she writes to urge her friend to come and see her 'once again before a certain event: I am not in bad spirits about it, or frightened, yet I think it is a very anxious and awful moment to expect, and one that one cannot feel quite unconcerned about. Thank God! I am hitherto very well, and only hope to continue so.'

The last letter of all is dated October 24th (she died November 6th). In it she says

'she continues well; the old gentleman (Sir Richard Croft) is perfectly satisfied with me, and makes himself very agreeable in every way to us,' and she ends by promising that her friend shall have 'faithful details of all things when they happen.'

Ten days afterwards the catastrophe occurred. There have been ample details of it published again lately. Humanly speaking, it might have been prevented. The pity and regret it inspires, even at this distance of time, are enhanced after seeing in this correspondence the evidences of the noble nature of her who was so suddenly cut off. With every disadvantage that a neglected childhood and a loveless youth could give her, with few good influences brought to bear on her in early youth, she yet remained, as we have seen, upright, sincere, warm-hearted, and truthful: surrounded by people whose morality was governed by expediency, she clung to what she believed to be right; not a frivolous idea or a selfish thought ever seems to have swayed her in either happiness or misery. Her character was strengthened by adversity and sweetened by happiness, and, seeing what she was, it is no wonder that her husband, on losing her, should have felt as if *all* were at an end for him, or that, amid all the success and honour of his later life, that one great affliction should have remained ever present to him, and that one memory been dearer than all else to the day of his own death. Thirty years later, he loved to recall with the old friends who had known her, 'that warm and generous heart.' His second marriage, with the angelic Princess Louise of Orleans, was entirely happy, but could not efface the remembrance of his first great happiness. In memory of his first wife he called his daughter Charlotte. Towards all whom she had known he retained a warm affection through life, and every recollection of her was sacred. The outburst of feeling in the nation at her death must have been a balm to his sorrow. It did more: it showed how true the heart of the nation is; how ready to appreciate good in its rulers. So very little was known of her at large, and yet the traces of her virtues had already made so deep a mark amongst the people. The promise which seemed utterly eclipsed by her death was revived and abundantly fulfilled by the present reign, and Leopold had the joy of seeing all his hopes for England realized and fulfilled by the niece who was to him as a daughter. Who can doubt that in his thoughts of later years this fulfilment, by those he loved as his own children, of all the good he had dreamed of doing himself with the beloved wife of his youth, must

have been to him the truest balm of sorrow, a source of pride above all his other achievements in politics and statesmanship ?

ART. II.—1. *The Sportsman's Dictionary, or the Gentleman's Companion for Town and Country.* 4to. London, 1778.

2. *Daniel's Rural Sports.* 4 vols. 4to. London, 1809–1812.

3. *Reports on the Evidence taken before the Game-Law Committees of the House of Commons.* 1845 and 1872.

4. *Reports from Her Majesty's Representatives Abroad on the Laws and Regulations relative to the Protection of Game, and to Trespass.* Parts I. and II. 1871.

5. *Laws in force in the Colonies as to Trespass and the Preservation of Game.*

6. *An Act for the Protection of certain Wild Birds during the Breeding Season.* Passed 10th August, 1872.

THE question of the Preservation of Game is curiously interwoven with matters of political economy, of criminal statistics, of the growth of luxury and expenditure, of the pursuits and amusements of the people, of food supply and of natural history.

Those who take the trouble to examine the evidence adduced in the year 1845, before a Committee of the House of Commons, of which Mr. Bright and Mr. Grantley Berkeley represented the antagonist forces, and who compare it with the evidence given to the Committee which has sat during a part of the past year, and which it is expected will be re-appointed and employed for at least another Parliamentary Session, will be struck with the difference in the tendency and bearing of the questions and in the nature of the replies.

The first of these two Committees was an exponent of the passionate warfare between Corn and Cotton, between Country and Town; a warfare which has happily ceased to rage, and the very feelings incited by which have died out from the breasts of most men. Here and there, in remote country districts, we may meet with some old Jacobite of the Corn Laws who still denounces Free-Trade as ruinous, and its advocates as free-booters. And we have only to read Mr. Bright's last speech, delivered although it was under the softening influence of recent ill-health, to feel that his abhorrence of the cruelty and injustice of Protection has not faded into anything like the spirit of calm historical retrospect. But in

1845 the battle was raging, the last onset was imminent, and in various indirect methods of which the production of antagonist witnesses on a Game-Law Committee was one, the combatants indulged that spirit of mutual hostility which could not find vent enough for its fury in the main and direct conflict.

Very different is the spirit of the present Committee. During the last few Sessions of Parliament, several schemes of Game-Law Reform have been produced, and have met with more or less attention. There are schemes for the disestablishment of hares and rabbits; there is a scheme for the canonization of foxes, wood-pigeons, and rooks; there is a scheme which is to vest in the tenant-farmer a right more indisputable than his right to grumble at the weather and at the nature of things, whereby he is to be inalienably installed in possession of the sporting on his farm, and whereby any contract between himself and his landlord on the subject of the reservation of game is to be null and void, though the tenant who, by the assumption, abhors any devolution of the sporting by his landlord to a stranger, is to be at full liberty to let the sporting to a stranger himself. Most of these schemes have a separate evangelist, and these evangelists constitute a large element of the present Committee. Then we have the criminal part of the Game question taken cognizance of by a past Secretary of State for the Home Department, who is also known to entertain views to which we propose to recur, as to property in game, and by a present Under-Secretary, whose theories have, we believe, the advantage of not being distorted by any practical knowledge of the subject. Then there is a Highland chieftain to plead for deer, and the representatives of broad acres in the lowlands of Scotland and in several English counties. Last, but not least important or less active, are two representatives of the tenant-farmer interest from Scotland, and two from this side the Tweed. There is but one Irish Member on the Committee, and he is a lawyer.

No one, we think, can look through the evidence given before this Committee, so far as it has yet gone, without being struck with the spirit of fairness which possesses—we will not say all its witnesses—but all, or almost all, its members. It is true that one Scotch member of the Committee sometimes asks questions which have in them a touch of acerbity, but the rich Aberdonian dialect, in which the questions are enveloped, to a certain extent deprives them of their bitterness, and when the witness happens to be Dee-side also, the Committee are mostly con-

strained to follow the old rule, and attach a vague idea of magnificence to words of the meaning of which they are wholly uncertain.

It is evident the Committee are not bent, as the previous Committee was too much inclined to be, on the proving of a foregone conclusion. They do not wish, on the one side, to forget the fair claims of the Occupier, while, on the other, they are not for curtailing unnecessarily what have, up to the present time, been almost uniformly deemed to be the rights of the Owner. They look, as all sensible men must do, on game preserving as a great fact, and on the enjoyment of sport as an enjoyment not peculiar to an aristocracy either of birth or of wealth, but shared by many thousands of the most useful classes of society, by the hard-worked lawyer, the anxious physician, the ingenious mechanic, the scheming and contriving engineer, the laborious and conscientious civil servant.

But we must own that there does appear to us, so far as the evidence has yet gone, to be a tendency on the part of the witnesses to raise discussions upon questions far less practical, or at least far more abstract, than that of the Game Laws—questions which strike at the very roots of English social life, and which not only affect existing relations between landlord and tenant, but challenge the very possibility of their continuance, and arraign them of being at issue with the first principles of morality and justice. In fact, the Committee on the Game Laws has shewn a tendency to convert itself, or to be converted by the witnesses whom it calls before it, into a Committee on land-tenure and on the rights of man.

For example: a witness comes from Scotland to detail the mischief done by game upon his farm, about which, by the bye, there could not be much doubt. Soon, however, he digresses, or is tempted to digress, and gives his views on the nature of the contract which ought to exist between landlord and tenant. It appears, if matters were left in his hands, that he would put a stop to free competition for farms, and would provide a method of valuation for fixing all rents, even though there might be applicants willing to give a higher rent than the valuator had decided upon. A grasping landlord on the Committee naturally asks the question,—would the witness think it right that, instead of going to market and getting the best price for his corn, the corn should be valued and he be compelled to sell it at a reasonable price for the consumer,—and gets the reply that the cheaper the consumer could get it the better, and that if that were the state of the law farmers

would have to submit to it. Again: another witness, also from Scotland, mentions with disapproval what he alleged to be a common practice there,* that the existing tenant is debarred from offering to re-hire his farm at the expiration of the lease; the object of course being to encourage offers from persons who would otherwise feel a delicacy as to dispossessing a neighbour or a friend. And, still further, we find it suggested, not by a witness, but by the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture, in a deliberately framed document, that occupiers of land should have the inalienable right to kill hares and rabbits on their own occupations; in other words, that no free contract should be possible between owner and occupier, but that the law should lay down as a principle that the existence of ground-game is not only an evil, but an evil of such magnitude, that for two persons to enter into a contract to permit or to encourage the preservation of such ground game has in it something immoral, and is therefore to be held not binding in consequence of the immorality attaching to the consideration in respect of which the contract was entered into.

This tendency in the Committee to wander into collateral questions—if, indeed, we be correct in our belief that such a tendency exists—seems rather to shew that those persons were right who asserted that we knew all about the Game Laws, and that it was perfectly useless to have any fresh Committee appointed upon so stale a subject. And when we come to consider the heads of inquiry which the Committee have adopted, the same thing suggests itself. They propose to take evidence on the state of the law. But Locke and Irvine on the Game Laws give them all they require to know, and so far as we can ascertain, the only new point which has been elicited from the witnesses is, that in Scotland a tenant has a claim for damage arising from any increase in the game during his lease, a provision in the tenant's favour which the law of England does not recognise. They propose to consider the working of Sir Baldwin Leighton's Aet (1862), and the working of other existing laws since 1862. This, however, is not much more than a matter of criminal statistics, and the Home Office with the aid of chief constables and clerks of the peace could supply all that is needed, and in the form of Returns. They propose, further, to examine a practice which has sprung up in the memory of persons now living, that of letting shooting separate from farms, to inquire into its effect on the agricultural inte-

* This statement was contradicted.

rest, and into the value of such shootings. Here, too, nothing but vague and partial information can be gleaned. An injured or cross-grained tenant will of course be found to say how annoying and detrimental it is for a rich stock-broker to breed pheasants and encourage rabbits without any regard to the occupier's interests. On the other hand, it would be quite as easy to shew instances of rich stock-brokers who hire shootings and make the whole business more agreeable to the tenants, the neighbours, and the labourers, than any impoverished owner could or would do. Probably every member of the Committee, with one or two exceptions, has had to do with the hiring of shootings, either as a lessor, a lessee, or a valuer, and could give a fairly accurate opinion as to rental as well without as with evidence, while to inquire into the general effect of the practice of letting shootings on the agricultural interest is not much more practical than the old question of the effect of Tenderden steeple on the Goodwin Sands. On this head, however, we are bound to acknowledge the value and interest of Mr. Alexander Matheson's evidence. There is no man who knows more about the growth of Highland prosperity, and few men, we suspect, who have had more to do with it, both as promoting it and profiting by it.

The law and practice as to the rating of game is perhaps not a subject of sufficient magnitude to deserve investigation by a Parliamentary Committee; but it must be acknowledged that the evidence given on this branch of the Game Question has brought into very clear light an abuse which has existed up to the present time, and which certainly deserves the interference of the legislature for its immediate suppression.*

The amount and value of game as an article of food, and the cost of its production, is also an interesting subject, but unfortunately the only evidence as yet taken is that of a fashionable poulterer, whose testimony is of very little value as regards the wholesale, though he is no doubt very conversant with the retail, traffic in game.

The last subject of inquiry proposed by the Committee is a comparison of the Scotch with the English aspect of the question. Here the inquiry diverges from the exact subject in hand to a variety of other sub-

jects: the comparative value of moors and deer-forests when under black cattle, under sheep, and under deer; the amount of labour employed in each case; the amount of food produced; the duty of the landowner to employ his land so as to supply the greatest possible amount of food for the people; the duty of one landlord to fence his marshes so that his game may not injure his neighbour,—in fact, becoming an inquiry of political economy properly so called, not of natural history or criminal statistics, and moreover an inquiry so essentially trans-Forthian as to suggest a question whether, if the Committee had to be appointed at all, it should not have been appointed exclusively to take into consideration the Scotch part of the subject.

Be that as it may, the Committee has sat and will sit again, probably with small result; but as the subject is one of general interest, let us endeavour to contribute something by way of information, and to make some suggestions, to be taken for what they are worth, towards the legislative settlement of the question of Game.

Among the many and vast changes which have taken place in our social economy during the present century, perhaps there is none more remarkable than the change which has come over us in almost everything that relates to the subject of Game. Our law is changed; our habits of sport are changed; some of the objects of our pursuit as sportsmen have disappeared; others have been introduced or re-introduced; immense improvements have taken place in gunnery, so that twice in a generation a complete revolution has befallen what our ancestors used to term 'fowling-pieces,' and agricultural improvements have led us to change the pointer for the retriever, who in his turn has been to a certain extent superseded by drivers and flags.

Many years ago, the writer of these lines asked an old yeoman, well known as a keen sportsman and unerring shot, how many years he had taken out a game certificate? 'As long, Sir, as certificates have been issued,' was the reply,—a reply which naturally leads to the inquiry, when they were first given, and what was the state of the law before that time?

Not to trouble our readers with overmuch Blackstone, who on this subject, as it seems to us, does not always write with his usual good sense,* we will content ourselves with

* Shortly, the abuse is this: Landlords retaining the right of shooting pay no rate upon the value of that right. Game tenants, having shooting, pay no rate on that hire. But farm tenants, if they hire the right of shooting with their farms, pay rates in respect of the whole rent, not of that part of it only which applies to the cultivable value of the land.

* Blackstone gives *inter alia* the following reasons for a Game Law: 1. For the encouragement of agriculture and improvement of lands by giving every man an exclusive dominion over his own soil. 2. For preservation of the several

quoting one passage, which gives in a succinct form the state of the law in his time, and shews by its slightly sarcastic vein what he thought of Game Laws as they existed up to the second half of the last century:—

'The statutes for preserving the game are many and various, and not a little obscure and intricate; it being remarked that in one statute only, 5 Anne, c. 14, there is false grammar in no fewer than six places, besides other mistakes: the occasion of which, or what denomination of persons were probably the penmen of these statutes I shall not at present enquire. It is in general sufficient to observe, that the qualifications for killing game, as they are usually called, or more properly the exemptions from the penalties inflicted by the statute law, are:—1. The having a freehold estate of 100*l.* per annum; there being fifty times the property required to enable a man to kill a partridge as to vote for a knight of the shire. 2. A leasehold for 99 years, of 150*l.* per annum. 3. Being the son and heir apparent of an esquire (a very loose and vague description), or person of superior degree. 4. Being the owner or keeper of a forest, park, chase, or warren. For unqualified persons transgressing these laws by killing game, keeping engines for that purpose, or even having game in their custody, or for persons (however qualified) that kill game, or have it in possession at unreasonable times there are various penalties and lastly no person however qualified to kill may make merchandise of this valuable privilege, by selling, or exposing to sale any game, on pain of like forfeiture as if he had no qualification.'—*Commentaries*, book iv. chap. xiii.

We hardly know in which class of idols Lord Bacon would have placed the influence exerted on human opinion by extinct laws. That such an influence exists and strongly works cannot be denied. The common gossip of half the counties in England as to certain pieces of property looked upon here and there as wrongfully held; the expectation of a claimant who is to come from the ends of the earth and eject a tortious pos-

species of these animals which would soon be exterminated by a general liberty. 3. For prevention of idleness and dissipation in husbandmen, artificers, and others of lower rank, which would be the unavoidable consequences of universal licence. 4. For prevention of popular insurrections and resistance to the Government, by disarming the bulk of the people.' On these reasons it may be observed as to the 1st, that to give an owner an unlimited power of feeding his game on occupiers' crops is not the way to encourage agriculture; as to the 2nd and 3rd, that they mutually destroy one another; and as to the 4th, that if it ever were in the contemplation of those who framed the law, it certainly is not now the object of a Game Law.

essor,—turn on the notion so prevalent among the lower orders, that no device of law is good against the indefeasible claim of the heir, and shew that five centuries of Uses and Trusts have not been able to eradicate a popular tradition.

So as to Game. While the above description of the Game Laws remained correct, there can be no manner of doubt that the right of shooting was a purely aristocratic privilege, dependent strictly on the possession of a certain quantity of real property. And there is still a tendency in speakers and writers who ought to know better, to treat the right of killing game as if it were still a matter of privilege, as it was a century ago; the fact being that it is merely a matter of bargain and sale,—a thing purchasable or procurable by every man who can pay for a licence and buy an estate or hire a manor.

But this transformation of privilege into marketable value has been of very slow accomplishment. The first step was taken by an Act passed nearly ninety years ago, which, without extending the terms of qualification, provided that all those who availed themselves of their qualification, and became sportsmen, should deliver an account in writing of their names and places of abode to the clerk of the peace of the county where they lived, and take out a certificate, for which they should pay annually a stamp duty of two guineas.

The terms of qualification, however, remained nominally the same for nearly half a century longer, until, at the beginning of the reign of William IV., qualifications to kill game were abolished, and any person who took out a certificate was empowered to kill game subject to the law of trespass. By the same Act (1 & 2 Wm. IV., c. 32) the sale of game was legalized, and a step thereby taken towards that which we regard as the only ultimate settlement of the question—the making all game the property of the occupier.

A second step was taken in the same direction about ten years ago, by what is known as Sir Baldwin Leighton's Act. By this Act, the constabulary have power to search persons suspected of poaching if met on the high road, and thus the guardians of property were for the first time employed as auxiliary gamekeepers. It is the opinion of some persons not ill-qualified to judge, that this Act, which raised a most powerful opposition at the time of its passing, has after all not added sensibly to police expenditure, while it has done much to put a stop to what is known as gang-poaching, and thereby very much diminished the probability of

crimes of violence such as have their origin in the pursuit of game.

But if our law is changed in most material particulars, and in its whole spirit as regards game, not less have our habits of sport changed also. Fifty years ago, to hire shooting as is now done was almost unknown. Sir James Elphinstone, in his evidence before the Game-Law Committee, said, 'When I was a boy, there was no shooting let at all that I know of;' and the irrepressible Dod tells us that the honourable member was born in 1805, so that his boyhood must nearly coincide with the end of the Great War. This statement, we presume, refers only to Scotland, and primarily to moorland shooting where there is no residence on the ground. Of course, both in Scotland and England, when a country house is let, any rights of shooting attached to it would naturally be let with it, although it is probable that hardly any money value then attached to the privilege. Now, however, this is all changed. Sportsmen have become so numerous, and the wealth of the country has increased so enormously, that extravagant money-rents are paid for the right of shooting. One shilling an acre is a common charge, but we have heard of instances in which more than twice that amount has been offered or demanded.* And this demand for shooting is not confined to what used to be the only favorite spots, but is spread all over the country. A return of game convictions in various counties shews that in the manufacturing as well as in the agricultural districts, game is largely preserved. In the ten manufacturing counties of Chester, Derby, Durham, Lancaster, Leicester, Northampton, Notts, Stafford, Warwick and York, there were 4023 game convictions in 1869, being one conviction for 2600 acres; whereas, in the ten agricultural counties of Bucks, Dorset, Essex, Hants, Herts, Kent, Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk and Sussex, there were 2774 such convictions, being one conviction for 3090 acres, an area nearly one-fifth larger. There is no doubt some truth in Mr. Grantley Berkeley's theory, that poaching varies inversely with the prevalence of game preservation; and no one who knows a closely preserved district can be ignorant of the fact that game is there looked upon by the labourers more as part of the crop than it is in localities where game preservation is

the exception and not the rule. Still, the figures shew that there must be a vast amount of game preservation everywhere, and we believe it increases year by year.

Such being the state of things, and offences against the Game Laws being counted by the ten thousand yearly, and forming a large percentage of the crime of the country,* it is surely worth while to consider whether legislation can do anything to stop this, which, up to the last year, we might justly call a growing evil. Game convictions last year were, it is true, rather fewer than in 1870, but they were four times as numerous as in 1839. And perhaps we may as well take this opportunity of inquiring how matters stand in our colonies and in foreign countries with regard to game.

In the autumn of 1870, a circular despatch was addressed to the governors of colonies by the Colonial Secretary, requesting copies of any enactments in force in each colony with reference to trespass and to the preservation of game, and another circular to Secretaries of Legation by the Foreign Secretary with a similar inquiry as to foreign countries. In most cases very ample and exhaustive replies have been returned, which have been laid before Parliament.

Of our North American colonies, Canada has not returned any answer. Prince Edward's Island appears to have but one care in the question of game—the preservation of a creature called the 'partridge or tree-grouse,' and the only game enactment is one prescribing a fence-time for the killing thereof.

Newfoundland has compressed her Game Code into an Act of 17 clauses, which prescribes a fence-time both for killing and selling any 'partridge, ptarmigan, grouse, snipe, blackbird, or other wild or migratory bird (except wild geese, wild rabbit, hare and deer),' makes it illegal to take the eggs of any wild bird under a penalty of 25 dollars, and forbids entirely the hunting or taking of any hares, quails, or other game, for five years from the importation of the same.† This enactment shows that the

* Summary convictions of males, 1870 . . .	335,574
Do 1871 . . .	322,792
Summary convictions under	
Game Laws, 1870 . . .	10,580
Do 1871 . . .	8,889

Or, in 1870, one in 82.6 of total convictions of males; and in 1871, one in 86.2. There were only 46 women convicted of offences against the Game Laws in these two years.

† There seems to be a tendency in legislatures to class rabbits among birds, probably on Sir Boyle Roche's principle, because he is almost, if not altogether, able to be in two places at once. We believe that Sir Baldwin Leighton's Act, in

* We believe that when the sporting rights over the estates of the too-well-known W. F. Windham were let by the Court of Chancery three years ago, 2s. 9d. an acre was offered, if not accepted,—a sum nearly equal to one-eighth of the farm-rent.

Colonists are becoming alive to the effects of reckless destruction of animal life, although for some reason or other an exception is made *against* hares of the Nova Scotia breed introduced into the central district of Newfoundland. One other clause deserves mention. It is to effect that nothing in the Act is to be construed to extend to any *poor settler* who shall kill any game for his own immediate consumption or that of his family. If there is an Auberon Herbert in the Legislative Assembly of Newfoundland, this clause must surely have been introduced by him after a fierce tirade against an aristocracy of wealth.

An excuse reported to have been given by certain cherubs when by an excessively polite saint to whom they appeared in a vision they were requested to sit down, would probably be given by the inhabitants of the 'still vert Bermoothees,' in answer to an inquiry why they have no Game Law,—*Nous n'avons pas de quoi*. So they have expended all their energies in an 'Act for the Extirpation of the Crow,' in which it is recited, that 'the bird called crow has become a nuisance and is very destructive to young domestic poultry, and to the few native wild birds of these islands which were esteemed the gardener's friends, but are fast becoming extinct, through the depredations of the said birds called crow,' and it provides that anybody who, during the year 1871, produces a dead crow to any Justice of the Peace shall receive a certificate entitling him to two shillings reward, and sixpence each for crow's eggs. There is something rather droll in the picture which suggests itself of a Bermudian sportsman coming into the august presence of 'any neighbouring Justice,' laden with dead crows, and claiming a reward from the public treasury. No doubt, however, there was a good reason for the enactment, and also for the fine of not more than 20s. imposed upon any shooter of the red bird, blue bird, black bird, or cat bird, dove, chick of village, or quail, between January 1st and September 1st, 1871, the Act apparently expiring at the end of last year.

The Game Law of British Columbia is confined to an Ordinance providing a fence time, protecting eggs of game, and giving a power of search to the police.

There seem to be no provisions as to game in any Act or Ordinance of our West Indies or African Colonies, with the exception of the Cape of Good Hope and Natal.

At the Cape of Good Hope there are very curious provisions in an 'Act for the better Preservation of Wild Ostriches, 1870,' which refers to a proclamation of a former Governor, making it illegal to kill elephants, sea-cows, hippopotamuses, or bonte-bucks (whatever they may be), without a special permission from the Governor. Elephants were afterwards excluded from the protection of the law, but 'the beautiful and rare species of deer called Eland,' was subsequently included.

Natal protects partridge, pheasant, peacock, guinea-fowl, crane, ostrich, secretary-bird, and turkey-buzzard (two valuable scavengers), buffalo, quagga, zebra, hare, and all antelopes. We presume, however, that there is no fence time in the Cape Colony in favour of a creature called 'Episcopus Natalensis,' nor in Natal for any Dean of Capetown.

The Game-Laws of Hong-Kong, Ceylon (where the only game protected is the elephant), and the Mauritius do not call for any special remark. Of the Australian Colonies, however, New South Wales has a most stringent Game Law protecting both native and imported game; and Queensland has passed an Act for the express purpose of protecting game imported into the Colony, imposing fines of 5*l.* apiece for taking pheasants, partridges, grouse, hares and swans, and 15*l.* for deer and antelopes. Tasmania fines every illegal possessor of pheasants, partridges, grouse or hares with a fine of 20*l.*, and the eggs of the protected birds are themselves protected by a fine of 5*l.* Native game also is protected, and a person who sets at large any weasel, ferret, or domestic cat, is finable to the extent of 5*l.* South Australia follows suit in game preserving, but with lower penalties, and New Zealand has an Act called 'The Protection of Animals Act,' one of the provisions of which is a prohibition against introducing any fox, venomous reptile, vulture, or other bird of prey, under a penalty not exceeding 100*l.* and a fine of 20*l.* for selling a dead henpheasant.

So much for our Colonies. Let us now examine the Foreign-office Reports. From Mr. Petre, Secretary of Legation at Berlin, we have a very full and interesting report of the past and present state of the Game Law in Prussia, applying with more or less accuracy to the rest of Germany.

Previous to 1848, the right of killing game in Prussia, as in the rest of Germany, had been held independently of the ownership of the soil, exclusively by the Princes, the Nobility, the Clergy, and in some instances the municipalities. We may well

the form in which it was sent to the Lords, contained an elaborate provision for protecting rabbit eggs.

understand how unpopular this privilege was, and accordingly 'the year of Revolution' saw the whole system swept away in some German countries with a measure of recognition of the rights abolished, but in Prussia in the most high-handed and arbitrary manner. The Decree is worth transcribing, as a model of revolutionary simplicity and conciseness :—

Law of October 31, 1848.

'1. All right of killing game on another person's land is abolished without compensation. All dues and services in return (*Gegenleistungen*), to which the possessors of this right have been hitherto subject, are abolished.

'2. The right of killing game cannot for the future be separated as a right constituting real property (*dingliches Recht*) from the land itself.

'3. Every landowner has a right to kill game on his own land. He may exercise this right by pursuing and taking the game in any lawful manner.

'Landowners whose properties adjoin, are free to unite their lands into a common game district, and either to let the shooting to the highest bidder, or to appoint a gamekeeper to shoot over it, or to allow the shooting to remain in abeyance altogether. But no landowner can be forced to enter into an agreement of this nature.

'4. Landowners are restricted in their right of killing game only by the general and special Police Regulations on the subject, the object of which is to secure the safety of the public and to protect the crops.

'The right of following up game (*Jagd-folge*) is abolished.'

Then follow some special provisions as to fortresses, and an announcement that the new law was to take effect at once. It did so, but its continuance was short indeed. Mr. Petre proceeds :—

'The injurious consequences of such a sweeping measure, which allowed the peasant proprietor, or any number of persons authorized by him, to kill game without any restriction or safeguard of any kind, at all seasons of the year, in a country where land is so parcelled out and inclosures are so rare, soon made themselves apparent,

and in less than two years it was found absolutely necessary to modify this revolutionary measure, which was done by passing a law called '*Jagd-Polizei-Ordnung*,' the most important provisions of which were those which limit the personal exercise of the right of killing game to owners of at least 200 acres, which insist on a game certificate for sportsmen, and which fix fence-time for the various species of game.* The provisions

* 'As the law now stands in Prussia' (so says Mr. Petre), 'any person owning not less than 200 acres lying together, and who procures an-

as to fence-time have been further modified by another law passed in 1870 by the North German Parliament, which further regulates fence-time, so as to make it identical in the whole North German Empire.

Some of the regulations strike an English sportsman as curious. For example: capercaillie cocks, blackcocks, and cock pheasants are only protected from 1st June till 31st August, whereas the ladies of those families may not be killed after 1st February. The poor fox has no friends in North Germany, and may be shot at all the year round, while the badger has no enemies except in October and November. The elk figures in this last, and is almost as long protected as the badger, his close time lasting from 1st December to 14th August. It does not always happen that these lists are accurate. In our own Game Law, for example, the bustard finds a place, though he has long since disappeared from the heaths of Norfolk and Suffolk, and even from Salisbury Plain.* Mr. Petre, however, tells us what is interesting to know, that elks are still found in two forests in Prussia—one of them the state forest of Ibenhorst. They are said to amount in number to 226, a small remnant

nally a game-certificate at a cost of 3s. (in Hanover 6s., and in Hesse 9s.) has an unrestricted right to kill game upon his own property, and the same right is extended to all inclosed lands of whatever extent they may be. Uninclosed properties of less than 200 acres do not entitle their owners to kill game on their own lands; these revert for all sporting purposes to the commune in which they are situated, and form a common shooting district.

'The communal authorities are bound either to appoint a game-keeper to shoot over the district, or to let the shooting, or to leave it in abeyance; in either of the two former cases the profits derived from it are divided between the owners of the lands which form the district. An exception to this rule is made when properties of less than 200 acres are situated in the midst of, or are partially surrounded by, a forest of more than 2000 acres in the possession of a single owner. In such case the owner is bound to let the shooting to the proprietor of the surrounding forest.'

Every landowner, however, who under these provisions has no personal right to kill game, has remedies against excessive preservation on the part of the Communal or other lessee. In Hanover rabbits are excluded from the list of game, and in most places the landowner, who is generally occupier, can kill them otherwise than by shooting, and without applying for permission to any authority whatsoever.

* The last instance of a bustard's nest in England appears to have been in or about the year 1832, though scattered eggs were found in Norfolk up to 1838; and a bustard was shot in Devonshire in December, 1851. The bustard has also been found in Yorkshire at a still later date; and some specimens may be seen in the Museum at York.

of the herds which no doubt once wandered through the Hercynian forest, and they are most carefully preserved.

The law as to game in Russia presents few peculiar features. Landowners have the right to shoot on their own lands, and on lands rented from the Crown, subject to a fence-time. There is, however, in Russia, a spring shooting-season from 1st March to 15th May, *o. s.*, for male capercaillie, for blackcock, woodcock, and water birds generally. The subscribers to Hurlingham and the Gun Club may perhaps wish to avail themselves of this fact as a precedent for their own spring performances. In Russia, however, the produce of the spring 'chasse' is not allowed to be sold.

No fence-time is provided by the law of Sweden and Norway except for unenclosed land. Any person possessing land may sport thereon. We feel, however, in reading the regulations, that we have got into a country rather different from our own, as anybody who is patriotic enough to do so may, by giving notice to the owners of land, pursue bears, wolves, lynxes and *gluttons* everywhere, while there is a special provision that any person who has 'marked down' a bear in his den during winter is to have the sole right of killing him, and is not to be disturbed in this luxurious amusement even by the happy owner of the land which serves Bruin for winter quarters.

From Norway it is a long step downwards to the Netherlands; from the wildest to the most enclosed country in Europe. The law of the Netherlands as to game is, however, well worth examination, as that country resembles England in its economic arrangements more nearly than does any other country of the continent. The practice of letting the land to one person and the sporting to another is said to be almost universal, while the game itself, if we may trust Mr. Locock, is actually regarded as the property of the landlord.

In order to legalize sport, a licence is required, together with a written permission from the owner. Fence-days are appointed for each province, and the Committee of the Provincial States decides what game should be shot, and how much, and even descend to such minutiae as the number of hares to be shot in any one battue. Whether directions are given which hare is to be shot and which spared, as in the old French story, we are not informed*. On Sunday, at

night, in time of snow or floods, shooting is prohibited, and there are very special rules as to decoys, while the catching of larks, thrushes, or finches, without permission of the owner of the land, is forbidden. The State gives rewards for the destruction of foxes, martens, and other noxious animals; and imposes fines and imprisonment as a punishment for infractions of the Game Law. Simple trespass is not punishable.

There is a school of politicians in England bent, or said to be bent, on Americanising our institutions. As these gentlemen not unfrequently hold strong opinions, and these opinions not favourable to game laws, we take the liberty of requesting them to read Mr. Fane's Report on the Laws relating to Game and Trespass in the United States, and not to omit to study the game laws of the State of New York, given as a fair specimen of the general legislation throughout the country. As to those laws in general, Mr. Fane remarks:—

'In their titles, the laws always profess to be, not for the protection of game for the profit and enjoyment of the proprietors of land, but for its preservation for its popular and general use. Notwithstanding, however, this evident intent of the different Acts that the legislation on this subject should be for the protection of public rather than of individual interests, there is not the slightest indication that the game on private lands is to be considered the property of the State, or of any other person than the landlord. On the contrary, in most of the laws, proprietary rights in this matter are distinctly recognised; and, furthermore, in several important States the law of trespass having been found insufficient to secure these rights, special enactments have been passed protecting landowners against poachers. For instance, in the State of New York, "any person trespassing upon lands owned or occupied by another for the purpose of shooting, hunting, or fishing thereon, after public notice by such owner or occupant, . . . is deemed guilty of trespass, and is liable to such owner or occupant in exemplary damages for each offence not exceeding 25 dollars (5*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.*), and shall also be liable to the owner or occupant for the value of the game killed or taken." In Connecticut, the penalty for poaching is 5 dollars; and in Rhode Island 5 dollars for the first, and 10 dollars for the second offence. In the State of New Jersey, a trespasser in pursuit of game, if a resident of the State, is liable to a penalty of 5 dollars; if a non-resident, to a penalty of 15 dollars. By the 4th section of the law of Virginia for the preservation of game, it is enacted, that if any person shall "shoot, hunt, or range," on land not his own, he shall forfeit 3 dollars for

femme de Pierre, mais si vous voyez ce vieux coquin d'Alphonse, tuez-le, tuez-le.'

Il y a trois lièvres ici, Pierre, Julie et Alphonse. Si vous trouvez Pierre, je vous prie de l'épargner, parce qu'il est marié de Julie. Si vous trouvez Julie, laissez-la passer, parce qu'elle est

the first offence, 6 dollars for the second, and 9 for the third, which penalties are doubled should the offence be committed on Sunday, or during the night. In Pennsylvania, the Colonial Act of 1760 is still on the Statute Book, with subsequent amendments; and by this law, poaching is punished by a penalty of 40s., or by thirty days imprisonment. Still, the main purpose of these laws is undoubtedly the preservation of the game for the use of the people, and to provide against its wanton destruction by the mischievous and ignorant, who might like it out of season, or destroy nests and eggs; and probably it has been found—especially in the old Eastern States, where the population is the largest, and the supply of wild, unprotected game the smallest—that the only effectual means of preventing the extinction of this important item of popular food is to give the proprietors of land a direct interest and efficient protection in preserving it.

We proceed to give a summary of the Game Law of the State of New York, and we do so that our readers may see that it is not only in a country like England, bound hand and foot under the heel of a dominant Church and a feudal aristocracy, that stringent provisions exist for the preservation of game, but that in democratic New York protection is extended both to deer and grouse (the game of the country), and also to pigeons, ducks, and song-birds; both to salmon, the only fish specially protected in England, and also to trout and bass, and in some respects to the eel, the herring, and even the minnow. 'De minimis, non curat lex' does not seem to apply to the Assembly and Senate of New York.

Now for the Act:—In certain parts of the State no moose deer to be killed for five years; in other parts only from the 15th August till the 31st December, and not with dogs. No fawn to be killed 'while in its spotted coat,' no grey rabbit between the 1st January and November. No wild pigeon to be shot at or disturbed while nesting, or within a quarter of a mile of nesting-ground. No wood-duck, dusky duck, mallard, or teal-duck to be killed between the 1st February and the 15th August, except in Long Island Sound or in the Atlantic Ocean. Punt guns forbidden. No one to kill any eagle, fish-hawk, night-hawk, whip-poor-will, linc, sparrow, yellowbird, wren, martin, swallow, tanager, oriole, bobolink, or other song-birds, at any time—robins, brown-threshers, woodpeckers, blackbirds, meadow-larks, and starlings being protected from August to December inclusive. Five dollars penalty for each bird, and the same per nest for birds' nesting,—O ye boys of England!—Special exemption in favour of naturalists and persons killing on their own

premises any robin, during the period when summer fruits or grapes are ripening, *providing such robin is killed in the act of destroying such fruit or grapes*. The Act does not specify whether any emendation is to be made in the text of 'who killed Cock Robin?' though it is clear that the sparrow, not being either an Owen or a Hooker, would incur the penalties of the section if he used his bow and arrow as nursery rhymes relate.

Pinnated grouse are not to be killed, except by the landowner, for ten years to come. Close time for woodcock, quail and grouse. Ruffed grouse and quail not to be killed for two years to come in certain localities, nor to be snared at any time. Close time in certain localities for wild fowl, *down to coots*. Prohibition against shooting them by night or from steam-punts, under a penalty of 50 dollars. Trespass in pursuit of game *after notice published in the official papers of the county*, finable to the extent of 25 dollars. Poisoning or drugging fish, or placing piscivorous fish in any water stocked with trout and bass,—misdemeanour,—repayment of damage, and 100 dollars fine. Dams in rivers to have sluice-ways. Trout only to be caught by angling. Close time for salmon, lake trout, bass and muscalonge. Strict provisions as to netting. Powers to arrest, and to search premises. Non-payment of penalties to involve imprisonment.

There is one provision in this New York Game Law which deserves peculiar attention—that by which game on advertised land is specially protected. We have often thought that, under restrictions, some plan of this kind might be adopted in England. At present our trespass law is an absolute nullity; and, although a stringent law all over the country would be entirely contrary to public opinion, and be worse than Mr. Ayrton's Park Regulations, it is not impossible that some method of checking wilful and, so to say, *malicious* trespass might be devised.

Throughout the Swiss Confederation game is recognised as the property of the State, and as a natural result, except in one canton, there is hardly any game at all. In that canton, (Aargau) the system of licences does not prevail. Nearly everywhere else licences are granted which, if we understand them aright, give permission to sport generally on unenclosed ground, the sportsman having to keep at a distance from houses, and being liable for any damage he or his dogs may do. In Aargau the territory is divided into seventy-two districts for sporting purposes, and the right of shooting is let or leased to the highest bidder, not

being more than six in each district. This approaches to the old English system of a qualification, and, even with the permissions which the lessees are allowed to give, greatly restricts the number of sportsmen, and, in a corresponding degree, increases the quantity of game. It is to be observed that in some cantons game, notably *chamois*, has become so scarce that prohibitions are issued against all sporting whatever.

The report from Denmark seems to amount to this, that there is little or no game in our sense of the word, and that the occupier may do pretty much as he likes on his own ground.

Spain, though it gave us the pointer, appears to have no game law, at least none which is enforced. Portugal is nearly in the same condition. Persia and Turkey do not deserve notice.

We stated in our account of the Game Law of Prussia, that it applied, with more or less accuracy, to the other countries of Germany. In Baden, the law, which is very similar to that of Prussia, is said to work very well, and to give general satisfaction. Mr. Baillie adds:—

‘There is a large amount of game, especially roe-deer and hares, in a state of freedom all over the valley of the Rhine in the Grand Duchy, a considerable part of which has hitherto gone to supply the Paris market. Although this country is very fertile and highly cultivated, few complaints about game are heard, as far as I am aware, with the view to prove that the interests of agriculture are in danger. I can only attribute this to the general feeling of security arising from the fact that the authorities are at liberty to interfere, and do interfere whenever in any district the game is found to have increased in an excessive degree. As far as the individual farmers are concerned, the shooting-leases usually contain a stipulation as to the compensation to be granted in case of undue injury to the crops.’

Bavaria, Württemberg, Austria, Saxony and Hesse do not seem to call for any particular remark. Their Game Laws before 1848 were all, more or less, like the old Game Law of Prussia; all have since been modified in a similar manner.

In Italy there are no less than nine different sets of laws in force in various parts of the country. The Italian Civil Code, however, orders that property in game or fish (*gli animali che formano oggetti di caccia o di pesca*) is acquired by occupancy, and lays down the principle that it is not lawful to go upon another's ground for the purpose of taking game when forbidden by him to do so. Special provisions occur in the laws of Tuscany as to wood-pigeons, waterfowl,

and woodcocks; also as to plovers, starlings, and ‘gambette,’ all which birds have a close time after the 14th April. Mr. Harries's eye was evidently caught by the name ‘Gambetta,’ and he gives his readers the benefit of his etymological researches, telling us that it is the name of a bird which is remarkable chiefly for its offensively quarrelsome propensities. He suggests the name of Dusky Sandpiper, but it is evident, from a quotation he gives from a Dictionary of Tuscan Ornithology, which speaks of the ‘*varietà di penne e colori*’ which distinguishes the bird, that it is the Ruff which is spoken of; and thus, as the termination is feminine, we may consider that the great improviser of armies, with his sonorous name, would in English be plain Mr. Reeve.

Perhaps the most which can be derived from a review of the state of the law in other countries as regards game is this, that in almost all those countries the expediency of giving certain wild creatures exceptional protection has been recognised and acted upon. It is, however, worth remark, that in the United States and in Belgium, countries which, on various grounds, may be considered not unlike our own, not only is the right to kill game recognised, but an actual property in the game is vested in the landlord or the occupier. We have before noticed a provision contained in the law of the State of New York, by which trespass in pursuit of game after advertised notice is severely punishable. It is well to consider whether some such arrangement might not be adopted in England. At present there is no means of punishing trespass unless damage is done or game pursued. A man who is bent on annoyance may present himself on his neighbor's lawn and before his neighbor's drawing-room windows ten times a day, and ten times a day be gently extruded, but there is no more legality in kicking him out on his eleventh appearance than there was at his first. On the other hand, to exercise the stringency of a trespass law, so as to put it into the power of a cantankerous farmer to haul up nurserymaids and children for picking daisies, or of a spiteful owner to shut up some old haunt of tourists and rambles, is by no means to be desired. But it is quite worth consideration, whether, under certain limitation, and with the sanction of some local authority, power might not be given to punish wanton trespass, not all over the country, but over certain areas, and after full notice; possibly with the payment by the occupier of some additional rate in consideration of the privilege of exclusion. It might not be impossible also to provide that in all protected areas the occupier

should have an actual ownership in the game and other creatures thereupon, so as to give a larcenous character to acts of poaching therein committed, and to diminish if not entirely to abolish the distinction now drawn between poaching and other petty thefts. It has been argued, that to identify poaching with larceny in the statute-book will not of necessity identify the two acts in the minds of those who are likely to commit them. Not of necessity; but we think there can be no doubt the tendency will be in that direction, and that as the distinction is done away with in punishment, so it will be by degrees obliterated in the minds of those who are punished. So long as poachers are told that game belongs to nobody, so long will it be hard to convince them that poaching is a crime. Their own common sense, however, must tell them that at all events the game is not theirs; they neither rear it, feed it, nor preserve it, and if the law were to say that it was the occupier's or the owner's, we cannot help believing that before long the poachers would be of the same opinion.

Perhaps our readers will think we have consumed quite enough of their attention in discussing the Game Law itself, how it has been changed, how it might be changed; and we pass on, therefore, to make some attempt at illustrating the assertions we have made as to the changes which have taken place in sport itself. It may not have fallen to the lot of many of our readers to meet with a gossiping and rambling old book, the name of which we have placed with those of others at the head of this Article. 'Daniel's Rural Sports' belongs to an extinct species of book—the quarto; extinct, we say, on purely Darwinian principles. There is a sort of pre-established harmony between the weight of an octave and the strength of the human arm, but who can sit over the fire and wield a quarto in one hand, or even in both? As 'Daniel' lies before us with his gilded leaves and deep margins, he affords an excellent example of the 'livre de luxe' of our grandfathers. Published as he was by subscription, he had no inducement to study compression, and he accordingly wanders into all sorts of subjects alien or not from his own, and introduces an amount of *padding* not easily to be outdone.* But he also supplies an un-

bounded amount of information on his own proper subjects, information which, as we recede from the time at which it was written, becomes year by year more curious.

His first volume is dedicated to the natural history of certain quadrupeds—dog, fox, stag, hare, rabbit, marten, otter, and badger; with dissertations on fox-hunting, Game Laws, coursing, hare-hunting and other subjects. We may notice that the marten is spoken of as a creature useful for the purpose of *entering*, as it is called, or teaching young fox-hounds to hunt, and that the author observes that they are 'not found in great numbers.' Relating his own experience, he says, 'the most' he ever met with were in the large woods near Rayleigh in Essex, and that they are to pheasants the most destructive of the British beasts of prey. We believe that at the present time it would be almost impossible to find a marten south of Trent, and we doubt if in the Hadleigh woods to which Mr. Daniel refers, a marten has been seen for the last thirty years.* This is a remarkable instance of the effects of game preserving, but the fact is that no creature larger than a rat, and whose numbers are not annually recruited from beyond the sea, like some species of hawk and owl, can stand against the persistent trapping which goes on almost all over the country. There is a sort of prejudice in favour of the white owl, and he survives in considerable numbers, but the brown owl is comparatively rare. As to martens, they have long ceased to be foes to pheasants, for the simple reason that they have ceased, or almost ceased, to exist, and even their smaller cousins, the polecats, are well-nigh equally scarce.

The author of 'British Sports' devotes his second volume to Fish, with which we have at present nothing to do. The third volume is taken up with notices of winged game, and most elaborate descriptions of the improved gun of the period, a weapon which has long since been improved off the face of the earth. His account of winged game he begins, of course, with the bustard, a creature to which we have already referred, and which, from its rarity, never was an object of more than accidental pursuit. But when he talks of

* Under the article DOG, Mr. Daniel tells a story of a dog which had been lost for nine weeks in a hole in the dark stairs of St. Paul's Cathedral. This gives him an opportunity (of which he avails himself) of inserting a note giving the history of the building in which the dog was lost, its cost, time in construction, architect, builder, &c. &c.

* 'Marten is about the bigness of a cat. . . . This and the wild cat are a sort of vermin which are commonly hunted in England, and are as necessary to be hunted as any vermin can be, for it is doubtful whether the fox or badger does more harm than the wild cat, there being so many warrens everywhere throughout the kingdom of England which are very much infested with the wild cat.' *Sportsman's Dictionary, sub voce*. The wild cat is as scarce as the marten, and rabbit-warrens are being abolished year by year.

pheasants we soon come upon statements which show how matters are changed since the days when he wrote:—

'For pheasant shooting, spaniels are the proper sort of dogs, and in coverts are indispensable. It is to sportsmen this assertion is made, and not to those who deem no springers so good as two or three fellows with long staves, and who only wish to shoot where the game is so abundant that scarcely a bush can be struck but a bird is seen. . . . Shooters equipped with only these steady human mongrels, can neither feel the ardour nor the expectation which gives spirit to the amusement, and which the mettled hunting of the spaniel so unceasingly enlivens.'

The amount of game killed is somewhat changed also:—

'In 1804, the Hon. Mr. Vanneck shot 76 brace of pheasants in three days. Mr. Coke, Sir John Shelley, and Mr. T. Sheridan, in 1808, killed in one day at Houghton, 25 brace of pheasants, 13 brace of partridges, 14 brace of hares, 15 couple of woodcocks, and 16 couple of rabbits. . . . In 1796, upon Mr. Colquhoun's manor at Wretham, in Norfolk, the Duke of Bedford, and six other gentlemen, killed 80 cock pheasants, 40 hares, besides partridges, in one day.*'

These are, of course, given as instances of great 'bags'; but we also learn where the fashion of battues came from by accounts which are given in the same volume of the shooting at Chantilly and other places abroad. Between 1748 and 1779 an average of about 30,000 head yearly seems to have been killed at Chantilly, or nearly a million in the thirty-two years. Of this total nearly two-thirds were rabbits, and the remaining third composed almost entirely of pheasants, hares, and partridges. The number of quails, however, is remarkable, being nearly 20,000. The account ceases in 1779, the time being at hand when the shooters changed places with the game:—

'not where he eats, but where he's eaten!'

Among the slayers of thousands comes one poor little performer who killed nine head, 'all rabbits.' His name was the Duc d'Enghien!

There is also an account of a Bohemian

* An old Game Book of the Riddlesworth Manor lies before us, from which it appears that on Friday, 27th January, 1810, Sir John Shelley, Sir George Wombwell, Lord Kinnaird, Sir Joseph Gopley, Mr. Smith, and 'Self' killed ninety-three pheasants and other game, in all 125 head. 'Self' (that is Mr. Thornhill) remarks sententiously, 'I have not heard so many was ever killed here before.' We believe that since that time nearly five times that number of pheasants has been killed at the same place in a single day.

battue in 1788, which might figure for a great Norfolk shooting of the present day, except for the greater number of hares and partridges, and the total absence of rabbits. 1099 hares, 958 pheasants, 1201 partridges is the list of slain in two days by ten persons. 'N.B. The birds were all shot on the wing.' But these numbers shrink to nothing in comparison of 'Prince Lichtenstein and eleven other gentlemen's performance.' They killed in one day '39,000 pieces of game.*'

Our author gives an interesting account of the introduction of the red-legged partridge into this country, first by Charles II. at Windsor, and then by 'the late Earl of Rochford,' and the Marquis of Hertford. He says, writing about 1810, 'There is now plenty of the red birds on the latter nobleman's estate near Orford in Suffolk. They did not breed so well at St. Osyth (in Essex), the soil was not so favourable, yet even here they increased, and now and then a covey was found some miles from his lordship's domain; and he goes on to speak of his own good luck in having found a covey of fourteen near Colchester, in 1777, although he never saw any more till 1799, and that in Suffolk. It appears likely that the Essex birds failed, while the Suffolk birds gradually spread, till, as is well known, they are, in some parts of the country almost as numerous as the brown partridge. We believe that they have been stopped in their wanderings by the Thames, at least so far as Kent is concerned. On the left bank they are plentiful enough, not so on the right. Perhaps some of our readers will bear us out in the assertion that the practice of 'driving' has been very fatal to the old cock-birds of the French variety. Ten years ago the writer remembers to have seen far stronger and heavier birds than are now common. The fact is, that the caution and prudence

* See also, 'Diaries of Sir George Jackson,' vol. i., p. 101. Hanover, Nov. 10, 1802. 'We managed to get to Hanover that afternoon. My brother went to the palace in the evening, for he intended to resume his journey next day. The Duke, however, invited him to dinner, which happened also not to be at the usual hour, two o'clock, but at six; for His Royal Highness was going out shooting that morning, and asked him to join the party. It was a very large one, and attended by a great many "beaters," as they are called, whose business it is to beat about the woods while the sportsmen stand at the entrance of the avenue and pop at the birds as fast as they can load. By this means an almost inconceivable number is in one day killed by each person, who kills, in fact, for the sake of killing. I confess that I cannot look on this as sport, or as anything more than wanton cruelty, which disgusts me whenever I think of it.'

of old age has been a snare both to grouse and 'red-legs.' The old birds take an early opportunity of getting out of the way, as they suppose, and come over the shooters early in the flight, so encountering guns which are pretty sure to be full,—not so usually the case at the end of a drive.

When Mr. Daniel gets on the subject of Scotch game, he speaks of the capercaillie, or cock-of-the-wood, as an extinct bird. So he was till some thirty-five or forty years ago, when he was re-introduced at Taymouth. We believe he is gradually re-establishing himself where he has congenial covert and some protection.*

During the last hours of the Session of 1872 a bill obtained the Royal assent which may be of some service in the protection of wild birds, and may do some good in familiarizing the people with instances of legal interference as to such creatures, embodying to some small extent the notion of ownership, if not by private persons, at least by the State. Perhaps a little more time and study might have made the schedule of birds protected, attached to this Act, more perfect than it is. At present it contains 73 names, several of which are duplicate names of one bird. The whaup is a name for either curlew or wimbrel; all three names occur in this schedule. The dunlin in summer is called the purre in winter; both names are entered. The mallard is a male wild duck; the wild duck a female mallard. The sandpiper is also called the summer snipe; both names occur. The oxbird and stint are identical; perhaps, however, *stint* is the true reading of stint. The pewit is a kind of plover, and does not require separate mention. The stone curlew is called also both great plover and thicknee, here appearing as a different bird. There are seven kinds of titmouse

(not including Tittlebat), of these two only are protected. It is also remarkable that, though the birds are expressly protected 'during the breeding season,' their eggs are not even mentioned. Perhaps plovers' eggs caused a difficulty. Still the Act can do nothing but good, and may be amended and extended.

Among the birds which it protects are some which are in the nature of game: woodcock, snipe, landrail and quail. The first certainly breeds in Scotland, and sometimes even in England; but it is not often that a woodcock is seen between the 15th March and the 1st August. The same is to a certain extent true of the snipe, and the progress of drainage makes his numbers smaller every year. We suppose that the corncrake or landrail has never been more than a chance visitor, except in Ireland. The quail affords another instance of regular diminishing numbers. At the present time they are so uncommon in the eastern counties that to kill a quail is an event which to many sportsmen of this generation has never occurred. A century ago this was not the case. The old sportsman, of whom a story as to game certificates is related above (p. 18), was accustomed to tell how when a boy he had been in the habit of helping a cunning Essex gamekeeper to catch quails. On one occasion, a stranger from a distance, surprised at the sport he had enjoyed among the Essex quails, wished to obtain a supply for his own preserves. The gamekeeper readily undertook the task, which he performed much to his employer's satisfaction. As, however, the method he adopted was the use of a call imitating the cry of the hen-quail,* he caught nothing but cocks, so that the year after a great disappointment ensued; such of these bachelors or widowers as had not wandered, naturally were without families, and the race of quails in their new settlement shewed no signs of extension. At present all the gamekeepers in East Anglia might call quails from the 15th March to the 1st August, and, we venture to say, not catch a dozen.

Our reference to the Act for the Protection of Wild Birds has drawn us away from 'Rural Sports.' We might follow out our text by some notice of Daniel's observation as to guns, in the construction of which the revolutions have been as great and almost as frequent as those of a neighbouring country. In Daniel's time a percussion cap

* The late Sir Fowell Buxton, being desirous to oblige the last Marquis of Breadalbane, sent a gamekeeper of his own over to Norway to collect young capercaillies. This gamekeeper, Lawrence Beauville, who had previously served Mr. Lloyd, author of 'Wild Sports of the North,' and whom many of our readers must have known in Norfolk under the name of 'Larry,' was very successful, and from that stock the capercaillie has again taken his place as the largest British bird of sport. It may not be out of place to say a word 'in memoriam' of one of the cleverest of Irishmen and most faithful of servants. He had great knowledge of the habits of birds, invariable good-humour, and a fund of anecdote and drollery rarely surpassed. His sayings and stories were always ready, never out of place, and hardly ever uttered twice. He sleeps in a Norfolk churchyard, not far from some of those to whom he had in life been most sincerely devoted. Perhaps there is no class of servants more tempted, more abused, and more trustworthy than gamekeepers.

* The 'Sportsman's Dictionary' gives an elaborate description (and an engraving) of both male and female quail-calls, but probably the latter is the more efficacious.

had never yet exploded; he relates with exultation that 'Mr. Joseph Manton has produced a hammer which completely prevents guns from hanging fire.' We have heard of a gun in our youth the trigger of which was so stiff that it was necessary to begin pulling directly the birds rose; but now-a-days a 'hang-fire' is almost unheard of. Here, again, as to fowling-pieces:—

'The fowling-piece should not be fired more than twenty times without being washed. The flint, pan, and hammer, should be well wiped after each fire, and a feather introduced into the touch-hole. . . . Flints should never be worn close, or even attempted to be fired any great number of times.'

Conceive the feelings of a line of impatient shooters sweeping over a turnip-field with double-barrelled breech-loaders, and forced to wait while the ghost of the Rev. W. B. Daniel, in a green coat with high collar and gaitered up to his middle, deliberately wipes the ghost of a single gun,* introduces a feather into its touch-hole, and changes his flint. Mr. Daniel goes on:—

'In the reign of Charles I., no person shot flying. What is now termed poaching was the gentleman's recreation; and so late as within sixty years, an individual who exercised the art of shooting birds on the wing was considered as performing something extraordinary, . . . since that period the practice has been more common, and is at present almost universal.'

Our readers will remember the sportsman pointing his gun through a hedge at partridges in Rubens's picture of his country house, as illustrating the first of these statements. Shooting flying, of course, depended upon the skill of the locksmith. As soon as the gun-locks went well, sportsmen would begin to improve in skill. Pope's line,

'. . . shoot folly as it flies,'

seems to shew that when he wrote the 'Essay on Man,' this development of the art of shooting was sufficiently matter of notice for him to use it in pointing the phrases of his verse.

There is one more change to remark in the customs of sports,—a change which has

arisen chiefly in consequence of improvements in agriculture. Thirty or even twenty years ago the use of the scythe was partially, of the reaping-machine wholly, unknown. It is true that where clean farming prevailed, stubbles had ceased to be what they once were, a dwarf jungle; but they still afforded capital cover for partridges, and gave pointers and setters at once a *chance* and a *use*. Now-a-days, however, we may search parish after parish in all the best arable counties before we find a good old-fashioned stubble, and if one by any accident exists, no sooner are the gleaners out than the wheat-haulmers are in, and autumn culture destroys all the hopes of the sportsman. Under these circumstances, and particularly where French partridges abound, it has been found necessary to substitute the retriever for the pointer, and to 'put the birds into the turnips,' in place of seeking them in the stubbles. To this change yet another change has succeeded, applied both to partridges and to grouse. The system of 'driving' has supplanted the system of 'walking up' the game, with very satisfactory results in many ways. First it makes the sportsman much less dependent on weather; a result which also accompanies the use of the breech-loader. Next, it accomplishes with respect to grouse an object which could never be accomplished in any other way,—that of killing off the old birds, and especially the old cocks. Year by year, the cock grouse enlarges the circle which he very properly regards as a sacred circle traced round the nest where his affections are centred. Year by year, therefore, there is his breeding and feeding ground left for the younger birds. The older birds being also the shyer and the more cunning, so long as the gun went to the game, were the less likely to be killed. Now, however, that the game comes, that is, is driven to the gun, the old bird stands a worse chance than the young one. We have heard that in some Yorkshire and Lancashire moors where, owing to the nature of the ground, grouse became unapproachable by dogs after the first two or three days' shooting, the increase in the number killed by driving has been three, four, and even five-fold, with a better stock of birds left for breeding than in the old days. Of course the wonderful nose and instinct of the setter or pointer is no longer of use, but the skill required by the sportsman is proportionably greater, and the distance passed over in walking from position to position often not less than it was in beating a moor after the old fashion.

We must now conclude. Without doing more than make a few timid suggestions as

* The 'Sportsman's Dictionary,' s. v. FOWLING PIECE, observes, 'That piece is always reckoned the best which has the longest barrel,' and goes on to observe that any gentleman who sports much ought to have two guns, 'the barrel of one about two feet nine inches, which will serve very well for the beginning of the season, and for wood-shooting, the other about three feet three inches, for shooting after Michaelmas.' Two feet four inches is now rather an extreme length for a gun-barrel.

to changes in the Law of Game, we have endeavoured to supply our readers with some information as to the state of the law on that subject in foreign countries and in our own Colonies, which may enable them to draw their own conclusions as to what is best to be done; whether to alter the law of trespass, or to alter the law of property in game, or to extend the provisions of the Wild Birds Protection Act to other creatures, or to combine any or all of these measures, with or without the abolition of the present law. We have also taken the opportunity of pointing out in how many particulars the sport of the present day differs from that of the last generation, and, although we have not ourselves drawn that inference, it may not be unfair to presume that where so many changes have taken place in customs, some might be expected to take place in law.

The question appears to assume day by day a more commercial aspect. Game, once forbidden to be sold, is now saleable. Manors, once valueless, are now of great and increasing value. The guardians of property, once forbidden to interfere in game matters, now act as auxiliary gamekeepers, with results, as it would appear, not productive of inconvenience or waste of public or local funds. Why can we not take two more steps,—provide for the efficient rating of land in respect of the value of the game or the game rent, and let game, and, for the matter of that, all the living creatures on the land become legally and actually the property of the occupier?

ART. III.—1. *Geschichte der Hohenstaufen.*

Von Friedrich von Raumer. Neue Ausgabe. 6 Bände. 1872.

2. *Œuvres de Frédéric le Grand, Roi de Prusse.* Publiées par ordre du Roi régnant. 30 vols. 1846–57.

THE two ablest sovereigns that ever bore sway in Germany have both by a strange chance—we must not call it singular—borne the title of Frederick the Second. Of these, the one was Emperor of the Romans; the other, King of Prussia. An interval of five centuries lies between them, marked by the greatest changes in language and in manners, in religion and in modes of thought. Yet still both the characters and times of these two monarchs afford some points of parallel which, as we venture to think, it may not be without interest to

trace. Let us then endeavour to compare them in several transactions, and at divers periods of their lives.

Let us first take their early years.

Frederick, the future Emperor, was born on the day after Christmas, in the year 1194, and in the district of Ancona. At present—

‘Jesi is an interesting little town of some 5000 inhabitants, tracing its origin to an indefinite number of centuries before the foundation of Rome, and famed in the middle ages as the birthplace of Frederick the Second, the Great Emperor of Germany, whose constant wars with the Roman Pontiffs, and encouragement of literature, render his memory very popular amongst Italian writers. A thriving trade in silk has preserved it from the squalid misery discernible in most of the inland towns of the March, and it can boast of some palaces in tolerable preservation, a casino, a very pretty theatre, and several churches.’

So writes of it Mrs. Gretton, the authoress of two very well informed and very entertaining volumes on Italy, which were published so far back as 1860, and which we are glad to have an opportunity of mentioning, as we do not think that at the time they attracted as much notice as their merit deserved.

In the fourth year of his life Frederick lost his father; in the fifth, his mother. The infant Prince was proclaimed King of Sicily, and crowned in great state at Palermo. There it was that he grew up to manhood. Taught in part by Saracen instructors, he quickly mastered all the learning which could be acquired in that dark age. He was versed in poetry and music; he could speak, it is said, not only Greek and Latin, not only Italian and German, but also French and Arabic. In the year 1209 he was married to Constance, daughter of Alfonso, King of Aragon; and at the beginning of 1212, Frederick, then only seventeen, was suddenly called upon to assume the most momentous responsibilities of public life. An opening appeared in Germany, which seemed to promise him the Crown, worn with so much of glory by his ancestors of the House of Hohenstaufen.

Otho of Brunswick was at this time Emperor. He had dissatisfied the clergy; he was excommunicated by the Pope. Several of the princes and prelates of Germany rose against him. An embassy of two brave Swabian knights was sent by them to Palermo, inviting the young heir of Hohenstaufen to become their chief and do battle in their cause. Well might the boy-king hesitate. It was a perilous adventure of most uncertain issue. His Sicilian coun-

allors almost with one voice declared that he would hazard his life to no purpose and urged him to refuse. His young wife, with her new-born son in her arms, tenderly besought his stay. But the martial spirit of his race was roused within him. He resolved to shew himself the worthy grandson of the first Frederick, the renowned 'Barbarossa'—to grasp at the prize or to perish in the endeavour.

On Palm Sunday, in the year 1212, the young King embarked at Palermo with a scanty train. He first repaired to Rome, where he sought to confirm the doubtful adherence of the Pope. Thence again embarking, he landed at Genoa, and found a firm friend in its republic. But the hostility of the Duke of Savoy on the one side, and of the citizens of Milan on the other, threatened to bar his passage to the Alps. When at last he did set forth, he hoped by a night-march to elude the vigilance of his pursuers. Scarce, however, had he crossed the river Lambro than he beheld the men of the escort who had brought him from Pavia, and who had made halt on the right bank, assailed and overpowered by a superior force from Milan without his being able to afford them any aid. Some seventy were taken prisoners; all the rest were put to the sword.

Escaped from this imminent danger, and with but few attendants, the young King turned aside from the better known and better guarded passes of the Alps, and climbed the rugged chain—in those days deemed well-nigh impassable—which parts the Eugadine from Italy. He passed those steep and solitary heights (as they then appeared to him), where now the bright-coloured houses of Campfer and St. Moritz, thronged every summer with English tourists, look gaily on the snow-peak of Surlei and the lakes of Silva Plana. Thence descending, either by the Julier Pass or along the Albula stream, he came down to the valley of the Rhine at Chur. In Switzerland he found some powerful adherents. Above all, he was joined by the Abbot of St. Gall. But as they rode forward on their way to the city of Constance, they were met by evil tidings. At the first report of Frederick's approach, Otho had hastily concluded the war in Thuringia, and was now advancing at the head of 200 knights with a corresponding retinue. Already had he sent his purveyors and cooks into Constance to make ready for his coming.

Frederick had with him no more than sixty horsemen. Nevertheless he utterly disdained the thought of a retreat. On the contrary, spurring forward at full speed,

with the Abbot of St. Gall, they succeeded in reaching Constance ere the force of Otho came in sight. Then, by their expostulations with the Bishop—would so holy a man support an excommunicated Emperor?—they wrought with such effect that, when, three hours later, Otho and his retinue appeared, he found the city gates closed and barred against him. As Dean Milman says, 'that rapid movement won Frederick the empire.' So great an aim, however, was not at once attained. Months, nay years, were still to pass of arduous warfare and negotiation, before Otho was completely overpowered and Frederick crowned as the successor of Charlemagne, in Charlemagne's own city of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Nor had Frederick perhaps prevailed in the conflict, had not Philip Augustus of France made common cause with him, and gained, in 1214, the decisive battle of Bouvines. Then the remaining adherents of Otho could only sue for peace. His father-in-law and chief support, the Duke of Brabant, went even farther, and addressed to the King of France a letter of congratulation and good wishes. He received in answer two covers sealed. In the first was a blank paper; in the second the following words: 'As yon paper is devoid of writing, so is thy heart devoid of fidelity and honour.*'

The *Schloss* at Berlin was the birthplace of Frederick of Prussia, January 24, 1712. His father, Frederick William, was both the closest of economists and the strictest of disciplinarians. He would have accounts laid before him with entries even for the most tiny items—as eight *Pfennige* for a lemon, or one *Groschen* for milk. He loved to pace the streets of Potsdam cane in hand, and seemed to think that no one ought to walk about them but himself. If he met a French clergyman from the Protestant exiles in Prussia, he was wont to ask him sarcastically *Avez-vous lu Molière?*—meaning to imply that he was no better than a stage-player. Once, however, he found his match in Beausobre, a son of the well-known theologian, who in reply to the usual *Avez-vous lu Molière?* question, answered boldly, *Oui, Sire, et surtout l'Avare!* If the King met the wife or daughter of a tradesman taking an afternoon stroll, he would call her an idle hussy, and bid her go and mind her business at home. All such admonitions were apt to be enforced by two or three

* Raumer, vol. iii. p. 27. We quote from the fourth edition just published, by the preface to which we learn that the accomplished author has now entered his ninety-second year.

haps of his favourite instrument, seldom absent from his hand.

All these qualities of Frederick William were called into full play by the education of his son and heir. The establishment of the young prince was cut down to the narrowest limits; the cane was diligently applied; and the pursuit of the Fine Arts as well as the study of the classic authors were denounced with all the zeal of ignorance. A copy of the Royal instructions is still extant.* In one passage it says: 'As to the Latin language, my son is not to learn it, and I will not allow even any one to speak to me further on the subject.' In this, however, his Majesty did, perhaps, some injustice to his own acquirements, since in answer to petitions for aid he would occasionally with his own hand write upon the margin, *Non habeo Pekunia*. Elsewhere, in his instructions the King has added these words in French: "*L'Histoire des Grecs et des Romains doit être abolie; elles ne sont bonnes à rien.*"

It is greatly to the honour of Frederick that by his great genius and force of will he surmounted these impediments, and made himself, it may truly be said, a self-taught man. Both in music and in literature he was able to hold his own. He had acquired very great skill in flute-playing, but had to practice that art with as much of caution as commonly attends the commission of a crime. When the King went out hunting attended by his princes, Frederick would now and then turn aside to some secluded corner of the forest, and there with a few friends extemporise a concert. Thus also he read with keen delight the poets and philosophers of France, as also, though but in French translations, the great works that have come down to us from ancient times. Of these last, Cicero and Horace, Lucretius and Lucian, besides the 'Lives of Plutarch,' are named as his especial favourites. Sometimes these forbidden treasures were surprised and seized by the King, then great displeasure ensued; and they were sent in hot haste to the booksellers, to be disposed of for the benefit of the Royal strong-box—the *Schatulle*.

As time passed on, however, Frederick became less and less able to endure the paternal tyranny. He had now grown to be eighteen years of age. At such an age to be caned even in private was hard to bear; to be caned before strangers was intolerable. Frederick wrote to the Queen, his mother, declaring that he would no

longer submit to such ill-treatment. Of the King, his father, he asked permission to travel. He was sternly refused. Frederick William had, indeed, at this period, conceived a strong aversion to his eldest son, greatly preferring his second, Prince Augustus, whom it is thought that he desired by some expedient to place in next succession to the throne.

In this well-nigh desperate position, Frederick formed a resolution nearly as desperate—to effect his escape from the Prussian dominions, and take refuge with the Royal family of England. His secret confidants and partners in the scheme were two young Lieutenants, Katte and Keith by name; and a favourable opportunity was likely to present itself by the journey of the King, attended by his eldest son, to some princes and towns of Southern Germany. The details of that journey may be read at length in the sparkling pages of Mr. Carlyle. On their way homeward from Augsburg to Ludwigsburg, they passed close under the hill of Hohenstaufen, a conspicuous object from the present railroad, and rising cone-shaped from the fruitful plain. There, on the levelled summit, where now scarce a stone remains, once stood the proud *Stammschloss*, the hereditary fortalice of the Emperors of the House of Suabia. There had dwelt in his power and glory the first Frederick, the warlike Barbarossa. At another period the Prince of Prussia, then only eighteen, might have looked with some interest at this historic hill. But then it is far more probable that, as Mr. Carlyle puts it, he 'knows nothing about Staufen, cares nothing. We cannot fancy Frederick remembered Barbarossa at all.*' How should he, while his own fortunes were trembling in the scales?

It is very strange, we may observe in passing, that a writer so thoroughly well acquainted with Germany as is Mr. Carlyle should have misplaced this historic hill of Hohenstaufen by some fifty or sixty miles. He makes the Royal travellers see it not as in fact they would on their way from Augsburg to Ludwigsburg, and close to the little town of Gœppingen, but far onward on proceeding from Ludwigsburg to Sinzheim.

Reverting to the Royal travellers, we have now to relate that the next day's journey brought them to the small village of Steinfurth. They found no accommodation beyond two barns, the King and his suite sleeping in the one, and Frederick, with some officers, in the other. To the young

* It has been published by Vehse, '*Geschichte des Preussischen Hofes*,' vol. iii. pp. 126-128.

* '*History of Frederick the Great*,' vol. ii. p. 108.

prince the place seemed favourable for his plan of escape, since but three hours' riding would bring him to the ferry of the Rhine. He rose softly at two in the morning,—it was now the 4th of August, 1780—dressed himself in plain clothes, took his money, and walked down into the village, where he had ordered Keith, the Lieutenant's brother, to meet him with his horses. But one of his officers, Colonel Rochow, who had been ordered to keep a strict watch over him, shewed a true military vigilance. He sprang up from his bed of hay almost as soon as Frederick left it. Overtaking the young prince in the village, he wished his Royal Highness 'Good morning,' in a cheerful tone, as though nothing unusual was occurring, and, when Keith came up with the horses, quietly bade him take them back again, since the Royal party would not start till daybreak. Thus was Frederick foiled in his design. He afterwards told his sister that in the anguish of his disappointment he should, he believed, were there then but his sword at his side, have attempted, at all hazards, to fight his way through.*

The King was made acquainted with the grave suspicions entertained of the Prince's design, but as there was no positive proof, he dissembled his resentment for the time. Within a few days, however, confirmation came. There was intercepted and brought to his Majesty a letter from Frederick to Lieutenant Katte, by which the whole secret was revealed. Then, indeed, the King's fury blazed forth. He summoned the Prince to his presence, and with his own hands inflicted chastisement upon him, striking him in the face with the handle of his cane until the blood gushed forth. 'Never yet did a Brandenburg face bear this!' cried Frederick in utter despair. But his complaint, however just, availed him little. He was now embarked in a separate yacht and brought down the Rhine as a state-prisoner to Wesel. From thence—still in the closest custody—he was transferred to the citadel of Cöln.

Of the two Lieutenants—his accomplices, as the King would have termed them—Katte, who had lingered at Berlin, was, like himself, arrested and cast into prison. Keith, having gone on to Wesel, had time to escape to the Hague, where he took shelter in the house of the Earl of Chesterfield, then ambassador from England. His pursuer, Colonel Dumoulin, arrived only a few hours after him. The English Secretary, in Lord Chesterfield's absence, conveyed him in his own coach to

Scheveningen, thus enabling him to embark and reach London in security.

The rage of the King was extended to his consort the Queen, and to his eldest daughter, the Princess Wilhelmine, whom he suspected, and not without some reason, of being in the Prince's confidence. To the Queen he caused the utmost agony by announcing to her, in the first instance, that her miserable son had perished in his guilty enterprise. On the Princess he bestowed a buffet of no common force just under her left breast. There remained, says Voltaire, a life-long scar at the place, 'which,' adds the French satirist, 'her Royal Highness did me the honour to shew me!'

This amiable husband and father would view the conduct of his son Fritz in only one single aspect. Fritz held the rank of Colonel in his service, and Fritz had attempted to cross the frontier without leave; therefore Fritz had been guilty of military desertion, and was liable to the penalty of that crime—death. The same judgment would hold good of Lieutenant Katte, and separate Courts-Martial were appointed to try the two offenders. It would matter little to the King if even these Courts-Martial should take a more lenient view, since, on several former occasions he had thought himself entitled in the exercise of his plenary power to overrule the sentence of such tribunals whenever he had deemed the sentence not sufficiently severe. Indeed, at this period, the German princes were nearly as absolute as Turkish Pashas, and in many cases used their power as badly.

Meanwhile the Prince was treated with the utmost rigour at Cöln. On the 31st August he was expelled from the Prussian army—that army of which, in after years, he was to be the glory and pride. A coarse-prison dress was assigned him; as coarse-fare without knife or fork; no books beyond the Bible and Prayer-book; no free use of pen and ink. And there was worse behind. When sentence of death had at the King's personal desire been passed on Katte; when, in spite of every intercession, that doom was about to be fulfilled, then on the 6th November, by the King's orders, Frederick was held fast at the prison window to see his unhappy friend pass by. 'Forgive me, my dear Katte, forgive me!' cried Frederick in his anguish. 'Death is sweet for a Prince so amiable,' said poor Katte in reply. A few more minutes, and the headsman's sword was wielded, and Katte fell to the ground a corpse. The poor prince had fainted away.

We shall not carry this narrative further, else we might have shewn in some detail

* 'Mémoires de la Margrave de Baireuth,' vol. i. p. 260.

the mingled moderation and firmness with which Frederick parried the pressing interrogatories that were more than once addressed to him, the courage with which he confronted his sentence of death as pronounced by the Court-Martial, the politic arts, which (not without some foreign aid) enabled him gradually to assuage the Royal resentment, and even in time to regain the Royal favour. But our object in the parallel which we have attempted to draw has been rather to point out that at the same age of eighteen the Prussian Prince was still more grievously tried in mind and body than the Suabian. He had to undergo still greater perplexities and perils; he had to make still larger calls on those high qualities which both of them subsequently displayed upon the throne.

Let us next consider their furthest point in their respective journeys. With Frederick of Suabia that furthest point was Jerusalem; with Frederick of Prussia, Strasburg.

On a Saturday of March, in the year 1229, the Emperor Frederick, with his train of followers, appeared in sight of Jerusalem. He had recently acquired the city by treaty from the Sultan of Egypt, the Christians henceforth to hold it, and the Saracens retaining as their own only the Mosque of Omar. It was a gain of the greatest importance to the Christian cause as it was then considered, and above all to the security and comfort of all future Christian pilgrims. But by a strange anomaly, arising from the exorbitant Papal pretensions, Frederick had the Pope for his enemy, and was at this very time under sentence of excommunication. It was forbidden to admit him to any of the offices of the Church, or even to celebrate the Mass in any town where he resided. Thus on his entering Jerusalem, while the laymen for the most part were eager to hail him as a deliverer, the ecclesiastics were no less prepared to shun him as an outcast.

From the gates of the city Frederick, without alighting, rode on at once to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Not a single priest appeared to greet him, not one *Te Deum* was sung. Next day, the Emperor, attended by his barons, revisited the church in imperial state. Then again all was solitude and silence so far as the clerical order was concerned. No prelate from the East came forward to crown him King of Jerusalem. Frederick himself walked up to the high altar, took up from thence the crown—a crown of thorns in semblance, as Godfrey de Bouillon in humble piety had

first designed it—and with his own hands placed it on his head.

The ceremony over, and an address to the people having been delivered in his name, the Emperor returned through the streets, still wearing his newly acquired crown. Ever since, down to our own days, the title of King of Jerusalem has been an honorary appendage of his successors in the realms of Naples and Sicily. On the same day the Emperor went to visit the Mosque of Omar, believed then, as it is believed now, to stand on the site of the Jewish Temple. There is great interest in comparing on this occasion the accounts of the Christian writers with those of the Mahometan, as M. Reinaud has deduced them for this period. Yet sometimes the latter are stopped short by singular scruples. Thus one of them, Soyonti by name, thinks gold embroidery and silken vestments inconsistent with true religion. He goes even farther, he thinks the very mention of them profane, and declines to notice any attire which is thus adorned. 'I will not put down such dresses in my book,' he says, 'lest God should call me to account for them in the Day of Judgment!'

Such scruples were not felt by the Imaum at the Mosque of Omar. Richly as Frederick might be attired, this Imaum does not shrink from describing him. His description, however, is more minute than flattering. 'The Malek,' he says, for so he calls the Emperor, 'was red-haired and partly bald and with weak sight. As a slave he would not have sold for more than two hundred drachms.*' We may smile at this truly Oriental mode of estimating merit. It may, however, remind us of the saying which, in a far different state of society, Beaumarchais has put into the mouth of his Figaro. 'If so many good qualities are required in a servant, does your Excellency know many masters who would be equal to the place?'

The Imaum goes on, and declares, as he flatters himself, that Frederick was in truth estranged from the Christian faith and inclined to the Mahometan. But the proofs which he gives are strangely inconclusive. He says that, as the Emperor observed an inscription in letters of gold which ran round the cornice of the Chapel de la Sagra, he desired that it should be interpreted to him. It proved to be 'Saladin in a certain year purified the Holy City from

* Extracts from the Arabic Chronicles by Reinaud in the 'Bibliothèque des Croisades,' vol. iv. pp. 112 and 431, ed. 1829.

the presence of those who worship many Gods.' This was the common taunt of the Mussulmans against the believers in the Trinity. Frederick made no remark. Are we then to say with the Imaum that a leaning to a foreign faith is to be inferred from merely asking the sense of an inscription in a foreign tongue? If so, how many lady visitors at Athens, or at Rome, might be convicted of devotion to the ancient pagan deities!

It is further related by the Imaum that Frederick asked why the windows of this chapel were so closely barred. He was told that it was to prevent the defilement of the birds. 'You may keep out the birds,' said Frederick, 'but in their place God has sent you the swine.' It can scarcely be supposed, however, that a general reflection against any form of faith could be intended by this phrase; least of all could it be levelled at the Christians, since not they, but the Mahometans, were in possession of the mosque. It would seem that the Emperor's words were intended to reprove, in covert terms, those ecclesiastics of any creed who bring only grovelling minds to their holy functions, and from whom no sect can be wholly free.

There was another point in the demeanour of Frederick at this time, which, beyond doubt, gave great offence to all his Christian followers. As he stood in the Mosque of Omar, there was proclaimed the hour of noon, when it behoves all men of the creed of Mahomet to pray. At this signal, therefore, the Mussulmans in the train of Frederick fell on their knees in adoration. Among them was Frederick's aged tutor, a Mussulman of Sicily. He had instructed the future Emperor in the principles of logic, principles first framed by Aristotle, and now taught from Arabic writers in lands where Aristotle was forgotten.

At this sight, as the Imaum assures us, Frederick shewed no displeasure, and uttered no reproof. Few men at the present day but would commend his respect for the rights of conscience. But in his times any toleration of another creed was fiercely denounced by the Christian priesthood, no less than by the Mussulman, as most impious and profane.

The lofty pride of Frederick must have been bitterly chafed by his anomalous position—to find himself excommunicated by the Church in the very city that he had gained over for the Christians. He remained but two days in Jerusalem; thence going back to the coast, he shortly afterwards re-embarked for Italy.

We come now to Frederick of Prussia. Considering his warm attachment to the French literature and language, which he greatly preferred to his own, it is singular that even at the periods when allied to France he should never have paid a visit to Paris. It may also be observed that his warlike deeds were performed within a narrower space than has been usual with great commanders. We do not think that any of his battles was fought at more than 250 miles' distance from Berlin.

In August, 1740, however, only a few weeks after his accession, Frederick undertook a short excursion to Alsace. He travelled with a small retinue, and a strict incognito, under the name of Comte Dufour. One of his objects on his way back was to visit his outlying dominion of Cleves; another to see Voltaire, with whom he had for some years been in correspondence, but whom he had never yet met.

Of this journey Frederick himself wrote a humorous account, part in prose and part in verse, on the model of the celebrated piece by La Chapelle and Bachaumont. The whole of it has been published, but it is best known from the extracts given by Voltaire in that most malignant piece of biography first printed as '*Vie privée du Roi de Prusse*,' and since as '*Mémoires*' in the first volume of Voltaire's collected works. The verses are, no doubt, extremely poor, and interesting only from the subsequent renown of the writer. Thus at the outset we find Frederick complain of the scanty fare at a village inn, and still more of the exorbitant charges.

*'Car des hotes intéressés,
De la faim nous voyant pressés,
D'une façon plus que frugale,
Dans une chaumière infernale,
En nous empoisonnant, nous volaient nos écus.
O siècle différent des temps de Lucullus!'*

At the gates of Strasburg, however, there are still deeper murmurs at the grasping propensities of the custom-house officers.

*'Ces scélérats nous épiaient,
D'un ail le passe-part lisaient,
De l'autre lorgnaient notre bourse,
L'or, qui toujours fut de ressource,
Par lequel Jupin jouissait
De Danaë qu'il caressait;
L'or, par qui César gouvernait
Le monde heureux sous son empire;
L'or, plus Dieu que Mars et l'Amour,
Le même or sut nous introduire,
Le soir, dans les murs de Strasbourg.'*

Voltaire, who has transcribed this passage, adds to it this bitter comment:—'It

will be seen by these lines that Frederick had not yet become the greatest of our poets; and that, philosopher as he was, he did not regard with any indifference the metal of which his father had accumulated such ample stores.*

At Strasburg Frederick took up his quarters at a little inn—*l'Hôtel du Corbeau*—and through the mediation of his landlord made acquaintance the same day with three or four French officers, whom he asked to supper. They were greatly pleased with the wit and lively conversation both of the King himself and of the Italian Count Algarotti, who was one of his train; and they returned his invitation for the ensuing day. As Comte Dufour he passed for a *Grand Seigneur* of Bohemia. He was presented next morning to the *Maréchal de Broglie*, Governor of Strasburg; and in the evening went to the play with *Madame la Maréchale*. But by this time the secret of his rank was rapidly becoming *le secret de la comédie*. It was revealed to the *Maréchal* himself by a soldier of the garrison, who had not long since deserted from the Prussian service. The *Maréchal*, it is said, was so incautious after dinner as to begin a sentence with *Sire*—and then, suddenly correcting himself, go on, *Monsieur le Baron*. Frederick afterwards observed, and with good reason, that the *Maréchal* had been much to blame; 'he ought either,' he said, 'to have carefully preserved my incognito or else paid me the honours that were due to my rank.*'

Even at the time the displeasure of Frederick peeps forth in his poetical '*Récit de Voyage*,' as where he bids us not rely too much on the *Maréchal's* wise looks:—

*Il était né pour la surprise ;
Ses cheveux blancs, sa barbe grise
Formaient une sage extérieur.
Le dehors est souvent trompeur ;
Qui juge par la reliure
D'un ouvrage et de son auteur
Dans une page de lecture
Peut reconnaître son erreur.'*

Be this as it may, Frederick, perceiving that his secret was no longer safe, made a hasty exit from the theatre, and set off that same night for the Duchy of Cleves. There he at once resumed his Royal state and his Royal cares. In pursuance of some ancient claims, and by the timely advance of a few battalions, he extorted a million of francs from the Prince Bishop of Liège. He insisted that the money should be paid down in gold ducats; and this, as Voltaire satiri-

cally notes, served to indemnify him for the losses which he had lately sustained at the Strasburg custom-house.

Compared as chiefs of armies, the older Frederick can bear no parallel with the later. Frederick of Suabia had, indeed, great personal courage, a cheerful endurance of toil, and, in military skill, was probably not inferior to any leader of armies of that age. He had, also, great ardour of purpose. Thus, on one occasion, when he was informed that the people of Viterbo had rebelled against him, he was heard to exclaim, 'Even if I had already one foot in Paradise, I would pull it back again to punish these ungrateful men !' But his success was not commensurate with his ardour or his bravery. He failed in that very siege of Viterbo; he failed in another still more memorable at Bologna. He was put to the route at that fortified encampment to which he had given, far too prematurely, the proud name of *Vittoria*. Frederick of Prussia, on the other hand, ranks, and deserves to rank, with the greatest captains whom the world has ever seen—with Hannibal and Cæsar, with Marlborough and Turenne. There is nothing in all history more wonderful than the Seven Years' War. Here were the three greatest monarchies of Continental Europe—France, Austria, Russia—drawing in their train not only Sweden, but also the main States of the Germanic Empire, and arrayed in arms against the single 'Marquis de Brandebourg,' as at this time the French officers would scornfully call him. It was a league of eighty millions of men against but six or seven millions.* With such a disparity of forces it might have been expected that one campaign, or even one battle, would decide the war. Far otherwise was the result. Frederick was frequently defeated, but never subdued. He held, or he recovered, his own with indomitable energy; and at last, instead of the dismemberment of his States, which had been contemplated, he concluded peace without the cession of even a single village to his foes.

It is true that this general statement should not be too absolutely taken. For Frederick there were some gleams of light in the dark picture. There was the constant alliance and the yearly subsidy of England. There was the Czarina's sudden death and her successor's favourable disposition. Other such retrieving circumstances might

* '*Souvenirs de Thiebault*,' vol. i. p. 212. Mr. Carlyle adopts a different version.

* This is Dr. Vohse's computation. Lord Macaulay has rather magnified the difference, making the numbers in the one case a hundred millions, and in the other 'not five millions.' ('*Essays*,' vol. iv. p. 60, ed. 1866.)

be mentioned. But still, after every possible drawback, there will remain as balance an extraordinary amount of the highest military qualities which throughout this memorable conflict the Great King displayed.

As regards their legislation, the preceding judgment might, perhaps, be reversed, and the superiority be assigned to the Suabian. He of Prussia had, no doubt, great merits in this matter also. There is still standing at Sans Souci, as a monument of his impartial justice, the unsightly mill which he wished to purchase, and which the miller refused to part with, appealing to the protection of the law. The 'Code Frédéric,' also, may deserve some part, at least, of the high praise which the French philosophers gave it. But we do not find that Frederick ever shewed any real disposition to limit, even in the smallest degree, his own absolute power in State affairs. We do not find that he took any steps to enfranchise the peasantry, who, at the period of his death, continued serfs and bound to the soil in many parts of his dominions. The extent of his shortcomings may best be estimated from a view of the vast reforms which it was left to Baron Stein to inaugurate in 1807.

Reverting to the Emperor Frederick, we may say of him with Dr. Milman that 'as a legislator he commands almost unmingled admiration.*' It is truly surprising to see how far on many points he was in advance of his age. Was it not, for example, until quite lately, held as an axiom in finance that trade is beneficial to a nation only when its exports are greater than its imports? We find Frederick, on the contrary, declare as his opinion that trade is beneficial to both nations that engage in it. Again, how few years have passed, comparatively speaking, since there was a line of custom-houses to divide, for example, Ireland from Great Britain, and Biscay from Castile? Frederick, on the contrary, lays it down as his rule, that within the limits of the same dominion commerce should be absolutely free. Thus, on one occasion, when the governor of a district in Sicily attempted to prohibit the import of provisions across the river Salso, the Emperor sternly rebuked him. 'Remember,' said Frederick, 'that though there may be separate jurisdictions, it is all one empire; and that its people must not be suffered to act as strangers, far less as enemies, to one another.'

Equality before the law: such was the maxim of the Suabian sovereign no less than of the Prussian, five centuries later.

With this view the Emperor abrogated where he could, and, where he could not, restrained and curtailed, the claim of the nobles and clergy to hold themselves exempt from the duties that devolved on other classes. It was their privilege—by right of conquest, said the Norman Barons; by God's appointment, said the Romish Bishops—not to be liable to trial by the ordinary tribunals, nor to contribution in taxes to the exigencies of the State. Against these odious pretensions—which, as is well known, maintained their ground in France, for example, until the commencement of the French Revolution—Frederick was constantly contending. Nor would he allow the common man to be oppressed. It serves to shew the temper of those times that he found it requisite to issue an edict forbidding, as though a common practice, that a feudal lord might cudgel the vassals of another if his own vassals had in the first instance been cudgelled by that other lord.* In this case, as in many others, Frederick did his utmost to mitigate and lessen the curse of selfdom as it existed on the estates of the prelates and barons; and he abolished it altogether in the domains belonging to the Crown.

Religious toleration was the rule of both the Fredericks, but toleration is far less worthy of note in the eighteenth century, when it became the common practice, than in the thirteenth, when it appeared a strange portent to the people. A godless policy the priests pronounced it. They viewed with indignation the liberty of conscience which Frederick allowed—alike to the Jew in the commercial cities, to the Saracen on the hills of Sicily, and to the Greek upon the eastern coasts. But they found some consolation in the rigour of the edicts against the Lombard 'Paterini,' for so these precursors of the Reformation were at that time termed. No severity was deemed too great for them. The obstinate heretic was to be burned alive, and his whole property confiscated. It was declared penal even to petition in his favour. Yet strange as it may seem, these decrees of Frederick were rather in mitigation of those that had been issued before him. There was, above all, this important provision—the final decision was not to rest with the vengeful ecclesiastical courts, but after due investigation by these each case was to be adjudged by the secular authority.

* Raumer, vol. iii. p. 234, ed. 1872. If we mistake not, the memory of that barbarous practice still lingers in a German proverb, equivalent to *Til for lat—'Prügelst du meine Juden, so prügele ich deine Juden!'*

* 'Latin Christianity,' vol. iv. p. 358.

The subject of religious toleration may invite some remarks on the personal creed of either sovereign. As to Frederick of Prussia, there is no room for doubt or question. He adhered in the most open manner to the school of the philosophers, as they called themselves in France. Like the great object of his admiration, Voltaire, he would often make the Christian religion the topic for his biting jests. He loved especially to quote and misapply some text of Scripture. This one or two instances will shew.

It appears then that, on one occasion, Frederick found fault with the *façade* of a church of Potsdam, and he caused it to be altered, by which process, however, some windows were shut up. The clergyman and congregation made remonstrances, declaring that they could not see. But they were silenced by the text which Frederick alleged: 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.' Thus, again, in the Seven Years' War, the Prussian horsemen of Natzmer, wearing as part of their uniform a white fur jacket, were derided on that account by their antagonists, the Austrian cavalry of General Putkammer, being called 'the Berlin sheep.' Great resentment was felt by them at this insulting nickname, insomuch that, having in a battle put the Putkammer regiment to the rout, they shewed it little quarter in their pursuit, and fiercely cut it down. The Austrian General, who was one of the few prisoners, complained to Frederick of the treatment they had received. 'But have you read the Bible?' asked Frederick.—'Certainly I have, Sir.'—'Well, if so, you must have found a sentence which explains the whole case.'—'What sentence can that be, Sir?'—'Be ware of those which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.'

It was otherwise with the Suabian. No doubt that he, also, was frequently charged with irreligion. At other times, again, his ecclesiastical enemies, seeing his forbearance to the Jew and the Mahometan in his dominions, were wont to brand him with those opprobrious names, sometimes with either singly, sometimes with both together. But Frederick himself, while he disdained the taunt, repelled the charge. He always declared himself a firm believer in the Christian faith, resisting only, as he said, the usurpations, spiritual and temporal, of the See of Rome. Some of the sayings ascribed to him are not quite reverent; as when he exclaimed that if God had borne in mind the beautiful island of Sicily, He would never have assigned the barren coun-

try of Judæa to His chosen people. Something, however, must be allowed to the temper of that and the ensuing age. The readers of Chaucer, for example, may recollect some passages in which sacred names are used in most unfit collocation, though, as it would seem, without any scoffing idea.

It may be added that, whenever we come to specific charges, some of those urged against Frederick are almost demonstrably false. Thus it was alleged that, at his instigation, his Chancellor and favourite, Peter de Vineâ, had composed a sceptical treatise against the principal religions known or professed in the world. It was said to be entitled *De Tribus Impostoribus*, meaning Moses, Christ, and Mahomet. This book was much talked of, and yet never seen; and modern research appears to have clearly shewn that, in fact, it never existed.

It is worthy of note that, while a disbelief in Revealed Religion was with more or less justice imputed to both the Fredericks, each lent a ready ear to the predictions of conjurors and fortune-tellers. It had been foretold to the Suabian that he would die in the midst of flowers; and for this reason he would never set foot within the walls of Florence. But he did not thereby escape his doom. In the year 1250, while journeying in Northern Apulia, he was seized with sudden dysentery at the small town of Castel Fiorentino, and there, after a few days' illness, breathed his last. On an earlier occasion, at Vicenza, a conjuror boasted that he would place in the hands of Frederick a sealed paper naming the very gate by which he would depart from the city on the morrow. Frederick took the paper, but, resolving to disappoint the wizard, caused a breach to be made in the city walls, and by this he issued forth. Then, breaking the seal he, read, to his surprise, 'The Emperor will leave the city by the New Gate—the *Porta Nuova*.'

Frederick of Prussia, coming five centuries later, in an age when among all civilised nations fancies of this kind were exploded, might have been thought beyond their influence. It is, therefore, with some surprise that we find him in the Seven Years' War carefully collecting the predictions of the countryside conjurors (*les devins de village*) and expressing his disappointment that he learnt so little from them. He had also his lucky and unlucky days. 'Do not,' he said once to the Prince of Orange, 'choose Monday for your marriage with my niece; let it be either Sunday or Tuesday. Monday is not fortunate for us; at least I never won a battle on that day.'

The two blots in the character of the Suabian Frederick were, first, his indulgence in illicit amours (of which his accomplished son, King Enzo, was, among others, a living token), and, secondly, his cruel treatment of public offenders. On some occasions, as was said, he had punished men guilty of high-treason by wrapping them up in lead and casting them into a red-hot furnace. It is to this that Dante alludes when he speaks of the hypocrites weighed down by gilded robes, so heavy that the Emperor's were trifling in comparison:—

‘Ma dentro tutte piombo, e gravi tanto
Che Federigo le mettea di paglia.’*

We hear also of summary executions in the case of towns stormed or troops surrendered. It is only right, however, to bear in mind what was the usual practice in that age. Cruelty was the rule, humanity the rare exception. As the first instance of the former that just now occurs to us, we may mention the ‘dark Knight of Liddesdale,’ as Sir Walter Scott has termed him, who, taking prisoner Sir Alexander Ramsay, the gallant ancestor of the Dalhousies, flung him into a dungeon of Hermitage Castle, and left him there to perish of cold and hunger. But such barbarous customs, although some palliation for the conduct of Frederick, by no means afford an adequate defence in the case of a prince so enlightened and accomplished, and so greatly on most other points beyond the temper of his times.

Frederick of Prussia, on the contrary, was not indeed humane, in the sense of having any great sympathy with his fellow-men. He gave a parting token of his disdain for them by desiring to be buried on the terrace of Sans Souci by the side of his favourite greyhounds. But, though harsh, he was by no mean cruel. His tendency was rather to lessen than to aggravate any penal sentence. Even in the punishments which he inflicted there not unfrequently mingled some touch of raillery or humour. Of this one instance may be perhaps allowed us. He had in his service several *Kammer-kusaren*, as the Germans called them, or, as the French might have said, *sous-valets de chambre*. One of these men, then with his Majesty at Sans Souci, accidentally let fall a letter which he had written to his sweetheart at Berlin, and that letter was picked up by the King. It ran as follows: ‘My dear Charlotte, I fear that I shall not find it possible to call on you to-day, nor yet for some days to come, for I must stay at home in close attendance on the

growling old bear’ (*Brummbär*.) Frederick was by no means pleased at finding himself thus designated. But, sending for the *Kammerhusar*, he calmly asked him whether he knew how to write. ‘A little,’ said the man. ‘Then sit down at that table,’ said Frederick, ‘and write what I shall dictate.’ His Majesty then began dictating, word for word, the intercepted letter. The *Kammerhusar*, perceiving what had happened, fell on his knees and implored forgiveness. ‘Sit down again,’ said the King, ‘and go on writing as I bid you.’ And the King then further dictated as follows: ‘My dear Charlotte, it is now most probable that several weeks may elapse before I have the happiness of seeing you, since the growling old bear has just signed a warrant sending me a prisoner to Spandau.’ To Spandau the valet was sent accordingly. But he was not left there more than a few days.

Frederick of Suabia had great advantages of person. Malespini, a writer of some note, says of his son Manfred, ‘bello era come il padre;’ and, if we admit the likeness, Dante also becomes a witness to the beauty, when in the ‘Purgatorio,’ the shade of Manfred appears:—

‘Biondo era e bello e di gentile aspetto.’*

Nor are we to attach undue weight to the few lines of disparaging description from the Imaum of the Mosque of Omar. The hair of Frederick, which might seem red to the swarthy Asiatic, was, in truth, of the beautiful German *blond*. There was a statue of him, erected in his lifetime on the bridge at Capua, but it is said to have been destroyed or mutilated in the wars of the last century. A cast of the head which had been taken by an antiquary, Signor Daniele of Naples, has also disappeared, and there remains only a seal ring engraved with the profile taken from it. Of that profile a print has been given by Raumer in the earlier and larger editions of his ‘History.’ It shows regular and very handsome features, not unlike those of Augustus, with whose coins, indeed, those of Frederick have been sometimes in ignorance confounded.

Frederick of Prussia is said to have been beautiful as a child, but lines of care and thought were early graven on his brow. He was at all times unwilling to spare the time of sitting for his likeness, but there is a good engraving of him from a picture by Pesne soon after his accession to the throne. To the last he was remarkable for the power and piercing lustre of his eyes. ‘They are

* ‘Inferno,’ cant. xxiii. vers. 65.

* ‘Purgatorio,’ lib. iii. vers. 106.

too hard in his portraits,' says the Prince de Ligne, 'and they had been much tried by his labours both in council and the field, but they were wont to soften and beam brightly whenever he listened to or related *quelque trait d'élévation*.' De Ligne, Austrian as he was, adds in his enthusiasm, 'I shall never believe that there could be eclipses and earthquakes to signalise the death of Cæsar, since there were none at the death of Frederick the Great.'

Both the Emperor and the King were fond of building. Berlin owes to her Frederick no small proportion of her ornaments, as, for example, her excellent Public Library. At Potsdam are the two palaces which he reared, the *Sans Souci* and the *Neue Palais*, besides his decorations in the more ancient *Residenz*. Strangers are now admitted to walk through the apartments which he dwelt in, and which remain nearly in the same state in which he left them. There are still the chairs and the sofa which he used, the silken covers half torn off by the pawing of his greyhounds, and marked by the stains of the plates from which they were fed. There are also the vast conservatories and hothouses which he had constructed for the rearing of exotic plants. Once, in the same conversation with the Prince de Ligne from which we have already quoted, Frederick complained how ill he had succeeded—how frequently his orange and his olive trees had pined away in that ungenial climate and as ungenial soil. 'It seems then,' replied the ready-witted courtier, 'that nothing thrives here except the laurel!'

Frederick of Suabia in like manner built himself several stately palaces, and took great pleasure in adorning the principal cities of his Southern States, more especially Foggia, Naples, and Palermo. His favourite hunting seat, Castel del Monte by name, is still standing in Apulia, and nearly perfect, so far as its walls and chambers are concerned. It is a magnificent pile, in a rich style of Gothic architecture, built in an octagonal form, with a tower at each angle. Crowning, as it does, the high crest of the Apennines, it overlooks a vast extent of level country to the cities of Barletta and Trani, and the Adriatic Sea beyond them. Mr. Swinburne, who visited the spot in 1777, much admired 'the great gate which is of marble, cut into very intricate ornaments, after the manner of the Arabians;' and he further commemorates 'two enormous lions of marble that lie on the balustrade of the steps.' We observe with regret in Mr. Murray's 'Handbook' that this stately castle is utterly neglected and abandoned by its

present proprietor, the Duke of Andria; and we join in the hope that the new government of Italy may be induced to take some steps to preserve it from decay.

Both the Fredericks have left behind them compositions both in verse and prose. Those of the King are well known, and on some points justly celebrated. But the Emperor also wrote some graceful pieces of poetry. Those by himself, by his son Enzo, and his Chancellor, Peter de Vineà, are ranked among the earliest attempts in the Italian language, which began to form itself at his Court. There has also been published an Essay on Falconry from his pen, which is highly commended by the very few who have perused it:—

'That book,' says von Raumer, 'is astonishing for its accuracy and minuteness; it goes far beyond the limits of its subject; it treats also of the mode of life of birds, their food, their construction of nests, their propagation, and their care of young, their sicknesses, and the best remedies for these, the flights of some kinds in spring and autumn, their means of attack and defence, and the numbers and the arrangement of their feathers; and it further contains what was still less to be expected in that age, an acute exposition of some points of comparative anatomy.'

The consistent object of Frederick the Suabian through his public life was—so think his ablest modern critics, not judging from any single declaration, but rather from the whole scope and tenor of his acts—the unity of Italy. Thus says Ugo Foscolo: 'Federigo II *esperava a riunire l'Italia sotto un solo Principe, una sola forma di governo, e una sola lingua*.* If so, it is very striking to find the great project formed by this far-sighted prince six centuries ago fulfilled in our own day by his own descendant, King Victor Emmanuel.

This descent of the present King of Italy may not be immediately obvious to some readers. They must remember that Constance, the daughter of Manfred, carried her claims upon Sicily and Naples by marriage to the House of Aragon. It is to her that Dante refers in the message which he makes Manfred deliver:—

'Vedi a mia bella figlia, genitrice
Dell' onor di Sicilia e d' Aragona.†

In the sixteenth century Aragon became united with Castile through Ferdinand and Isabella, and their great-grandson, King

* Ugo Foscolo, 'Sulla Lingua Italiana,' as cited in Milman's 'Latin Christianity,' vol. vi. p. 511.

† 'Purgatorio,' canto iii. vers. 115.

Philip the Second, gave his daughter in marriage to the Duke of Savoy.

But will success continue to attend the descendant and successor of Frederick? Will the noble design of Italian unity in the long run prevail? If good wishes could ensure it, they would not be wanting. Our good wishes, however, must not blind us to the serious obstacles in the way, and, above all, to those presented by the differences of feeling and of customs in the population of the several States which it is sought to blend and combine. Here are races which, until of late, were almost in arms against each other. Can they so suddenly become, not allies only, but fellow-citizens? Or, if that cohesion be effected, would it stand firm against a blow? Even the imbecility of the old Papal Government might come at last to be regretted in a system of much heavier taxes and a larger standing army.

In a biography which was published fully forty-three years ago, but whose writer still survives amongst us, it was laid down as a 'singular and striking fact,' that, of all the illustrious men who have done honour to modern Italy, scarce anyone has been born at Rome, and by very far the greater number have sprung from its northerly provinces, where there has been from early times an admixture of Gallic and Teutonic blood.* Much more recently the same view has been urged with patriotic ardour by an acute and popular author in Bavaria—Louis Steub.†

The facts, we must say, seem in favour of that assertion. If we take the new Italian kingdom with Sicily included, and draw a line across the Peninsula between what were recently the two principal seaports of the Papal States—from Ancona, we mean, to Civita Vecchia—we shall thus have divided the kingdom into two nearly equal parts. Now look at the list of all the most eminent poets and prose-writers, warriors and statesmen, voyagers and discoverers, astronomers and men of science, sculptors and painters, musicians and composers, of whom since the revival of letters Italy can boast; and it will be found that perhaps nine-tenths of them come from the northward of that line, and only one-tenth, or some such very small proportion, from the southward.

Such a fact, we are strongly of opinion, is not to be considered as only single, but must be held to involve within it many

other points of dissimilarity and causes of divergence.

We do not desire to carry this subject any further, or to enumerate in more detail the various obstacles that may arise to mar the desired object. Let us rather look at the encouraging example of France, where differences nearly as considerable at one time estranged such provinces as Brittany from Provence, or Roussillon from Picardy, and where notwithstanding by degrees all have been most successfully welded into one. Let us hope, with such a precedent before us, that the Italians will become once more an united people, not in name only, or in law, but also in feeling and affection, and that, justly proud of their ancient fame, they may gather again as contented provinces around regenerated Rome.

ART. IV.—1. *Our Ironclad Ships.* By E. J. Reed, C.B. London, 1869.

2. *Naval Guns. Mounting and Working Heavy Guns at Sea.* By Commander Dawson, R.N. Journal of the Royal United Service Institution. Vol. xvi.

3. *Report of a Committee appointed by the Treasury to inquire into the Navy Estimates from 1852 to 1858.* Parliamentary Paper, No. 182. Session, 1859.

4. *Navy Estimates for the Years 1871–2 and 1872–3. Presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 13th February, 1871, and 16th February, 1872.*

OUR readers must be perfectly aware that during last autumn a controversy, which has assumed very considerable proportions, has been carried on respecting the present condition of the British Navy, its numerical strength, and the scientific construction of its ironclads. It will be admitted that no subject of greater interest could well occupy the public attention, and that it behoves us as a nation to make sure that our naval force is large enough, and powerful enough, to enable us to maintain the place to which we have attained amongst the Powers of the world. It is also evident to the least reflecting mind, that an adequate naval force must entail large, though not extravagant expenditure, calls for the exercise of forethought and vigilance; and imperatively demands the closest attention to the changes in the art of war which science applied to the powers of destruction is unceasingly bringing about.

* 'Life of Belisarius,' first edition, p. 267, with list of names in a note. But that list is very incomplete, being restricted to only some classes of eminence.

† 'Herbette in Tirol,' p. 222, ed. 1867.

An edequate naval force, it will be conceded, must therefore mean something more than the possession of many thousands of tons of mineral ore which can be converted in time into the raw material of which modern ships of war are constructed; and it must rest on something more tangible than the latent powers of designing such engines of war, stored abundantly no doubt, however undeveloped, in the brains of our eminent engineers and mechanics. That such a force must be in such a state of preparation as to be promptly available is a truism which has nevertheless been controverted; and it may therefore be well to show by recent instances, that it cannot be neglected without serious risk of compromising our national position. We are still far from the Millennium, and war is a contingency not so remote but that the briefest interval may suffice to bring it to our doors; it is not necessary to go very far back in order to prove how valueless are the assurances of diplomatists, or the formal statements of Ministers, 'that we are at peace with all the world,' that 'we are respected and beloved in Europe and America,' that 'the prestige of this country never stood higher,' and that 'our moral grandeur is the admiration of the world;' like Mr. Primrose, in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' we seem to have heard all this before, but feel ourselves obliged to ask, did diplomacy either foresee or reveal to us that the price Italy was to pay for French assistance was Nice and Savoy? Did the moral greatness of this country, which universally condemned so unjust a spoliation, including a violation of a solemn treaty, weigh in the balance against the accomplishment of this nefarious transaction? Were our despatches and objections of any avail against the evil acts perpetrated by Austria and Prussia upon helpless Denmark? In both these instances force and violence overcame right; in the one case without a contest, in the other after a brief but gallant struggle; in both instances with but little previous notice either to ourselves or to the sufferers.

The campaign that ended at Sadowa was sharp and decisive; it accomplished one of the most important changes in political geography which has been recorded in European history, yet this prodigious event was brought about in a few weeks, and it also was preceded by scanty warning.

In June 1870, we had been told that never was the political horizon so entirely without a cloud; in July, three-quarters of a million of armed men were rushing headlong to each other's destruction, and one of the disputants turning King's evidence, enabled us to judge

of the amount of respect which armed and aggressive nations were prepared to pay to European treaties.* In a moment the French Empire crumbled into dust, and while we were still under the impression of the catastrophe of Sedan, a haughty and imperious despatch from an august ally shattered to pieces the Treaty of Paris, and rendered fruitless our sanguinary and costly struggle in the Crimea.

Across the Atlantic, High Commissioners, charged with important functions, hurried to Washington to bind two kindred nations in the bonds of esteem and affection, and to settle the terms on which a long-standing dispute should be arranged. They conceded everything; the laws which had hitherto regulated the action of neutrals towards belligerents were, with their consent, so modified and applied to past transactions as to make it impossible for any other judgment than that of Geneva to have been delivered, while the peremptory refusal by the Government of the United States to take into consideration our counter claims, based on the Fenian invasion of Canada, was quietly submitted to. They referred an important boundary line to arbitration, agreeing to submit the question in such terms as to ensure the Berlin award; and men high in the councils of the State assure the electors and others that it was quite worth while to pay more than three millions of money to avoid war with the United States.

Into the rights and wrongs of these transactions it is not our intention to enter; these historical facts are cited to shew how in various instances of late, the policy of this country, its remonstrances, its arguments, its interpretation of treaties, have been contemptuously set aside; how entirely without foresight diplomacy has often proved itself; how frequently the weak have succumbed to the strong; how much prestige we have lost; how securely and insultingly our disposition not to fight has been relied upon, and with what startling rapidity these events have been brought about. Let it be granted that this series of concessions, humiliating as they are to high-minded men, was in the abstract the lesser of the two evils placed before us, yet it will not be denied that our passive though discontented attitude, when Nice and Savoy were torn from Italy, must have influenced the councils of France in its clandestine negotiations about

* A veteran diplomatist of much experience observes: 'I look upon all treaties as rules which nations lay down for their guidance, but rules which they rarely observe where there is a strong temptation of gain on one side, and no risk of danger on the other.'

Belgium. Is it too much to say that decisive measures in favour of Denmark would certainly have modified the tone of the celebrated Gortschakoff despatch? or that the United States Commissioners at Washington refused to treat except on precisely their own terms, because care had been taken to let them understand that we in England would rather pay three or four millions sterling than go to war? In the face of demands backed by armed force, must not invariable concession lead to contempt? Have aggression and rapacity disappeared from the councils of nations? Does it not occur to the most peace-loving amongst us that as suddenly, perhaps, as we were overtaken by the last European catastrophe, a demand may be made upon us which we cannot possibly concede, and, with right on our side, we may have at last to contend against all the arrogance of successful might. Should that hour come, shall we not have been weakened by every concession we have made, by the loss of the Allies we have abandoned, and by the violation of treaties which we have permitted? May it not truly be said that, in order to come victorious out of a conflict, we require an armed force just so much the greater as our prestige has been lessened by these events, and that the very rapidity with which they come to their conclusion shews that the time has passed when we could securely trust to our latent resources.

Faulty and erroneous as we believe the action of the Government to have been in its treatment of foreign affairs, it is clear that some of its members do not refuse to recognise that a great nation like ours has a part to play in the destinies of the world, and that it must perform that duty in a manner alike dignified and honourable. Mr. Goschen, as the organ of the Government, recently said, while referring to the state of the Navy,—

'I acknowledge on the other hand, to the full, the imperative necessity which lies upon us to maintain that relative strength to which I have alluded. I know that this country is determined to maintain the integrity of its Empire, that it is determined to defend its colonies, and that there are imposed upon us other duties. . . . We know that all these duties rest upon us, and I for my part am not to such an extent a believer in universal good will among nations as to think that physical force is not of immense national value,'

and while thus acknowledging the principle for which we are contending he shortly afterwards added the assurance—

'That nothing had passed which ought to cause a blush of shame on the cheek of any

one, as if our navy had ceased to be what it always had been, the most powerful navy afloat and capable of dealing with the navies of any two, three or four foreign Powers.'

We cannot, therefore, greatly err in supposing that it is Mr. Goschen's conviction that the power to maintain the integrity of the Empire, to defend its colonies, and to perform other duties such as the suppression of the slave-trade, rests on the possession of a Navy capable of dealing (as he says it always has been) with the Navies of any two, three, or four foreign Powers, and that he is conducting the naval administration of this country in strict accordance with this conviction. Such a policy has over and over again been advocated in the pages of this Review; many awkward incidents which we cannot but remember, and some parliamentary utterances coming from acknowledged organs of the Government, compel us, however, to withhold our belief that such a policy has received the entire concurrence of the Administration; nevertheless, we welcome with satisfaction so bold an exposition from such a quarter, of the wants of the country and of the duties of its rulers. It must, however, be our task to examine with great care the statements so emphatically made by the First Lord of the Admiralty before we can join with him in the jubilant and triumphant tone he has adopted with respect to the power of the British Navy. It will not do to be in error on this point, and Mr. Goschen must pardon us if we subject his assertions to the strictest investigations, and if we are obliged to confront them with official and parliamentary documents. We shall not be deterred from stating the conclusions at which we have arrived by the illusive imputation that we are unpatriotic in giving valuable information to rival and perhaps hostile notions, for we are in a position to know that their Governments often possess that information which the general public in this country is without;* still less can we admit that the epithets of habitual grumblers, alarmists, and panic-mongers, so freely cast upon those who tell or elicit unpleasant truths, should induce us to withhold from the British public incontrovertible facts, which alone will enable it to form a judgment whether its Navy is or is not in the condition claimed for it by Mr.

* As an instance in point, a friend of ours happened to be in a foreign capital in 1871. A copy of Lord Dufferin's Report on the Designs of War Ships, just printed, was put into his hands by a high functionary of that Government, months before it was given to the British public as a Parliamentary document.

Goschen in his Bristol speech. From that speech we have already quoted, and in the remarks we may have to make upon it we are conscious of no political partisanship, and utterly disclaim any sympathy with those who throw into one heap every measure, legislative or executive, to condemn or applaud it according as its origin is Liberal or Conservative. It is hardly possible, in reviewing with impartiality the steps which have brought our Navy to its present condition, be it good or bad, to avoid making some observations that will be agreeable to neither of the parties which have held the reins of Government, but which are essential to a right judgment of the case, and we hope that in doing so we shall in no wise transgress the limits of a just and honest criticism. It has been well said by a keen reviewer in one of our weekly periodicals, that it is impossible to take up with advantage the history of any event, at a given date, without some knowledge, more or less extensive, of the periods which preceded it, and the same difficulty will certainly be experienced by any one who should endeavour to state accurately the present condition of the British Navy, without some attempt to connect that condition with its past history. We cannot judge of the comparative or relative strength of the Navy in 1870 without a reference to such a starting-point as the year 1858 affords; and a few prefatory remarks, shewing our position at that date, are necessary to make the whole subject intelligible to non-professional readers.

Briefly then, in 1858, the three great naval Powers of the world were Great Britain, France, and the United States; the second-class naval Powers were headed by Russia, and including Holland, Austria, Italy (then divided into several States), Turkey, and Spain, were following with more or less skill and perseverance the lead of the greater Powers. A revolution in naval warfare had been accepted by all maritime nations as actually accomplished, and no ship could henceforth be considered really effective for the purposes of war, that was not furnished with the new motive power which the application of the screw had rendered available for all classes of ships. Coincident with this new motive power, artillery had taken a great stride in advance, and *pari passu* with the adoption of the screw, had introduced powerful shell guns into the Navies of the world, some of whose projectiles exploded on impact, others by the ordinary action of a time fuse. Those who have watched the conservative tendencies of venerable institutions in this

country will not be surprised to hear that in adopting these inventions we were somewhat slower than our enterprising rivals and neighbours; old traditions rather stood in the way, and a mass of material in the shape of numerous magnificent ships, types representing all our ancient glories, although not adapted for the new power, were yet too valuable, in their old associations and in their huge cost, to be easily relinquished or cast aside as no longer contributing to our naval greatness. The course adopted, one always recommended and too generally followed in cases of difficulty, was to 'stand still,' 'wait and see.' This being the epoch which it is proposed to consider as the starting-point from which originated the Navy of England in its present condition, we must begin by shewing what was the relative power of the two great European navies at this juncture. The comparison must necessarily be limited in detail to the respective forces of France and England, the proximity of the two Powers to each other allowing but little time for calling out latent resources, and the number of ships available for service constituting the main strength of their respective fleets. On the other hand, the great naval power of the United States was still held largely in reserve, according to their old traditions, and claimed consideration and respect more from the excellence of its individual ships than from the numbers it had afloat or ready for sea.

An investigation of a somewhat confidential character was at this date (1858) * ordered by the Government of the day, into the comparative strength of the French and English Navies. This most important paper was communicated to the public with some omissions, and we have given on the next page one of the most remarkable tables it contains, as calculated in a special manner to throw light on the trustworthiness of the assertion made by Mr. Goschen as to our naval greatness with reference to the past.

This table is to be found at page 15 of the Report.

The Report points out that England and France had at this moment precisely the same number of steam line-of-battle ships completed, that France had eight more steam frigates completed; that, when the ships now in progress are finished, England will have ten steam line-of-battle ships more than France, and France will have twelve steam frigates more than England; and that

* See Parliamentary Paper, No. 182, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 4th April, 1859.

December, 1858.	LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIPS.		FRIGATES.	
	English.	French.	English.	French.
Complete hull and machinery	29	29	Screw, 17 } Paddle, 9 } 26	Screw, 15 } Paddle, 19 } 34
Receiving engines	4	2	2	3
Converting	7	4	..	1
Building	10	5	6	8
Total	50	40	34	46

the five French ships (building) are in a much more forward state, and represent more work actually executed, than the ten English.

This result was hardly satisfactory. In the application of the new propelling agent to its larger and more powerful ships France had decidedly the start of England, and there could be little doubt that the Navy which then possessed the greater number of well-designed ships of war propelled by the screw was the master of the sea.

From this Report it is clear that in 1858 the 'wait and see' policy had brought about a state of affairs in which the Navy of England could scarcely claim even an equality of force with that of France; that whereas, at the outbreak of the revolutionary war, England possessed 145 sail of the line, France, 77; in 1850, England possessed 86 line-of-battle ships, and France 45; in 1858, the number of available line-of-battle ships of each country (that is, of ships fitted with the screw) was exactly equal, viz. 29; while it was estimated that at the rate of progress making in each country in 1861, 43 English line-of-battle ships, and 40 French, would be ready for sea.

The large number of sailing ships which England still reckoned as effective portions of her maritime power had lost their value, and even that division of the steam fleet which was propelled by paddle-wheels, could not hope to contend successfully with the numerous artillery placed in ships whose motive-power was entirely below water, and practically out of reach of the projectiles of that day. Startling as must have been the sentences we have already given from the Report, there was something in it still more ominous: 'France is building four iron-sided ships, England none.' It is stated that two of these iron-sided ships are more than half completed; that, in the opinion of French naval officers, they are irresistible, and that no more line-of-battle ships will be laid down. So that, in 1861, in addition to the forty line-of-battle ships already referred to, France would possess four iron-

sided ships ready for sea, and England none. This was a matter for serious reflection; the maritime supremacy of England was doubtless endangered: not only had France established a momentary equality with her rival in the number and quality of her screw ships of war, but had begun and partially completed four vessels of a new type, evidently destined to revolutionise naval warfare and to render almost useless the larger part of the immense material possessed by Great Britain. It would be satisfactory if we could shew that even at this juncture the conduct of those who were responsible for the administration of naval affairs was marked with foresight and decision, and that, frankly appreciating the bold stroke for naval supremacy which had given our rivals a very considerable start of us, they had closed with the irresistible logic of facts, and devoted all the energies and talents of our naval architects and engineers to regaining a superiority in the engines of naval warfare which for a moment we had undoubtedly lost. The Government, however, in consequence of this Report, thought it right to push forward the conversion of every available sailing line-of-battle ship and frigate into screw ships; and not deterred by the pregnant remark in the Report, that in ten years line-of-battle ships would be obsolete, proceeded to order the construction of *new* and well-designed screw line-of-battle ships as fast as workmen and materials could be provided for their advancement. While thus expending with a lavish hand large amounts in types of ships which had evidently passed away, the Admiralty, with much hesitation and doubt, took up the subject of iron-clad ships of war. In the same month, April, 1859, that this Report was made public, the 'Warrior' was ordered to be built, and six months afterwards the 'Black Prince.' In December 1859, two smaller and very inferior ships of the same type were ordered, the 'Defence' and 'Resistance.'

This hesitation offered a great contrast to the decided action of the French Govern-

ment, which, in addition to the four ironclads already in course of construction, commenced six additional ships during this year, 1859.

It is hardly within the scope of the design of this article to enter into a discussion of the merits of the respective ironclads designed by France and England. It has always been a question open to doubt whether the specific advantages of iron construction, speed, size, power of proceeding under sail, and comfort of the officers and men in the 'Warrior,' were not more than counterbalanced by the handiness, complete protection afforded by the armour-plating (especially with reference to the rudder and steering gear), larger quantity of fuel in proportion to horse-power, less draught of water and less cost of the 'Gloire'; but no such doubt could exist when a comparison was instituted between the 'Gloire' and her three consorts, and the 'Defence' and 'Resistance.' Inferior in speed under steam as well as in carrying power, and totally deficient in protection for their extremities, they had the one advantage of being built of iron instead of wood. If, however, the first four French ironclads, the 'Gloire,' 'Invincible,' 'Normandie,' 'Couronne' (this latter was built of iron), were, taken together, rather more than a match for the four first English ironclads, the 'Warrior,' the 'Black Prince,' the 'Defence,' and the 'Resistance;' it must further be remembered that France had completed the last ordered of her four ships in March 1862, England had not completed hers till October 1862, and the two first ordered French ironclads were both ready for sea in October 1861, at which time England had only completed the 'Warrior.' To recapitulate, in 1858 France commenced four ironclads; in 1859, six. In 1858, England commenced none. In 1859 she commenced four ironclads, and following these ships to their completion, France had ready for sea by May 1863, ten ironclad ships, at which date England had completed five, one of these a wooden ship; and, though four of the ten French ironclads were not sea-going cruisers, they were (against the artillery of that day) powerful armoured vessels, well adapted either for the defence of their own harbours or the attack of an enemy's. We have seen that France began her ironclads in 1858, and England hers in the following year. The decision arrived at, that these ships should be built of iron, inevitably compelled the entrusting their construction to the iron-ship builders in the private trade, as they alone had the requisite plant and properly skilled labour. The dockyards had neither the

one nor the other. It was of much importance to the Government to get these ironclads rapidly completed; every one felt uneasy, not to say impatient, until we had recovered the start which had given our neighbours so considerable an advantage, and great efforts were made to induce eminent shipbuilders, to whom these vessels were entrusted, to complete them in the shortest possible space of time. But insuperable difficulties beset the contractors on every side: the unexampled solidity of the construction required by the Admiralty designers, the superior quality of the iron to be used, exacted by their officers, the extreme difficulty experienced in procuring armour plates, which seriously retarded the progress of our ironclad ships, are briefly adverted to, not for the purpose of blaming the shipbuilders and manufacturers employed by the Government (they indeed strained every nerve, and liberally expended their capital in strenuous efforts to meet their engagements), but to teach the lesson so often overlooked or forgotten, that nothing can be extemporised in naval affairs; and to shew the danger which a country like England depending on her Navy incurs, if any Power be allowed to get a start or to take a lead in the application of science to the construction of ships of war. Both countries had had the experience of the Crimean War to teach them that thick iron could be successfully applied to the sides of ships with a view of resisting the penetration of projectiles, but while in France the Emperor, under the wise counsels of M. Dupuy de Lôme, caused a careful series of experiments to be made, encouraged the manufacture of armour-plates, had their qualities severely tested, and was in consequence, in 1858, prepared to proceed with the construction of ironclad ships; we, in England, after a few desultory and unsatisfactory experiments, had allowed the whole subject to drop, and had, in 1859, to begin from the very beginning, trying experiment after experiment, only to fail, and doing at last in haste, and under pressure, what our rivals had accomplished at leisure and with deliberation.

The revolution going on in the construction and rifling of heavy ordnance was also a cause of delay to our constructions, which France in some measure avoided. The system of construction and rifling which she adopted after careful trial she still maintains; but we were not so fortunate, and some of our earlier ironclads underwent no less than three changes of armament. Designed for smooth-bore 68-pounders, they passed through a phase of breech-loading Arm-

strong rifled guns, which, being found unsuitable, had to be removed, and service, or Woolwich rifled guns, to be supplied in their place.

It is not our purpose to enter into a history of the battle of the guns, that has yet to be written;* and it will be an instructive lesson in the art of, how not to do it; an art frequently, be it said, practised under our system of Parliamentary Government, often in consequence of the interference of that august body with executive functions. The relative positions of the two countries with respect to the ironclads which they had completed in 1863 having been shewn, namely, six French sea-going ironclads and four floating batteries of the new construction against five English sea-going ironclads and no floating batteries of new construction, we must pass in review, with but few remarks, the numbers ordered up to this date by each nation, but not yet completed; they were sixteen English and seventeen French. As regards the designs of the two navies, France was increasing her force by adding a large number of ships of somewhat similar construction and dimensions to those she already possessed, securing thus the great advantage of a homogeneous fleet. England, on the other hand, in adding to the number of her ships, was multiplying the number of her classes, and constructing at the same time, the largest and the smallest sea-going ironclads in the world; the 'Enterprise' and 'Research' representing the latter, and the 'Minotaur' and her consorts being types of the former. France was preparing a fleet of ironclads well able to keep the sea, and especially calculated to act together; and constructing many special armour-clad ships unfit for sea-going purposes, but formidable for the attack and defence of harbours and roadsteads. England, while undertaking the most novel construction hitherto applied to ships of war—that of turret armament, was also converting her wooden line-of-battle ships into the simplest form of armour-clad ships.

Whether the anxiety evinced by the British Government to armour-plate her smaller ships of war, and consider them as sea-going cruisers, was a wise comprehension of the problem before them, may be doubted. To us it has always appeared that the first object to be attained was a fleet-superiority in European waters, deferring other desiderata until this vital necessity was satisfactorily accomplished.

As an example of the comparative wisdom

of the course followed by each Government, we have supposed that in 1864 a battle had been fought in the Channel between the respective ironclads which each expected to have completed. This supposed battle would have been fought by eleven ironclad reputed sea-going ships on each side, with the addition, on the French side, of four ironclads not considered sea-going. The French would have had nine wholly, and two partially plated ships to oppose to five wholly, and six partially plated English ships, with the further advantage of their fleet being homogeneous, and alike in speed and facility of manœuvring. On the English side would be found greater height above the water of the batteries of the ships, a matter of importance in bad weather; very superior size and speed in two of the ships, a great advantage in cases of running down; some superior strength in construction, especially in the material (iron) of which six of their fleet would have consisted. Nevertheless we must incline to the belief that the struggle, even without the four floating batteries, could not but have been unfavourable to the English fleet; and if the weather had been such as to permit their participating in the fray, must have ended in a disaster not pleasant to contemplate.

It so happened that neither Power was actually in the precise position with reference to its ironclads which their respective Governments had anticipated; slower progress than was expected had been made in each country; and we are sure that we are stating the case with extreme moderation, when we assert, after a study of these facts, that in 1864 the Navy of England was not superior to that of France for fighting purposes, either in the numbers of its ships or in their individual excellence; and that it was inferior to a combination of any two Powers of which France was one. It is not intended to deny that our unarmoured wooden screw fleet was still numerous, and capable of preying upon the commerce of other nations, and even of acting with considerable effect against the aggressions of barbarous Powers; though it must not be forgotten that even for such purposes the ships we had available would have been outnumbered by a junction between the ships (of a similar type) of France and Holland, or France and the United States; yet such ships could have done nothing towards the success of a great battle fought for the purpose of destroying an invading force on the one side, and on the other, for securing a landing for an expeditionary army.

A naval battle lost by us in the Channel would have rendered the invasion of England

* See 'Transactions of the Institute of Naval Architects, 1872,' vol. iii. pp. 250 to 268.

certain, and its success more than probable. A naval battle won by us in the Channel would have been a defensive advantage to England, and would have rendered an attack on French arsenals possible; but it must be owned that the stake played for by England in such a battle would be far higher than that of France, and that it was, and is, the duty of the governing powers of this country to make certain of winning so momentous a game.

A most decisive step to ensure that the English nation should begin once more to take the lead in naval affairs was taken in that year (1864), by the appointment of Mr. Reed to the post of Chief Constructor of the British Navy. For this excellent selection the country is deeply indebted to the Duke of Somerset, who, full of energy and courage himself, thoroughly honest and straightforward in all his ideas, was not deterred from carrying out his intention, either by clamour of his opponents or by various technical, and some accidental, difficulties which arose. Boldness of conception, originality of design, fertility of resource, inexhaustible energy, combined with a thorough knowledge of the principles of naval architecture, and a keen appreciation of the difference between theory and practice, were thus installed at Whitehall.

Excellent subordinates in the Constructor's department, hitherto overlooked, were brought to the front; and it seemed as if science, long banished from such exalted regions, was about to take the high place which it was more than ever necessary should be properly filled.

It will not be necessary for our purposes to follow in detail the ships ordered, designed, and constructed by Mr. Reed during his seven years' tenure of the office of Chief Constructor of the Navy; but the very first design for which he procured the sanction of the Board of Admiralty was so remarkable, not only for the bold step in advance over all other designs for sea-going iron-clad ships put forward either in our own or in any other navy, but also for its having been, as it were, the key-note to all recent improvements in such construction, that a few details of the principles which guided the designer's mind and produced such remarkable results, will not, we are assured, be out of place.

These principles briefly stated were to unite the most powerful known artillery and the protection of the thickest armour-plates yet made in a ship of moderate dimensions possessed of great handiness, moderate sailing, excellent steaming, and first-rate sea-

going qualities, including a steady platform for her artillery.

Mr. Reed, disregarding the difficulties and delays attending the manufacture of $5\frac{1}{2}$ inch armour-plates designed the 'Bellerophon' to carry 6-inch armour; undeterred by the opposition of high authorities, provided her with guns of 12 tons weight, took off a hundred feet from the length of the 'Minotaur'—then considered the finest ironclad afloat; promised, nevertheless, a speed of 14 knots, and provided for the health and comfort of every person on board in a manner hitherto unexampled. Nearly 2000 tons less in measurement than the 'Warrior,' and 80 feet shorter, she carried her fourteen guns, ten of which were 12-ton rifled guns, capable of penetrating 6-inch armour at a thousand yards, protected by 6-inch armour, a complete belt of which surrounded the ship at the water-line and some feet above and below it; while the 'Warrior's' armament of forty guns—68-pounders and rifled Armstrongs—only numbered twenty-six protected guns, not one of which could be relied on to penetrate well-constructed ships' sides plated with $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch armour at 500 yards distance, and was carried in a ship totally unprotected by any belt, for 167 feet of her length. The 'Bellerophon,' in fact, though much the smaller ship, carried 1089 tons of armour against 975 tons carried by the 'Warrior.'

Notwithstanding much adverse criticism, and even some amount of actual misrepresentation, it is now admitted that Mr. Reed performed all that he promised. The 'Bellerophon,' though so much shorter than the 'Warrior,' and so much more weighted by armour, attained a speed exceeding fourteen knots, falling short of the 'Warrior's' by at most a quarter of a knot, and while the 'Warrior' took from nine to ten minutes to perform a circle, the 'Bellerophon' only occupied four minutes and a few seconds in this evolution: her behaviour in a seaway proved to be most satisfactory, and she earned and maintained the reputation after repeated trials of being a remarkably easy ship for rolling, and of affording a steady platform for her guns; in both of these respects she surpassed the 'Warrior.'*

The principles worked out in the 'Bellerophon' were applied henceforth to all iron-clad ships intended to be sea-going cruisers. A few of the heaviest guns, thoroughly protected by thick armour, a thick armour belt surrounding the ship for some distance above

* Parliamentary Papers, Session 1868, Nos. 283-286, and No. 77, Session 1870, printed by order of the House of Commons.

and below the water-line, were the essential features of the 'Bellerophon,' and of her successors, the 'Hercules,' 'Sultan,' and a whole class of ships known as the 'Audacious' class, and this principle was, in fact, adopted even in ships whose armament was carried in turrets; the practical difference being that in all these ships which carry a broadside armament a superstructure is erected above the belt for the accommodation of officers and men, and in some of the ships whose armament is carried in turrets no such superstructure exists. The 'Captain' was an example of a turret-ship on this plan, and the 'Monarch' was the type of a turret-ship with a superstructure above the belt. We must now pass over a year or two, during which England was still making efforts to regain the lead in naval affairs, and to ensure her former superiority at sea, if not by the numerical preponderance of her ships, at any rate by the superior quality of those she was constructing, to arrive at one of those periods of change to which our body politic is continually subject. In 1866 a new administration, and consequently a new admiralty, was formed, and one of its first acts was carefully to investigate the state of the Navy and its relative strength as compared with that of other Powers.

The actual numbers of ironclads of all classes, building and built, possessed by France and England at this date were as follows:—England 34, France 43. Eleven of the French ironclads were floating batteries recently constructed, but the older batteries built during the Russian war were not included in these numbers, nor are the batteries *démontables* built for the Italian war, which have been sometimes reckoned amongst French ironclads, but cannot with propriety be so considered, as their armour could only resist light field guns. But while omitting these latter in reckoning the respective ironclad forces of each country, it is not reasonable to exclude the eleven French floating batteries not intended to go to sea, for it is evident that as forming part of an expeditionary force intended to cross the Channel, or in the defence of their own harbours and arsenals, they could render most valuable service, and they are therefore properly included among the ironclad fleet.

The number and nature of the guns carried by these ships, are, of course, a most important consideration in determining the value of the two fleets, but the arrangement of the English fleet, and to some extent that also of the French, was in such a state of transition at that time that no data exist for stating confidently its exact nature. The the-

ory pertinaciously maintained for some time that the heavier kinds of rifled artillery could not be carried in our ships or worked with safety at sea, was beginning to give way to the persistent remonstrances of the Controller and Chief Constructor of the Navy. The attempt to work the larger kind of ordnance by tackles and handspikes delayed, but could not defeat the ingenious application of true mechanical principles to gun-carriages and slides invented and perseveringly advocated by Captain Scott, though it appears that even now the whole of Captain Scott's system of gun-mounting and working is only partially adopted in our ships, and that we are still encumbered with inefficient, inaccurate, and unsafe appliances, while efficiency is within easy reach.*

As the comparison which we have just gone through would not be complete if we omitted to mention that, though the Secretary of the Admiralty had stated the intention of the Government to build an additional ironclad in 1865, and had obtained the sanction of Parliament for doing so, no such ship was begun, and the money voted was not expended. This lamentable instance of the 'wait and see' policy appears to have been occasioned by the vigorous proceedings of the advocates for sea-going turret-ships of low free-board contrasted with the feeble grasp of the subject which the parliamentary officers of the Admiralty had obtained; but so marked did the inferiority of the British ironclad fleet appear to be, that the Admiralty at once ordered two additional ironclad ships to be constructed, the 'Captain' and the 'Repulse,'—the latter without waiting for the sanction of Parliament.†

The action of the Board of Admiralty during the two years and a half the Conservative party were in office was beneficial to our ironclad fleet. It is true that a great mistake was made in sanctioning the design for the 'Captain' against the opinion of the professional advisers of the Admiralty, but on looking back to the state of public opinion in and out of Parliament at that time, and to all that had passed, the error was natural and venial, and should not be allowed to detract from the merit of the important services that Administration rendered to the country by the large increase it effected in the more powerful classes of its ironclad fleet. As Mr. Goschen has imputed to his opponents a reckless and sensational policy in lay-

* Lecture at United Service Institution, vol. vi. of 'Journal' of that Institution.

† Lord H. Lennox's Speech, March 14, 1867. Hansard, vol. 185.

ing down, just before they left office, ten gigantic ships, and leaving to a future Admiralty the task of finding the money for the completion of these ships, we will state with accuracy what they actually did order, and the dates when these orders were given.

Their first act was to accept the 'Captain' in July, 1866; then to order the 'Repulse' in October of the same year; afterwards to order the 'Audacious' and 'Invincible' on the 29th April, 1867. The 'Iron Duke' on the 26th September, and the 'Vanguard' on the 21st October of the same year. The 'Sultan,' the 'Glatton,' the 'Swiftsure,' and the 'Triumph,' on the 5th June, and the 'Hotspur' on the 26th September, 1868. They left office in the course of December of that year. The state of completion of these ships on the 1st April, 1869, up to which date they, and not their successors, had to provide the money for these constructions was as follows:—

The 'Captain' was seven and seven-eighths built.

The 'Repulse' was completed.

The 'Audacious' was six and a quarter eighths built.

The 'Invincible' was six-eighths built.

The 'Iron Duke' was three-eighths built.

The 'Vanguard' was five and three-quarter eighths built.

The 'Sultan' was two and a quarter eighths built.

The 'Glatton' was half an eighth built.

The 'Swiftsure' was one-eighth built.

The 'Triumph' was one-eighth built.

The 'Hotspur' was one-eighth built.*

One other ironclad, the 'Monarch,' ordered by the Duke of Somerset, remained for the new Administration to complete, and of her there remained an eighth of an eighth yet to build. The so-called sensational policy of Mr. Goschen's opponents therefore dwindled down from ten gigantic ships ordered just as they left office to five ships, only to one of which, the 'Sultan,' the term gigantic can be applied;—ordered not as they were about to leave office, but in the course of the financial year which they were administering: the latest being so ordered six months previous to the expiration of the financial year. But we shall return to the subject of these misrepresentations hereafter, and shall observe that on the 1st of January, 1869, the ironclad fleets of the two countries, building and built, stood numerically thus—England forty-four, France forty-eight. Some progress, therefore, had been made in reducing the inequality of

force which so plainly existed between the two navies in 1866. In 1869, three new ironclads were ordered by the English Admiralty, and four new ships by the French Government. Early in the year 1870 the Admiralty proposed to Parliament, and obtained its sanction for, the construction of one new ironclad, the 'Fury,' and about this time, or a little earlier, the French also ordered an ironclad of the second class.

Trusting in the assurances of the continuation of peace and in the belief of an unclouded political horizon, the Admiralty was proceeding leisurely with its constructions, reducing the numbers of its dockyard artificers and carrying its retrenchments and economies to the extreme verge of prudence, when the events of July fell like a thunderbolt from a clear sky on the bewildered Government.* We have now reached the time when at any moment the work done in creating an ironclad Navy might be clearly realized, and when the assurances freely given that its condition was eminently satisfactory might be put to the proof of actual trial. The storm had burst, and no one could tell what direction it might take. On the 1st August Mr. Childers, the First Lord of the Admiralty, made a statement as to the condition of our Navy which it is necessary to analyse. Correcting some errors in the speech of an honourable member who had preceded him in the debate as to the numbers of French and English ironclads, he proceeded to say that 'we have afloat, including those fitting at Plymouth, twenty-eight broadside ships and twelve special ships, or forty in all.' He gave some details of their stations and readiness, not to be easily reconciled with official texts, and then proceeded to give a similar enumeration and classification of the French fleet: 'France had twenty-seven broadside ships and four special, in commission, in reserve, or fitting, making in all thirty-one.' He explained the difference between the numbers of each fleet given by Sir John Hay and himself, as caused by the former having reckoned twenty-two batteries as ironclads, eleven of which he informed the House were batteries *démontables*, and as he believed now on the Rhine, waiting to attack Mayence! and including the batteries (he means the recently-constructed floating batteries, to which we

* See Appendix No. 12, to Navy Estimates, 1869-70.

* Sir Henry Bulwer, Hansard, vol. 205, Aug. 1870, who says, that he had read that the noble Lord, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, had had a long interview with the Nestor of the Foreign Office, and had been told by that gentleman that we had before us the prospect of the most profound peace, and this within a few hours of having to prepare for a great and troublesome war

have before referred) France has only thirty-one ironclads afloat. With the official 'Navy List' in our hands we can rectify these statements. The total number of English ironclads afloat was thirty-nine, and we give their names :—

BROADSIDE SHIPS :—

1. Hercules.
2. Lord Warden.
3. *Lord Clyde.
4. Bellerophon.
5. Warrior.
6. Black Prince.
7. Defence.
8. Resistance.
9. Hector.
10. Valiant.
11. Achilles.
12. Agincourt.
13. Minotaur.
14. Northumberland.
15. Prince Consort.
16. Royal Oak.
17. *Ocean.
18. *Royal Alfred.
19. *Zealous.
20. Repulse.
21. Penelope.
22. Favorite.
23. Pallas.
24. Enterprise.
25. Research.
26. Caledonia.
27. *Iron Duke.
28. *Audacious.
29. *Invincible.
30. *Vanguard.

SPECIAL :—

31. Monarch.
32. Captain.
33. Royal Sovereign.
34. Prince Albert.
35. *Scorpion.
36. Wivern.
37. *Viper.
38. *Vixen.
39. Waterwitch.

The ships to which the asterisks (*) are affixed were unavailable for service, for the reasons specified hereafter.

Twenty-eight of these ships were available for service in European waters. Of the others the 'Lord Clyde's' engines were out undergoing a complete repair; the 'Ocean,' 'Royal Alfred,' and 'Zealous' were on the East, West Indian, and Pacific stations, quite out of reach certainly for some months; the 'Iron Duke,' 'Invincible,' 'Audacious,' and 'Vanguard' were incomplete and could not be got ready for several weeks; the 'Scorpion,' the 'Viper,' and the 'Vixen' were dismantled at Bermuda. Thus eleven out of the thirty-nine ironclads called forty by Mr. Childers, which he paraded before the House of Commons, were quite unavailable for the struggle, if

one should come in Europe, and in fact could not have been in any way of use till the catastrophe was over. The actual number of French ironclads available for service, taken from their official lists, was forty-one, excluding the Crimean floating batteries, but not, for the reasons we have stated, those of recent construction. We cannot admit that Mr. Childers was authorised to deduct two ironclads from the number of French ships he gave, because they were on distant stations; on the contrary, we believe that the list which we have compiled from French official sources, and which we proceed to give, shews their actual force afloat and apportioned to the several divisions of their fleet in European waters :—

LIST OF SHIPS.

BROADSIDE SHIPS :—

1. Marengo.
2. Océan.
3. Flandre.
4. Gauloise.
5. Guyenne.
6. Héroïne.
7. Magnanime.
8. Provence.
9. Revanche.
10. Savoie.
11. Surveillante.
12. Valeureuse.
13. Alma.
14. Bellicieuse.
15. Armide.
16. Atalante.
17. Jeanne d'Arc.
18. Montcalme.
19. Reine Blanche.
20. Thétis.
21. Magenta.
22. Solférino.
23. Couronne.
24. Gloire.
25. Invincible.
26. Normandie.

TURRET :—

27. Rochambeau.
28. Onondaga.

RAMS :—

29. Cerbère.
30. Taureau.

GUN-BOATS :—

31. Arrogante.
32. Embuscade.
33. Imprenable.
34. Implacable.
35. Opiniâtre.
36. Protection.
37. Refuge.
38. Paixhans.
39. Palestro.
40. Peiho.
41. Saigon.

The twenty-eight English ships available for a contest, which might have occurred at

any moment, carried an armament of four hundred and twenty-three heavy guns, that is, guns of six and a half tons weight and upwards, in the following proportions:—

12-inch guns, weighing	25 tons,	8
10-inch guns	18 tons,	8
9-inch guns	12½ tons,	39
8-inch guns	9 tons,	92
7-inch guns	6½ tons,	276

Of which number fifty-five might be relied on to pierce 8-inch armour-plates at a thousand yards' distance, ninety-two to do the same with 6-inch armour-plates at that distance, while two hundred and seventy-six would only go through 6-inch armour-plates at two hundred yards; of course piercing less thickness at greater distances.*

The forty-one French ironclads available for service carried certainly three hundred and five heavy guns, and probably three hundred and twenty-seven, as we shall presently explain; that is to say, guns of about 7½ tons weight and upwards, in the following proportions:—

Guns of 10.6 inches, weighing 21 tons . 16

Guns of 9.4 inches, weighing 18 tons 15 cwt.	143
Guns of 7.48 inches, weighing 7 tons 9 cwt.	146

Of which numbers one hundred and fifty-nine might be relied on to pierce 8-inch armour-plates at one thousand yards, one hundred and forty-six or sixty-eight could only go through 6-inch armour-plates at two hundred yards, less thickness at greater distances.

The armament of the eleven French floating batteries is stated in those documents to which we have had access to vary from four to seven guns. If taken at four guns, the total number of 7.48-inch guns carried by the French fleet would be one hundred and forty-six; if taken at six guns, the number would be one hundred and sixty-eight; and the total of all descriptions of guns would amount to three hundred and twenty-seven.

Adopting the thickness of armour-plating as an important element for consideration in deciding on the relative strength of the two fleets, the comparison would stand thus:—

ENGLAND.		FRANCE.	
Thickness of Armour Plating.	Number of Ships.	Thickness of Armour Plating.	Number of Ships.
9 in.	1	9 in.	0
8 in.	1	7.8 and 8.2 in.	3
7 in.	1	5.9 in.	12
6 in.	4	5.8 in.	7
5½ in.	4	5.5 in.	8
4½ in.	17	4.7 in.	6
		4.5 in.	4
Total.	28	Total	40

One of the French ships, the 'Rochambeau,' available for service, had portions of her armour 8 inches thick of cast iron, bedded in wood, and plates 4½ half and 3½ outside this structure. We might consider this protection equivalent to 6 inches of English armour-plating, and this makes the total number of French ships forty-one.

Now, in the total number of guns the English very considerably surpassed the French fleet, but in the relative value of the guns,

considered as armour-piercing tools, the superiority was on the French side, for including the 8-inch English guns, which were of less value for that purpose than the 9.4-inch French, the English fleet had only one hundred and forty-seven against one hundred and fifty-seven armour-destroying guns. As a set-off, the eight 25-ton and 12-inch guns mounted in the 'Monarch' and 'Captain' were more powerful than any guns in the French fleet.

Looking at the defensive power of the two fleets, as represented by the thickness of armour, it is evident that the three English ships best defended by armour, that is, the 'Captain,' the 'Monarch,' and the 'Hercules,' were superior to the 'Océan,' 'Marengo,' and 'Cerbère,' not only in armour-plating but also in their armament. But while the French had twenty-seven

* Since the summer of 1870, careful experiments with pebble gun have proved that the range and penetrating power of all projectiles have been considerably increased by its use. A larger quantity of this powder, though adding to the initial velocity of the projectile and to the recoil of the gun, causes a less destructive strain in the bore of the gun, on explosion, than a smaller charge of L. G. R. powder hitherto used.

ships, the thickness of whose armour ranged from 5.9 inches to 5.5 inches, the English had only eight ships, the thickness of whose armour ranged from 6 to 5½ inches. The French had ten ships plated with iron varying from 4.7 inches to 4.5 inches in thickness; the English had seventeen ships only plated with 4½-inch iron.

We have not excluded from this comparison any of the French available ships, or any of our own. It certainly is not reasonable to exclude four vessels of the 'Peiho' class, armed with four or six 7.48-inch rifled guns and plated all over with 4½-inch armour-plates, from the numerical strength of the French Navy, while the 'Enterprise' and 'Research,' mounting each four 7-inch 6-ton rifled guns, and partially plated with armour 4½ inches thick, are included on the English side.

Seven of the eleven floating batteries rejected by Mr. Childers were vessels actually in commission, carrying from four to seven 7.48-inch guns, and plated with 5½-inch armour from end to end; yet he included such gunboats as the 'Viper,' the 'Vixen' and the 'Water Witch,' armed with only two 6-ton guns, and only partially protected by 4½-inch armour-plating, in the numerical strength of the English ironclads.

We do not mean to assert that the inequality of the two fleets was represented by the numbers which we have given of the available ships of each nation; viz., twenty-eight English to forty-one French, but even such a statement would be less misleading than the one made by Mr. Childers in the House of Commons, that England had forty ships available and France thirty-one. Relying on such fallacious data, which no one in the House of Commons at the time had, apparently, the means of contradicting, he was enabled to assert that to 'whomsoever the credit of the present state of things is due, whether to us or to our predecessors, for a peace navy ours is in a highly efficient condition, more efficient than for many years past, and all we ask of the House is to enable us to carry it beyond that into a state of preparation for eventualities consistent with our position of secure neutrality in this Continental war.*

We have, however, in the evidence taken before the 'Megera' Commission proof that the Controller of the Navy, himself a naval officer and a member of the Board of Admiralty, held a very different opinion as to our secure neutrality from that of his civilian

chief.* He says, that Mr. Childers admits it, and expresses his astonishment at it, that he had remonstrated with the First Lord about this very speech, and the erroneous impressions to which it was sure to give rise; and we have seen in a recent letter to the 'Times' that Sir Sydney Dacre, then First Sea Lord, recommended a large increase of naval preparations, adding 'we should not even then be in a condition such as England, depending alone on her navy for safety, ought to be in.'

We have verified the statements in that letter, and have ascertained that all that was done in 1870 was to order in August four small turret ships, adapted—and well adapted, we believe—for Channel service, and certainly very far superior to the French vessels of the 'Embascade' and 'Peiho' class.

The opportunity for obtaining the assent of the House of Commons to effective and systematic measures for our future security passed away, for want of a plain unvarnished statement of our actual strength and wants, which it was the duty of the minister to give. Mr. Childers says he was not accurately reported, but on referring to Hansard we see that no inaccuracy in reporting † would account for the totally erroneous impression his speech was calculated to make. He distinctly left it to be inferred that our relative strength in ironclads was forty English to thirty-one French, and the paltry measures of precaution which he recommended, and which Parliament adopted, were entirely based on a statement which we have proved to be wholly inaccurate.

It is, we do not hesitate to affirm, perfectly clear from these details that in 1858, in 1864, and in 1866, the naval forces of England, far from being a match for those of France united to two or three other naval Powers, were decidedly inferior in strength to such a combination. A recapitulation of the state of the Navy of each Power, based as it must be on the ships built and building in September, 1870 (for neither Power has begun any new ironclad since that date), will put our readers in possession of the exact relative strength of the two countries at both the periods referred to.

On the 1st October, 1872, England possessed, building and built, fifty-one ironclads, one fewer than in August, 1870, the 'Captain' having been lost in the meantime. France possessed, by date and built, fifty-two ironclad ships, by Hansard's number of completed English ironclads sixty. As to that of completed

* Parliamentary Paper, 'Megera,' 1872, c. 507. Questions 14,876 and 16,239.

† See 'Megera Commission,' evidence at Q. 16,239.

* Hansard, vol. 203, Aug. 1, 1870. Mr. Childers's Speech.

French ships. If, as we have reason to believe, the 'Gloire,' the 'Normandie,' 'Couronne,' 'Invincible,' 'Solferino,' 'Magenta,' and 'Rochambeau,' may be withdrawn from the service of the French fleet for sea-going and general purposes, the French force will consist of forty-five ironclads; and similarly withdrawing such ships as the 'Warrior,' the 'Black Prince,' 'Resistance,' and 'Defence,' the employment of which in actual warfare, in the present state of the artillery question, would be a 'mockery, a delusion, and a snare,' also supposing that the 'Prince Consort,' 'Royal Alfred,' 'Zealous,' and 'Caledonia,' are no longer fit for active service, and cannot be reckoned in the list of available ships on our side, the English force will consist of forty-three ironclads. Owing to the genius of Mr. Reed we shall have three ships, superior as fighting machines to anything yet ordered by France, two of which may be ready for sea in the course of 1873. We have now at sea three first-class cruising ironclads superior to anything France has afloat, though she has two ships of that class not completed. We have six second-class cruising ironclads completed, against five similar French ships, two of which are not completed. We shall, in addition, have seven special ram and turret ships, plated with eight and ten inches of armour, against five similar French ships; but while our superiority is evident in the larger and more important ships, it is compromised by the great number of lightly armoured ships of which the rest of our fleet is composed, the majority of which have only 4½-inch plates against 5.9 inches on the French side.

The number of English ships defended by eight inches and upwards of armour-plating is eighteen, against twelve French ships having armour of 7.8 inches and upwards; but as the English ships' armour reaches a maximum of twelve inches while the French maximum is but 8.66 inches, the advantage here is even greater than the proportionate difference of the numbers would shew it to be. On the other hand, the number of English ships having armour exceeding four and a half inches and less than eight, is only ten against twenty-seven French ships so defended; while France has but five ships with so weak a protection as that afforded by four and a half inch plates, England has fifteen. We cannot but regard this inferiority in the armour-plating as of considerable importance, but it must not therefore be concluded that every ship defended by five and a half inch plates will take or destroy every ship she comes across plated with four and a half inch armour. The power of the guns, the speed and the size of the opposing ships are ele-

ments in the calculation which must not be overlooked.

It is, however, evident that in a conflict for the mastery of the Channel, ships unencumbered with rigging, of small draught of water, and of small dimensions, will play a not unimportant part, and the utter absurdity of Mr. Childers's view that eleven ships of this class, possessed by France, should not be counted amongst her effective ironclads, becomes manifest. On the contrary, notwithstanding our marked superiority in the numbers of the more powerful ironclads, if we could suppose that the Monitors of which Russia has at least eight, and the turret ships of Holland, of which there are six, without reckoning the other ironclads possessed by these Powers, were acting in conjunction with the navy of France, we should not find the superiority of our own fleet so evident as Mr. Goschen supposes. It appears, indeed, that enlightened and aroused by the criticisms which his after-dinner speeches have provoked, Mr. Goschen has at last made up his mind to restore the number of our cruising ironclad fleet, diminished by the loss of the 'Captain,' to what it stood at in 1870.

As, however, he has taken two years to make up his mind to this prodigious advance, we have a right to expect that the time gained by this delay will have been profitably employed, and that looking to the vast increase in the power of artillery, we shall find the 'Superb,' whose keel plates we are informed are now being riveted together, has made a great step forward in the application of defensive armour. We trust that the constructor's department will not have been satisfied with a slight improvement in the details of the drawings of the 'Hercules' or 'Sultan,' ships dating from 1866; but has proved itself equal to the new and large demands on its inventive skill which the artillerists are always making. We do not know how this may be, but we confidently say it would be simply deplorable to find that in 1873 we were only beginning to construct a ship on a design (slightly modified) prepared six or seven years ago; and we are not without alarm that this may be the case, when we refer to the extreme difficulty experienced by the late Chief Constructor of the Navy in getting his designs approved as they were originally conceived.

We have it on the highest authority, that of Mr. Reed himself, that in 1866 he proposed an ironclad which would have carried 16-inch armour plates, and would have been as superior to the 'Devastation' as that ship is to any other ironclad afloat. We have been told on equally good authority (that of the late Controller of the Navy), that the

design of the 'Devastation's' class dated from 1866; and Mr. Reed says that these ships even as they are, 'had to be begged and dragged into existence because of their size, and there was not a shadow of a chance of getting a bigger design accepted;' all of which is corroborated in the strongest manner by Sir Spencer Robinson's evidence before Lord Dufferin's Committee on the designs of ships of war, and the explanatory papers he put in for the information of that committee.*

How is it that with Mr. Reed in existence, and making his activity unpleasantly conspicuous, we should think, to the authorities at Whitehall, we cannot get beyond his designs elaborated in 1866? Why are we to lag behind the knowledge we possess, and turn out antiquated ships very likely to be obsolete before they are completed? Had Mr. Reed's designs been accepted in 1866, or even 1869, we should not now be arguing about the 'Peter the Great,' or be beginning to rivet the keel plates of the 'Superb.' If a plain statement to Parliament in 1869 procured for us the 'Devastation's' class, it would equally have got for us Mr. Reed's ship with 16-inch armour; one was no more of an experiment than the other, each was sure to meet with opposition; had the experiment proved a failure, the cost to the country would have been a few extra thousand pounds; had it proved a success, as it undoubtedly would have done, we should already have possessed a far more powerful ship than the unfinished 'Fury,' or the talked-of 'Téméraire.' However, it is extremely satisfactory to us, and it must, we should think, be no less so to Mr. Reed and Sir Spencer Robinson, to find Mr. Goschen basing our supposed superiority to the navies of France united to those of any other Powers, on the excellent qualities of the 'Devastation,' the 'Monarch,' the 'Hercules,' and the 'Sultan,' to see him extending the same praise to the 'Glatton,' the 'Cyclops,' and others of that class; particularly when we remember the extraordinary efforts made by his Government to alarm the public (after the loss of the 'Captain') as to the safety of these ironclads, and to procure if possible a condemnation of them by committee, the ostensible object

of whose appointment was to enquire whether the Controller and Chief Constructor of the Navy had been equal to the duties of their responsible positions. The integrity of the committee baffled the intentions of those who appointed it; and the First Lord of the Admiralty has at length completely and handsomely vindicated the professional reputation of those gentlemen now no longer in the public service.

Mr. Goschen has shifted the ground he took up at the Mansion House, which provoked this controversy, without however mending his position. He appears, at the Fishmongers' Hall, to have abandoned our claim to a numerical superiority over the ironclads of any three or four foreign navies combined, and to base the power of the British Navy to cope with such a junction, on our possessing ten ironclads (cruising ships) which cannot at this moment be equalled individually by the same number of ships taken from the united navies of France, Prussia, Russia, and America. But we cannot admit that such a statement, even if it were strictly accurate, would be decisive of the question, pleased as we are to see that he is now taking up a sounder principle of comparison than he adopted when making his former speeches. The controversy, nevertheless, stands on very different grounds.

The details we have given at great length of the state of our ironclad ships, have shewn that our present fleet is the fleet of August, 1870, minus the 'Captain.' We know (even granting that Mr. Goschen's proposition as to our relative strength at sea were true in 1870) that we have done nothing since that date, nothing that was not then known, contemplated, and provided for; we know that other nations—Germany, Russia, Italy, Turkey, and other Powers—have added to their strength in ironclads some most powerful ships of the class, and that every addition these Powers* have thus made must inevitably diminish our relative strength, should one, two, or more of them combine with France. Our charge against the Government, of which Mr. Goschen is

* We have not, for various reasons, thought it right to give in detail the numbers of ironclads owned by the European Powers exclusive of England and France: some of the information we possess is strictly confidential; but in stating that these Powers taken together possess an ironclad navy consisting of more than eighty vessels large and small, and that very formidable fighting ships are to be found in the navies of Russia, Italy, North and South Germany, and Turkey, we are not going beyond such sources of information as are accessible to all those who take an interest in these questions.

* See Appendix B to the Report on the designs of ships of war, Parliamentary Paper of 1873, c. 177, pages 815 to 817. The whole of this paper should be carefully considered by those who desire to know on whom rests the responsibility for our naval constructions, and it may serve to explain the occasional imperfections in Admiralty ships, which we and others have not been slow to criticise.

the organ, is, that it has now kept up the relative strength of our Navy to what it was in 1870. We must insist upon this point: in it lies the gravamen of the accusations brought against the administration of the Navy since that date. A careful analysis of the details we have placed before our readers will enable any one to judge for himself, whether, after years of toil and struggle, the fleet had even then been placed in as powerful a position as the vital interests of this country imperatively demanded, but, at any rate, we do not think that any one will suppose that we were too strong then, and we are absolutely weaker now—by the loss of the ‘*Captain*,’ which has not been replaced—while the force of the minor Powers has rapidly increased. Taking into consideration the catastrophe that befell France in the autumn of that year, and admitting that since that date she has made slower progress in her naval constructions than England, and has not completed as many of the ships she was then building as England, and that consequently we have a decided momentary superiority over her in completed ships; the progress made by the minor naval Powers may be set off against this temporary advantage, and a brief interval may suffice to place France on an equality with England in the numbers of her completed ships unless we move on.

We should think ill of the prescience of any statesman who, in forecasting the future, omitted to consider France as a great military nation, courageous, full of resources, next to ourselves the leading maritime Power in Europe, and one whose naval forces, in conjunction with those of others, would give our own Navy more than enough to do, should we be so misguided as to follow the do-nothing policy of the last two years.

As a set-off against not adding new ships to the strength of our ironclad fleet, we find Mr. Goschen boasting that he has completed the ship sordered by his predecessors, and done more to reduce the areas of ship-building than any other administrator. Let us remind him that contracts entered into by his predecessors, approved and voted by Parliament, are binding on himself, and he could not avoid completing them. He may, indeed as he has done, suspend the work in our dockyards, and not apply the money entrusted to him by Parliament to add to the number of our ships; but over the matter of contracts to which the faith of the country is pledged he has but a temporary control, and the fulfilment of engagements which Parliament has sanctioned is compulsory. If we compare the Navy estimates and the programme of works they contain

for the year 1871-72 with those for 1872-73, we shall better judge of the areas of ship-building which Mr. Goschen has got through. The ‘*Devastation*,’ by his predecessor’s programme, was to have been finished before the 31st of March, 1872; she will not be completed before January, 1873. The ‘*Thunderer*’ was to have been completed so far as to be sent to Portsmouth by the 31st of March, 1872; she will not be finished till far into the year 1873. 1329 tons of the ‘*Fury*’ were to have been built by the 31st of March, 1872; at that date Mr. Goschen had built just 550 tons. The ‘*Rupert*’ was to have been completed on the 31st of March, 1872; she will not be completed in any part of this year. These are the ironclads Mr. Goschen had to complete; these are the principal arrears of ironclad ship-building which his predecessors had left him to deal with, and we see the result! It would weary our readers to shew from the same authentic sources, namely, the Programme of Works in the Navy Estimates, that the means placed at Mr. Goschen’s disposal by Parliament for the augmentation of the unarmoured fleet have been equally misapplied, but we will give one example: Parliament, in 1871, voted 153,000*l.* to be applied to the building of unarmoured ships by contract, of which 100,000*l.* was to be spent on the construction of two sloop corvettes; these contracts were not entered into. The whole year elapsed, nothing was done, the ships were not begun, and, in 1872, a similar vote was again asked for. A year was thus wasted, and the liberality of the House of Commons was thrown away.

The repairing programme fared no better. Ironclads, intended to be repaired in 1871, have not yet been taken in hand—some of them are not in England—while their decay is proceeding with accelerated steps. Can we wonder at Mr. Goschen’s complaints that Ministerial statements respecting our naval defences are not believed? Have we not in these pages conclusive evidence of their habitual inaccuracy?

The supposed superiority of the English Navy over that of France combined with others, claimed by Mr. Goschen as always having existed, and as existing still, was clearly without foundation between 1858 and 1870. The description, in which Mr. Goschen indulged, of the sensational policy of his predecessors in 1868, proved as baseless as his assertion respecting the arrears of ship-building work which he had so wonderfully annihilated. He dwelt largely on the latent resources of this country, on its power to build, on the brains of its designers and engineers. We value these inestimable

advantages as highly as he can possibly do, and we most urgently beg of him to take some steps to make them available! But we have shewn in the earlier pages of this article that, notwithstanding this power, we did not overtake our rivals who had got the start of us in constructing these stupendous engines of war for many a weary year, and we seriously warn him and others against the delusion of supposing that such a nation as England is secure when she can number up two or three more ironclads than her neighbour happens to have. How is it, we may ask, that a country so wholly dependent on her naval strength as our own, should so often, we might almost say so constantly, be behindhand in the application of its undisputed resources to its military forces? Why, in 1858, had we only the same number of screw line-of-battle ships as was owned by a rival, and possibly hostile Power, not dependent on its Navy for its existence or its greatness? Why were we then, and for long years afterwards, inferior in the number and in the power of the new ships which science had invented? Why had we three times in a few years to transform the nature, the construction, and the mounting of the ordnance we found it necessary to place in our ships? Why, when we had obtained the services of the ablest naval architect in Europe, did we allow him to remove his invaluable talents to another sphere of employment? Why, when we had paid twenty thousand pounds to the inventor of a locomotive torpedo, and satisfied ourselves of the worth of the invention, have we not built the ship that was to carry and discharge it? Why do we so deal with the high-spirited and devoted men, forming the corps of naval officers, as to drive them into chronic discontent, or out of the naval service?

The answer to these questions can only be—the organization of the body that governs the Navy is radically defective. Mr. Goschen may, it is true, plead that he has been so occupied in undoing all that was done by his predecessor, in multiplying offices and salaries, and in reconstructing what had dwindled to a ‘phantom Board,’ that he has had no time to give to the construction of the Navy; but the public will go further, and will desire to know on what principle the selection of the authority who is to administer the right arm of England’s strength is supposed to proceed. It has been said that, in the good old days, the practice followed in the distribution of offices was to leave the Admiralty and the Post-Office to the last, and when the most capable men had been disposed of, to toss

up for the vacant offices, and he who won had the benefit of selecting which place he would prefer to serve in. Notwithstanding all the reforms that have been inaugurated since those days, we are not sure that even now this practice may not prevail. Be that as it may, the public will insist upon obtaining a naval administrator, who has some special capacity for the work with which he is charged. We shall not be satisfied to find that the qualities required from a Minister of Marine in England are limited to the possession of a secure seat in Parliament and a fair power of public speaking. Too often and too long have the misdeeds and the shortcomings of the body that governs the Navy been the subject of remonstrance and complaint. Recent correspondence in the newspapers has brought home to the meanest capacity that, notwithstanding our vast expenditure, our reforms and counter-reforms, the country is ill served by our Naval Administrators, the naval material is not what it ought to be, its *personnel* is dissatisfied and discouraged. In saying this, we do not wish to be misunderstood; no one can place a higher value than we do on our magnificent ironclad ships. No one can appreciate more completely the science with which they have been designed, or the skill with which they have been constructed. We have by these means obtained an eminence of which every Englishman may be proud and must desire to see maintained. But, while our motto should ever be ‘Onwards,’ fatal irresolution, feebleness, and waste have marked our course of action for the last two years: it is of this we complain, it is against this that we protest. Mr. Goschen and Mr. Shaw Lefevre have told us that they will carry this controversy into the House of Commons. That it will be so dealt with we do not doubt, and do not require their assurance for our belief. We rejoice to think that this great blot in the government of the country has at length been hit, and we trust with confidence that Parliament will discover a remedy for a state of things alike discreditable to our character for good sense and dangerous to the endurance of our national greatness.

ART. V.—*Madame de Sévigné, Her Correspondence and Contemporaries*. By the Comtesse de Puliga. 2 Vols. London, 1873.

‘MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ, like La Fontaine, like Montaigne, is one of those subjects

which are perpetually in the order of the day in France. She is not only a classic, she is an acquaintance, and, better still, a neighbour and a friend.* She will never be this, or anything like it, in England. Her name is equally familiar, almost as much a household word; and there are always amongst us a select few who find an inexhaustible source of refined enjoyment in her letters. The Horace Walpole set affected to know them by heart: George Selwyn meditated an edition of them, and preceded Lady Morgan in that pilgrimage to the *Rochers* which she describes so enthusiastically in her 'Book of the Boudoir.' Even in our time it would have been dangerous to present oneself often at Holland House or the Berry's, without being tolerably well up in them. Mackintosh rivalled Walpole in exalting her. But the taste is not on the increase: the worshippers decline apace: we hear of no recent English visitors to the Breton shrine: the famous flourish about the Grande Mademoiselle marriage, with the account of the death of Vattel, form the sum of what is correctly known on this side of the Channel of her epistolary excellence: her personal history is not known at all, and maternal love is the only quality which nineteen cultivated people out of twenty could specify in illustration of her character. Yet no man or woman ever lived who was less national (in the exclusive sense) or more cosmopolitan in heart and mind, in feeling and in thought. It is not French nature, but human nature in its full breadth and variety, that she represents or typifies. Her sparkling fancy, her fine spirit of observation, her joyous confiding (and self-confiding) frankness, her utter absence of affectation, her generosity, her loyalty, her truth, are of no clime. Indeed we are by no means sure that her most sterling qualities will not just now be best understood, felt, and appreciated out of France.

Nor are the incidents with which they are mixed up, the topics which call them forth or give occasion for them, of so local and temporary a character as to repel the general reader. She is the chief chronicler of the three stirring and eventful epochs which constitute what is commonly called the Age of Louis Quatorze: the choicest materials for its history are to be found in her Letters; and her private life cannot be told without connecting it, at many trying and interesting conjunctures, with the lives of her most illustrious and celebrated contemporaries. The pupil of Ménage and Chapelain, the pride of the Hôtel Rambouillet, the

object of vain pursuit to such men as Bussy, Conti, Fouquet, and Turenne, the friend or associate of de Retz, Rochefoucauld, Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, Pascal, Bossuet, La Grande Mademoiselle, the Scudérys, Madame la Fayette, Madame Maintenon—in short, of almost every Frenchman or Frenchwoman of note for more than half a century,—she might be made the central figure of a series of historic groups, had she never been known to fame as a letter-writer. Neither can we admit the argument that all who wish to become intimately acquainted with her, to make her (what Sainte-Beuve says she is in France) a neighbour and a friend, will repair by preference to French writers: to the exhaustive 'Mémoires' of Walckenaer, or the critical 'Notice' of Mesnard.* Porson frankly admitted that, consummate Grecian as he was, he never read a Greek play as easily as an English newspaper; and there is a numerous class in this country who approach the French classics with more hesitation and diffidence than Porson felt towards the Greek. They come to them as to a task: they are often obliged to pause and construe as they proceed; and therefore is it that an English biography of a French woman so far famed, yet (as regards England) so really little known as Madame de Sévigné, may confidently reckon on a favourable reception; provided it fulfil the conditions which an English public is fairly entitled to exact.

The work before us fulfils many of them. Madame de Puliga has diligently studied her subject in all its bearings: she is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the period of which she treats: she is at home with both correspondents and contemporaries: without aiming at research or originality (for which there was neither room nor occasion on so beaten a track), she has made a judicious selection from the embarrassing abundance of materials accumulated to her hands:

* M. Paul Mesnard is the author of the 'Notice biographique' prefixed to the annotated edition of the Letters in fourteen volumes, royal octavo, forming the commencement of the collection entitled, 'Les Grands Écrivains de la France,' Hachette, Paris, 1862. The fullest account of Madame de Sévigné and her times (to 1680) is to be found in the 'Mémoires touchant la Vie et les Écrits de Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Dame de Bourbilly, Marquise de Sévigné,' &c. &c. By Baron Walckenaer, six volumes with the Continuations. Amongst the abridged editions of the Letters, the best is the one of 1870 with a Treatise on her epistolary style by M. Suard. There is a useful English work, published in 1842, entitled 'Madame de Sévigné and her Contemporaries,' composed of a series of biographical notices, one of which, of about thirty pages, is devoted to *Mesdames de Sévigné et Grignan*.

* Sainte-Beuve, 'Causeries de Lundi.'

treading frequently on very delicate ground, she is never wanting in feminine refinement or good taste; and although she occasionally provokes a feeling of opposition by dwelling too often and too ecstatically on the virtues of her heroine, she somehow manages to bring us very nearly round to her opinion in the end. Unluckily there is one condition that is not fulfilled. When we were expecting Madame de Sévigné in a simple English dress, she is presented to us in a costume which has obviously been fashioned after French models and is rather showily adorned with French point. In other words, the language and phraseology lead to the impression that the accomplished authoress had been accustomed to think and write exclusively in French, and that this is her first serious or sustained effort in English composition. Her style is cramped and artificial, neither flowing nor idiomatic, till she warms; and she is somewhat prone to mistake phrases for reflections, and to indulge in that kind of composition which Swift had in view when he told a young writer, 'Whenever you have written anything you think particularly fine, strike it out.' But by the time she has completed half her first volume, she has worked herself tolerably free of her Gallic tendencies; which are faintly discernible in the second, and will not be found to deduct materially from the sterling value of the book. Its range is wide, and the foreground is so crowded by 'contemporaries' as to require no ordinary stretch of attention to keep Madame de Sévigné distinctly in view throughout. It strikes us, therefore, that a sketch of her and them on a more reduced scale may prove a useful introduction to the complete and rather diffuse biography.

Marie de Rabutin, or de Chantal, or de Chantal-Rabutin, as she was alternately called before she became Marquise de Sévigné, was paternally descended from an ancient and illustrious race. She was born at Paris on the 5th February, 1626, and within six years became an orphan. Her father was killed fighting against the English under Buckingham at the Isle of Rhé, on July 22, 1627, and her mother died some time in 1633, leaving Marie to the care of a maternal grandfather, who died within twelve months, when the child fell under the charge of her maternal grandfather, Philippe de Coulanges, for three years, and he also dying before she had attained her tenth year, a family council was held to name a guardian. The choice fell on her uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, Prieur de Livry, a man of twenty-nine, who discharged his trust so kindly and efficiently that she

never ceased proclaiming the boundless debt of gratitude she owed to him, and gave him the name of *Bien Bon*, by which he is indelibly associated with her memory. It is worth noting in contrast with the depth of the maternal love which afterwards grew into an absorbing passion, that she manifests no filial tenderness. She never mentions or so much as alludes to her mother in her voluminous correspondence, and when two or three times she names her father, it is in reference to his faults. In a letter to her daughter, July 22, she adds, after the date, '*Jour de la Madeleine, où fut tué, il y a quelques années, un père que j'avais.*'

It would seem that *Bien Bon* made no attempt to replace the mother and grandmother by a female companion or governess. The only instructors of whom we hear are Ménage and Chapelain, and Ménage did his best to turn the relation of master and pupil into a romance of the Cadenus and Vanessa kind. But in his case the position was reversed: Marie did not fall in love with him, as Esther Vanhomrigh fell in love with Swift, and he could not have exclaimed like the Dean,

'That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.'

Madame de Pnliga says: 'We must not be surprised at this. In the seventeenth century, rank created such a separation, birth threw such a gulf between human beings, that tender sentiments from those in an inferior station of life were deemed of little consequence. A woman of quality would take a pride in inspiring such feelings, but she was never supposed to be disturbed by their existence. Ménage might then freely declare himself the slave of Mademoiselle de Chantal, and she consent to treat him as such.' 'We notwithstanding take the liberty of being somewhat surprised at a man of Ménage's intellectual mark playing the fool in this fashion, and we have our misgivings whether it was more a matter of course in the seventeenth than the nineteenth century for young ladies of quality to treat their tutors as Lady Clara Vere de Vere treated her yeoman lover, when, after luring him on to a declaration—

'She fixed him with a vacant stare,
And slew him with her noble birth.'

Clearly, Ménage did not think himself fairly used, or treated according to the laws of the game. He was deeply hurt, and very angry. Remembering, probably, the adage that the quarrels of lovers are the renewal

of love, he tried to create an interest by getting up a quarrel; and we find from the lady's letters that he resorted to the hackneyed commonplace expedient of a simulated sense of wrong:—

'You wish to make me appear ridiculous by telling me that you have only quarrelled with me because you are sorry for my departure. If this were so, I should merit a lunatic asylum, and not your hatred; but there is all the difference in the world, and my only difficulty is in comprehending that, when one loves and regrets a person, it is necessary, on that account, to treat her with the extreme of coldness the last time one sees her. It is a most extraordinary mode of acting, and as I was not used to it, you must excuse my surprise.'

She must have got well accustomed to it ere long, for we find admirers by the dozen brought one after the other, or three or four at once, to the same condition as *Ménage*; and she was actuated by the same spirit of refined coquetry through life: her guiding rule and principle—the counterpart of the one commended by Lord Chesterfield to his son—being to make every man in love with her and every woman her friend.

'It was the property of her quick and ready nature,' says Cousin, 'to put herself in unison with all who conversed with her. She is frivolous with Coulanges; she is rakish (*gaillarde*) enough with Ninon, austere with Pascal, sublime with Bossuet: with Bussy, her quickened malice spares nobody.' Constantly playing with edged tools, she never cuts her fingers; her pitcher is never broken, although it goes often to the well, but it has frequently been made a question, to which we shall in due time recur, whether her impunity was owing to good fortune or good conduct, to the strength of her principles or the coldness of her heart.

It incidentally appears, from a colloquy at the Hôtel Rambouillet, in which both her instructors took part, that she was not taught the learned languages. 'Is it possible,' said Madame de Rambouillet, 'that M. *Ménage* has not yet made verses for Madame de Sévigné?'—'He has made verses,' replied Chapelain, 'for Mademoiselle Marie de Rabutin, and also for Madame la Marquise, not only in French but in Italian too.'—'And I wager,' broke in Saint-Pavin, 'that he has also made verses to her in Latin and Greek.'—'M. *Ménage*,' remarked Madame de Sévigné, 'is too much my friend to make me ashamed of my ignorance by addressing to me verses in languages which I do not understand.'

Either the rule restricting the introduc-

tion of girls into society did not exist in Madame de Sévigné's time, or she was made a marked exception to it, for she was not married till she was in her nineteenth year. She was brought out at Paris (to use her own expression) *de bonne heure*; and the sensation she made in the highest circles was in accordance with her personal attractions, her fortune, and her birth. This Burgundian heiress was valued at little less than a million of livres, including expectations; and, if not a regular beauty, she had charms and fascinations which it would be difficult to match. She was a brilliant *blonde*. All contemporary accounts agree in the translucent fairness and freshness of her complexion, the rich profusion of her light glossy hair, the exquisite harmony and play of her features, the elegance of her figure, the grace of her movements, the speaking, sparkling expression of her eyes; and even the satirical portrait of Bussy-Rabutin transmits the image of an undeniably pretty woman, who sang agreeably, danced admirably, and blended sense and sentiment with ready wit and unaffected gaiety when she talked.

The Comte de Bussy-Rabutin was her near relation, and played so influential a part, commonly that of an evil genius, in her life, that his character must be kept constantly in mind. He was emphatically what Mr. Carlyle calls the *roué* Duc de Richelieu, 'famous blackguard man.' Brave to rashness, very clever, very unscrupulous, high born, handsome, accomplished, dissipated to excess, equally ready with sword and pen, he has left his mark on his age, and he did his best to leave his mark, a black and indelible one, on the fair fame of his fair cousin. She figures in his *Histoire amoureuse des Gaules* under the name of Madame de Cheneville, and after throwing out every ill-natured insinuation he can hit upon, he is obliged to admit that, in point of personal purity, she was irreproachable. He puts a good (and false) face on one of the disappointments which induced him to introduce her in the scandalous chronicle which he termed a history:

'Her fortune, which suited mine very well, made my father wish me to marry her; but although I did not know her then so well as I do now, I did not fall in with the desire of my father: a certain hare-brained manner which I observed in her made me afraid of her, and I thought her the prettiest girl in the world to be the wife of another.'

The fact is, whatever the designs of his father, he was never named as a pretender for her hand; and it is in the highest degree improbable that her uncle would have tole-

rated in that capacity an unprincipled spend-thrift, who was accused of having raised money by false pretences on the strength of the procuration under which he attended the family council for the appointment of her guardian. A husband was chosen for her from considerations of fitness in respect of fortune and position, and it does not appear that, prior to her marriage, any sort of preference was betrayed by her. It was a marriage of reason, and promised well at starting. Henri, Marquis de Sévigné, was young, well born, highly connected, rich, and handsome; and when he carried off his bride to his château of *Les Rochers*, which she was destined to render famous, there was everything to betoken a long and happy union: nothing to prognosticate an unhappy one, to be suddenly cut short; unless, indeed, we accept as ominous an incident which delayed the marriage for some months. They were to be married in May, 1644; but the Marquis received so severe a wound in a duel wantonly provoked by him, that his life was in danger, and the ceremony was not performed till the 4th of August in that year. There is a copy of verses, the joint composition of Bussy and Lenet, addressed to the young couple in March, 1646, beginning:—

'Salut à vous, gens de campagne,
A vous, immeubles de Bretagne,
Attachés à votre maison
Au-delà de toute raison.'

It is not till the autumn of 1646 that we find them settled at Paris, where (October 10) Françoise Marguerite, the idolized daughter, afterwards Madame de Grignan, was born. Herself the centre of a distinguished circle, Madame de Sévigné is best remembered at this period as a prominent member of that which clustered round Catherine, Marquise de Rambouillet, the Arthénice of the 'Grand Cyrus,' who exercised the most marked, refining, and improving influence on her age. Her hotel, with its suite of rooms opening on one another, its garlands of flowers, its *ruelle*, and its blue chamber, was as much an original creation of her own designing as her society; and it is altogether a mistake to confound her and her friends with the *Précieuses Ridicules* of Molière.* An interval of many years, including the subversive and

demoralizing *Fronde*, separates the close of her reign, the rich setting of her sun, from the appearance of this comedy; and the term *Précieuse*, made ridiculous by an ensuing generation of imitators, was first conferred and accepted as a tribute and a eulogy:—

'All who frequented the Hôtel de Rambouillet,' says Walckenaer, 'soon adopted nobler manners and purer language, devoid of provincialism. The women in particular, to whom more leisure and a more delicate organisation gave a readier and finer social tact, were the first to profit by the advantage which was offered them by this constant community of cultivated minds and association of persons unceasingly occupied in emulating what was most agreeable and fitted to please in each. Consequently those who formed part of these assemblies speedily became easily distinguishable from those who were not admitted to them. To show the esteem in which they were held, they were named the *Précieuses*, the *Illustrious*: which was always given and received as an honourable distinction during the long space of time that the Hôtel de Rambouillet retained its influence.'

Madame de Puliga, after speaking of the Hôtel as that earthly paradise of which Madame de Rambouillet's *ruelle* was the centre, adds:—

'The *ruelle*, a word in daily use in the seventeenth century and having then a more extended signification than in the present day, it will perhaps be necessary to explain more clearly of what it consisted. The bed, at that time monumental and magnificently adorned, stood in the centre of one end of the room, and for princesses and ladies of high quality it was raised from the ground by a few steps, called the *estrade*. Near the foot of the bed, and dividing the apartment, stood a gilt balustrade, such as may still be seen in the room of Louis XIV. at Versailles. Each side of the bed within that reserved space was called the *ruelle*: it was often still more enclosed by a colonade reaching from the ground to the ceiling, and it then formed an *alcove*.

'Madame de Rambouillet was early afflicted with a singular malady which compelled her to shun both fire and sunshine: she could not encounter either without her blood boiling in her veins. In her *alcove*, surrounded by flowers, by books, by the portraits of those she loved, she sat enthroned and received from all that homage so justly her due.'

Her assemblies, according to Walckenaer, dated from the conclusion of the reign of Henry IV. (1610), shone with all their lustre during the reign of Louis XIII., began to decline under the regency and the Fronde, and had lost all their social supremacy when

* This comedy was acted for the first time on the 18th November, 1659. A spurious copy having got abroad, Molière printed it in 1660 with a Preface, in which he says: 'Les véritables précieuses auraient tort de se piquer lorsqu'on joue les ridicules qui les imitent mal.' The distinction is clearly drawn by Cousin in the first chapter of his 'Madame de Sablé.'

Louis XIV. was of age to hold his court in person. Or,—to draw the line still more definitely between the intellectual or literary epochs popularly confounded—Malherbe, Corneille, Balzac, and Voiture, belong almost entirely to the first: Saint-Évremond, Ménage, Sarrasin, Chapelain, principally to the second: Pascal, Bossuet, Molière, La Fontaine, Racine, Boileau, Pellisson, to the third. The highest testimony in favour of this *salon* and its founder was given by one of the most celebrated French preachers from the pulpit. In his funeral sermon on the death of Madame de Rambouillet's daughter Julie, Fléchier thus introduced and apostrophized (as it were) the recollections of his youth:—

'Do you remember those rooms which are still regarded with so much veneration, where the mind grew pure, where virtue was revered under the name of the incomparable Arthénice: where so many persons of quality and merit met, composing a select Court, numerous without confusion, modest without constraint, learned without pride, polished without affectation?'

To convey a vivid impression of the Rambouillet *salon* when Madame de Sévigné entered it, M. de Walckenaer peoples it anew by a fiction which he declares to be, down to the minutest details, in exact conformity with fact. He chooses an afternoon in 1644, when the company are assembled to hear Corneille read his tragedy of 'Théodore;' and conspicuous amongst the gay group, besides the hostess and her daughters, are the Princess of Condé, Rochefoucauld, the Duchesse de Longueville, the Marquise de Sablé, the Duchesse de Chevreuse, the Marquis and Marquise de Sévigné, Balzac, Ménage, the Scudérys, Bénéradé, Chapelain, Voiture, and (by a slight anachronism) Bossuet. After a fair allowance of lively repartee, they play blindman's-buff (*colin-maillard*) whilst waiting for the author of the 'Cid,' which might be thought an odd resource for such an eminently intellectual set, did we not recall Madame de Merlin's avowal of a liking for innocent games (*les jeux innocens*) with people who are not innocent, and remember that, after Madame de Sévigné had been blinded in her turn on another occasion at Madame de Chevreuse's, this graceful impromptu was addressed to her by M. de Montreuil:—

'De toutes les façons vous avez droit de plaire,
Mais surtout vous savez nous charmer en ce jour:
Voyant vos yeux bandés, on vous prend pour l'Amour:
Les voyant découverts, on vous prend pour sa mère.'

We risk an imitation:—

'You charm when you walk, talk, or move,
Still more on this day than another:
When blinded, you're taken for Love,
When the bandage is off—for his mother.'

Blindman's-buff, therefore, harmonises well enough with gallantry; and we learn from the best authority that a good deal of sentiment, or simulated passion, seldom penetrating below the surface or leading to scandal, gave piquancy to the commerce between the sexes in this society.

'Love,' says Mademoiselle de Scudéry, 'in the Court of Paphos (Paris) is not a simple passion, as in other countries, but a passion of necessity and good breeding. All men must be enamoured, and all women loved. None are indifferent; and coldness of heart, to those who are capable of it, is reproved as a crime. It is considered such a reproach to be free of all ties, that those who are not in love pretend to be so. . . . It is permitted to the ladies to employ a few innocent artifices to subdue the hearts of men. The desire to please is not a crime: complacency even is laudable, provided there is no meanness. To express all in a few words, everything that can render women amiable, and cause them to be admired, is allowable, if it offends neither purity or modesty, which qualities, in spite of the prevailing gallantry of our island, are the principal virtues of all the ladies. Thus, having discovered the means to blend innocence and love, they spend a life at once agreeable and diverting.'

Cousin gives much the same account of the manner in which they played at love-making. A gentleman might be *aux petits soins* as long as it suited him; he might even advance some way into the *pays du tendre*, but if he transgressed the conventional lines of demarcation, or made serious approaches towards the citadel, he would speedily find himself in the position of the adorer in Suckling's ballad, when his advances were met with smiling indifference.

'I sent to know from whence and where

These smiles, and this relief?

A spy inform'd, Honour was there,

And did command in Chief.

March, march (quoth I), the word straight give,

Let's lose no time, but leave her,
That giant upon air will live

And hold it out for ever.'

The moral atmosphere of this seat of the Muses and Graces was of so bracing or preservative a quality that the heroines of the Fronde, who afterwards allowed themselves the most unrestrained license, the Duchesses de Longueville and de Chevreuse, stood rebuked by the genius of the place; and the unmarried daughters of the house received

their full share of high-flown flattery and euphuistic homage without the semblance or suspicion of a taint. Madame de Puliga speaks thus of one of them who did not marry till past thirty:—

‘For twenty years Julie d’Angennes was a queen, the very soul of the circle over which her mother presided. It was she who inspired poets: men worshipped her, and women loved her: her amiability satisfied every claim upon her; and the lovers she discouraged she succeeded in not displeasing. Her manners were such as may be imagined from the school in which she had been brought up. Born for the world and its pleasures, she was its delight and herself delighted in it. Julie d’Angennes shared the perilous maxims of her intimate friend the Marquise de Sablé, that women are created to be adored; that they alone inspire noble resolutions; and that a worthy recompense for every sacrifice is the bestowal of their esteem and friendship.’

The Prince de Conti said of Voiture, ‘If he was one of us, we should not put up with such behaviour;’ and the remark indicates both the position held by men of letters, not born in the purple, and the social licence they assumed in the Hôtel Rambouillet. Madame de Sévigné might have said the same of her former tutor and persevering admirer, Ménage, who employed the language of passion as freely as a marquis or a duke; whilst she trifled with him in the precise manner which, without driving him from her or depriving her of her daily dose of flattery, was most annoying to his vanity and fatal to his hopes. One of Liston’s best parts was an old bachelor who boasted, without suspecting why the distinction was conferred upon him, of being universally pronounced a safe man, with whom a husband or father might trust the prettiest wife or daughter without risk. This is the very part which Ménage was unwilling to play. He felt like Rogers, who, when Lady Beresford offered to take him home from an evening party, walked off in a huff, complaining that it was an unkind mode of reminding him of his age. One day, Ménage happening to call just as Madame de Sévigné was going out shopping, she told him to get into her carriage and accompany her. The *avant*, vainly trying to hide his pique under raillery, told her that it was hard upon him for her, not content with the rigorous treatment he received, to appear to have so little fear of him or of scandal in connection with him. ‘Get into my carriage, I tell you,’ was the rejoinder. ‘If you make me angry, I will come and see you at your own house.’ She was as good as her word. Before leaving for the country she went to

bid him farewell. On her return she complained to him of his not having written to her. ‘I have written to you,’ he made answer, ‘but after reading my letter over again, I found it too passionate, and thought it had better not be sent.’

If she bestowed a favour, it was always provokingly before the world. He relates in *Ménagiana*, that he had been holding one of her hands in his; and on her withdrawing it, M. Pelletier said to him, ‘Voilà le plus bel ouvrage qui soit sorti de vos mains.’ He made the most of these harmless freedoms. Finding himself alone in a carriage with the Marquise de Lavardin on their journey to the Rochers, he leant forward to kiss her hands: ‘Monsieur Ménage,’ she remarked with a laugh, ‘you are conning your lesson (*vous vous recordez*) for Madame de Sévigné.’ She once (according to Bussy) kissed her old master before a circle of admirers, and answering to their looks of surprise, exclaimed, ‘It was thus that they kissed in the Primitive Church.’

The worst of these things was that they were related without the accompanying circumstances, so that ill-natured conclusions might be based upon them. Thus Bussy:—

‘There is no woman who has more wit than she, and very few who have so much: her manner is diverting; there are some who say that for a woman of quality, her character is a little too reckless. When first I was in the habit of seeing her, I thought this judgment ridiculous, and I excused her burlesque under the name of gaiety; now that I am no longer dazzled by her fire, I agree that she aims too much at jocularly. If one has wit, and particularly this sort of wit, which is gay, one has but to see her, one loses nothing with her: she listens to you, she enters justly into all you say, she divines you, and leads you ordinarily much further than you think of going. Sometimes also one opens a wide expanse of country to her: she is carried away by her heated fancy, and in this state she receives with joy anything one feels disposed to say to her, provided it is wrapped up: she even replies with usury and conceives that she should lose ground if she did not go beyond what has been said to her. With so much fire it is not strange that the discernment is moderate: these two things being commonly incompatible, nature cannot work a miracle in her favour. With her a lively fool will always get the better of a serious man of sense.’

This was written with studied malice, after more than one rebuff, owing to that very discernment which he denies. All her admiration for his brilliant qualities did not blind her to his defects. The worst that could be truly said of her was what Zadig says of Astarte: ‘Unhappily confident in

her innocence, she neglects the necessary appearances. I shall tremble for her so long as she has no subject of self-reproach. This is the pitch of Joseph Surface's sophistical argument with Lady Teazle: 'What is it makes you so negligent of forms and careless of the world's opinion? Why, the consciousness of your innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences? Why, the consciousness of your innocence. . . . Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow.'

There are two other passages of arms between her and Ménage which throw light on their relations to each other. She was in the habit of making him the confidant of her most secret affairs. After an interview of this kind, he said to her, 'I am now your confessor, and I have been your martyr.'—'And I your Virgin,' was her laughing retort.

On her inquiring after Ménage's health, he replied, 'Madame, je suis enrhumé.'—'Je la suis aussi.' Assuming the tutor, he told her that, according to the rules of the language, she should say, 'Je le suis.' 'You will speak as you please,' she sharply replied; 'but as for me, if I spoke so, I should believe I had a beard on my chin.'

Small credit would redound to her for resisting temptation, had there been no more dangerous suitor; but, besides a long list of accomplished courtiers who laid siege in the received and permitted fashion to her heart, there was her cousin Bussy, in whom she retained an affectionate interest through life, always ready to take advantage of an unguarded moment, and utterly unscrupulous as to the means by which he attained any end, good or bad, in love or ambition, that he had proposed to himself. He was also the intimate friend of her husband, of whom he says, 'Although he had *esprit*, all the attractions of Marie could not restrain him; he loved in all directions, and never loved anything so loveable as his wife.' She did not hear of his irregularities, or turned a deaf ear to them, till he became attached to the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, born to be her evil genius; for, wonderful to relate, her husband, her son, and her grandson were successively enslaved by this French Aspasia—

'Age could not weary her, nor custom tire
Her infinite variety.'

The Marquis was boasting to Bussy of an agreeable evening he had passed, adding, 'You may well believe it was not with your

cousin: it was with Ninon.'—'So much the worse for you,' replied Bussy; 'my cousin is worth a thousand of her, and, if you were not her husband, you would think so too.'—'Likely enough,' rejoined the Marquis. Bussy goes on to say that as soon as he could get away from the husband, he hurried to repeat what had passed to the wife, who reddened, as she well might, with vexation. A brief colloquy ensues: *Madame de S.*—'You must be mad to give me such advice, or you must think me mad.' *Bussy.*—'You would be much more so, Madame, if you did not pay him off in his own coin, than if you repeated to him what I have told you. Revenge yourself, my fair cousin: I will go halves in your revenge; for, after all, your interests are as dear to me, as my own.' *Madame de S.*—'This is all very fine, Monsieur le Comte: I am not so exasperated as you think.'

When he and the Marquis met the next day, the Marquis began: 'I suspect you have let something drop to your cousin of what I told you yesterday about Ninon, because she has glanced at it to me.'—'I,' exclaimed this pattern of confidants; 'I have not uttered a word about it to her. But, clever as she is, she has been so discursive on the chapter of jealousy that she sometimes hits upon the truth.' The Marquis went away satisfied, and Bussy forthwith indited this epistle to the Marquis:—

'I was not wrong yesterday, madame, in distrusting your imprudence. You have told your husband what I told you. You must be well aware that it is not on my own account that I make you this reproach, for all that can happen to me is to lose his friendship; and for you, madame, there is much more to fear. I have, however, been fortunate enough to disabuse him. Besides he is so persuaded that one cannot be "honnête homme" without being always in love, that I despair of ever seeing you happy if you aspire to be loved by him alone. But let not this alarm you, madame; as I have begun to serve you, I shall not abandon you in the state in which you are. You are aware that jealousy has often has more power to retain a heart than charms and merit. I advise you to give your husband a taste of it, my fair cousin, and I offer myself to you for that. If you bring him back by these means, I love you enough to resume my first part of your agent with him, and sacrifice myself again to make you happy. And if he must escape you, love me, my cousin, and I shall aid you to revenge yourself on him by loving you all your life.'

The result is best told in the words of Bussy:—'The page to whom I gave this letter found her asleep, and whilst he was waiting till they awoke her, Sévigné arrived from the country. Having learnt from my

page, whom I had not instructed about the matter, not foreseeing that the husband would arrive so soon; having learnt, I say, that he had a letter from me to his wife, Sévigné took it from him without suspecting anything, and having read it on the instant, told him not to wait, as there was no answer. You may judge how I received him: I was on the point of killing him, seeing the danger to which I had exposed my cousin, and I never closed my eyes during the following night. Sévigné, on his side, did not pass a better night than I; and the next day, after bitterly reproaching his wife, he forbade her to see me. She sent me word of it, assuring me that with a little patience all would come right some day or another.*

It is stated in this same history that Madame de Sévigné was devotedly attached to her husband, and that he had the fullest confidence in her. It is therefore Bussy's wounded vanity that speaks when he tries to convey the impression that either one or the other thought him dangerous. It was the abuse of confidence, the treachery of gentleman to gentleman, that really exasperated Sévigné; and when, soon after this affair, he carried his wife into Brittany and left her there, it was not from any distrust or jealousy, but to lead a life of criminal and ruinous indulgence without restraint.

Ninon had a very simple method of keeping her numerous train of admirers from dropping off. They were one and all encouraged to hope. '*Attends mon caprice,*' was her constant reply to the more importunate, and they apparently had not long to wait; for early in her career she told a friend who questioned her about the number of her caprices, '*Pour le moment je suis à mon vingtième.*' Her sex was her misfortune; for it was said of her that she had every virtue which is esteemed in a man of chivalrous honour, in a gallant gentleman; and she never lost her hold on her most distinguished contemporaries. Scarron consulted her on his Romances; St. Évremond on his Poems; Molière on his Comedies; Fontenelle on his Dialogues; and La Rochefoucauld on his Maxims.* There is a story of a noble refugee entrusting half his fortune to an archbishop and half to Ninon. She faithfully fulfilled her part of the trust, whilst the archbishop utterly ignored his.

She soon flung over Sévigné for Rambouillet de la Sablière, to whom she wrote, 'I shall love you for three months, which is three ages for me;' and Sévigné transferred his equally volatile affections to Madame de

Gondran, for whom he incurred the most extravagant expenses and was guilty of all sorts of folly. Some strong remarks of a discarded admirer, the Abbé de Romilly, having been repeated by Lacger, private Secretary to the ex-Queen Christine, at a ball, Sévigné threatened to cane him, and Lacger, carefully avoiding any hostile message or encounter on his own account, told the Chevalier d'Albret, another angry rival, that Sévigné had joined with the object of their common pursuit in turning *him* into ridicule. The Chevalier sent a friend, the Marquis le Soyecour, to demand an explanation of Sévigné, who declared that he had used no such language, adding that he made this declaration for the sake of truth, and by no means to justify himself, which he never did otherwise than sword in hand. In consequence of this answer a meeting was arranged on Friday, February 3, 1651, at midday. Both were punctual to the minute. Sévigné, who brought the swords, began by repeating that he had never said of D'Albret what had been repeated to him, and that he was at his disposal. The two antagonists embraced. The Chevalier then said that they must fight all the same. The Marquis replied that this was his understanding, and that he had not come to the place to return without doing anything. Immediately they take their ground, and the combat begins. Sévigné makes three or four lunges at his adversary, who had his coat pierced without receiving a wound. In the act of resuming the offensive, he lays himself open; Albret takes his time and stands on his guard (*pare*); and Sévigné, rushing on his adversary, is run through the body and falls. He is carried back to Paris, where the surgeons immediately declare the wound mortal. He died the day after, regretting to die at twenty-seven. His friends, or rather the companions of his pleasures, had hurried to be present at his death. Amongst them was Gondran, the one amongst them who was the most sincerely affected by his loss.

Such is the detailed account of Conrart and other contemporary annalists; who add that he was little regretted, being, in fact, an ill-conditioned, as well as thoroughly worthless, fellow. But he is not the first ill-conditioned or worthless fellow who has inspired a woman of sense and principle with a durable affection, and he was deeply lamented by his widow. Her first care on arriving at Paris was to repair a want which she felt keenly. She had no likeness of him nor any of his hair; and she took the extraordinary step of applying to Madame de Gondran, who satisfactorily responded to

* 'Biographie Universelle.' The Baron de Walckenaer has devoted a chapter to her.

the application. By way of return, she caused to be remitted to this lady the whole of her letters to the dear defunct, which, according to Tallemant, were coarse in the extreme. She fainted away the first time she met the Chevalier d'Albret in company; and two years after the duel she was observed to turn pale and totter at a ball at the sight of Soyecour (the second). On seeing Lacger, the cause of the catastrophe, in an alley where she was walking at Saint-Cloud, she said, 'There is the man in the world I hate the most for the injury he has done me by his indiscretion.' Two officers of the guards who happened to be with her offered to horsewhip him in her presence. 'Do nothing of the kind,' she said; 'he is with several of my relations, whom you would be sorry to offend.' And she turned with her escort into another alley.

She left Paris as soon as the necessary arrangements were completed, and did not return till the ninth or tenth month of the prescribed period of mourning; at the end of which she is again found mingling with constantly increasing *éclat* in the political, literary, and gay world of Paris. But that world had undergone material changes, mostly for the worse, since she first entered it. The Fronde was at fever heat, and Madame de Puliga, following the example of her French predecessors, devotes two chapters to the Fronde.* But we shall give our readers credit for knowing that it was a series of civil commotions, an intermittent civil war, lasting about four years (1648-1652), beginning with a cabal against Mazarin supported by the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, and ending by the complete re-establishment of the royal authority. It abounded in striking episodes and romantic adventures; placing in broad relief the historic names of Condé, Turenne, de Retz, Mazarin, Rochefoucauld, the Duchesse de Longueville, Anne of Austria, the Grande Mademoiselle, &c., &c., who plotted against each other in such an entangled network of intrigues, that, about the time of Madame de Sévigné's return, they were split into five separate factions, engaged in a

* She has merely abridged the ordinary accounts, and has obviously overlooked documents that have been recently brought to light. Thus, speaking of the father and mother of the great Condé, she says, 'The husband and wife hated each other.' The Duc d'Aumale ('Histoire des Princes de Condé,' vol. ii. p. 284) merely says that they never manifested much tenderness for one another, and that the husband was jealous. There are grounds for believing that she was much attached to him, and that Henry IV. behaved to her much as he behaved to the fair Gabrielle.

kind of quinquangular duel. The society of the *Précieuses* was broken up, and the most select reunions were held at the little Luxembourg, in the apartments of the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, the niece of the great cardinal. It was there that Pascal first attracted attention, not by logical or metaphysical subtlety, but by amusing and ingenious demonstrations in mathematical and physical science:—

'Que l'on vit bien, en vérité
Qu'un très-beau génie il possède;
Et l'on traita d'Archimède.'

Port Royal and the Jansenists were fast growing into importance, and already exercising a marked influence. They had formed an alliance defensive and offensive with Retz; with whom Madame de Sévigné sided fearlessly and consistently; and being thus constantly brought into contact with the best of them, she naturally fell in with their ways of thinking and their views. Although their tendency was to give a more serious tone to thought, to impose a beneficial restraint on manners, and to check frivolous occupations, there never was a time when amusement was more eagerly pursued or intrigues of all sorts were more rife. The Grande Mademoiselle gave entertainments on the most magnificent scale twice a week, and it was at one of these that Charles II., then an exile, proposed for her. They were regularly attended by Madame de Sévigné, who also held receptions which obtained notoriety by an adventure vividly illustrative of the times. We cannot find room for the details; but one admirer calls out another for not ceding the place of honour in her *ruelle*; and three or four duels, with three or four on a side, are with difficulty prevented by the combined influence of the ladies and the police.

The Comte de Lude, who entered the list as one of her champions in this affair, was the suitor who, next to Bussy, was thought to have the best chances of success. In the course of the three following years we find the Prince de Conti, Turenne, and Fouquet (the magnificent Fouquet, who was deemed all-conquering), at her feet. In fact, her suitors were as numerous as the suitors of Penelope:—

'Not more than twenty-five, already celebrated for her wit, her agreeability, her attractions: free to choose amongst a great number of competitors eager to dispute her hand, sufficiently conversant with the world to make a good choice. She might, by a new marriage, increase her fortune, and promise herself a happiness which her first husband seemed to have made her know

only to render the privation of it more painful. But if she gave herself a master, she gave her children one. She impaired their fortunes if a new family compelled the division of her property. Could she flatter herself in that case with being able to preserve the same sentiments for the two dear creatures to whom she had given birth? Would a divided tenderness be always equally deep and lively? . . . If, then, a new marriage promised enjoyments and security for her future, it offered only losses and dangers for her children. After having made all these reflexions, Madame de Sévigné did not hesitate, and took the resolution to condemn her whole life to widowhood, to consecrate her entire existence to her children.'

So says M. de Walckenaer. But we hear of no proposals of marriage: her principal admirers were married men, and we suspect that the *preux chevaliers* of her time bore a marked resemblance in one respect to the knights of the Arthurian legend:—

'And still those lovers' fame survives,
For faith so constant shown,
There were two who loved their neighbours'
wives,
And one who loved his own.*

'It can hardly be otherwise in a nation prone to gallantry, where marriages of inclination are the exception and marriages of reason the rule. Bussy was the husband of a second wife, and the father of two daughters, when he makes Madame de Sévigné the reluctant confidant of his intrigues with Mesdames de Gonville and de Montglat, in the mistaken hope of improving by jealousy his position with herself. He was a gambler, and had just been boasting to her of such a run of luck that no one ventured to play with him, when fortune proved fickle; he was in want of money for his outfit in the coming campaign, and he wrote to her to beg the loan of ten thousand crowns on the security of a reversionary interest to that amount. She readily complied, being really glad of an opportunity of obliging him, but the management of her property had been left entirely to her uncle, the Abbé, and she never engaged in any pecuniary transaction without his advice, which was to delay the loan till some preliminary inquiries had been made. Her hesitation irritated Bussy, and, hard pressed as he was, he did not scruple to accept the loan of Madame de Montglat's diamonds. These he pawned for two thousand crowns, and then started for the army in the worst possible humour with his cousin, vowing never to speak or write to her again. It is from

this epoch that the decline of his fortune is dated by his biographer—*Ex illo retro fluere et sublapsa referri*.—

'If his rupture with her was not the sole cause of his subsequent mishaps, it certainly contributed largely to them. It is since he ceased to have her for a friend and confidant, since he had no longer the fear of her disapproval before his eyes, since he no longer stood in dread of her clever and useful railery—was no longer encouraged by her praises nor enlightened by her counsels, that he passed from prodigality to disorder, and from gallantry to debauch.*

On his return from the campaign, in which he highly distinguished himself, he joined a party of congenial spirits, who, with the view of escaping the restraints of the Holy Week, agreed to pass it at the château of Vivonne (first gentleman in waiting), four leagues from Paris. Here they indulged in orgies, little differing from those which the Hell Fire Club celebrated at Medenham Abbey under the presidency of Wilkes. The rumour spread that they had made a mockery of the mysteries of religion and travestied the ceremonies of the Church. Coming to particulars, people accused them of having baptized frogs and sucking-pigs, and of having killed a man and supped upon him. These stories reached the King, and the perpetrators of the scandal were banished from Court and exiled to their country houses. This was one of the severest penalties that could be inflicted on a man of Bussy's ambitious views and lax habits; who would cordially have gone along with Buckingham in wishing (as the worst thing that could befall a sentient being) that the dog that bit him 'might marry and live in the country with his wife.' He amused his enforced leisure, gave vent to his irritation, and gratified his malice, by composing a series of lampoons and satirical portraits, which laid the foundation and at length took the form of his '*Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*.'

It was originally intended only for a small circle of friends; but, as almost always happens in such cases, he was betrayed by his vanity into showing it to persons who had no motive for secrecy. What was worse, he lent the manuscript to a new mistress the Marquise de la Baume, for twenty-four hours: she employed them in copying it, and within a few weeks after his return to Paris the worst passages had become the subject of comment in every *ruelle* about the Court. Exasperated out of all patience on discovering the treachery of the Marquise, he re-

* The Bridal of Triermain,' canto ii., and see the note.

* Poitevin. Introduction to the '*Histoire amoureuse des Gaules*.' Digitized by Google

proached her with such bitterness that, with true feminine spite, she sent a copy to Holland to be printed, with alterations and additions of the most mischievous and compromising sort. One of the spurious passages reflected on the King; and Bussy was sent to the Bastille, whence, after thirteen months' incarceration, he emerged without official or military rank, credit, or consideration; for he had been compelled to resign his dignities, and sell his company of light horse.

Then it was that Madame de Sévigné came forward with rare magnanimity to proffer a renewal of her friendship and a full pardon for her wrongs. They were of a nature that few women would have pardoned, unless the finest observers have been mistaken, and all history be false. Mrs. Western refused to prosecute the highwayman who declared with an oath, that such handsome b—s did not want jewels, but peremptorily insisted on the dismissal of Honor for saying that Sophia was the younger and handsomer of the two. Elizabeth was provoked into signing the death warrant of Mary by the letter in which her personal defects were spitefully recapitulated. Bussy's utmost malice was exerted to wound his cousin on this the most vulnerable side of her sex; as when he insinuates that she was not chary of her arms, probably from thinking that there could be no harm where there was no pleasure;* or when he describes her as unequal even to her eyes: 'She has eyes of different colours, and, the eyes being the mirrors of the soul, these inequalities are like a warning given by nature to those who approach her, not to place great reliance on her friendship.' A sweeping charge of illiberality is based on the delay of the loan: 'There are people who place only sacred things as limits to their friendship, and who would do all for their friends except offend God. These people are called friends up to the altar. The friendship of Madame de Cheneville has other limits; this charmer is only a friend up to the purse. She is the only pretty woman in the world who has dishonoured herself by ingratitude.' For what was she to be grateful to Bussy?

Although she spontaneously hurried to his support in his well-merited depression and disgrace, their intimacy could hard-

ly be called cordial or unrestrained till he found an opportunity of doing her an important service in his turn. Fouquet was one of the admirers who had given most umbrage to Bussy, and as apparently among the most persevering, for she wrote: 'With him (Fouquet) I have always the same precautions and the same fears, which notably retard the progress he would willingly make. I believe he will be tired at last of always recommencing uselessly the same thing.' When he was arrested in 1661, all his papers were seized, and amongst them were found several letters from Madame de Sévigné—Madame de Puliga says 'amongst his voluminous correspondence;' but the whole mischief arose from their being found in his *cassette aux poulets*, the box ostentatiously devoted to his *billets doux* or love-letters. Her letters were certainly misplaced in this depository. Her own explicit explanation is contained in a letter to Ménage, which we copy *verbatim* for the sake of the spelling from the autograph in the possession of M. Feuillet de Conches:—

— 'Je vous remercie, mon cher monsieur, de toutes vos nouvelles. Il y en a deux ou trois dans votre lettre qui ie ne sauois point. Pour celles de M. Fouquet, ie nentends parler dautre chose. Je pense que vous saues bien le deplesir que iay eü davoit esté trouuée dans le nombre de celles qui luy ont escrit. Il est vray que ce nestait ny la galanterie, ni linterest que mauoient obligée davoit vn commerce avec luy. Lon voit clairement que ce nestait que pour les affaires de M. de la Trousse; mais cela nempesche pas que ie naye esté fort touchée de voir quil les avoit mises dans la cassette de ses poulets, et de me voir nommée parmy celles qui nont pas eü des sentimens si purs que moy. Dans cette occasion iay besoin que mes amis instruisent ceux qui ne le sont pas. Je vous croy asses genereux pour vouloir en dire ce que M^e de la Fayette vous en apprendra, et iay receu tant dautres marques de vostre amitié que je ne fais nulle facon de vous coniuier de me donner encore cele-cy.*

The contents of the *cassette* were seen by only three persons,—the King, the Queen, and the royal confessor, Tellier, who declared that Madame de Sévigné's letters were letters of business, interspersed with lively comments in her manner on the topics of the day; but the charity of the circle in which she mixed went no further than that of a female celebrity of our time, who made it a rule, she said, when she heard any scandal of a friend, to hope for the best and believe the worst. The calumny was a source of deep annoyance

* 'Je ne sais si c'est parce que ses bras ne sont pas beaux, qu'elle ne les tient pas trop chers, c'est qu'elle ne s'imagine pas faire une faveur, la chose étant si générale; mais enfin les prend et les baise qui veut: je pense que c'est assez pour lui persuader qu'il n'y a point de mal qu'elle croit qu'on n'y a point de plaisir.'—*Histoire amoureuse*.

* 'Causeries d'un Curieux,' vol. iii.

till it gradually died away from sheer emptiness; and there was something peculiarly aggravating in being given by common rumour to the financier who maintained, and had done much to prove, that every woman has her price. It was in this trying emergency that Bussy came to the rescue, and did excellent service by flinging down a bold defiance to her assailants and daring them to the proof. When Rouville, his brother-in-law, remarked that it ill became him, who had made so much noise about her, to rebuke others, he retorted, 'I only tolerate noise of my own making.'

It took three years to prepare for Fouquet's trial, years of wearing anxiety for his friends. When it began, it was watched with the keenest interest by Madame de Sévigné, whose letters to the Marquis de Pomponne contain the best account of the proceedings which we possess. They abound in dramatic scenes and incidents: they palpitate with emotion; and they glow with such tender sympathy as to have impressed Napoleon with the belief that a warmer feeling than friendship must have dictated them.* But when her feelings were touched, it was in her nature to run into extremes; her heart and mind are laid open for one who runs to read. She lets out all because she has nothing which she has reason to keep back. Thus, after going masked to see him pass from the court to the prison, she writes:—

'I do not believe he recognised me; but I fairly own to you that I was strangely affected when I saw him enter that little door. If you knew how unhappy one is when one has a heart made like mine, you would pity me; but I think, from what I know of you, that you do not get off at a cheaper rate. I have been to see your dear neighbour (Madame Duplessis-Guénégaud). We have had a good talk about our dear friend (Fouquet). She has seen Sapho (Mademoiselle Scudéry), who has given her fresh courage. As for myself, I will go to her to-morrow to raise mine; for from time to time I feel that I have need of comfort. It is not that a thousand things are not afloat which ought to give hope; but, my God, I have so lively an imagination, that everything uncertain is death to me.'

When people began to speculate on the sentence, when the accused was literally suspended between life and death, she writes again:—

'Everybody is interested in this great affair. People speak of nothing else: they reason, they

draw conclusions, they reckon on their fingers, they are moved to tenderness; they fear, wish, hate, admire, grow sad, are overcome: in a word, my poor friend, the condition in which we are for the moment is most extraordinary: it is a thing divine—the resignation and firmness of our dear unfortunata. He knows every day what passes, and volumes would have to be written in his praise.'

When the sentence was passed, December 20th, she writes, 'Praise God, Monsieur, and thank him. Our poor friend is saved. Thirteen have sided with M. d'Ormesson and nine with Sainte-Hélène. I am beside myself with joy.' She was thankful for small mercies. The sentence was confiscation of goods and perpetual exile; which the gracious monarch transmuted to perpetual imprisonment. Arraigned in the name of the public weal, at the bar of the French nation, or the bar of posterity, Fouquet would have merited his doom. But it was hard on him to be condemned by a monarch who had connived at his speculations, and only became awake to their enormity when his aspiring minister presumed to rival him in splendour and in love. Misplaced or not, Madame de Sévigné's sympathy does credit to her heart, and, in the teeth of the abounding proofs of sensibility in her letters, it is absurd to attribute her unfailing purity of conduct to coldness, or to deny her the merit of resisting temptations to which all around were yielding without reproach.*

'Let conquerors boast

Their fields of fame: he who in virtue arms
A young warm spirit against Beauty's charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.'

And no less brave is she who in virtue arms a young, warm spirit against the seductive arts of a brilliant and dissolute society like that of which Madame de Sévigné formed part. Nor did conscious weakness compel her to fly from them. Madame de Puliga calls on us 'to respect her when, a fond mother, she seeks retirement to devote herself to her two children.' But she never did seek retirement to devote herself to them. On the contrary, she remained at Paris for the express purpose of giving them the best education; and it was during the most important stages of that education† that she was the observed of all observers in the gayest circles of

* 'En lisant le procès de Fouquet (dans "Les Lettres de Madame de Sévigné") il remarquait que l'intérêt de Madame de Sévigné était bien chaud, bien vif, bien tendre, pour de la simple amitié.'—*Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène*.

* 'Elle est d'un tempérament froid, au moins si on en croit feu son mari: aussi lui avait-il l'obligation de sa vertu, comme il disoit: toute sa chaleur est à l'esprit.'—*Bussy*.

† She remained in Paris all the winter (1655–1656) and did not even return, according to her custom, to the Rochers during the fine season.

the capital. Speaking of a visit to Paris in 1657, the Abbé Arnauld writes:—

‘It was during this expedition that M. de Sévigné introduced me to the illustrious Marquise de Sévigné, his niece, whose name cannot be mentioned without praise by those who know how to value wit, agreeability, and virtue. A thing highly to her advantage and very singular may be told of her: that one of the most formidable pens of France (Bussy) having undertaken to calumniate her like many others, was constrained by the force of truth to attribute to her purely imaginary defects, having been unable to discover any real. I fancy that I see her still as she appeared to me the first time I had the honour of seeing her,—arriving in her open carriage between her son and daughter; all three such as the poets represent Latona between the young Apollo and the little Diana; so much charm and beauty did the mother and children display. She did me the honour of promising me her friendship, and I am proud of having preserved to this hour so dear and so precious a gift. But I should add, to the praise of the sex, that I have found more fidelity in my female than in my male friends, having been more often deceived by the male and never by the female.’

The Abbé was a fortunate man, and probably a safe one. In a letter to her daughter, in 1667, Madame de Sévigné recalls a similar group:

‘Monsieur de Pomponne remembers a day when you were a little girl at my uncle’s. You were behind a window, with your brother, more beautiful, he says, than an angel; you said that you were a prisoner, that you were a princess banished from your father’s house. Your brother was beautiful like you! you were nine. He reminded me of this day. He has never forgotten a moment when he has seen you.’

The interest she took in them may have had a good deal to do with the exclusion of other interests; but we cannot agree with those who would fain convert her maternal love into a new virtue, or fling round it an additional halo, by supposing that she caught at it and clung to it as a plank of safety or a shield. If there be a passion or feeling inborn and instinctive, it is this. It cannot be adopted, or deepened for an emergency, at will. Her excess of fondness for

We may suppose that the animated pleasures of the capital contributed to retain her there. . . . It is probable that at the period of which we are now speaking (1657–1658), their education was the motive that retained her at Paris, and forced her to remain there.’ (*Walckenaer*.) She was at most of the court entertainments, and was frequently the guest of Fouquet in 1658: her daughter being then fourteen and her son twelve. One of her reasons for preferring Paris was that the air of Brittany was bad for her complexion.

her children was natural and spontaneous. It was not, and could not be, the result of a resolution to be good. She could no more have moderated than created it; and the result was that both boy and girl were spoiled. Flattery and indulgence planted or fostered in each the qualities that proved most injurious or unamiable in after life. They were well taught, so far as concerns acquirements and accomplishments, but the son grew up reckless and dissipated; the daughter haughty, vain, selfish, and cross-grained.

The advance of Mademoiselle Françoise Marguerite towards womanhood is marked by some verses of Saint-Pavin, from which it appears that *Manon*, as she was called in her thirteenth or fourteenth year, was annoyed at being so called: that she was beginning to form the charm of her mother’s society, where the only name she went by was *la belle Madelonne*: that, giving up birds and dolls, she had acquired a taste for battledore and shuttlecock; a game which (as a well-known story proves) may be turned to good account by coquetry. She was also said to be fond of *reversi*, a game of cards. It was when she was about a year older, in the winter of 1662–1663, that she was presented at court by her mother—*matre pulchra filia pulchrior*—and she at once took rank with the received beauties:—

‘The sensation she created,’ says Madame de Puliga, ‘was great; her beauty being of a kind well calculated to excite admiration, though in some degree a tenderness of expression was wanting. To the dazzling complexion of a blonde she united perfect regularity of features; all her portraits, that painted by Mignard especially, represent her as singularly beautiful. There is in her countenance a remarkable harmony; it seems as if the most critical eye could not wish her in any single particular to be otherwise. Looking at this “amiable countenance,” of which Madame de Sévigné speaks so often, the peculiarity of her daughter’s beauty is readily understood. Yet there was something deficient in all this perfection: a lack of warmth, of geniality, absence, too, of all those outward endearments which rendered her mother so fascinating, and which in the daughter silenced and repelled the admiration she called forth.’

The Marquis de Tréville, a high authority, exclaimed, ‘This beauty will set the world on fire.’ Bussy pronounced her to be the prettiest girl in France; * and in La Fontaine’s dedication of a fable to her are these lines:—

* ‘*La plus jolie fille de France*.’ But the word *joli* meant then rather charming than pretty. Thus Madame de Sévigné writes in 1676, ‘Nos Français sont si aimables et si jolis.’

'Vous qui naquîtes toute belle,
A votre indifférence près.'

'Beauty born in every sense,
Barring your indifference.'

She herself was so lost in admiration of her own surpassing charms that, when her ex-master in philosophy, the Abbé de la Mousse, took the liberty of reminding her that, like all things human, they were subject to decay, 'Yes,' was her reply, 'but they are not decayed yet.' She was right enough here, and so was the English girl who, on being reminded by her spiritual guide that beauty was only skin deep, remarked that this was deep enough till people began going into society without their skins. It was probably the indifference or conceit which Mademoiselle betrayed in manner and expression that led many to award the palm to the mother, then thirty-seven. Thus Ménage :—

'Je l'ai dit dans la famille,
Et je le dirai toujours,
Vous n'aimez point votre fille,
Ce miracle de nos jours.
Par l'éclat incomparable
De votre teint, de vos yeux,
Par votre esprit adorable,
Vous l'effacez en tous lieux.'

Again we risk an imitation:—

'Your love for her's a blind,
Or you'd surely veil awhile
Those mirrors of your mind,
Your eyes, your lips, your smile.
I say it in all places,
I say it in all ways,
Your brilliancy effaces
This wonder of our days.'

Confiding in her daughter's pride and coolness, or led away by the love of pleasure, Madame de Sévigné fearlessly carried her into the charmed circle where seductions were rife. The young lady was permitted to figure in ballets before the King in costumes peculiarly adapted to shew off her attractions: as an Amazon, a sea-nymph, and Omphale, in succession. She was, of course, the object of frequent pursuit, but the most enterprising gallants, after a brief trial, gave up all hope of the prize; and when the perverted notions of the period marked or 'spotted' her as an object of royal favour, this was deemed an exalted compliment, implying not the semblance of a slur.

In 1668, when the passion of the King for Mademoiselle de la Vallière began to cool, the Duc de Rohan was trying to secure the expected vacancy for his sister Madame de Soubise, and the Duc de Feuillade for Mademoiselle de Sévigné. On hearing this bit of news from Madame de

Montmorency, Bussy, susceptible as he was on the point of family honour, replies, 'I should be very glad if the King would attach himself to Mademoiselle de Sévigné, for the damsel is a great friend of mine, and he could not do better.' Revolting as this sounds now, Bussy simply hoped his young relative would obtain a preferment which was coveted for their wives, daughters, sisters, and nieces by so-called honourable men. 'Have you heard,' writes Madame de Sévigné to Madame de Grignan, in 1671, 'that Villarceaux, speaking to the king about a place for his son, adroitly took occasion to tell him that there were officious people who busied themselves in telling his niece that his Majesty had some designs on her: that, if this were so, he begged to be employed: that the affair would be better in his hands than in any other; and that he could bring it to a successful termination? The King burst out laughing, and told him, "Villarceaux, you and I are too old to meddle with damsels of fifteen."'

By common consent, the *belle Madelonne*, with all her beauty, cultivation and intelligence, was an uninteresting person, and year after year passed away without producing an acceptable suitor for her hand. She inspired no passion; and an alliance with her family—Frondeuse and Janséniste, with de Retz and Bussy for its illustrations—offered small prospect of rising in the only place in which young ambition then could rise, at court. The mother's impatience and irritation at the bad taste or want of spirit in the male sex, are betrayed in her correspondence. In reply to Bussy regretting that the young lady had not been so fortunate as her friend Mademoiselle de Brancas, recently married to the Prince d'Harcourt, Madame de Sévigné writes, 'The prettiest girl in France is your very humble servant; this name sounds agreeable enough. I am, however, tired of doing it the honours.' Bussy replies: 'The prettiest girl in France knows full well what I am to her. I long as much as you for another to aid you in doing the honours; it is in its bearings on her that I recognise the caprice of destiny, as well as in my own affairs.' A month later, Madame de Sévigné resumes: 'The prettiest girl in France is more worthy than ever of your esteem and friendship. Her destiny is so difficult to comprehend, that, as for me, I can make nothing of it.' Emblems and devices were in vogue, and the device of this young lady (engraved on her seal) was a pomegranate, with the motto: *Il piv (piu) grato nasconde*—implying that her best qualities were unseen. The precise contrary was the fact.

A husband was found at last in the person of the Comte de Grignan, the head of an illustrious family, who had held high employments and buried two wives; aged thirty-seven, plain in person and distinguished in manners. The great event is thus announced to Bussy by Madame:—

'I must tell you what no doubt will give you pleasure. It is, that at last the "prettiest girl in France" marries not the prettiest young man, but one of the most "honnêtes hommes" in the Kingdom; whom you have long known. All his wives have died to make way for your cousin, and even his father and his son, out of extraordinary kindness; so, being richer than he has ever been, and being moreover by his birth, by his establishments, and by his good qualities such as we could wish, we do not haggle with him as it is customary to do, but put our trust in the two families that have gone before us. He appears much pleased at our alliance, and as soon as we hear from his uncle, the Archbishop of Arles—his other uncle, the Bishop of Uzès, being here—the affair will be completed before the end of the year. As I am a sufficiently precise lady, I would not fail to ask your advice and approbation. The public seems satisfied, that is much; for we are so foolish that we seem to regulate ourselves by *that*.'

Bussy replies that she is right in supposing that the news would give him pleasure: 'There is only one thing that alarms me for the prettiest girl in France; it is that Grignan, not yet an old man, is already at his third wife; he uses up almost as many wives as coats, or at least as coaches; with this drawback, I think my cousin fortunate; as for him, there is nothing wanting to his happiness.' The bride elect was a little staggered by the same reflection, and although Bluebeard was the creation of a later age, she experienced, by anticipation, an ill-defined fear of such a character. Her scruples were got over, as well as the more reasonable objections of Retz, to the uncertainty touching the Grignan estates, which Madame de Sévigné imprudently neglected to clear up. She paid over the dowry (60,000 francs) without inquiry, and the marriage took place on the 29th of January, 1669.

As marriages go, it may be called a happy marriage, in spite of the pecuniary embarrassments to which there are frequent allusions in the letters, and in spite of her husband's peculiar style of ugliness, which led to his being nicknamed *Matou* (Tom-cat). 'It is certain,' says M. de Walckenaer, 'that Madame de Grignan was afraid of attracting the attention of the King. When she appeared at court with her husband, whose ug-

liness formed so strong a contrast to her own beauty, not only did she abstain from any refinement of dress, but she ventured to shock the despotic will of fashion, by hiding under a far from becoming garment the charms which the young women of her age were bound to display.' In a letter of the following year, Madame de Sévigné asks: 'Do you remember how sick we were of that horrid black cloak? This disregard of appearance was that of a virtuous woman; M. de Grignan may thank you for it; but it was very tiresome for the lookers-on.' There was a Lady Edgeworth who, in consequence of the marked admiration of Charles II. at her presentation, refused to attend his court a second time. But one of the darkest catastrophes in English history was brought about by the opposite behaviour of a wife. When Athelwald, says Hume, entreated Elfrida to conceal her beauty from Edgar, 'she promised compliance, though nothing was farther from her intention. She appeared before the King with all the advantages which the richest attire and the most engaging airs could bestow upon her, and excited at once in his bosom the highest love towards herself, and the most furious desire of revenge against her husband.'

The Comte de Grignan was appointed Lieutenant-General of Provence (virtually Governor) in November, 1669, and immediately left Paris. Madame de Grignan, detained by her confinement and other causes, did not join him till January, 1671; and this, the first separation of mother and daughter, is the turning-point of their common history; and according to the biographers, the starting-point of the mother's epistolary fame. Expressing the popular notion, Madame de Puliga says, 'The letters of Madame de Sévigné would not be the monument of genius they are, had Madame de Grignan remained in Paris; but not at such a price would Madame de Sévigné, we feel sure, have bought the eminent place posterity has awarded her.' She was forty-five in 1671, and had been an assiduous correspondent since she was fifteen. She had already written most of the letters to Bussy, which laid the foundation of her fame: the letters to Pomponne on the trial of Fouquet, and the letters to Coulanges, describing the Grande Demoiselle and Lauzun romance. She would have gone on writing in the same fashion in any case, but she was evidently stimulated into restless, feverish activity by her passion for her daughter: her pen was consequently more prolific upon general topics, and we are ex-

clusively indebted to the separation for the passages in which her maternal love is so exquisitely delineated and expressed.

But was that passion an improving or elevating one? Did it strengthen her mind? Was it creditable to her understanding? Was it not positively injurious both to the object and herself? M. de Walckenaer says that she had strong literary tendencies, but that maternal love was to her what the love of fame was to other gifted women who wrote books, and that her daughter was the sole public she cared about. If so, the world may have lost instead of gaining by her unrestrained tenderness. St. Simon terms it her sole defect; and, speaking of Arnauld d'Andilly, she tells her daughter:—

'He scolded me very seriously, and told me I was mad not to think of converting myself; that I was a pretty pagan; that I made you my idol: that this sort of idolatry was as dangerous as any other, though appearing less criminal to me.'

Far from thinking it criminal, she took pride in it. She writes from Livry:—

'I make a little La Trappe of this place: I wish to pray to God and make a thousand reflexions. I intend to fast a great deal for all sorts of reasons, and above all *m'ennuyer* for the love of God. But, my dear daughter, what I shall do much better than all this, is to think of you. I have done nothing else since I got here; and, unable to contain my emotions, I have seated myself to write to you at the end of the little dark walk you like so much, on the mossy bank on which I have seen you recline. But, my God! where have I not seen you here? And how all these thoughts pierce my heart! There is not a place, a spot, neither in the house, nor in the church, nor in the country, nor in the garden, where I have not seen you. In some way or other, I see you; you are present to me; I think and think again of all: my head and my mind are racked; but I turn in vain, I seek in vain: that darling child whom I love so passionately, is two hundred leagues away: I have her no longer; and then I weep without restraint.'

This is genuine; yet the letters in which the same sentiment is produced and reproduced in touching forms of inexhaustible variety, bear a strong analogy to poetical compositions like Petrarch's Sonnets and Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. Except at the commencement, they spring quite as much from the imagination as the heart: the complaint, or sorrow, becomes by habit a luxury; and the writer finds a positive pleasure in exciting her fancy and then following its flow.

Conscious as she must have been of her daughter's defects of heart and temper, she writes in 1686:—

'Is there anyone in the world more enlightened, and more penetrated with reason and with your duties than you are? You know full well that you are above others; you have wisdom, judgment, discernment; uncertainty, because you are too enlightened; cleverness, insinuation, purpose, when you will; prudence, firmness, presence of mind, eloquence, and the gift of being loved when you desire it, and sometimes a great deal more than you desire. Paper is not wanting, nor the materials to fill it; but to say all in a word, you have in you all that is requisite to be whatever you aspire to. There are some people in whom the stuff is wanting. . . . My child, do not complain.'

In the intercourse between these ladies, the maxim, 'the absent are always in the wrong,' was reversed. It was only when separated that they agreed; and their occasional meetings were invariably followed by heartburnings and regrets. As a married woman, wrapped up in her husband, her children and her establishments, Madame de Grignan felt the ridicule of being petted and fondled like a child, and sometimes allowed her temper to get the better of her vanity.

In 1671, Madame de Sévigné writes:

'You tell me I have been unjust on the subject of your affection for me, but I have been so even more than you imagine; I hardly dare own to you to what extent I carried my folly. I have imagined you felt an aversion to me, and I have believed it because I fancied your behaviour towards me was that which I should adopt towards those I hate; and only consider, I believed this dreadful thing when most ardently wishing the contrary! In such moments—I must lay bare to you my entire weakness—if anyone had thrust a poniard into my heart it would not have wounded me so mortally as that fancy.'

In 1677: 'Let us, my child, re-establish our reputation by another journey, when we will be reasonable, that is you; and when we shall not be told, You are killing one another.'

Madame de Sévigné was an irreproachable administrator of her own property, never got into debt, and gave her son the best advice on that subject; but on hearing that a *marchande* of Paris had been endeavouring to get some money due to her from the Grignans, she writes:—

'Imagine making a journey of five hundred miles to ask for money from persons who send what they can and are dying to send more! No person's arrival at Grignan could more have astonished me. When I heard it, I actually screamed. *You are reasonable, and did well not to ill-use her*; but how did you get out of

her clutches and of her inundation of words in which one is drowned ?'

For once, she hazarded a sensible remonstrance against the high play in which the Grignans indulged :—

'I hear on different sides that you both lose all you stake. Why, why, such ill-luck ? why that perpetual little drain I have always found so inconvenient ? . . .

'Continued ill-luck provokes and offends. We hate thus to be mocked by Fortune. The advantage others have over us is humiliating, though it be only a trifle. My love, Nicole expresses that so well. I hate Fortune, and am well convinced that she is blind to treat you in such a fashion. If she had but one eye, you would not be so unlucky.'

And again, a month afterwards :—

'You have wonderful ill-luck ; you always lose. This swallows up a great deal of money. I cannot believe you have enough not to feel these continual losses. Take my advice, do not persist. I feel more than you do that perpetual ill-luck. Remember that you have spent all that money without diverting yourself. Quite the contrary ; you have given five or six thousand francs to bore yourself. My child, I am getting too earnest ; you must say, like Tartuffe, "It is an excess of zeal."'

A complete contrast to his sister, Charles, Marquis de Sévigné (born in 1648), was endowed with his mother's joyous temperament and much of her ready wit. When under the same roof with her, he fell in with her tastes and ways, walked, talked, and read with her, and was a most delightful companion, which may be one reason why she never idealises him when absent. He was brave and honourable, and had served with distinction ; but he was dissipated and extravagant, a sort of Charles Surface in his way. The third Earl of Oxford defined timber 'an excrescence on the earth's surface, placed there for the payment of debts.' Lord Alvanley having sent orders for the cutting of too much more timber on his estate, the aged dame wrote, 'there was nothing left standing but the sign-posts.'—'Then cut them down.' The Marquis de Sévigné entertained the same view of the final cause of timber. His mother writes, in 1680 :—

'I was yesterday at the Buron, and returned at night. I thought I must have cried on seeing the degradation of this estate. It possessed the oldest trees in the world ; and my son during his last journey had them felled. He also sold a little clump which was truly beautiful. All this is pitiable. He carried off four hundred pistoles, of which he had not a sou remaining a month after. It is impossible to understand what he does, nor what his stay in Brittany cost him, where he was like a beggar, for he had sent back his footmen and his coachman

to Paris, and he had no one but Larchemin with him in this town, where he remained two months. He has found out how to spend without keeping up an appearance, how to lose without gambling, and how to pay without getting out of debt ; always a thirst for and a want of money in peace as in war. It is an abyss of I know not what, for he has not a single fancy, but his hand is a crucible in which gold melts. My child, you must endure all this. All those afflicted dryads I saw yesterday, all those venerable rural deities who no longer know where to find shelter, all those old crows established for two centuries in the horror of those woods, those owls, who in this obscurity announced by their mournful cries the miseries of all men—all this yesterday uttered complaints to me that sensibly touched my heart ; and who knows that some of those old oaks have not spoken, like the one in which Clorinde was ?* This place was a place of enchantment, if there ever was one.'

His affair with Ninon made her tremble for his religious principles, to which, like other French mothers, she attached more importance than to his morals :—

'But how dangerous she is, that Ninon ! If you know how she discourses on religion, you would be horrified. Her zeal to pervert young men is equal to that of a Monsieur de St. Germain whom we saw once at Livry. She says your brother has the simplicity of a dove.'

Soon afterwards :—

'Ninon has thrown him over : he was unhappy when she was fond of him : he is in despair at her caring for him no longer, and so much the more that she does not speak of him with much respect. She says he has a soul of *bouilli*, a body of wet paper, a heart of pumpkin fricassee in snow.'

Besides lavishing the most fulsome praises on the daughter's beauty, which was real, the mother expatiates on her popularity, which was entirely fabulous :—

'Madame du Gué has written to Monsieur de Coulanges that you are as beautiful as an angel. She is charmed by you and well pleased with your piety. . . . Do you know that to be remembered by you is considered a fortune ? Those who are not, long for the distinction. The word you sent for my aunt is beyond price ; you are very far from forgotten.'

Bussy says, in a letter to Madame de Scudéry, in 1678 :—

'That woman [Madame de Grignan] has but of so sour a kind : her pride is so insupportable, that she will make herself as many enemies as her mother has made friends and admirers.'

In addition to the drain on her resources

* She refers to the 18th canto of Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

from the son's extravagances, she was frequently sending presents to her daughter: a pearl necklace, for which she paid twelve thousand livres, being one. She was therefore occasionally obliged to put the screw on her farmers and agents, who were always in arrear. Starting for Brittany in 1680, she writes: 'I am going like a fury to be paid. I am determined not to listen to any excuses. It is a singular thing what a quantity of money is owing to me. I shall always be saying like the *Avare*: 'Money, money!' She relents a little on arriving. 'What annoys me is to be doing harm; but when I play at drowning, and I ask myself which am I to drown, Monsieur de la Jarie (a farmer) or myself, without hesitation I say, Monsieur de la Jarie, and that gives me courage.' Her courage rapidly melts away: 'It is true that since I have arrived here, I have been giving away rather large sums: one morning 800 francs, another 1000, another 5000, &c. It seems I am joking, but it is a too positive fact. I find farmers and millers who owe me these sums, and who have not a sou to pay me: so I am compelled to give it to them.' Fond as she was of town life, she has an unaffected fondness for rural enjoyments, and there is a natural ring in her burst of pleasure at being rid of some pretentious acquaintance at Victry:—

'At last I am going to be alone, and I am very delighted at it. . . . Provided they don't carry the country off with them, the river, the hundred of little woods and streams, the fields, and the peasants who dance in the fields, I consent to bid adieu to all the rest. The country alone will cure me.'

Whether in town or country, she was never without objects of interest. She read a great deal: she fixed each Cynthia of the minute; and there was no phase of the national mind which she let pass unobserved, no fleeting fashion in speculation or sentiment which she did not fall in sufficiently to mark its tendency and appreciate its force. The attached friends with whom she lived in intimacy were so numerous that the puzzle is how she found time for all of them.

The Duchesse de Longueville was the dream of Rochefoucauld in his *Crime*, Madame de la Fayette his *opinion* in his *Journal*. She said of him, 'Il m'a donné de l'esprit, mais j'ai reformé son cœur.' Madame de Sévigné was with them almost daily, and formed one of the circle at Rochefoucauld's house, to whom he read his *Maxims* for the express purpose of inviting comment. In reference to his sufferings from the gout, she writes: 'His château en Espagne is to be

well enough to be carried to his friends' houses or into his carriage to take the air. . . . He begged I would tell you that those racked on the wheel only suffer one moment what he undergoes half his life, and that he looks for death as his *coup de grâce*.' When his son was killed and his grandson wounded at the passage of the Rhine: 'I have seen his heart laid bare in this cruel affliction: he is in the first rank of all I know for courage, merit, tenderness, and reason. I say nothing of his wit and his agreeability.' The admirable character of him by De Retz was said to have been provoked by one of himself by Rochefoucauld, shewn him by Madame de Sévigné. Speaking of Madame de la Fayette's grief at his death, she says: 'Nothing could be compared to the confidence and charm of their friendship: my daughter, think of it; you will see that it is impossible to sustain a greater loss, and one which time can less easily compensate. *I have not quitted her during all those days*.' She writes to her daughter in 1671: 'Did you not think the five or six fables (La Fontaine's) charming that are in the volume I sent you? We were all enchanted with them at M. de la Rochefoucauld's, and we learnt by heart "*Le Singe et le Chat*." Several of the fables were submitted in manuscript or read to her prior to publication.

She was still more devoted to her distinguished relative, de Retz, whom she called 'the hero of the breviary,' by way of contrast to Turenne, 'the hero of the sword.' In one letter she actually goes the length of telling her daughter: 'The dear Cardinal has nearly put you out of my head.' In another: 'I must see our Cardinal to-night. I must pass an hour or two with him before he goes to bed.' Again, 'We strive to amuse our dear Cardinal; and after mentioning that she had been of the party when Corneille, Boileau and Molière read their best works to him, she adds, 'It is all they can do for his service, and it is not little.' One of her numerous letters to him is preserved.

Her literary taste and her presence were long called in question on the supposition of her having said, '*Racine passera comme le café*'—neither Racine nor coffee having passed away or blown over. She said nothing of the sort. The phrase is La Harpe's, based on a pure fiction of Voltaire's. On the 16th March, 1672, she wrote: 'Racine writes plays for La Champmeslé: * this is not writing them for ages to come. If ever he ceases to be in love, it will be no longer the

* The actress with whom Charles de Sévigné fell in love.

same thing. Our old friend Corneille for ever, then.' Four years later, March 10th, 1676: 'There you are, then, cured of coffee for good and all: Mademoiselle de Méri has also banished it. After such mishaps can we count upon fortune?' It is only by tearing these passages from the context, garbling them, and placing them in juxtaposition, that the semblance of authority can be produced by Voltaire when he states, 'Madame de Sévigné is constant in the belief that Racine will not go far: she judged him like coffee, of which she said that people would soon leave it off.' This having passed without contradiction, he ventured a step farther in the Preface to 'Irene':—

'We are indignant with Madame de Sévigné, who wrote so well and judged so badly. . . . We are disgusted by this wretched party spirit, with this blind prejudice, which makes her say, The fashion of admiring Racine will pass away like the fashion of coffee.'

When Racine was first set up as the rival of Corneille, the court and the playgoing public were divided into two factions, and Madame de Sévigné eagerly upheld her old friend and favourite Corneille.* When coffee was first introduced, she complained of its heating properties and recommended the dilution of it by milk. As the warmth of controversy cooled, she became one of the most enthusiastic admirers of Racine, and one of her biographers, M. Aubenas, suggests that the merit of inventing *café au lait* is due to her.†

'We sup every evening with Madame Scarron,' writes Madame de Sévigné in 1671; 'she has an amiable mind and marvellously straight. It is a pleasure to hear her reason on the horrible agitations of a country (the Court) she knows well: the despair felt by D — when her place seemed so miraculous; the continual rages of Lauzun, the gloomy chagrin and melancholy ennui of the ladies of St. Germain,—and perhaps the most envied (Madame de Montaplan) is not exempt: it is pleasant to hear her talk about all this. These discourses lead us sometimes very far from morality to mortal-

ity, one while Christian and one while political. We often speak of you: she likes your mind and your manners; so, when you find yourself here again, you will not have to fear being out of fashion.'

The widow Scarron, who afterwards (1685) became the wife of the great monarch, had been selected by his mistress, Madame de Montespan, to take charge of her illegitimate children by his Majesty. This was her position when Madame de Sévigné passed every evening with her and attached so much importance to her good word. The fact is she was quietly working her way upwards in a way which inspired esteem, whilst it augured and justified success. *Rien n'est plus habile qu'une conduite irréprochable*, was her maxim; and Louis, satiated with pomps and vanities, tired of facile pleasures, fell, and fell irrevocably, under the yoke of a woman who told him unceasingly that all earthly enjoyment was as dust compared with the welfare of his soul. The serious turn he took about the middle of his reign, and the religious persecutions that ensued, were clearly owing to her influence; yet his religion was pure bigotry at best, whilst there was neither earnestness nor sincerity at any time in hers. She took it up after a careful study of the King's character, as the instrument best adapted for her ends; and the selection does the highest credit to her perspicacity. It was in reference to her diligent performance of her religious duties during the life of Scarron, who burlesqued everything, that she said, 'I did not act thus to please God, but I wished to be looked up to: my passion was to make myself a name.' On another occasion she declared there was nothing she would not do to get the reputation of a *femme forte*. She wrote to Ninon de l'Enclos in 1666, to tell Rochefoucauld that his book of 'Maxims' and the book of Job were her only studies. In illustration of the King's religion it is authentically told that he objected to the appointment of a man to a foreign mission because he was a Jansenist, but withdrew the objection on being assured that the nominee was simply an Atheist. It was under the joint auspices of this well-assorted pair that the Edict of Nantes was revoked in 1685—the year of their marriage—and that an ascetic gloom settled down, during their joint lives, upon the court.

It had already become the fashion to be devout,—for frailty to take refuge in sanctity; and what was said of the chief heroine of the Fronde might have been said of many others: *Elle se sauve sur la même planche de l'ennui et de l'enfer*. Speaking of the example set by Madame de Sablé when she

* In 1670, at the mischievous suggestion of Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans, the two great dramatists brought out each a tragedy on the same subject. Corneille, 'Tite et Bérénice'; Racine, 'Bérénice.' The palm was awarded to Racine, who was then in the maturity of his genius. Corneille was in his decline.

† The history of the phrase in question is given in detail by M. Fournier in his 'L'Esprit dans l'Histoire,' chap. 1. He awards to Madame Cornuel the phrase attributed to Madame de Sévigné of *la monnaie de Monsieur Turenne*, used to describe the generals who succeeded the great commander. It was Madame de Grignan who, when her daughter married a financier, said, "*Il faut quelquefois fumer ses terres*."

retired to Port Royal, M. Cousin says, 'Elle donna à Port-Royal plusieurs belles pécheresses, entre autres, Madame de Longueville.' Madame de Thianges is another striking instance; for she was ludicrously proud of her beauty and her birth, and a professed *gourmande* to boot. It was she who said that 'one does not grow old at table'—on *ne vieillit point à table*. Madame de Sévigné's sketch of this lady is in her happiest manner :—

'M. de Grignan is right in telling you that Madame de Thianges has given up her rouge, and wears high dresses. Under this disguise it is difficult to know her again. She is often now with Madame de Longueville *dans le bel air de la dévotion*; but she is still very good company and by no means an anchorite. I was sitting next her the other day at dinner, when a servant brought her a large glass of *vin de liqueur*. She turned to me and said, "Madame, this fellow does not know that I am *dévot*." This made us laugh. She speaks very naturally of her intentions and her change. She is on her guard in what she says of her neighbour; and when anything escapes her, she stops short, and utters a cry, detesting the bad habit. I find her more agreeable than before.

'There are bets that the Princesse d'Harcourt will not be *dévot* a year hence, at this hour that she is Dame du Palais, and will take again to rouge; for this rouge, it is the law and the prophets: all Christianity turns on rouge. As to the Duchesse d'Aumont, her taste is for burying the dead. They say that, on the frontier, the Duchesse de Charost killed the people with her quack medicines, and that the other Duchesse buried them off-hand.'

When the Marquis de la Fare abandoned Madame de la Sablière for the gaming-table, she took refuge in devotion; and Madame de Sévigné speculates on the many strange methods by which souls may be saved :—

'You ask what has made this solution of continuity between La Fare and Madame la Sablière. It is *bassette*. Would you have believed it? It is under this name that the infidelity stands confessed: it is for this prostitute, *bassette*, that he has given up this religious adoration. The moment was come when this passion was to cease, and even pass over to another object. Would one believe that *bassette* could be a way to salvation for any one? Ah, it has been truly said, there are five hundred thousand roads which lead to it.'

It was not unusual for a fine lady of the Louis Quatorze period, who fell in with the fashion, to pass through three stages—to be by turns *galante*, *savante*, and *dévot*. Madame de Sévigné escaped being either, although, from the atmosphere in which she lived, a strong pressure was put upon her to be successively all three. But it required all her rectitude of understanding and genuine

piety to keep her clear from the prevalent spirit of bigotry. When the Protestant divine, D'Abbadie, published a book on 'The Truth of the Christian Religion'—which she calls 'the most divine of all books'—the question was anxiously mooted whether the author, being a Huguenot, could be saved. Madame de Coligny 'was ready to wager he would not die a Huguenot,' deeming it 'not possible that Jesus Christ would allow one who had so well served Him to perish.' 'And I,' says Bussy, 'who answer for nothing, I say that, if Abbadie dies in his religion, it would make me believe that we can be saved in both.' Madame de Sévigné concurred with Bussy that, under such very peculiar circumstances, a Huguenot might be saved. The struggles she underwent are strikingly portrayed in her letters :—

'One of my strongest desires would be to be devout; * I plague La Mousse [the Abbé] every day on this subject. I belong neither to God nor the Devil. This state of mind annoys me, though, between ourselves, I think it the most natural in the world. One does not belong to the Devil, because one fears God, and that one has a principle of religion at bottom. One does not belong to God either, because His law seems hard and one does not like to destroy oneself. This composes the lukewarm, whose great number does not surprise me at all. However, God hates them: we must, therefore, get away from them, and there's the difficulty.'

This difficulty or dilemma must have been disagreeably present to her when she said, 'Want of reason offends me: want of faith hurts me.' The best and wisest have been frequently at a loss how to reconcile the two. When Madame de Maintenon thought she had solved the problem Madame de Sévigné said to her, '*Vous êtes bienheureux d'être sûr de ces choses-là.*'

St. Simon reports that, in the hottest of the controversy about grace, she said, 'Thicken me your religion a little: it is evaporating altogether by being subtilised.'

There was a formulary condemning the Jansenist doctrines as heretical, which the nuns were required to sign, Pomponne's niece amongst the rest; and she writes to him :—

'Our sisters of Sainte-Marie (Jesuits) said to me: "At last, God be praised! God has touched the heart of this poor creature; she has put herself on the way of obedience and salvation." From thence I go to Port Royal. There I find a great anchorite of your ac-

* The word *dévot* was used in two senses: to express real devotion, or the sentimental seriousness in vogue, such as was satirised in 'Le Taituffe.'

quaintance (his father), who begins by saying to me, "Well, this poor little goose has signed: God has abandoned her at last; she has taken the leap." For my part, I was ready to die with laughter at thinking on what pre-occupation brings to pass. There is the world as it goes for you! I believe that the middle between these extremes is always the best.'

Like Johnson, she dreaded advancing years and death:—

'I find myself in a dilemma, which embarrasses me. I am embarked in life without my consent: I must leave it. This binds me to the earth, and how shall I leave it—where? by what gate? When will it be? In what disposition? Shall I suffer a thousand and a thousand pangs which will make me die despairing? Shall I have a brain fever? Shall I die of an accident? How shall I stand with God? What shall I have to offer Him? Fear, necessity—will these make my return to Him? Shall I have no other sentiment than that of fear? What can I hope? Am I worthy of Paradise? Am I worthy (*digne*) of Hell? What an alternative! What a dilemma! Nothing is so insane as to place one's salvation in uncertainty; but nothing is so natural, and the foolish life I lead is the thing in the world the most easy to understand.'

Yet she met death with Christian resignation when it came suddenly upon her in a form and manner to realise her fears. She died at Grignan of the small-pox, on the 17th April, 1696, in the seventy-first year of her age, neither son nor daughter being present to receive her last wishes or close her eyes. Paussy, who long before her death had done her ample justice, wrote this inscription for her portrait:

'MARIE DE RABUTIN, FILLE DU BARON DE
CHANTAL, MARQUISE DE SÉVIGNÉ, FEMME
D'UN GÉNIE EXTRAORDINAIRE
'ET D'UNE SOLIDE VERTU, COMPATIBLES AVEC
BEAUCOUP D'AGRÈMENTS.'

Madame de Puliga suggests that this inscription would form an appropriate epitaph, and concludes her book with it translated thus:—

'MARIE DE RABUTIN, MARQUISE DE SÉVIGNÉ,
DAUGHTER OF THE BARON DE CHANTAL,
'A WOMAN OF EXTRAORDINARY GENIUS AND
SOLID VIRTUE, COEXISTENT WITH
MANY CHARMS.'*

* Walckenaer (vol. iii. p. 107) gives a different version of this inscription and we think an improved one, describing her as 'Femme d'un Génie extraordinaire, et d'une Vertu compatible avec la Joie et les Agréments.' 'Solid Virtue' is clumsy; and 'la Joie' was so characteristic of her, that it was said, 'La joie de son esprit en fait la force.' It will also be observed that 'compatible' is singular, and not connected with 'Génie.' Madame de Puliga, without any ap-

The character of Madame de Sévigné lies on the surface. It presents so rare an assemblage of good qualities, so nicely balanced, so admirably adapted to her position and her sex, that it is a positive injustice to her to exaggerate them: and to introduce her to the English public with a flourish of trumpets, is a palpable mistake. Unduly raised expectations prepares the way for disappointment. Knowing how fond the ladies and gentlemen of the time were of drawing what they called portraits of one another, Madame de Puliga might surely have spared us the three pages and a half of fulsome flattery by Madame de la Fayette with which the first chapter opens. Could it please or elevate a sensible woman of thirty-three, with a grown-up daughter, to be addressed in this fashion:—

'It is not my wish to overwhelm you with praise, nor to trifle time away by saying that your figure is perfect, that your complexion has a bloom and freshness which assures us you are but twenty; that your mouth, your teeth, and your hair are unrivalled; no, I will not tell you all this, your mirror alone is sufficient. But as you do not waste time by consulting it, it cannot tell you how charming you are when you speak; and this is what I must reveal to you.'

'Your mind is great, noble, fitted to dispense treasures, and incapable of stooping to the care of hoarding them; you are alive to *glory and ambition*, and no less so to pleasures: you appear born for them, and they appear to have been created for you; your presence augments diversions, and diversions augment your beauty when they environ you. In short, joy is the true state of your soul, and grief is more antipathical to you than any one else. You are naturally tender and passionate, but to the shame of our sex this tenderness has been useless to you, and you have confined it to your own, in bestowing it upon Madame de la Fayette.'*

We are sorry to say that Madame de Puliga has been led away by her enthusiasm into much the same style of vague eulogy. She insists on calling her heroine 'great'; and, in a spirited Preface, frankly recapitulating her claims as a biographer, she states

parent reason, converts it into 'co-existent'; and in her translations from Madame de Sévigné she too frequently forgets that the best tribute to an admired author is to translate as literally as the genius of the language will admit. Almost all the translations in this article are our own.

* This portrait or *éloge* was signed '*Un Inconnu*.' It was one of many composed at the suggestion of Madame de Sablé; who one evening proposed to the circle assembled in her salon that they should all write portraits or characters of one another or themselves. Madame de Sévigné fixes the date in 1659.

that one of the chief aims in this 'labour of love' has been 'to shew Madame de Sévigné, perhaps more than has yet been done, as a woman and as a philosopher.' Madame de Sévigné was not 'great'; and it is because she *was* every inch a woman that she was *not* a philosopher. Greatness implies lofty aspirations, comprehensive views, the subordination of purely personal to public ends, of the present to the future, of the family to the State. Philosophy is shewn by self-control, by reducing things to their just value, by never suffering feeling or sentiment to get the mastery of reason. Madame de Sévigné was the child of impulse, tremulous as an Eolian harp to every passing breeze: she lived *au jour le jour* for the objects of her affection: she was wrapped up in her family and friends: she was never in advance of her age: she had no ambition: and if (which we doubt) she was ever attracted by glory, she gave up for her daughter what was meant for mankind.

In the first Arctic expedition under Ross, when the ships were icebound, private theatricals were got up by the officers for the amusement of the crew, one of whom, disgusted at what he thought the cold applause of a comrade, exclaimed, 'I call it philosophy, by God.' It must be from the same spirit of enthusiasm that the term 'philosopher' has been applied as a term of praise to Madame de Sévigné.

The history of the famous Letters, including the times and manner of publication, is one of the most curious things relating to them. Epistolary excellence was not confined to Madame de Sévigné. Several of her female contemporaries rivalled her. Sainte-Beuve instances Madame de Coulanges, along with whom he might have named Madame de la Fayette; and Walpole says that, when he first fell in with Madame de Maintenon's letters, they made him jealous for his favourite. This may account, in some measure, for the little care taken of them by her correspondents; and she kept no copies. Bussy alone estimated them at their true value from the first: enlightened, doubtless, by their association with his own. The two cousins never came to a permanent breach, because they felt that they understood each other better than any one else understood either of them. When they clashed, it was like flint and steel, striking out sparks. Even when he persisted in writing to her in a manner which she disapproved, she could not make up her mind to forego the pleasure of the correspondence, but simply gave him warning that she would shew all his letters to her aunt. She told

him, 'Vous êtes le *fagot* de mon esprit,' i. e., the fire-lighter or fire-reviver.

Portions of the correspondence were published in his 'Mémoires' in 1694. Bayle, then at work on his Dictionary, was so struck by her share of it, that he wrote to a friend at Paris to inquire about her, saying, 'I see nobody who doubts that the letters of Madame de Sévigné are better than Bussy-Rabutin's. This lady had a great deal of sense and wit. She deserves a place amongst the illustrious women of our age. . . . I should be very glad to know something of her history; I would willingly put her into my Dictionary.' He did not carry out this resolution; and thirty-one years elapsed before any more of her letters were unearthed. Then they began to come out mysteriously and by dribblets. First, 'Lettres Choies de la Marquise de Sévigné à Madame de Grignan sa Fille,' published in 1725 by a printer of Troyes; no named editor; a volume of seventy-five pages, containing thirty-one letters or fragments of letters. Secondly, two volumes with the same title, in 1726, reprinted twice within the year, as well as an addition containing forty-three letters more, both by known, although not named, editors.* Eight years afterwards came the edition by the Abbé Perrin in six volumes, extended to eight volumes in 1754. The Abbé took strange liberties with his text, altering and suppressing at will; yet the learned and polite world were obliged to rest satisfied with the letters in this unsatisfactory state, till the appearance of the first Monmerqué edition of 1843. That, so garbled and mutilated, they fascinated the most fastidious critics of the eighteenth century, is a decisive proof of their inherent excellence:—

'You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.'

'Then you have undone yourself with me,' writes Walpole to Mann in 1749; 'for you compare them (his own letters) to Madame de Sévigné's: absolute treason! Do you know there is scarce a book in the world I love so much as her Letters.' They were adopted as the model of his own. 'Her style,' says Mackintosh, 'is evidently copied, not only by her worshipper, Walpole, but even by Gray: notwithstanding the extraor-

* Brunet 'Manuel du Libraire,' 1864. But see Walckenaer, vol. iii. p. 344; and the *Notice* prefixed to the abridged edition of 1870. Perrin was the first editor who had the consent and co-operation of the family.

dinary merit of his matter, he has the double stiffness of an imitator and of a college recluse.'

'The main source of their popularity may be the anecdotes, the historical sketches, the traits of character and manners, the witty sayings and fine reflections, that abound in them; but their distinctive charm to the amateur is their freshness, their vivacity, their high-bred ease and grace, the colloquial flow of the language—her art of pleasing without ever once thinking about it—*son art de plaire, et de n'y penser pas*—of interspersing the simplest domestic details with sparkling turns and fancies, like the princess in the fairy tale who could not comb her hair without strewing the floor with pearls. They are conversation in writing which (we agree with M. Suard) all letters from absent friends or relatives, with no definite end, should be. We almost fancy that we hear her talk as we are reading them, and we become attached to her as to a companion who brightens or lightens every topic that we touch upon. How well we can picture to ourselves her meeting her German friend the Princess de Tarente (who was constantly in mourning for some scion of royalty) in colours, and saying to her with a curtesy, *Madame, je me réjouis de la santé de l'Europe*: or orally concluding her account of the exiled Stuarts at St. Germain with the remark, '*Pour le Roi d'Angleterre il y paroît content, et c'est pour cela qu'il est là*:' or leaning her head upon her hand as she lets drop, 'There may be so great a weight of obligation that there is no way of being delivered from it but by ingratitude.' Her story of the Archbishop of Rheims (Tellier) might be told with good effect at a dinner-table:—

'The archbishop was returning at a great pace from Saint-Germain—with a rush like a whirlwind. If he thinks himself a great lord, his people think him a still greater. He was rattling through Nanterre, *tra, tra, tra*. They meet a man on horseback, *gare! gare! gare!* The poor man wishes to get of the way: his horse does not, and so the coach and six horses knock the poor man and the horse head-over-heels, and pass over them, so completely over them, that the coach was overturned and turned upside down (*versé et renversé*); whilst the man and the horse, seeing no fun in having their bones broken, get up again as if by miracle, remount, the one upon the other, and take to their heels, and are running still, whilst the lackeys, and the coachman, and the archbishop himself are bawling after him: "Stop the rascal! stop him! Give him a hundred lashes."

The Archbishop, in telling her the story, said:—

'If I had caught that scoundrel, I would have broken his arms and cut off his ears!'

Her reflections on the death of Louvois sound like spoken eloquence:—

'He is no more then, this powerful and superb minister, whose *moi* occupied so much space—was the centre of so many things! What interests to disentangle, what intrigues to follow, what negotiations to conclude! . . . "O my God! a little time yet! I want to humiliate the Duke of Savoy, to crush the Prince of Orange: one moment more." No, you shall not have a moment, not one!'

We do not doubt her when she says, '*J'écrirais jusqu'à demain: mes pensées, ma plume, mon encre, tout vole.*' Yet whilst her thoughts, her pen, her ink are flying—whilst she is covering the ground at an archiepiscopal pace, she scatters maxims which Rochefoucauld or Vauvenargues would have meditated on for months without improving them:—

'*Les longues maladies usent la douleur, et les longues espérances usent la joie!*

'*On n'a jamais pris longtemps l'ombre pour le corps: il faut être, si l'on veut paraître. Le monde n'a point de longues injustices!*

Had Johnson read this when he laid down that, when the world thinks long about a matter, it generally thinks right! She wrote of de Retz:—

'*Mon Dieu, qu'il est heureux! que j'envierais quelquefois son épouvantable tranquillité sur tous les devoirs de la vie! On se ruine quand on veut s'acquitter!*

Sir James Mackintosh, after finishing the perusal of her letters, sets down in his Journal:—

'The great charm of her character seems to me a natural virtue. In what she does, as well as in what she says, she is unforced and unstudied: nobody, I think, had so much morality without restraint, or played so with amiable failings without falling into vice. Her ingenuous, lively, social disposition gave the direction to her mental power. She has so filled my heart with affectionate interest in her as a living friend that I can scarcely bring myself to think of her as being a writer, or as having a style; but she has become a celebrated, probably an immortal, writer, without expecting it: she is the only classical writer who never conceived the possibility of acquiring fame. Without a great power of style, she could not have communicated those feelings to others. In what does that talent consist?'

Want of space would prevent our speculating on this question were we ever so much inclined to it. But there is little use in analysing any talent or genius which is confessedly inimitable. 'We expect,' said Lord Macaulay, 'to see fresh Humes

and fresh Burkes before we again fall in with that peculiar combination of moral and intellectual qualities to which the writings of Walpole owe their extraordinary popularity.' We expect to see fresh Madame de Staëls, fresh Mrs. Somervilles, fresh Georges Sands, fresh George Eliots, before we again fall in with that rich and essentially feminine organization to which the letters of Madame de Sévigné owe their extraordinary charm.

- ART. VI.—1. *Natural Laws of Husbandry*. By Justus von Liebig. London, 1864.
2. *Reports of the Rivers' Pollution Commission*. 1870–72.
3. *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*. 1869.

THE enormous corn-imports, and the continually rising prices of those kinds of farming produce which cannot be readily imported, demand an examination of the state of our agriculture, and may, perhaps, justify an attempt to point out the causes of the increased cost of produce and of the diminished growth of corn.

A quantitative analysis of our past and present corn-growth cannot be obtained, but there is ample evidence to shew that the production of grain reached a culminating point immediately after the repeal of the Corn Laws, and that it has subsequently steadily declined, the yearly average growth having been about three million quarters of wheat less in the past ten years than in the ten years ending 1851; while the value of the increase in corn-imports, including nearly 5½ millions of quarters of wheat, has been about 20,000,000*l.* a year at the average prices.

The agriculture of the United Kingdom maintained, so far as wheaten bread is concerned, an average of about five millions less

in the past ten years than in the ten years ending 1841, taking six bushels of wheat per head as the accepted standard of consumption, instead of the old eight-bushel standard which was established on data collected in the last century, when less meat and vegetables were consumed than at the present time.*

We do not question the advantage of buying in the cheapest market, and of obtaining from abroad what our own fields have failed to produce; but as the results shewn in the table on page 82, coupled with the insufficient supply of wheat, have disappointed the expectations of thirty years ago, in reference to the improvements of scientific farming, it will not be inopportune to inquire into the defects of English agriculture.

We may here remind our readers that there are two schools of scientific agriculture. Baron Liebig and his followers maintain that the land is becoming exhausted by our system of modern farming, which does not return to the soil the residuum of the crops produced by it; while agricultural writers generally declare that the soil possesses a natural and inexhaustible store of plant food, which can be made available by tillage and the use of solvents.

No two schools of philosophy were ever more completely opposed than the idealists and realists of agriculture, whose rival doctrines raise the important practical question whether the future development of agriculture may be sought *ab intra*, that is, by tillage and stirring the soil, or *ab extra*, by manuring it; and we may add that, until the opposite theories of agriculture, in regard to the inherent qualities of the soil, are reconciled, the public can hardly expect to be well advised on such important subjects as the sewage question, and the practicability and method of dealing profitably with our 31,000,000 acres of wastes.

We propose in the present article to consider, first, the history of price and production; and, secondly, the exhaustion of soils and means of restoration.

The evidence on the first part of our subject

* The accuracy of these conclusions may be tested by the following tables :—
Average Yearly Importation into the United Kingdom, of Wheat and Flour (calculated as Wheat), in Quarters, and of other sorts of Corn, for the Ten Years preceding each Census.

—	1801 to 1811.	1821.	1831.	1841.	1851.	1861.	1871.
Wheat and flour }	Qrs. 600,000	Qrs. 450,000	Qrs. 530,000	Qrs. 900,000	Qrs. 2,948,000	Qrs. 5,030,000	Qrs. 8,296,000
Other sorts of corn }	340,000	460,000	630,000	485,000	2,748,000	3,981,000	6,717,000

points to the existence of recurring cycles of good and bad harvests, and if it is insufficient to establish the fact of regularity in the alternation of favourable and inclement periods, it does, we think, conclusively prove that certain circumstances in regard to the prevailing weather, and the consequent yield of crops, are curiously repeated in the history of agricultural production.

The records of the Merton College estates enabled Mr. Rogers to ascertain that abundant harvests were continuous from 1321 to the incidence of the Great Plague (1348). The first seventy years of the fifteenth century were still more abundant, so that during great part of the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster corn was remarkably cheap.

In the sixteenth century, the number of 'sturdy beggars,' idle persons, 'vagabonds,' and 'rufflers,' who could not be cured by whipping and the stocks, was increased by a dearth. There were also so many deficient harvests in the next century during the Parliamentary War, and until the year 1655, that corn was remarkably dear, and there was an end to the use of wheaten bread for a time among the poor; and peas, beans, and even acorns were occasionally mixed with the grain before grinding it. At the expiration of another hundred years, Arthur Young found, in his 'Tours,' that wheaten bread was again common everywhere, except among the well-paid labourers of the north, who still retain a taste for oatmeal cakes and porridge. The prevalence of a wheaten loaf at every period of English history, in

all but exceptional cases, is inconsistent with the common but erroneous idea that our climate is unsuited to the wheat crop, which is, in fact, nowhere more secure than in England. The epoch of abundance in the eighteenth century commenced about the year 1715 and ended in 1765, the only years of marked deficiency in this series being in 1727, 1728, 1740, 1756, and 1757, when the accumulation of old corn checked the rise in prices; and during this long period, labouring people once more obtained the same command over the necessaries of life which they had possessed in the early days of medieval agriculture, when their numbers were few and their dependence great, and which they again lost in the eighteenth century, when the succession of plentiful harvests came to an end.

Numberless tracts and pamphlets were written by clergymen, country gentlemen, farmers, and others, on the subject of the rise of prices that occurred immediately after the period we have mentioned. The dearness of corn was variously attributed to the 'iniquities of millers,' to 'forestalling,' selling by sample, 'engrossing of farms,' the cheapness of money, the increase of population, of luxury, debt, &c. 'Such,' said an indignant pamphleteer, 'has become the luxury, pride, and vanity of the country that even physicians and surgeons might as well pretend to visit a patient without their skill and their plasters as without their coach and a man to drive.' It was, he declared, an age of gallantry, wine, gaiety, velvet breeches, prodigal extravagance, and watch-

Table showing the Increase in the Number of the Population of the United Kingdom, compared with the Increase in the Importations of Wheat, the Average Number maintained on Foreign and on Home-grown Wheat in each Decennial Period, and the Population at each Census.

CENSUS.	Increase of the Population of the United Kingdom since the last Census.	Increase in the Annual Importation of Wheat, in Quarters, compared with the last Ten Years.	Average Number of the Population maintained by Foreign Wheat in each Year, at six Bushels per Head.	Average Number of the Population maintained by the Growth of the United Kingdom in each Year, at six Bushels per Head.	Population of the United Kingdom at each Census.
1811	2,200,000	..	800,000	16,100,000	18,006,000
1821	2,980,000	A decrease	600,000	18,890,000	20,983,000
1831	3,150,000	80,000	706,000	21,850,000	24,132,000
1841	2,700,000	370,000	1,200,000	24,230,000	26,833,000
1851	697,000	2,043,000	3,930,000	23,255,000	27,533,000
1861	1,540,000	2,083,000	6,706,000	21,600,000	29,070,000
1871	2,538,000	3,266,000	11,061,000	19,278,000	31,610,000

fobs and watches in every coffee-room. Even women had taken to cards and similar vices, and had become so *mannish* it gave him the heartburn. The Rev. Adam Dickson, the learned author of the 'Husbandry of the Ancients,' was one of those who published a pamphlet; and in the same year (1773), 'A Farmer,' writing in a philosophical spirit that did him honour, conclusively refuted a great deal that had been advanced by his contemporaries, recommended the enclosure of commons and wastes, and even proposed the repeal of all duties on the importation and exportation of corn. He, however, lays a great deal too much stress on the effect on prices which had been produced by a supposed increase in demand.*

The Rev. John Howlett, Vicar of Great Dunmow, in Essex, an able political writer of that day, urged the advantage of enclosures, and refuted a 'Country Gentleman,' who had written on that subject. Arthur Young, the admirable economist, combated the popular delusions in his old age, and examined the questions of supply and demand in connection with the deficiency arising from the failure of the crops. This was in 1800, at the close of 'the seven ill years.' In 1815, five years before his useful life ended, and at the age of 75, he wrote an 'Inquiry into the Rise of Prices in Europe during the last Twenty-five Years,' pointing out that the rise had been about as great on the Continent as in England, and could not therefore be occasioned by the depreciation of the currency, the restriction on importation, or by anything peculiar to this country. His opinion was amply confirmed many years after, when, in 1838, Mr. Tooke published the 'History of Prices,' a work of unquestioned authority, which may be consulted for an exhaustive analysis of the causes of variation during the long and disastrous period referred to, and of the paramount influence of the seasons. The alternation of abundance and scarcity extended into France and over Europe generally. We learn from the 'Annual Register,' and other sources, that the years so fruitful in corn were dry years; and that the bad seasons which followed were wet or otherwise inclement. The mean annual rainfall at Lyn-

don, in Rutlandshire, from 1741 to 1750, was 18½ inches; and this period is described as having been 'neither very wet nor very dry,' and it was a more plentiful time for corn than any that the observer (Mr. Barker) remembered, 'for grain oftener fails in England from too much wet than from too little.*'

It is still a moot point whether our climate has undergone any change in the past 500 years; but there is little doubt that the seasons in the past fifty years have resembled those of the happier portion of the last century, rather than those which prevailed after 1765. And as the rainfall in these islands is chiefly governed by the direction of the winds and by causes operating beyond our boundaries, there seems no reason to suppose that its average amount can be affected by drainage, or the removal of forests, as it has been sometimes suggested.

The price of corn being the index of its yield, it is necessary briefly to notice the variation of prices in modern times before passing to the general question of fertility. The following figures are derived, in part, from the 'Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.' †

Average Prices of Wheat in England,

			£	s.	d.
For 10 years, ending and including	1770	2	1	0
" 10	1789	2	11	6
" 70	"	"	1	17	0
" 70	1770	3	4	1
" 50	1870	2	15	6
" 40	1800	2	9	8

Possibly the average of 4l. 6s. per quarter of wheat during the first twenty years of this century may have reconciled the public to what we cannot but regard as the high average (53s. per quarter), which has ruled since the repeal of the Corn Laws. Omitting the exceptional period, and comparing the prices of the first seventy years of the last century with those of the past fifty years, the figures are 1l. 17s. and 2l. 15s. 6d. This enormous rise of nearly 50 per cent. does not appear to have been due to any diminution of yield arising from adverse seasons; but we are aware that Mr. Tooke adduces sufficient evidence (see 'History of

* We learn from a paper by Mr. Barker, published in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' vol. lxxv. p. 240, that from 1761 to 1778 the average rainfall at Lyndon was 28½ inches annually; and that a great change in the seasons took place after 1763. From 1770 to 1780, the mean was no less than 26 inches. Mr. Symond's 'Tables of British Rainfall' give the following averages for Welbeck, in the same division as Lyndon:—

1840-9.	1850-9.	1860-9.
25.44 inches.	23.29 inches.	24.02 inches.

† Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, 1869. 'Variation in the Price and Supply of Wheat,' by H. Evershed.

* During the pressure of 'war prices,' a parliamentary inquiry elicited facts which shewed how very slight a saving can be effected, unless under extraordinary circumstances, in the consumption of bread; and, on the other hand, how little its consumption is increased by a reduction of price. To suppose that consumption can be increased by any such cause is to presume that people have been insufficiently fed previously. A sudden or considerable increase or decrease of consumption has not occurred in our times.

Prices') for stating that 'a series of a hundred years is at least requisite to reduce to a fair average the inequalities of the seasons.' And this consideration has been overlooked by some writers, who have made out a case in favour of falling prices, by comparing the period of deficient harvests with the present more productive era.

It may be safely affirmed that the price follows the yield as persistently as the needle of a compass points to the pole, and that the general law which governs price will as surely assert itself after any casual disturbance. The evidence collected by Mr. Tooke proves that what are called 'war prices' were mainly due to the European dearth which then prevailed. Variations in price therefore cannot be prevented, but if we cannot control the seasons, we can replace an extravagant by a cumulative system of farming, and raise the general average of the yield.

Not only is the average price increased by indifferent farming, but the variation, which in the last seventeen years has ranged from an annual average of 40s. 2d. to 74s. 8d. per quarter, is due in some measure to the same cause. We read in the paper already quoted that—

'The variation of yield is least in such countries as England, in the north of France, and in the best peopled parts of the Continent, where an alternate system of husbandry is pursued, and grain crops are separated by green crops in the rotation; and it is greatest in new or thinly populated countries, where the system of cropping is bare fallow followed by as many grain-crops in succession as can be extracted, until the cleansing and restoring fallow is again indispensable. In such cases, farming is carried on without resources on a hand-to-mouth system. When there is no demand for stock, the "ameliorating crops" cannot be grown, and the repetition of grain-crops without return to the soil destroys its productive power. In a new settlement, production is expansive so long as fresh tracts continue to be reclaimed; but the land is wasted by constant cropping. The settler lives on the spoils of the soil; he marches onward, subduing the wilderness and exacting tribute. But his course is marked by the devastation of the land; and this is a source of wealth which, however great, is continually decreasing. It is well known how much the yield depends on season. Mr. Morton's paper in this journal, on *Agricultural Maxima*, affords interesting proofs of the immense influence of season; and Mr. Lawes's experiments show that even on land purposely exhausted the yield, in very favourable years, becomes considerable; the extraordinary vigour imparted to the plant apparently overcomes the adverse conditions of cultivation. In such seasons, even over-cropped and slightly cultivated land becomes productive, as it did in

1863 and 1864, when the great harvests in England, France, and the Continent generally, caused what must be considered a state of "over-production" and extreme cheapness. These extremes will always be excessive, while the system of farming in other countries is scourging, and that of our own falls short of the high standard which is still exceptional among us.'

Leaving the agricultural chemist to discuss the theories of fertility, we shall now bring forward evidence to shew that the yield of crops abroad has been diminishing. The reports on the agriculture of the chief corn-exporting countries by British consuls and secretaries of legation leave no doubt that this is the case. Mr. Wagstaff writes from Berdiansk, on the Azoff, of some of the richest soils of south Russia, 'This land, which was formerly very fertile, yielding 5½ quarters of wheat to the acre, at present, owing to no means being taken to sustain it, only gives from 2½ to 3½ quarters per acre.' Colonel Stanton gives the same evidence with regard to some of the wheat land of Poland. The average yield of those exporting countries which send their produce to Danzig down the Vistula, the Bug, and the Narew, is, it appears, only about 14 bushels per acre. Colonel Stanton, in an able report, discusses with much intelligence the causes of agricultural decay and of the diminished yield. As to bare fallow, which is the preparation for corn in all countries that are thinly inhabited and do not consume much meat, he declares very significantly that mere rest and tillage do not seem to be sufficient to preserve the continued fertility of the soil, without an actual restoration by manuring substances. The estimated average yield of America, Canada, Austria, Germany, and Spain is from one-half to one-third less than that of England; and the exhaustion referred to is not generally for want of tillage, but from the deficiency of food constituents in the soil.

Striking examples of the exhaustion of the soils in the Western States are given in a series of letters addressed by Mr. H. C. Carey to the President of the United States. After pointing out the vast amount of 'phosphoric acid and potash taken away annually from the fields without any compensation worth mentioning being made to them,' he states,—

'that in New York, where the average yield of wheat was from 25 to 30 bushels 80 years ago, it is now only 12 bushels: Indian corn gives only 25 bushels. In Ohio, a State which 80 years ago was still a wilderness, the average yield of wheat is under 12 bushels, and is decreasing instead of increasing. In Virginia

there is an extensive tract of land, once the richest in the State, which now produces an average yield of wheat of less than 7 bushels; whilst in North Carolina land is cultivated which produces little more than the same yield of Indian corn.'

'In Virginia and Kentucky tobacco was grown until the soil was completely exhausted, and had to be abandoned; and in cotton districts we meet with a state of exhaustion unexampled in the world, for the shortness of time in which it has been brought about. The growers of cotton and tobacco live upon their capital, in the produce of their fields, they sell their fruitful soil.'

French agriculture tells the same tale. The farming of the north, like the climate, resembles that of England, the population is almost as dense, and the condition of agriculture is similar. But in the south of France, the olive and the vine take the place of beef and barley. There are no natural pastures, few root-crops, and very little artificial restitution to the soil by the feeding of animals, and the making of manure; and the result is that the average yield of wheat over the whole of France is only 15½ bushels per acre. The climate and soil are more favourable to cereals than those of England, but the land of the south has become so exhausted that rye and buckwheat, which yield a crop on soils that are too poor for wheat, are often substituted for it. The usual area in wheat is 17,000,000 acres, and the produce is only 33,000,000 quarters.

Turning from foreign agriculture, we find that, however defective our home-farming may be, it has made progress in certain directions. The increased activity of the agricultural mind manifested itself in the establishment of agricultural societies. The Yorkshire Agricultural Society, for years the largest of the provincial societies, was established in 1837; the 'Royal Agricultural Society,' in 1838; the 'Royal Irish Improvement Society,' in 1841. These, and the 'Bath and West of England Society,' and the 'Highland Society,' became migratory, and visited all parts of the kingdom in turn, with great success. Their splendid exhibitions of stock, implements, machinery, and agricultural novelties of every kind, and the interest they excited, shewed the immense resources of English agriculture.

The improvement of the breeds of animals was greatly encouraged by these exhibitions, and if the price of pedigree stock became in some degree a matter of fancy and extravagance, the practical result has been the better return obtained from existing breeds than from those of older type. Implements and machinery, and especially the applications of steam power, were also eagerly

inspected at these new schools of instruction, and the improvements and extension in this direction have been so great that the ploughwrights of forty years ago have been supplanted by agricultural engineers in the present generation.

Increased facilities for manuring land were necessary in carrying out the changes we have indicated, and especially in the extension of root-cultivation; and the introduction of artificial manures was opportune. Guano began to be used in 1841, and came into favour rapidly; and Liebig's former recognition by English agriculturists as the first of agricultural counsellors was in some measure owing to his prediction of its effects, and to the practical evidence of the value of science. The great chemist's suggestion for the dissolving of bones in sulphuric acid led soon afterwards to the introduction of various manures which increased the supplies of plant-food, and enabled light-land farmers, especially, to cover their fields with sheep and corn. The fertilisers have been the chief allies of modern farming, and we may add that their aid vanishes with their use, in consequence of our system of national waste, and that the prices both of guano and of home-grown produce (*i.e.* animal produce which cannot be adequately imported) have risen 50 or 60 per cent. in the period referred to.

The incalculable advantage of a climate exceedingly favourable to root and forage crops, and not unsuited to corn, should enable English farmers, combining stock-feeding with corn-growing, to undersell all other countries in our own markets. But although, on favourable soils farmed by men of capital, our system of stock-farming has offered to the world an unparalleled example of industry in that department, productive farming of that description is as exceptional as it is conspicuous, and the average amount of agricultural capital and the average yield of the land are lamentably small. Our own observation fully confirms the truth of the following sad picture by the pen of an able and well-informed agricultural writer, the late Professor Low:—

'If we look at the finest parts of England, we might almost imagine that the purpose of agriculture was to raise hay for horses and not food for man. We find vast tracts of the finest land yielding wretched crops of hay, at an enormous expense of the manure which the country produces. But if the farmers, or rather the landlords, will take a lesson from the better cultivated parts of their own country, or from Flanders, they will learn that far larger crops of hay can be produced under a regular system of tillage skilfully pursued than upon the large tracts of land kept continually in grass, and

manured upon the surface. And not only for the production of hay, but for the production of the food of man, it is known that a far greater quantity of raw produce may be raised under a skilful system of agriculture, with a suitable succession of crops, than under that system of perennial meadows in which the greater part of the plains of England now is, yielding not one-half the quantity of human food which they could be made to yield by suitable tillage. One of the causes of this state of things is the absence of proper tenures. A lease becomes of comparatively less value when land is kept continually in grass. Such land requires little expenditure which cannot be replaced within the year; and the security of long possession is not absolutely necessary to enable men to rear and fatten sheep and cattle. Hence it is that so much of the land of England remains uncultivated, and hence it is that, while the farmers of England are eminently successful in the branch of industry which relates to live stock, they are eminently deficient in that which relates to the proper cultivation of the soil.

A writer in the 'Agricultural Gazette' explains what Professor Low and others have deplored, in these words:—

'Notwithstanding the settled high price of meat, farmers find that it does not pay to manufacture it rapidly—if we may use the expression—by artificial means; they are compelled to leave a large portion of the process to nature, relying on pasturage and on the grasses under rotation—on crops, in short, which yield little, but at the same time cost little. Expense is saved at the cost of time; and in the ordinary rotation on arable land, the land is economically manured by those crops which are subordinate to corn. Rotations are devised, in fact, to distribute the labour and manure of a farm with economy. Success in farming depends very much on the adoption of a skilful rotation; but the necessity for a nice adjustment of a succession of crops, for the mere purpose of manuring, is a great defect, arising from the lamentable waste of the manure-resources of the country, and the dearth of artificial substitutes. If the nation were economical in the direction indicated in the recent report of the *Rivers Pollution Commission*, the rotations throughout the country would be greatly modified, and agriculture would become far more productive both of corn and meat. Farming would then, to some extent, approximate to market-gardening.'

The fact that, under existing circumstances, meat is grown more cheaply on pastures than on arable may, perhaps, be explained by a reference to the habit of certain plants which affect poor soils, and require no manure. The common heath, for example, is one of many soil-winning plants which have a power of fastening on poor, raw soils, the structure of the plant enabling it to extract mineral nutriment when it is very spa-

ringly distributed in available forms. The grasses and other plants which form the turf of pastures have also a peculiar root-power, the most productive grasses being always the first to fail; so that when the ground becomes impoverished, the more useful grasses disappear, one by one, until the 'worn-out turf' consists of innutritious and unproductive subjects. These probably require the same mineral elements as the better kinds, but they need a smaller quantity, and their roots have a greater capability for foraging.

We may reverse our illustration of the 'struggle for existence' among pasture grasses, by pointing to the restoration of the productive kinds, and to the effects of certain manures, in enabling them to renew their growth and to oust their ill-conditioned competitors. And it is their varying root-power which adapts different plants to particular soils, for they require not merely food, but suitable conditions of growth in other respects. The mechanical texture of the compact, soapy clay of the Wealden, where oaks grow like weeds, does not suit grasses, and they do not flourish in it even with an ample supply of food. Nor will 'Americans' and ferns, with their tender roots, accustomed to soft, silky soils, thrive in those which are hard and harsh. It is the *habit* of plants which has arranged them in groups and enabled the land-valuer to map out the character of the soil by its vegetation. It is *habit*, which is physical in its origin, that has given to the Oolite, to the Greensand, and to the London Clay, or to the New Red Sandstone, pasture grasses of varying kinds on each, with fertile pastures on some formations, and wretched grass on others. It is the *habit* of plants which the agriculturist consults when he adapts his crops to the soil; for the experienced farmer understands the whisper of nature directing his course, and he sees her pointing finger. And, with an exhausted soil and heavy expenses for manure, we sail so near the wind, as regards profit, that all but skilful navigators are sure to be shipwrecked, as many amateur farmers have found to their cost. But every man might be his own farmer if he only understood the *habit* of plants, and could apply more easily the right manure!

In Mr. Lawes's experiments at Rothamstead, he availed himself of the peculiar root-power of cereals (grasses) to test the continued power of production of a strong soil unaided by manure. He commenced some trials with root-crops, but after sowing them for a couple of years they dwindled to nothing. Yet the soil which contained the food for 27 crops of wheat must have contained the food for several crops of turnips. But root-

crops, owing to the short period of their growth, require the presence of a large excess of the elements of nutrition in the soil, in a readily available form; consequently, the root-grower must buy manure, while the corn-grower and pasture-farmer depend less on the pocket, having a greater control over the capital of the soil, through the plants which they cultivate.

It is evident that, so long as the means of restoration are so costly, agriculture will lean heavily upon nature, or the soil, and we shall continue to grow meat on pastures. At a more advanced stage of progress, agriculture will obtain direct instead of circuitous encouragement from the population, and will become as productive as it is in China, exchanging its dilatoriness for speed; production will become both rapid and cheap, instead of being costly, except when it can be slow. The immense population of China and the extraordinary yield of the soil were attributed by Adam Smith to the superiority of rice over wheat as a productive crop. Rice, he remarks, yields annually two crops, each of from 30 to 60 bushels; therefore, a soil capable of raising rice will maintain a larger population than ours. This is equally true, no doubt, of rice, maize, and potatoes; nevertheless, wheat, being our corn-crop, ought to be made to yield a full crop, according to its power, or an average of several bushels per acre more than it does at present; while the returns from green crops, including roots, ought to be doubled, as they will be, within ten years of the adoption by the public of a general system of economy of that special kind which has become of vital importance to the nation.

Those who regard the soil as a machine into which go labour and seed, and out of which come crops, should remember that manure is the raw material of crops.

We may remark that the public gains nothing by the cheaper production of meat on pastures; because the price is governed by the cost of growing it on arable land and on the poorer classes of soils; and so long as the supply of meat is inadequate to the demand, pastures will bear a higher rent than arable. Such, in fact, is now the case, though, as shewn in the 'Wealth of Nations,' rent must ultimately be alike on arable and pasture land. In the parish of Butterson, the richest, perhaps, in the dairy districts of Staffordshire, a small farmer has recently paid 600*l.* for 5 acres of fat pasture. First-class pasture in the same county sells generally at from 80*l.* to 100*l.* an acre, while land equally good, but inarable, is worth only about 50*l.* or 60*l.* Although it takes from five to fifteen years to establish a superior turf, the

process of conversion has been rapid, and there are now 350,000 acres of pasture in that county, and only one-third as much arable. Staffordshire has increased in population faster than any county except Lancashire, Yorkshire, Middlesex, and Surrey; but the teeming population of the 'black country' and of the potteries does not contribute to the encouragement of agriculture in that direct form which, when it is achieved, will cause an agricultural revolution and the destruction of the encroaching pastures.

We have no belief in the plans occasionally suggested, for cultivating the 31,000,000 acres of wastes, by granting plots to needy individuals; agricultural authorities are right in their assertion that the settlers would starve on their freeholds. 'Nothing can come of nothing,' and neither spade nor any other tool can produce a crop on barren land. Cultivation has been carried to the edges of the wastes already.

The only settlers who have tamed portions of the waste, here and there, are not pioneers either in the American or agricultural sense; they are 'cottagers' and 'little people,' who maintain themselves by occupations outside their small manors. These *petits cultivateurs* have sometimes waged war with the bleakest wastes, dotting them over with small plots and green spots, on each of which stands a rustic mansion which the sturdy owner has built with his own hands. We recall many such freehold domains in various parts of the country, occupied by farm labourers of the better class, or by village artisans and other hardworking men. The poorest of the many poor tracts in Sussex lies around Crowborough, the culminating point of the hills of the Forest Ridge; heath and bracken represent the natural vegetation of Gill's Lap, and of the hills and slopes around; yet this sterility, though apparently incorrigible, is not incurable; as may be seen in the gardens of the cottagers, and in the little copyholds that are scattered here and there over the hillside, smiling in spring amidst the black heath, with clumps of fruit-trees that bloom among green patches of wheat or rye. The cottage of the soil-winner, a stack of wood, and a shed, occupy one corner of his little domain; and a bank planted with birch fences it round; a few fruit-trees shelter and ornament the estate; and a track through the heath forms its approach, while the cow waiting to be milked, and a number of robust children, bear witness that the rude cottage is the abode of health and comfort.

Such enrichment of poor land reminds us of the victory won by the Flemish farmers over the sands of the Campine; and in both

cases the waste is erroneously supposed by some persons to have been conquered by the spade! No doubt honest industry, and patient toil and thrift, can work wonders; and in farming, no labour is so cheap as manual labour well bestowed, no cultivation is so profitable and productive as that by the spade, and no spade is half so industrious as that of the small farmer and his sons; but we believe that neither spade, plough-share, nor steam-cultivator, could reclaim any part of Crowborough without a plentiful supply of manure; for the poor ferruginous sandstone mixed with white clay, which forms the soil, contains such a small percentage of the constituents of vegetables that only the primitive soil-winning plants can exist until the land has been bountifully fed. The large farmer knows and fears the cost of crops on Crowborough. An artificial system and the cost of fertilisers, bar the approach of his ploughshare. It is not so in Belgium, where land 'as poor as Crowborough' (a proverb in Sussex) has been made productive and valuable, and it is not so in the case of our cottage pioneer, who imports into instead of exporting from his land. All methods of manuring are merely modes of compensating the soil for the crop that has been removed. The more complete the compensation, the richer the soil.*

Manure is the gold and silver of agriculture; it is what the farmer pays for his crops, and the currency becomes every year more restricted. The farmer has been able hitherto to coin new money from chalk fossils and bones, and he still pays the soil a portion of its dues. But his enterprise is hindered, the soil is constantly robbed of its minerals, and if it is not in many cases actually diminishing in fertility, it is at any rate deprived of all accumulating power of production.

Notwithstanding the advantages English farming is supposed to possess in its green crops, and meat, and manure-making, manure begins to fail it, the fertility of the land seems to be continually leaking out, and is maintained only by a constant and costly struggle.

Agriculturists used to believe only in the

* 'The law of compensation, which makes the occurrence or permanence of effects dependent on the conditions which produce them, is the most universal of the laws of nature; it governs all natural phenomena in their various phases, all organic processes, all the productions of man's industry. That the agriculturist alone should ignore this law, nay, that his teachers and guides should actually deny its operation, shows clearly the condition of the school in which the sons of our farmers are taught.'—Liebig's *Letters on Modern Agriculture*.

dung-cart, they now believe in 'artificial' as well; but they are still of opinion that there is one law of nature for China and rice crops, and another for England and wheat; and hitherto Baron Liebig has reminded them in vain that the Chinese cultivators, though they fatten no animals, and make no manure on their farms, have nevertheless successfully fed, for thousands of years, a population more crowded than any in Europe, maintaining the fertility of their land by simply observing 'the law of compensation in the replacement of nutritive substances which the crops have carried away from the soil.' This is the foundation of rational husbandry, for although matter is indestructible, it is not irremovable.

That the soil of England is in a state of agricultural exhaustion, unknown in Chinese farming, cannot be questioned, since high farming is universally recommended, and in the common Four Course Rotation the first crop is always heavily manured, while the second is sustained by the sheepfold, and the third and fourth require at least one dressing between them.

A field is exhausted agriculturally when it will not bear a remunerative crop without manure. It is considered good farming in many cases to expend 20s. per acre, over the entire farm, on artificial manure; and the cost of cattle food, which must be charged to the manure when it is not recovered on selling the stock, amounts, not unfrequently, to another pound an acre. On good heavy soils, the management is different, but they will not yield meat and corn without an outlay on manure proportionate to the yield; and it is not uncommon to apply 40s. worth of guano to a single acre of wheat, an amount equal to 20 per cent. of the average value of a good crop; manufactured manures, however, are not perfect restoratives, and land treated with them alone generally fails, in the course of a few years, to yield a heavy ear. It is probable that nitrate of soda and the other ammoniacal manures act chiefly as solvents of minerals, and by their effect in exciting, or rather enabling, plants to exert a greater root-power.

Root-crops, which pass rapidly through the various stages of growth from the seed to maturity, cannot afford to waste time in searching for supplies, and the early stages of growth are especially critical. A turnip, starved in youth, becomes stunted, but if liberally fed, it takes a strong hold of the ground, and grows away rapidly. Solvents, therefore, applied on the surface at seed time, unlock the cupboard at the right time, so that the tiny roots find food when they want it, and where alone they could reach it. But

ammoniacal manures are useless when the land is in high condition, and in the case of cereals they are then injurious.

The natural vegetation of the earth is not indebted to special doses of ammoniacal manures, even in its most rapid and luxuriant growth. In the agriculture of China they are disregarded, and in America they were unknown, until the virgin soils began to be stripped of their available ready-dissolved minerals. The adventitious and costly aid derived from purchased ammoniacal manures might probably be dispensed with, if the land got its due by the return to it of the plant-food removed in the crops exported to our towns and habitually wasted.

Certain advocates of 'fast farming' seem to rely on the subsoil as a 'mine of wealth,' assuming probably that the roots of plants have hitherto been unable to delve into it. The subsoil is, however, a mine that has been already largely worked, and the advantages of reaching it more cheaply by steam-cultivation have been greatly exaggerated. Steam cultivation may, on some soils, develop sources of fertility that were previously less easily reached and less thoroughly opened, but steam creates nothing. We regard it as a possible means of preparing the best seed bed at the lowest cost; but labour in husbandry is subordinate to fertility, and improvements in machinery can have but a slight influence on the cost of production. This seems to have been the opinion of the judges appointed to award the prizes offered by Mr. Mason, late High Sheriff of Oxfordshire, and by the Royal Agricultural Society, for the best managed farms in a particular district, with a view to obtain a definition of what constitutes good farming.

We learn from Mr. Keary's able report in the 'Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society' that, in making their award, the judges were guided mainly by two considerations:—

'1. General improvement with a view to profit.'

'2. Productiveness of crops.'

The first prize was awarded accordingly to Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Millington, who farms 890 acres of light land on the principle of liberal stock-feeding, with a total abstinence from stimulating, artificial, nitrogenous manures. Mrs. Millington's management is described in contrast with that of another farm where an opposite system had been adopted, with the use of steam-power and nitrate of soda.

We must be contented with a brief quotation from the report of the farm inspectors. Mr. Keary says:—

may be grown year after year by the aid of artificial manures. I doubt, however, whether, upon light, thin soils, the alternation of green and white crops can profitably be departed from. The inspecting of the 21 competing farms has impressed me strongly with the opinion that it cannot. For not on Kirtlington alone, but on several other occupations where the history of light and inferior corn-crops could be traced, it was invariably found that an exhausting system had previously been pursued. On more than one farm which we examined, deep and excellent steam-cultivation had been relied on to grow repeated crops without manure; and although on good soils this may answer for a time, I believe that in the long-run the true system is to endeavour to keep as much stock as possible, and not to grow corn upon too many acres.'

It is a principle of political economy that the price of food is governed by the cost of producing it on the poorest lands, hence the effect on prices of the present system of impoverishment; for so long as the animal which eats turnips manures the wheat-crops, while the wheat-eating animals refuse to manure the turnips in return, agriculture will continue to be a costly struggle between thirty millions of sheep and thirty millions of men.

It has been suggested that there is a peculiar difficulty in the production of meat, and that the land is already doing full duty in that respect, but it is obvious that, if succulents and cereals are interchangeable as agricultural products, and if the land be farmed below its capabilities as regards the one, it must be so also as regards the other. Farmers hesitate to produce meat, except under favourable circumstances; and until the cereals feed the turnips, the extension of succulents can only lead to an increased demand for 'artificiala.'

Hitherto the towns have been compelled to get rid of their waste for sanitary reasons, and they have done so by means of water and sewers. Probably another mode would have been cheaper and better for the purposes of agriculture, but whether we are to solve the problem which is to give the fields their due, by means of the earth method, or of a general scheme of irrigation, it is evident that the question is one of imperial interest, which cannot be adequately dealt with by local and isolated bodies, with very limited powers, and with no apprehension of any duty beyond that of getting rid of a nuisance. We are told that the sewers of the ancient capital of the world devoured the prosperity of the Roman peasant, and, having engulfed the wealth of the Campagna, and converted it into a sterile waste, attacked the rich stores of Sicily, Sardinia, and Africa. Gibbon estimated the population of

'I know that Mr. Lawes contends that corn

Rome, when besieged by Alaric, A.D. 408, at 1,200,000. What a fertile stream must be poured into the Thames from the sewers of a city three times as populous! We learn from census reports that the 'English nation has assumed the character of a preponderating city population,' and that the towns of England and Wales contain a larger population than the whole country of 1801. The effects of the continual drain upon agriculture, by the great centres of population, have been overlooked by others besides the English 'teachers of agriculture;' and in the distribution of the productive forces, the world of the future has been divided into thickly peopled (manufacturing) and thinly peopled (agricultural) regions, and it has been supposed that the latter will feed the former!

We have endeavoured to shew that this arrangement is unworthy of scientific agriculture, and that it may become more than inconvenient a few years hence, if it be not so already.

No one doubts that food is as necessary as fuel to the permanent welfare of a manufacturing country, but many believe that the public mind need not occupy itself with agriculture as an economical question, and that price and supply may properly be left to self-adjustment. We do not deny the general principle, but it appears to us that agriculture and commerce may be influenced by 'commercial' and short-sighted aims and objects, and that the moral and economical advantages of a sound commercial system may be sometimes long delayed. The freedom of trade, which drew together large populations and doubled the size of our towns, did not directly teach sanitary science, and we have only learned by experience the consequences of infringing certain laws of nature.

It appears to us that the progress of agricultural improvement is delayed in much the same way, and that mechanics and the laws of physical science have been applied to farming while the laws regulating fertility have been ignored, and that the next step in agriculture can only be taken, with the aid of a combined effort, when public opinion has become more advanced in regard to those special subjects which we have here endeavoured to strip of their technical difficulty.

ART. VII.—*The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Vol. I. 8vo. London, 1872.

At last we have a picture and a judgment of Ireland by a hand at once competent, can-

did, and unsparing. Mr. Froude is too practised an historian, and has too disciplined a mind, not to make sure of the completeness, as well as the essential correctness, of his facts; though some of them no doubt may be open to question, and many more are sure to be fiercely controverted. Having no motives other than an inquirer's love of truth to bias or to warp his reason, he is able to draw his conclusions with confidence and without delusion; while, having no constituents and holding no political office, he is in the fortunate position of being able to state those conclusions in clear, unperiphrastic, and decisive language. He has an historian's natural scorn for all the mealy-mouthed expressions, timid suppressions, plausible and flattering glosses, party exigencies or decorums, and deceptive, where not actually dishonest, colouring, by which the real facts of the case have been persistently disguised, and false impressions as persistently conveyed or acquiesced in. With all this, he has the vast advantage of having lived long enough in Ireland to know the Irish thoroughly, and to love them much, and has found the clue to the true comprehension of their history and their politics in a sympathetic understanding of their character, alike in its weakness and its strength, such as, probably, not a dozen of our statesmen possess, and such as certainly not more than one or two ever venture openly to avow.

Mr. Froude's estimate of the causes which have brought Ireland into her present position, and got her relations with England into their actual complication and perplexity, appear to us in the main singularly just; and if there is occasionally something merciless in his exposure of the naked shamelessness of actions and pretensions, and something sternly uncompromising in his condemnation of the crimes, follies and falsities, with which this page of the annals of the eighteenth century is so thickly strewn, his severity is never inequitable or disproportionate; while, in contrast with the hollow, unappreciative, fawning insincerities which have become the fashion in speaking of the Sister Island, it is indescribably refreshing. At the same time, there can be no doubt that this is a book which will give great offence and arouse the bitterest indignation. We cannot conceal from ourselves that its tone is often extravagantly, almost savagely severe, and that Irish faults and crimes are hunted down with a ferocity which has something of the bloodhound in the relentless pertinacity of its pursuit. Occasionally, too,—as when he heads his chapter describing the brutalities of abduction cases and other outrages, once so common, as 'Irish Ideas,'—Mr. Froude al-

lows himself to deviate into sarcasms not quite permissible to the dignity of history. Impartial the work certainly is not, and scarcely pretends to be. Sometimes it more resembles the speech of an accusing counsel, or the pamphlet of a political partisan, than a dispassionate narrative of past events; and in certain passages is rather an indictment than a history. But both the partisanship and the savageness are obviously not attributable to any unfairness of mind, nor even to any real injustice of estimate, but to a temperament to which some particular follies and vices are so especially repugnant that they inevitably come in for a disproportionate, though not an undue, share of blame. And, undeniably, the passion which pervades the book adds enormously to its interest.

The key-note of the whole argument is struck early in the first chapter, and is maintained consistently throughout the volume. It is curiously in harmony with the views of Irish character and policy which this Journal has for years, but vainly, endeavoured to propound. Mr. Froude's introductory sections appear to us most remarkable, alike for grasp and philosophy of statesmanship, and for vigour and dignity of style;—though the broad and naked fashion in which his doctrine is laid down, will startle many who would not demur to its essential justice.

'A natural right to liberty, irrespective of the ability to defend it, exists in nations as much as and no more than it exists in individuals. Had nature meant us to live uncontrolled by any will but our own, we should have been so constructed that the pleasures of one would not interfere with the pleasures of another, or that each of us would discharge by instinct those duties which the welfare of the community requires from all. In a world in which we are made to depend so largely for our well-being on the conduct of our neighbours, and yet are created infinitely unequal in ability and worthiness of character, the superior part has a natural right to govern; the inferior part has a natural right to be governed; and a rude but adequate test of superiority and inferiority is provided in the relative strength of the different orders of human beings. . . . As a broad principle it may be said, that as nature has so constituted us that we must be ruled in some way, and as at any given time the rule inevitably will be in the hands of those who are then the strongest, so nature also has allotted superiority of strength to superiority of intellect and character; and in deciding that the weaker shall obey the more powerful, she is in reality saving them from themselves, and then most confers true liberty when she seems most to be taking it away. There is no freedom possible to man except in obedience to law; and those who cannot prescribe a law to themselves, if they desire to be free must be content to accept direction from others. The right to resist de-

pends on the power of resistance. A nation which can maintain its independence possesses already, unless assisted by extraordinary advantages of situation, the qualities which conquest can only justify itself by conferring. It may be held to be as good in all essential conditions as the nation which is endeavouring to overcome it; and human society has rather lost than gained when a people loses its freedom which knows how to make a wholesome use of freedom. But when resistance has been tried and failed—when the inequality has been proved beyond dispute by long and painful experience—the wisdom and ultimately the duty, of the weaker party is to accept the benefits which are offered in exchange for submission: and a nation which at once will not defend its liberties in the field, nor yet allow itself to be governed, but struggles to preserve the independence which it wants the spirit to uphold in arms by insubordination and anarchy and secret crime, may bewail its wrongs in wild and weeping eloquence in the ears of mankind,—may at length, in a time when the methods by which sterner ages repressed this kind of conduct are unpermitted, make itself so intolerable as to be cast off and bidden go upon its own bad way: but it will not go for its own benefit. It will have established no principle, and vindicated no natural right. Liberty profits only those who can govern themselves better than others can govern them, and those who are able to govern themselves wisely have no need to petition for a privilege which they can keep or take for themselves.'

It is, perhaps, a mistake, from an artistic point of view, to place at the beginning of a book the conclusions which the book itself is to lead up to and to justify, and which the reader, therefore, at this early stage, will seldom be prepared to accept in all their fullness. But, as Mr. Froude has done this, we will follow his example. The following extract—the only long one we intend to allow ourselves—contains the definitive judgment for which the remainder of the volume furnishes, in overflowing measure, the warrant and the evidence. After pointing out how Wales and Scotland became contented, and on equitable terms constituent portions of the British empire, the author proceeds:—

'Ireland, the last of the three countries of which England's interest demanded the annexation, was by nature better furnished than either of them with means to resist her approaches. Instead of a narrow river for a frontier, she had seventy miles of dangerous sea. She had a territory more difficult to penetrate, and a population greatly more numerous. The courage of the Irish was undisputed. From the first mention of the Irishman in history, faction fight and foray have been the occupation and the delight of his existence. The hardihood of the Irish kern was proverbial throughout Europe. The Irish soldiers, in the regular service of France and Spain, covered themselves with dis-

tion, were ever honoured with the most dangerous posts, have borne their share in every victory. In our own ranks they have formed half the strength of our armies, and detraction has never challenged their right to an equal share in the honour which those armies have won. Yet, in their own country, in their efforts to shake off English supremacy, their patriotism has evaporated in words. No advantage of numbers has availed them: no sacred sense of hearth and home has stirred their nobler nature. An unappeasable discontent has been attended with the paralysis of manliness: and, with a few accidental exceptions, continually recurring insurrections have only issued in absolute and ever disgraceful defeat.

'Could Ireland have but fought as Scotland fought, she would have been mistress of her own destinies. In a successful struggle for freedom, she would have developed qualities which would have made her worthy of possessing it. She would have been one more independent country added to the commonwealth of nations; and her history would have been another honourable and inspiring chapter among the brighter records of mankind. She might have stood alone; she might have united herself, had she so pleased, with England on fair and equal conditions; or she might have preferred alliances with the Continental powers. There is no disputing against strength, nor happily is there need to dispute, for the strength which gives a right to freedom, implies the presence of those qualities which ensure that it will be rightly used. No country can win and keep its freedom in the presence of a dangerous rival unless it be on the whole a well and justly governed country; and where there is just government the moral ground is absent on which conquest can be defended or desired.

'Again, could Ireland, on discovering like the Welsh that she was too weak or too divided to encounter England in the field, have acquiesced as the Welsh acquiesced, in the alternative of submission, there was not originally any one advantage which England possessed which she was not willing and eager to share with her. If England was to become a great power, the annexation of Ireland was essential to her, if only to prevent the presence there of an enemy; but she had everything to lose by treating her as a conquered province, seizing her lands and governing her by force; everything to gain by conciliating the Irish people, extending to them the protection of her own laws, the privileges of her own higher civilization, and assimilating them on every side, so far as their temperament allowed, to her subjects at home.

'Yet Ireland would neither resist courageously nor would she honourably submit. Her chiefs and leaders had no real patriotism. In Scotland, though the nobles might quarrel among themselves, they buried their feuds and stood side by side when there was danger from the hereditary foe. There was never a time when there was not an abundance of Irish who would make common cause with the English when there was a chance of revenge upon a domestic enemy, or a chance merely of

spoil to be distributed. All alike, though they would make no stand for liberty, as little could endure order or settled government. Their insurrections, which might have deserved sympathy had they been honourable efforts to shake off an alien yoke, were disfigured with crimes which, on one memorable occasion at least, brought shame on their cause and name. When insurrection finally failed, they betook themselves to assassination and secret tribunals; and all this, while they were holding up themselves and their wrongs as if they were the victims of the most abominable tyranny, and inviting the world to judge between them and their oppressors.

'Nations are not permitted to achieve independence on these terms. Unhappily, though unable to shake off the authority of England, they were able to irritate her into severities which gave their accusations some show of colour. Everything which she most valued for herself—her laws and liberties, her orderly and settled government, the most ample security for person and property—England's first desire was to give to Ireland in fullest measure. The temper in which she was met exasperated her into harshness and at times to cruelty: and so followed in succession alternations of revolt and punishment, severity provoked by rebellion, and breeding in turn fresh cause for mutiny, till it seemed at last as if no solution of the problem was possible save the expulsion or destruction of a race which appeared incurable.'

The searching analysis to which Mr. Froude in several passages, and notably in Section 4 of the opening chapter, subjects the Irish character, in no degree prevents him from generously appreciating both its excellences and its charms. One of these charms, indeed, has exercised a fatal influence on the destinies of the nation;—namely, their strange power of modifying, and, in fact, transforming nearly all who dwell long among them. Whatever may be the real secret of this almost magical attraction, few settlers have ever been able to resist it. Normans, Saxons, even Scotch, have conquered and colonized them in turn, only to succumb in time to the subtle influence of those whom they subdued. Only a section of the sterner Puritans, fortified by their narrow and intolerant religious creed, could withstand the fascination. Thus the new blood introduced from time to time has been itself neutralized and overpowered, instead of, as was hoped, becoming a regenerating and improving element:—

'From a combination of causes—some creditable to them, some other than creditable—the Irish Celts possess on their own soil a power greater than any other known family of mankind, of assimilating those who venture among them to their own image. Light-hearted, humorous, imaginative, susceptible through the entire range of feeling, from the profoundest

pathos to the most playful jest, if they possess some real virtues they possess the counterfeits of a hundred more. Passionate in everything—passionate in their patriotism, passionately courageous, passionately loyal and affectionate—they are without the manliness which might give strength and solidity to the sentimental part of their disposition; while the surface and show is so seductive and so winning that only experience of its instability can resist the charm.*

No other writer, so far as we are aware, has perceived or depicted so clearly as Mr. Froude this curious 'incompleteness' of the Irish character, this illogical unfinishedness (so to speak) which pervades their nature, and has so spoiled their history. They have many ingredients of a noble character and a grand career, but not all, nor some of the most essential. They stand in need of complementary elements to complete their manhood, to mould and guide their wonderful capacities, to temper their many admirable qualities into the hard, tough metal which is requisite for real work. By themselves and left to themselves, their energies run to mischief or to waste; they produce nothing great or lasting; they achieve nothing thorough and complete. Blended with and governed by races of firmer fibre—alloyed (if you will) by natures of coarser but more stubborn grain—with their fine fancy, shrewd sagacity, and admirable cleverness, fitly tempered with the common sense and clear perception of the realities of life, which Providence seems to have denied them—they might, as the Duke of Wellington said, 'do anything and go anywhere.' Their error has lain in that ignorance of self which never recognised how absolutely their qualities needed this supplementary aid and this controlling power:—ours has lain in weakly, and, in spite of ample experience, acquiescing in their pretension (*prima facie* not monstrous or absurd) to stand by themselves, and to govern and guide their country.

Among their noblest and most promising excellences, and (we may add) among the most singular instances of the fatal 'incompleteness' of which we have just spoken—Mr. Froude instances their loyalty:—

'Amidst their weaknesses, their confident boastings and imperfect performances, the Irish have shown themselves at all times, and

in all places, capable of the most loyal devotion to anyone who will lead and command them. They have not been specially attached to chiefs of their own race. Wherever and in whomsoever they have found courage and capacity, they have been ready with heart and hand to give their services; and whether at home in sacrificing their lives for their chiefs, or as soldiers in the French or English armies, or as we now know them in the form of the modern police, there is no duty, however dangerous and difficult, from which they have been found to flinch, no temptation however cruel which tempts them into unfaithfulness. Loyalty of this kind, though called contemptuously a virtue of barbarism, is a virtue which, if civilization attempts to dispense with it, may cause in its absence the ruin of civilization.'

This is perfectly true. Yet even here it is necessary to enter a painful *per contra*. Irish fidelity is not a fidelity *à toute épreuve*. Irish conspiracies never succeed, because always betrayed by Irish conspirators in time. And when the moment of surrender and retribution is at hand, it is too generally Irish hands which give up to justice those by whose side they have fought or assassinated, and Irish voices that claim the blood-money offered for their treachery.* The truth we believe to be that the Irish are loyal and devoted to a chief (or a Government) who can *command*; who by manner or proved conduct shews that he is resolute and persistent as well as competent, and *will* be obeyed, and who thus at once strikes their imagination, impresses their fears, and promises success. They are not, and never were, loyal and faithful to weakness, softness, Ebbiness, or failure, or to any cause out of regard for its simple merits or justice. Loyalty to leaders who assert their right to command and who lead them to victory, is an invaluable element of character to be used:—loyalty under defeat, fidelity to a lost cause and a discredited commander is a virtue claiming far higher admiration, and implying a manlier nature.

What we may term the 'orientalism' which lies at the root of the Irish character—their faculty of submission to steady unrelenting power, and to that only—comes

*The attempt to keep the races apart has lately been considered vain and impolitic; but the framers of these statutes understood the conditions more clearly than those who condemn them. The interfusion of races did not mean the elevation of the Irish to the level of their rulers, but the degradation of the ruler to the state of those whose fashions it was his business to extirpate.—P. 25.

* Irish history abounds in testimony to this sad fact. Even in this volume we find instances enough. 'The leaders were identified and outlawed by name; and when they refused to give themselves up, a price was set upon their heads, which their own comrades were willing to earn. "The Irish bring them in," said Major Morgan. "Brothers and cousins cut one another's throats." "No wonder," says their champion and countryman, Mr. Prendergast, "they betrayed each other, when there was no longer any public cause to maintain."—P. 185.

out strongly in nearly every page of this sad history.

'Experience was to show,' says Mr. Froude, speaking of the events that followed 1636, 'that the Irish did not understand forbearance, that they interpreted lenity into fear, and respected only an authority which they dared not trifle with.'

Two great gleams of prosperity visited Ireland during the seventeenth century, during which trade revived, industry began to raise its head, and the natural wealth of the country to reveal itself. Both followed upon the suppression of bloody insurrections and rebellions, when forbearance had been exhausted and the possible sternness of the English hand began to shew itself unmistakably. The first succeeded the Ulster settlement in the reign of James I. The second was the result of the even severer lesson taught by Cromwell.

'He meant to rule Ireland for Ireland's good, and all testimony agrees that Ireland never prospered as she prospered in the years of the Protectorate. He yielded nothing which he held essential. He allowed no penal statutes to be hung out, like scarecrows, to be a jest and mockery. The execution of the soldiers who stole the fowl was the symbol of the entire administration. He allowed no wrong-doing—no tyrannous oppression of the poor. Ireland's interests were not sacrificed to England's commercial jealousies. A prosperous woollen manufacture had been set on foot by James I.'s colonists. The British weaving interest took alarm, and Strafford, to please England and weaken Ireland, destroyed the trade. Cromwell, recognising no difference between the two countries, removed Strafford's obstructions, encouraged manufactures of every description, and gave entire liberty of trade. The vice of Ireland was idleness; therefore, by all means, he stimulated industry. He abolished licence, which the Irish miscalled liberty. He gave them, instead, the true liberty of law and wise direction; and he refused to sacrifice to English selfishness any single real benefit which it was in his power to confer.

'*Unguentem pungit, pungentem Hibernicus ungit.* So said a Hibernian proverb. The worst means of governing the Irish is to give them their own way. In concession they see only fear, and those that fear them they hate and despise. Coercion succeeds better: they respect a master hand, though it be a hard and cruel one. But let authority be just as well as strong, give an Irishman a just master, and he will follow him to the world's end. Cromwell alone, of all Irish governors, understood this central principle of Irish management. He was gone before his administration could bear fruit in the feeling of the people, and history remembers in him only the avenger of the massacre. Yet, three years only after the settlement, General Fleetwood could

write that the country was perfectly quiet; English people, if they would come over and buy land, would find Ireland little different from home; considering what the devastation had been, the "plenty" that had sprung up was "wonderful." The English of all sorts, Munster Royalists as well as the new settlers, submitted heartily and loyally. The Presbyterians remained unforgiving, but they were left unmolested, by-and-by to reap as they had sown. The well-disposed among the Irish were reconciled sooner than might have been expected to a rule which gave them the reality of protection. Not a few of the old sort, who had escaped the weeding, were taking advantage of openings that offered themselves, and renting lands from settlers who wished to return to England. Priests and dispossessed proprietors were hiding in disguise among the tribes, making mischief where they were able. But the peasantry seemed proof against seduction. "The mere husbandmen," wrote Dr. Jones Fleetwood, "being now in very good condition, will hardly be driven into action. What their priests may persuade them to I know not; I am confident the gentry will never be able to move them from their resolution to enjoy their present ease and quiet as long as by the State it shall be permitted to them."

'Had the system thus established been continued for a few more years, the industrial advantages of Ireland, the abundance of soil, the cheapness of labour, the boundless quantities of admirable wool, the unrivalled rivers and harbours, could not have failed to have attracted thither energetic men from all countries, who, in turning the national resources to account, would have acquired permanent mastery over the old inhabitants. Romanism, sternly repressed, must have died out, as Protestantism died in Spain and Italy. Industry was everywhere alive, creating wealth and comfort, order and organization. Intelligent and just authority laid an effectual bridle on temptation to rebellion, and the progress made by Ireland in the following century, when the most beneficial of these conditions was unhappily absent, and only the most galling were retained, encourages a belief that, had Cromwell's principles been accepted as the permanent rule of Irish administration, the lines of difference between the two countries, now as marked as ever, and almost as threatening, would have long ago disappeared.'

The terrible massacre of 1641, for which Cromwell's stern and systematic suppression was the final and fitting retribution, is told by Mr. Froude briefly, but clearly and with impressive emphasis. The history of that monstrous crime is little known, having been first hushed up, then boldly denied by Catholic writers in general. That it was a deliberate, wide-spread, and well organised conspiracy to exterminate all Protestant and English settlers, fostered and led by Romanist priests, is now established beyond ques-

tion; while the extent to which it was carried out and the atrocities perpetrated in the process may be read in Mr. Froude's account. Never did the savagery of the Irish race, when once let loose, show so brutally. Never, we may add, not even the tragedy of St. Bartholomew, were the extreme but logical doctrines of the Catholic Church in the treatment of heretical foes, so ruthlessly laid bare or so unflinchingly acted out. The numbers slaughtered almost, if not quite without resistance, was given by the Catholic priests themselves, at 150,000. Sir John Temple reckons them at 300,000 in the course of two years. There is probably much exaggeration in those figures. There is no exaggeration in the estimate of Sir William Petty that out of an entire population of a million and a half, more than half a million perished from first to last in the massacre, the civil war and the penalties which ensued. Those who have read the narrative of that evil time, and those who have not, can scarcely fail to judge the subsequent relations of England to Ireland in a very different temper and by the light of very different principles. In that attempt of the Catholic and native Irish to exterminate the English, and in the renewed but somewhat modified endeavour utterly to ruin and to crush them, in the details of those crises and in the unchanged spirit they made manifest, may be found the explanation, if not the justification of the penal laws which followed.

Before going on to speak of those laws, which belong to the eighteenth rather than to the seventeenth century, we will quote one more passage:—

'Justice to Ireland—justice in all times and places—means protection and encouragement to the industrious, the honest, and the worthy; repression and punishment of the idle and the mutinous, who prefer to live at their own wills on the spoil of other men's labours.

'The "earth-tillers" of Ireland had, from immemorial time, been the drudges and the victims of those of their own race who, thinking it scorn to work, had been supported by others' toil—who, calling themselves rulers, were in no point morally superior to their own vultures, and had nevertheless usurped to themselves the name of the Irish nation, claimed before the world to be the representatives of their countrymen, and, while clamouring over their wrongs, had meant only at bottom that they were deprived of their own power to oppress.

'It is in human nature, and beyond others in the Irish form of human nature, that men should obey and honour their born superiors, however worthless those superiors may be. Yet, there is in the Irishman's nature also a special appreciation of just dealing; and though

the Celtic peasant is said to prefer the tyranny of his own chiefs to the orderly rule of the stranger, the experiment which of these two feelings is the stronger has as yet scarcely had a fair trial. Justice, in the true sense, has been the last expedient to which England has had recourse in her efforts to harmonize her relations with her wayward dependency. She has taken those who have made the loudest noise at their own estimation. She has regarded the patriot orator, the rebel, and the assassin as the representatives of Ireland. She has thought alternately, and with equal unsuccessful, how she can coerce or conciliate those who give her trouble. How to encourage industry and honest labour, how to prevent oppression and save the working peasant from being pillaged by violence or unjust law, she has rarely troubled herself to consider.*

* If well with the earth-tillers, it was other than well with those who had hitherto been lords paramount, and had lived at their own idle will. 'There was peace,' says the latest and most accomplished exponent of the historical wrongs of Ireland ('The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland,' by John Prendergast), 'but it was the peace of despair; there was prosperity, but among the supplanting strangers.' An Act of Parliament, passed in Strafford's viceroyalty, shows the class into whose souls the iron was entering. 'Whereas,' says that Act (10 & 11 Charles I. cap. 16), 'there are many young gentlemen of this kingdom that have little or nothing to live on of their own, and will not apply themselves to labour, but live cohering in the country, cessing themselves and their followers, their horses and their greyhounds, upon the poorer inhabitants, sometimes exacting money from them, to spare them and their tenants and go elsewhere for their suppers and breakfast, which the poor people dare not deny them . . . and whereas by that lawless kind of life of these idle young gentlemen and others, being commonly active young men and such as seek to have many followers and dependants, many other inconveniences are likely to arise, for they are apt, on the least occasion of disturbance, to rifle and make booty of his majesty's loyal subjects, and to be heads and leaders of outlaws and rebels, and in the meantime do and must support their excessive and expenselful drinking and gaming by secret stealth or growing into debt.' Justices of the peace were empowered to apprehend all such idle persons and commit them to gaol till they could find sufficient securities for their honest and quiet behaviour.

These young gentlemen, being the dispossessed heirs of the forfeited estates, are held entitled, though they were mischievous and idle, to be regarded with sympathy, because deprived of their lawful inheritance. Ireland would have benefited little from such owners of her soil had they remained in occupation. But the Act describes, in reality, only the inveterate and immemorial habits of so-called Irish gentlemen before forfeiture was heard or thought of. Too vain of their birth to work, and enabled by the custom of the country to live on the plunder of the poor, they were finding at last the law too strong for them. The peasants whom they robbed were also Irish subjects, whose protection is made England's crime. (See also description of the same class, p. 404.)

The sad story of the Penal Laws against the Irish Catholics enacted mainly during the reign of William III., but also mainly against his wishes and in spite of his opposition, and of the still sadder, because far sillier, meaner and more unjust legislation, by the English Parliament in restriction of Irish industry and commerce, is told by Mr. Froude in pretty full detail and with his usual graphic power. These discreditable pages of our statute book are well known, have been often dwelt upon; and, as far as the past can ever be cancelled or atoned for, long ago wiped out. With reference to the first, however, three or four reflections must be made, and ought to be carefully borne in mind, if we would pass an equitable judgment on the relations of the two countries. The first is that these repressive laws, tremendously harsh and crushing as they read when looked at without regard to the context of the time, were copied almost verbatim from the decrees issued in France against the Huguenots;* and what was found or deemed necessary for the security of a powerful Catholic State against a comparatively small minority of heretical rebellious subjects, might well in those days be deemed yet more indispensable in the case of a Protestant Government, which had to deal with malcontents, relatively far more numerous, at least equally fanatical, and leagued together in an organisation incomparably more close and formidable.

The second point to be remarked is that these penal laws, as well as those which had been passed at an earlier date, sweeping and severe even to oppressive cruelty as they are in the Statute book, were carried out only rarely, partially, fitfully, and in a most modified form. Had they been enforced as well as enacted, had they been executed in the spirit or with the steady iron-hand of the Protector, Irish difficulties would have ended nearly two centuries ago, and a long career of prosperity would have obliterated the wretched memory of the past. Perhaps it may be added, that had the Protector lived twenty years longer, or had his mantle fallen on a succession of English statesmen, the penal laws of William and Mary would never have been required.

However this may be, it is certain that with that curious fatality of folly which appears to characterise all the dealings of the Government with the Irish people at nearly every epoch of our history, they contrived to incur at once all the odium which attaches to the most oppressive enactments, as well as all

the contempt and failure consequent upon their non-execution; and under this wretched system the Irish learned the double lesson, which they have never since forgotten, of skill in the evasion of the laws, and scorn for the feebleness of those who were too timid or too mild to enforce them.

Another point well worthy of notice, but on which we cannot dwell, though the pages before us abound in illustrations, is that throughout a considerable part of the eighteenth century, all the severer proposals and proceedings against the Catholics came from the Irish Parliament and Government; whereas the constant endeavour of the English Legislature and of English statesmen was to moderate and check this inordinate, though fitful and inconsistent harshness. The Irish have in all histories been each other's bitterest foes and extremest oppressors, while England has often had to step in as the protector of those who would otherwise have been ruthlessly trampled down.

The last remark we have to make is one which constantly presses itself on the historian's mind, but which political leaders and writers in our country seem as if they could not possibly realise or lay to heart. It is forced upon our attention in almost every page of this volume. It is this:—that the Catholics, wherever they are numerous and powerful in a Protestant nation, *compel*, as it were by a law of their being, that nation to treat them with stern repression and control. The very essence and primary doctrine of the Romish Church involve undying and unwaivable pretensions, which are incompatible with the freedom or the equal rights of the rest of the community. The experiment has been tried in many times and in many countries, and always with the same result. Even in this age, it is still the crux of the strong empire of Germany, of the new Kingdom of Italy, of the critically-placed and much-menaced state of Belgium.* Catho-

* Those who wish to learn what at this moment, as always, Catholicism is and seeks to do, whenever its position of equality or predominance enables it to act without disguise,—and those especially whose interest it is to forecast its almost certain course in Ireland,—would do well to read a short paper in the 'Fortnightly Review' for November last, by M. Émile de Laveleye. In Belgium it appears that in spite, if not by means of the forms of a free constitution, the priests are gradually getting the complete command of the electorate; and that they do not scruple to use their power of refusing absolution, not only to dictate votes and to interfere with the circulation of obnoxious newspapers, but also to direct judicial decisions. The education of the people, both male and female, they appear to have got almost exclusively into their hands.

* See p. 209. Also 'Histoire de l'Édit de Nantes, par Élie Benoit, A.D. 1698.

licism, if it be true to itself and its mission, *cannot* allow State, mixed, or secular, education to its flocks; *cannot* permit free voting to a Catholic electorate; *cannot* tolerate that its votaries should prefer the welfare of their country to the interests of their Church—the good of Ireland to the sway of Rome; *cannot* allow the congregations of the faithful to think or act for themselves in matters of the greatest importance to human progress; *cannot*, wherever and whenever the opportunity is afforded it, abstain from claiming, working for, and grasping that supremacy and paramount influence and control which it conscientiously believes to be its inalienable and universal due. By the force of circumstances, by the inexorable logic of its claims, it must be the intestine foe or the disturbing element of every State in which it does not bear sway;—and from the position which the Romish Church has always held, and recently avowed with even more decision and nakedness than usual, of direct enmity to the chief agencies and achievements of modern civilisation and progress, it must now stand out in the estimate of all Protestants, Patriots, and Thinkers as the *hostis humani generis* it has in truth been for so many centuries.

A Nuncio, says Mr. Froude, speaking of 1601, came from Rome to stimulate the failing energies of the rebel leaders. No Catholic, it was solemnly proclaimed, could without sin submit to a heretic sovereign, far less take part against the faithful who were in arms for the Holy Church. This miserable doctrine, which was the root and foundation of all Ireland's woes, which made toleration impossible, and compelled the maintenance of laws which in turn provoked insurrection, continued to work among the people, and had yet to issue in fresh and terrible consequences:—

'If the Popes would have renounced their pretensions to control the allegiance of Catholic subjects—if the Catholics themselves would have *bond fide* and by some formal act acknowledged that they did not recognize any right in the Pope to interfere between them and their sovereign, their claims for toleration, notwithstanding abstract theories of the duties of the State, neither could nor would have been long resisted. A right which was steadily refused by themselves to members of a different communion in countries where the power was in their hands, would have been extended with only too much readiness to them by every Protestant government in Europe. Another century of fighting, however, was still necessary, before the bishops of Rome could learn that they were no longer sovereigns over the human conscience; and no Protestant State could recognize, without self-condemnation,

the exercise of a religion among its subjects which elevates rebellion into a duty.'

The shame of the monstrous restrictions placed upon Irish industry and enterprise rests with England, and with England alone; and these laws, of which the scandalous iniquity and oppression were only equalled by their folly and ineffable meanness, constitute by far the greatest and most irreparable wrong that Ireland has ever suffered at the hands of the stronger country. In reference to this matter no language of scorn or condemnation can be too decided; and Mr. Froude spares neither. These enactments, which began in the evil reign of Charles II., were maintained, renewed, and reinforced during the chief portion of the succeeding century, till they had pretty well wrought their perfect work and gathered in their fatal harvest. After the time of Cromwell trade and manufactures, as well as agriculture, began to thrive under the reign of peace and order, inaugurated by his wholesome severity. With the help of the Presbyterians who settled in various districts, assisted by Huguenot emigrants from France and Holland, a thriving woollen manufacture had sprung up. The English manufacturers took alarm and persuaded the Parliament to crush the rising rivalry. A brisk commerce had sprung up between Ireland and France, and Ireland and the New England Colonies. It was ruthlessly put down. Ireland was compelled to send all her produce to England, and obtain her imports only through England. Her splendid fleeces she was forbidden to sell to France, lest thereby French woollen goods might be enabled to compete with English. English farmers followed in the track of English manufacturers; they procured enactments prohibiting the exportation, even to England, of Irish sheep, cattle, butter, and bacon. Nay more, the English authorities argued that Ireland must be prevented from tilling the soil, in order that she might produce the more wool for English use, and accordingly discouraging and prohibiting clauses were introduced into nearly every lease against the breaking up of pasture land. So largely operative were these decrees, that the unhappy peasantry, for lack of grain, were driven to live largely upon meat, which their Church often forbade them to eat, and famines ensued whenever the potato crop failed. The Irish Parliament and Irish patriots remonstrated against this stupid and brutal selfishness, but in vain. The whole of this page of Irish history is simply maddening and disgusting. At length the seed bore fruit. Alienation grew and deepened. The animosity of the injured race was envenomed, and justified.

But England gained little and lost much by criminal egotism which overshot its mark, and by laws which could not be enforced, because both the local rulers and all classes of the nation were in league against them. All these laws could do, and they did it most effectually, was to unite Catholic and Protestant, Celt and Saxon, in a common abhorrence of British tyranny. Ireland became more and more of a grazing country, and her peasants less and less industrious and productive. More and more wool was grown, but instead of going to England it was smuggled over into France. A most lucrative and exciting contraband trade sprang up between the two countries, and served to complete the education of the Irish in the most dangerous lesson a people can ever learn—the habitual evasion and defiance of laws so iniquitous, that it seems like virtue and patriotism to break them:—

‘Ingenuity could not have invented a commercial policy less beneficial to the country in whose interests it was adopted, or better contrived to demoralize the people at whose expense it was pursued. A large and fast-spreading branch of manufacture was destroyed, which was tempting capital and enterprise and an industrious Protestant population into Ireland,—a form of industry was swept away which would have furnished employment to the native Irish, and brought them under settled habits, which would have made four Ulsters instead of one, and raised each of the four to double the prosperity which the province which preserved the linen trade has in fact obtained. But even these consequences were not the worst fruits of these preposterous restrictions. The entire nation, high and low, was enlisted in an organized confederacy against the law. Distinctions of creed were obliterated, and resistance to law became a bond of union between Catholic and Protestant—Irish Celt and English colonist,—from the great landlord whose sheep roamed in thousands over the Cork mountains to the gauger who, with conveniently blinded eyes, passed the wool packs through the custom house as butter barrels; from the magistrate whose cellars were filled with claret on the return voyage of the smuggling craft, to the judge on the bench who dismissed as frivolous and vexatious the various cases which came before the courts to be tried. All persons of all ranks in Ireland were principals or accomplices in a pursuit, which, however pardonable in itself, could be carried on only by evasion, perjury, and violence. The very industry of the country was organized upon a system which made it a school of anarchy; and good servants of the State, who believed that laws were made to be obeyed, lay under the ban of opinion as public enemies. . . . Chests of bulion were kept by the merchants at Rochelle and Brest to pay for them as they were landed. When the French Government forbade

the export of so much specie, claret, brandy, and silks were shipped for Ireland in exchange on board the vessels which had brought the wool.

Thus, by a curious combination, the system worked the extremity of mischief, commercially, socially, and politically. It fostered and absolutely bred and necessitated habits of lawlessness. It promoted a close and pernicious connexion between Ireland and France. In times of war French privateers found shelter all along the Irish coast in positions most convenient to them, and most dangerous to English commerce. In times both of war and peace, it inundated Ireland with wine and brandy cheap and excellent, and produced the hard drinking which gave social life there so ill a fame. Singularly too, while the smuggling provided an open road for the going and coming of the priesthood, it linked itself to the service of the Pretender.’

An interesting chapter in this history, and one little known, is the earnest but futile attempt made by the Irish Parliament, backed by the Castle authorities, to induce England to consent in 1703 to the very same legislative Union which a century afterwards she herself forced upon reluctant Ireland, when too late to cure irreparable mischiefs. The Irish would then have agreed to almost any conditions; but the selfishness, apathy, and folly of the English Ministry turned a cold, deaf ear to their petitions, and the miserable round of injustice, mismanagement, and animosity went on as before.

Other chapters contain vivid and most painful pictures of the revolting forms assumed by Irish rowdiness and English corruption, and of the depth to which these vices penetrated into even the higher grades of the social hierarchy. Indeed the whole volume is about the saddest and most disheartening we ever opened: sad, because it would seem as if the whole history of continuous disorder, misgovernment, and failure, might so easily have been avoided; disheartening, because generation after generation it grew so increasingly inevitable—because it had its root so plainly in the inherent peculiarities of the Irish character, and in the stupidly incurable incapacity of Englishmen to understand those peculiarities; because, too, we can see little prospect of better things in the future, inasmuch as the very nature of the British Constitution forbids the application of the fitting and the only remedy. We have one after another removed every grievance of which Ireland could reasonably complain, and yet we are scarcely, if at all, nearer to harmony and peace than before; and this simply and solely because we have never thought of remedying the sole, but the vital grievance, of which Ireland never does complain—the

absence, namely, in dealing with her, of one firm, unswerving, consistent line of action—some distinct policy, based upon a settled principle and carried out with an unflinching and unvacillating hand. This we believe, and have long maintained, to be the one thing needful. This we hopelessly recognise also to be the one thing which, under a representative system, is absolutely unattainable. Parliamentary institutions, the exigencies of Government by party, as we have often had to explain, render a persistent policy and unwavering firmness utterly impossible. Every Viceroy and every Chief Secretary of the faintest pretensions to statesmanship, who has been at the helm of affairs in Dublin, we believe has come away with two convictions irrevocably rooted in his mind—that the Irish would be among the easiest people in the world to govern, but only on condition of there being no House of Commons and no changes of Ministry.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Book of the Sonnet.*

Edited by Leigh Hunt and S. Adams Lee. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1867.

2. *Scelta di Poesie Liriche dal primo secolo della Lingua fino al 1700.* Firenze, 1839.

THE Sonnet might be almost called the alphabet of the human heart, since almost every kind of emotion has been expressed, or attempted to be expressed in it: so many of the joys and sorrows that constitute the soul's history and being have been embalmed within its tiny limits. It is one of those things which have been a growth; its roots buried, as it were, in the ground of antiquity, only its blossom being now visible for delight and refreshment. It has been contended that its origin lies in the troubadour poetry of the middle ages; whilst some even assert that it is an ordered offspring, or development of the Greek or Latin ode or epigram. The name of the sonnet existed, there is no doubt, amongst the troubadours: but it was applied in a far more loose manner than later restrictions permitted. It is derived from *sonnetto*, which means a little strain, or rather sound, literally: and it has even been supposed that it was once like the early ballad (*ballata*) accompanied by a dance. Its name would seem to imply that it must, at least, have been accompanied by music; since *suonare* in the Italian language means to play upon an instrument: thus distinguished from the *canto* or song, which was

probably unaccompanied. It is certain that there was a very perfect sonnet, as to formal construction, written in the Provençal language to Robert, King of Naples, by Amalricchi, who died in 1321. Muratori, in his '*Perfetta Poesia*,' says that there is preserved at Milan a manuscript Latin treatise upon Italian Poetry (*Poetica Volgare*), written in the year 1332, by M. Antonio di Tempo, a Paduan judge, enumerating no fewer than sixteen different species of sonnet. Redi, in his notes to '*Bacco in Toscana*,' would claim it as an Italian invention. Of this however, there is no well-supported confirmation. Nevertheless there is no doubt that, wherever and by whomsoever invented, the sonnet was first given to the world in a modern tongue, by Fra Guittone d'Arezzo, living from 1210 to 1294, who used it with great grace and ease, considering the state of the language and culture at the time he wrote.

It is not proposed to give here an elaborate history of the sonnet through all its stages and progressive developments: such would lie quite without the narrow limits prescribed to these observations; nevertheless a slight sketch or indication of its growth may not be misplaced.

The very earliest sonnetteers confined themselves entirely to the expression of erotic sentiments, culminating in Dante and his contemporaries, to whom the passion of love became a symbol of the highest desires and longings of the soul. It was afterwards taken hold of by the quaint Italian poets of a subsequent period as a vehicle for giving utterance to social and personal facts, didactic teachings, delicate and frequently very pointed satire, and, sometimes, political opinions; but these last generally under some cover or symbol not easily understood without a knowledge of the facts signified. Amongst these may be mentioned Matteo Frescobaldi, Saviozzo da Siena, Bindo Bonichi and Antonio Pucci; the two last, especially, had a keen power of good-humoured personal satire, quite inimitable. The simplicity of the times in which they lived, together with their modes of thinking, gave an intensity and force to their utterances which went straight to the mark with undeviating directness. The peculiar wit and humour expressed in some of them would seem to be altogether out of the reach of a more developed culture, and are only paralleled in some of the more brilliant pieces of dry fun to be found in our own Shakespeare. In the hands of Boccaccio the sonnet became more picturesque and expansive, receiving additional refinement—perhaps over-refinement—in the '*Bella*

Mano' of Giusto de' Conti. In the Medicean times it attained a large culture and a loftier function in the fine Platonism of Benivieni, which possibly, partly through the remarkable comment made by Pico della Mirandola on his marvellously compressed Canzone on Platonic Love, may have influenced Michel Angelo in taking up the theme and prosecuting it in so noble a manner. The pastoral sentiment was adopted with much grace and picturesque beauty by Bernardo Tasso and Benedetto Varchi. The sonnets of Torquato Tasso are perhaps on the whole disappointing, as from the author of the 'Gerusalemme,' however beautiful some of them may be: nevertheless he must be mentioned in the history of the sonnet's growth and development as forming a very important link. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries added little to the sonnet in the general debasement and inactivity in literature; and though within these are to be numbered such names as Filicaia and Chiabrera—neither are there wanting a few later writers whose vigour and picturesqueness of treatment stand out very brilliantly through the gloom—the Italian sonnet of to-day, on the whole, is of little worth, being chiefly composed of commonplace nothings, or of adulatory rhymes given forth on the occasional extravagance of domestic festivals.

The story of the English sonnet may be sketched in fewer words, seeing that it has been used much more limitedly, and is a much later growth.

The first English sonnet is said to have been written by Sir Thomas Wyatt. He, together with the Earl of Surrey and Sir Philip Sidney, have the honour of first making it known in the English language. It was chiefly adopted in England, as elsewhere, to express the sentiment of love, Shakespeare and Drummond being no exceptions in their use of it. Milton was the first to use it to any great purpose in other directions. It afterwards fell almost altogether into desuetude, and was only revived by Gray and Warton, who heralded the names of Bowles, Coleridge and Wordsworth. Nor, in any enumeration of modern noteworthy sonnets, should those of Mrs. Browning be forgotten, which might take a still more prominent position in this class of literature if they were not too often disfigured by an exaggeration of hyperbole sometimes scarcely less than ruinous to their higher qualities.*

Turning to the more special object of

this paper, it may be stated that the sonnet is not rightly defined by the term, a fourteen-lined poem. It is not properly such. It is rather a poem consisting of four verses or stanzas (in the common use of those terms), two of those verses being composed of four lines each, and two of them of three, all consisting of ten syllables or a terminal eleventh at option, interrhymed in a certain traditional manner: the two first stanzas being now generally invariable: the other two having the liberty of choice; certain modes being preferable to others. The simplest and earliest arrangement of rhymes was that the lines composing the quatrains rhymed alternately; as also the tercets, but with another set of rhymes. This is occasionally adopted now; but is not to be recommended as far as the quatrains are concerned, since the regular recurrence of the rhymes is apt to induce monotony. In some cases, according to the nature of the sentiment, it is, nevertheless, positively an advantage; as, for example, where each line forms a sentence in itself, enumerating or reiterating that which is to receive its final significance at the end of the composition. This, however, is a form of writing that would be rather exceptional than general. The most approved mode of rhyming the quatrains, and by far the most general is the 1, 4, 5, 8 lines together, and the 2, 3, 6, 7. The reason of this is, that by such a distribution and concentration of rhymes the ear is better satisfied than in any other way. It is not regular enough to be monotonous, nor so irregular as to produce distraction; carrying the sound smoothly along with a dignified melody which, under skilful management, very much helps to sustain the unity of the sentiment and the effect of the composition. As to the tercets, the mode is different and more various, for the reason that this is the most important part of the sonnet, and it is an advantage to have a choice of manners of rhyming according to the final sentiment intended to be conveyed. They have been rhymed, therefore, in almost all varieties of manner: but not all with the same result. In fact, this is a matter of very nice judgment which the ear alone must determine, certain rules being given as to a preferential selection. For example, when the style of the sonnet is intended to be smooth and flowing, embodying the lighter or more graceful sentiments, perhaps the most elegant method is that of the six lines rhyming alternately. If, on the contrary, the sonnet is of a loftier scope and intention, belonging, for example, to the heroic or declamatory, then an order of *a, b, c, a, b, c* or *a, b, c, b, a, c* may be used to

* A palpable instance of the exaggeration alluded to is contained in a sonnet addressed to Mr. H. Power on his statue of a Greek Slave, to which she attributes the power of appealing by 'thunders of white silence.'

advantage; sometimes majesty and severity of style being heightened by a wider and more irregular distribution of the rhymes. The methods by which the rhymes become too far separated, and, above all, the final couplet, are almost always to be avoided. Nevertheless, as has been said, this matter must rest, in a great measure, for the ear to determine as to what suits best with the ultimate design of the composition.

It may be noted also, for the better melody of the sonnet, that the sound should not dwell upon the same vowel in the different rhymes, and that any lengthening of the metre in the last line is never to be allowed.

In addition to the form of sonnet above described there are other varieties, though not so generally used; as the *sonetto codato*, or 'tailed sonnet' of the Italians, which consists of a shorter line rhyming with the fourteenth of an ordinary sonnet, and then a final couplet; sometimes the 'tail' being repeated once or oftener. An example of this is to be found in Milton's sonnet 'On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament.' It is chiefly, though not always, used in the Italian language for burlesques, and was largely adopted by Berni in that species of poetry to which he gave the name.

It is scarcely worth while to enumerate other forms here, as none of them are based upon those reasonable laws which constitute the eligibility of those already described, and are by no means so generally used.

Considering the sonnet, then, from this point of view, as being made up of parts, and not the mere running on of fourteen lines of verse, it is necessary that the sense and composition of it should in some degree conform themselves to the division of these parts, corresponding by certain breaks and pauses to their natural *cæsura*. This would seem to be more particularly necessary in the quatrains, in order to avoid confusion to the ear, by giving to the sets of rhymes their proper and distinctive effect; this effect being frequently still improved by a minor pause or break at the end of every two lines at the furthest. In the tercets this is of less importance, since there is not so much danger of confusing the ear with the number of rhymes; the smooth flow from one line to another also gaining additional force by contrast with the reverse mode of treatment in the quatrains. A small break or pause between the tercets would, as a rule, nevertheless be advisable.

We now come to a far more difficult branch of the subject, the consideration of what properly constitutes the material of a

sonnet; that is, its essential construction; and this, of course, is infinitely the most important part of it: and to make it very clear and apparent it will be necessary to examine carefully the most celebrated examples of this kind of writing in order to arrive at a generalised notion of the capacities of the instrument and how far these have been carried out.

As far as general laws are concerned there is one which is invariable and irrefragable, which scarcely needs stating, that the sonnet must consist of one idea, mood, or sentiment, solely; and never more than one. It must be a full, rounded, and complete organism; having all its parts maintained and elaborated in themselves, yet each dependent on the other; a portion of the same economy; as it were, a member of one body. It must have its beginning, its progressive stages, and its ending; not allowing anything extraneous or superfluous, nor wanting anything necessary to make the sentiment of it stand forth, a clear, definite, unmistakeable fact, entire in itself, requiring nothing more from the reader than what itself suggests. As has been said, the sonnet is a little thing, therefore a little thing serves to ruin it. It is necessarily an artificial construction; and yet, for that very reason, the artifice employed must be always kept out of sight, and its artificial nature in a manner neutralised by a simple, unaffected, and straightforward mode of utterance, so direct in its appeal, and aimed so straight as never to miss its mark. For this reason it is almost impossible that any immature conception or motion can be made the subject of a successful sonnet. On the contrary, the idea must be well elaborated in the mind; having been regarded from every side in all its relationships; all that is extraneous and accidental being set aside, and only the essential portion retained, those sonnets being almost always the most successful which give the salient points of their subject rather by a series of touches than by a finished elaboration of details. Most of Milton's are examples of this manner of writing, and owe their grandeur, perhaps, in a great measure, to that very quality, as far as construction goes. Where sweetness is sought, however, rather than sublimity, a more special treatment may be used. Some of Shakespeare's most tender sonnets illustrate this. Another necessary qualification for sonnet writing is that of inexorable reticence. A sonnet is a thing of restriction. Its course must be like that of a well-managed racer: its best power kept till the last, in order that the culmination may come with the full impressiveness of the whole composition. It is true Tasso made

an exception to this, throwing his full power into the quatrains; but it is allowed by critics that perhaps for that very reason he is not to be considered a model in this species of writing. In reading a quantity of his sonnets consecutively this is especially felt in a heaviness of result, due, no doubt, in a great measure, to the want of force and vivacity in the conclusions. Quadrio says of the sonnet, that the grave and imposing should resemble the course of a large river going along unbroken in majestic repose; but that of a joyous or festive character must be broken or gay as the course of a little rivulet leaping about and tumbling over the stones: but that care must be had, both in the one case and in the other, that the proposition and its proof should form the quatrains, and its confirmation and conclusion the tercets, and that the conclusions deduced from the argument, either actually or virtually, should generally form the termination of the sonnet.

As to the style which may characterise a sonnet, a very wide range may be taken: moral, didactic, descriptive, declamatory, &c., in all of which representative examples are to be found, most of them in English, and all in the Italian language.

Whilst fully recognising, however, the rules for the construction of a perfect sonnet—and we cannot despise them, since such a writer as Dante followed a most strictly defined organisation in his sonnets, as explained in the ‘*Vita Nuova*,’ and Petrarch has left us notes which shew the artistic pains and labour he bestowed on these productions of his—it must not be supposed that they are always and invariably to be observed or made use of. A sonnet might be written in accordance with all these, and yet be no more than as stiff a ‘piece of framework as any January could freeze together.’ There are but few of them which may not be occasionally transgressed to advantage. But just as a painter could not sit down to paint a landscape without a full knowledge of the rules of perspective, lineal and aerial, although he may carry none of them out in their utmost precision and exactitude, so without a knowledge of the archetypal form of this branch of art, also, it would be impossible to reach with certainty its highest function.

But it must be recollected that after all that can be said about forms and manners, it is the thought which constitutes the right sonnet. That possessed, grasped comprehensively in all its relative and specific qualities and aspects, the expression of it will come naturally and prove by far the least part of the difficulty; and if it be the

sincere, unaffected exposition of a just sentiment, rather blossoming out of life spontaneously than sought for its own sake intrinsically, it can never be utterly valueless or absolutely thrown away. And here may be fitly enforced to the poet the necessity of choosing the noblest fruits of his life for poetic expression: living all he writes, and counting life of infinitely more importance than any reproduction of it in art can be. The noblest things have all been so done. The lordly Milton could never have left us the lofty poetry he has, if he had not first lifted his whole life to its level. If Dante’s fine powers had not been pointed and winged by lofty living and energetic action, they could never have reached the height they did; as he himself says:—

‘Chi pinge figura,
Se non può esser lei, non la può porre.’*

The noblest æsthetic elevation is that which grows out of the active powers of life well and vigorously used: perhaps the only permanent one; for no less true is it now than of old, that out of the strong cometh forth sweetness.

Entering upon the consideration of a few samples of the sonnet which may be said to represent the very best form of it, first and foremost we must take up those of the great Italian poet last-mentioned, by whom this instrument has been used in all its efficiency; indeed, it may be said that it has never either before or since been adopted with so much mastery and power. His sonnets steal over the soul like a breath of summer wind, making it sigh for pure joy of its sweetness—a sweetness so refreshing and so delicate that one wishes it might never die, but go on whispering its delicious music for ever. Every word is a breathing vitality: the utmost simplicity of expression being united to the greatest profundity of conception. They have an inimitable ease, constituting the most lucid transparency of style, which makes all shade of Confusion fly before it as from the rod of the angel of Order. They seem born out of the soul as naturally as flowers out of the earth, and are as lovely and as welcome; apparently fragile as a gossamer any wind might blow away, yet strong enough to withstand the tempest and take its rude airs with soft odours, allaying its boisterous disorders with the tender submissiveness of interior calm. As an example of all that it is possible to get into fourteen lines of verse, it is scarcely necessary here to instance to readers of Italian

* He who paints a figure, if he cannot be it, cannot represent it.

literature that most exquisite of all written sonnets:—

- * Tanto gentile, e tanto onesta pare
La donna mia, quand' ella altrui saluta,
Ch' ogni lingua diven tremando muta,
E gli occhi non l' ardiscon di guardare.
- * Ella sen va, sentendosi laudare,
Umilmente d' onestà vestuta;
E par che sia una cosa venuta
Di cielo in terra a miracol mostrare.
- * Mostrasi sì piacente a chi la mira,
Che dà per gli occhi una dolcezza al core,
Che 'ntender non la può chi non la pruova.
- * E par, che dalla sua labbia si mova
Uno spiro soave, pien d' amore,
Che va dicendo all' anima: sospira.'

It is the soul of music dying at its close for very rapture of its own sweetness: the crown and apotheosis of poetry. It is made up of a series of images each one heightening the effect of the other, and all so pure and touched with so fine a spiritualism that they appear to be quite unearthly and supernatural. No creation of Fra Angelico could be more ravishing, no most soulful touch of Giotto more tender. Every word and line breathes the atmosphere of paradise. An angel could not be imagined to have put it into verse more beautiful with mortal language. The last line must remain for ever an unapproachable monument of imperishable loveliness, which, as it cannot be translated into any other, one would think ought to make the Italian tongue immortal for its own sweet sake. Some of the other sonnets of Dante can scarcely rank inferior to this, though there are none that are so touching.

Of the sonnets of Petrarch it is not necessary to say much here, unless a closer analysis were projected than lies within the limits of this paper. They are more scholastic than those of Dante, but they do not breathe by any means so palpitating a vitality. Some of them are, constructively, almost perfect. The one beginning, 'I vo piangendo i miei passati tempi,' has been quoted as one of these; opening impressively; carrying its sentiment progressively through all its parts, and ending with a weighty conclusion. Perhaps, however, to those who look less to technical formality, such sonnets as that numbered xxiv after the death of Laura, in which occur lines like these,

- 'Le cresse chiome d' or puro lucente,
E 'l lampeggiar dell' angelico riso,
Che solean far in terra un paradiso;
Poca polvere son, che nulla sente'—

will stand higher in estimation. Probably the finest sonnets of Petrarch are to be

found amongst the occasional ones, especially those thundered at the abuses of the papal court at Avignon, which seem to flame with irrepressible wrath, as though they would burn the page out of the book in which they are written. In his sonnets to Laura and her memory there is frequently a sense of constraint and monotony; and though his affection becomes an abstract one, it never grows either nobler or more spiritual: in this differing from that of Dante towards his Beatrice, whose image became to him the symbol of all virtue, the soul's central kingdom of moral light and elevation united with the highest form of æsthetic perfection, which to him were one and the same thing. With Petrarch all existence within and without is put under contribution to illustrate, exaggerate, or express the passion of the poet: every road leads to the same centre: a yearning heart, tender and hopeless, which finds its consolation in loving and the pensive dreamings which its affection brings into the light of reality. As to how much of genuine emotion, how much of mere habit or of a certain element of affectation may be mingled with this may be left for those to determine who choose to entertain the question. Of course it is unfair and injurious to the full effect of these sonnets, the writing of which was spread over so long a period of time, to read them consecutively and uninterruptedly. They are rather to be taken up occasionally, at a time of leisure, in the twilight, that magic moment of his own delicious climate, when the day dies like a beautiful life, leaving almost as much loveliness behind it as it takes with it; when the music of their sweet complaint may fall on the soul with the song of the nightingale and the distant bell proclaiming the hour of Ave Maria, as it seems to 'toll the knell of parting day.'

An examination of the earliest English sonnets plainly shows that the sonnet was never here fully understood, or was not appreciated in its highest artistic capacity, either in regard to sentiment or form: nor, indeed, is it by any means certain that it is as consonant with the genius of the English language as with the tongues derived from the Latin: it certainly was never indigenous to it. For one reason, the difficulty of finding the requisite number of rhymes without breaking up the direct course of the thought has never allowed it in its strictest form to become popular. Again, there is a degree of artificiality necessary to its construction which has a tendency to become mannerism and conventionalism in inexperienced and unpractised hands. Besides these, a special mode of culture is required to reduce

the idea to be expressed into such a shape as may be conveniently dealt with in the prescribed limits: for, in its highest function, it must be composed, as has been laid down, of a great thought round which the mind has circled and brooded until it has made it familiarly its own; so much so as to be able to express it, at least in outline, by a few sharp incisive words, not aimed at the subject, but proceeding directly out of it.

Amongst the first English sonnets perhaps those of Sir P. Sidney are the most notable. Some of them are very admirable. They only suffer occasionally from the want of a more unbroken harmony of versification which the imperfectly developed condition of the language at that time scarcely afforded room to remedy: for in this species of composition all the smoothest and highest rhythmic power of the most cultivated language is required to bring out its full perfections. Some of those of Samuel Daniel might be instanced as examples of harmony and sweetness rarely to be found at so early a period. Here is one by this now too much neglected writer, which for mellifluous tenderness and pensive grace of expression might rank amongst the first in the language:—

'Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable night,
Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth:
Cease dreams, the images of day desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow:
Never let rising sun approve you liars
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.'

Spenser's take an important place as steps in the development of the English sonnet, but scarcely appear worthy of the author of the 'Fairy Queen' and those beautiful æsthetic hymns by which we love most of all to remember him. Their want of compactness and point was superseded by Shakespeare in their own manner. Perhaps most readers will agree with Hallam in thinking that those of Drummond have obtained quite as much praise as they deserve. They are not written in the best form: but near enough to it to be disappointing. Many of them are mere slavish imitations of Petrarch, in which all the finer qualities of his great master are lost.

Coming to those of Shakespeare, there is no doubt these may be placed in the very first rank of English sonnets: and although

they have hitherto met with a limited appreciation (so great an authority as Hallam pronouncing it a matter of regret they were ever written), they are now, in their growing popularity, obtaining the high position they merit. One great reason for their being so long neglected by literary students is, no doubt, the perplexity arising from their obscure origin and intention. This question will, probably, for ever remain unresolved; for it does not appear that from the earliest to the latest speculators (they can scarcely be called investigators where so little exists upon which to base inquiry) any real light has been thrown upon it. They may be generalised, as to sentiment, in a profoundly reflective consideration of the passion of Love in its mortal condition: chiefly in regard to intellect, or rather in a lofty intellectual aspect; but still earthly, human love: nothing else: never soaring on those divine, moral wings which bore Plato and Dante from the earthly to the heavenly Love, by which the affections of their mortal nature were lifted into a celestial and immortal atmosphere, transfigured and already made denizens of the soul's paradise in the light of God. They are characterised in construction by a certain apposition of terms and ideas, in which, by the juxtaposition of contrasts, force and colour are given to the sentiment—specially qualities belonging to all writers of prose and poetry in the age called Elizabethan. These appositions and contrasts are commonly summed up and enforced in the couplet, which frequently presents the result of them in some other light or aspect than that conveyed in the quatrains; often giving great piquancy and increased intensity to what has gone before. The value of these compositions lies rather in the sonnet form of idea being so strictly conceived and preserved, than in the perfection of their structural mould, which is confessedly inferior to the Italian. Why Shakespeare preferred this it is hard to say. Perhaps he may have found more freedom in the greater number of rhymes, or perhaps he may have thought it more agreeable to the spirit of the language in which he wrote. One thing, however, is very certain, that he must have been well acquainted with the Italian archetype. We are able to prove this by an instance which we believe has never been noticed before. It is worth while here to quote in full the sonnet alluded to and collate it.

'Amore è un desio, che vien dal core,
Per l'abondanza di gran piacimento;
E gli occhi in prima generan l'Amore,
E lo core li dà nutrimento.'

'Bene è alcuna fiata uomo amatore
Senza vedere suo 'nnamoramento ;
Ma quell' amor che stringe con furore,
Dalla vista degli occhi ha nascimento :

'Che gli occhi rappresentano allo core
D' ogni cosa che veden bono e rio,
Com' è formata naturalmente :

'E lo cor che di ciò è concepitore,
Immagina, e piace quel disio :
E questo Amore regna fra la gente.'

This sonnet was written by Jacopo da Lentino, who lived and wrote about the middle of the thirteenth century. Now if the reader will compare it with this song in the 'Merchant of Venice,'

'Tell me where is fancy bred :
Or in the heart or in the head ?
How begot, how nourished ?'

Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell :
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

(fancy, of course, standing for love, as frequently used by old writers) he will find it could have had no other origin than in this sonnet ; for, apart from the general transfusion of sentiment, there exist verbal correspondences so near as to leave no manner of doubt on the subject. So close, indeed, are some of these, as scarcely to require a knowledge of the two languages to perceive them when written : as, for example,

'E gli occhi in prima generan l' Amore.'
'It [love or fancy] is engendered in the eyes.'

Again :—

'Dalla vista degli occhi nascimento.'
'With gazing fed.'

If we may imagine Shakespeare to have had the previous rhyme, 'nutricamento,' in his head when writing this line, it would also have been a literal translation. Once more :—

'E lo cor che di ciò è concepitore.'
'Or in the heart.'

The turn given to the ending of the song is entirely Shakespeare's own. Indeed the colouring throughout is peculiarly Shakespearean ; so that no one could justly accuse him of plagiarism. Such borrowing repays in the use whereby lender and borrower are both gainers.

As to where or how Shakespeare may have seen this sonnet must be left to conjecture. It was printed for the first time (as is supposed) in Allacci's 'Poeti Antichi,' at Naples in 1661 ; a collection of poems made from manuscripts in the libraries of the

Vatican and Barberini Palace in Rome. Perhaps those who contend for the probability of Shakespeare having visited Italy may consider this additional evidence in favour of their opinion. There is really, however, no such conclusion to be drawn from it, since it is very probable that it may have circulated widely in manuscript, and may have found its way to England in that form, through the instrumentality of some traveller of Shakespeare's acquaintance. It may be added that, although Shakespeare's imperfect knowledge of the Italian language is to be inferred from his awkward use of Italian words and phrases, yet, doubtless, he knew quite enough of it to be able to read it with facility. As we are on the subject, it will not be out of place here to mention another remarkable similarity in this song, attributed to Shakespeare in the 'Passionate Pilgrim,' which we believe has been unnoticed heretofore :—

'It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.

'Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless or kill the gallant knight :
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel !

'But one must be refused ; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain :
Alas, she could not help it !

'Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away :
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay ;
For now my song is ended.'

The substance of this song is exactly contained in the following sonnet, with the exception that the ending differs, in that the choice is left an open one :—

'Due cavalier valenti d' un paraggio
Aman di core una donna valente ;
Ciascuno l' ama in tutto suo coraggio,
Che l' avanzar d' amar saria niente.

'L' uno è cortese ed insegnato e saggio,
Largo in donare, ed in tutto avvenente :
L' altro è prode e di grande vassallaggio,
Fiero ed ardito e dottato da gente.

'Qual d' esti due è più degno d' avere
Dalla sua donna ciò ch' ei ne desia,
Tra quel c' ha in se cortesia e sàvere,

'E l' altro d' armi molta valentia ?
Or me ne conta tutto il tuo volere.
S' io fossi donna, so ben qual vorria.'

This sonnet is printed by Trucchi in his '*Poesie Italiane Inedite*' (vol. i. p. 79) as by Rustico di Filippo, who flourished in the early part of the thirteenth century; a 'trovatore' and poet of mark in his day, to whom Brunetto Latini dedicated his '*Tesoretto*.' It is from a manuscript in the Vatican. In this case, however, supposing the song in question to have been written by Shakespeare, there is by no means the same certainty of his having seen this sonnet as the other; for the story may possibly have been an old one, which may have floated about in more forms than one. Indeed Fletcher's play of the '*Elder Brother*' would appear to embody some such motive. This supposition might have had, perhaps, still more probability, if it were a matter of certainty that all the poems in Trucchi's collection had been printed by him for the first time, as he professes them to have been, but this is not invariably the case, as several of them may be found amongst the dense stratum of verse passed through the Italian press in the palmy days of the Gioliti and Aldi. In a pretty wide acquaintance with old Italian printed poetry, however, we have not met with it anywhere else. Neither are we aware that either of these sonnets has ever been reproduced in the English language in any form whatever excepting as mentioned. In the first case, at least, there is a new fact concerning Shakespeare's culture; that, whatever else he read or did not read, he must have seen and read, and loved that particular sonnet—loved it so much as to have endeavoured partly to reproduce it in one of his most exquisite lyrics, in the fit setting of a drama, the scene of which is laid upon Italian soil.

The next great stride forward which the English sonnet made, in which it may be said, perhaps, to have culminated, was in those of Milton. Fashioned on a more approved model, and from a loftier standpoint, they mark an era which will never be forgotten in England's literature. In regard to structure they take the best and most accredited form, whilst their enlarged and ennobled sentiment must make us regret, with a later sonnet-writer, that they are 'too few.' Milton seldom attempts to elaborate his majestic idea; but generally seizes it by a few representative points, and sets them down like landmarks, leaving more to his readers to do than he does himself. The noble lesson given from his blindness is struck out by a few vigorous strokes of the pen; just as M. Angelo could body forth an

outward indication of the power that swelled within him by a few mighty strokes of the chisel or broad sweeps of the brush. They are strong in their simplicity and beautiful in their severity; exhibiting that grandest phase of the artistic character where it is so intuitive and spontaneous as to need no unaccustomed energy to produce noble workmanship, evolved naturally from the mood of every day, the elevated moral position constituting the soul's habitual status. He had the peculiar faculty of genius that makes everything or anything—the occasion of the moment as well as the remote in time and space—subservient to a present purpose.

For a long time the sonnet appears to have fallen almost into desuetude with the Drydens, Popes, Goldsmiths and Johnsons of the latter part of the seventeenth and the most of the eighteenth centuries. The sonnets of Bowles subsequently attained a certain popularity, and no doubt had their uses in carrying forward the poetic culture of their time; but they do not represent a very high function of the vehicle. They are graceful and tender little poems, but can scarcely take a place beyond that.

To the dawning of a better period may be referred the very noble sonnet of Blanco White, addressed to Night, which Coleridge considered the best in the language:—

'Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay
concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us
blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious
strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?'

It certainly fulfils the demands of this kind of poem in a very full and elevated manner. Each part of the sonnet is complete in itself, definite, and free from confusion, yet all the parts are interdependent and closely connected, whilst the sentiment of the whole is progressively elaborated from the opening to the conclusion, to receive its crowning significance in the final couplet. All the images are of a sublime order, clearly expository of the sentiment to be enforced, without affectation or straining; so that, taking it altogether, perhaps there would be no reason why the judgment of Coleridge upon it should be disputed if the terms of

it were not exclusive; since some of the sonnets of Milton and Shakespeare must be considered certainly quite as great, though in another manner.

The much broader and more intense reflective power of Wordsworth than those of his immediate predecessors, united with a more penetrative insight, have gained him a far higher place in this speciality. Perhaps some of his sonnets would scarcely have been missed if they had been kept back as studies or records of moods, rather interesting to the writer in order to the attainment of conditions of which they mark the progress, than commanding special recognition for themselves; but one readily forgives the redundancy for what it contains.

A careful study and investigation, however, of Wordsworth's sonnets will shew that they are not all of them, indeed few of them, constructively perfect; and this may be said without any prejudice to the rare and valuable qualities which are in them. They seldom consist of well-rounded moods beginning and ending in themselves; they are rather slices of moods, a fragment of continuous thought, a seizing of one of the forms of passing beauty or emotion only conspicuous amongst the rest by the fact of its being set down. He does not always grasp the subject and scope to begin with, and then make every word and line a progress towards its complete expression; but frequently seizes his subject anywhere, making feints and passes at it rather than systematically going about to pierce it through and through, as Milton and Dante always did. An instance of this kind of looseness of treatment may be found in the third of his River Duddon series:—

'How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone
My seat, while I give way to such intent;
Pleased could my verse, a speaking monument,
Make to the eyes of men thy features known.
But as of all those tripping lambs not one
Outruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent
To thy beginning nought that doth present
Peculiar ground for hope to build upon.
To dignify the spot that gives thee birth
No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem
Appears, and none of modern Fortune's care;
Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a gleam
Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness rare;
Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother, Earth!

The scope of this sonnet, addressed to a stream, is simply to say, that since art and antiquity have denied their associations and interests to the source of it, it has not failed to make up for the want of these by its own additions. There is something in the idea, it is true, but not enough for the substance of a very valuable sonnet. The poet sits

down; he has a sonnet to write (for he is writing a series), and yet he is candid to confess that there is nothing at all to write about. He begins with a preamble of no connective value; he sees some lambs frisking about, and drags them in to illustrate what is *not* there, in order, as it would seem, to get over a few more lines. At last his eye dwells upon the bright green moss growing upon the stones. He seizes this with avidity, and makes the most of it; on the whole, perhaps, better than might have been expected from one sitting down to write upon 'nothing'—or what to him, at the moment, is little better—with nothing particular to say about it. Yet even this sonnet has two kinds of value; the positive one, that it contains some touches done straight from nature, which are never quite thrown away; and a negative one, that it holds the useful moral, that it is better to write a single sonnet out of a full, rich mood, than a hundred out of barren and empty ones. In another place he mentions some verses as 'thrown off' on a certain occasion. Such an expression would lead to the interesting inquiry, whether the poet proper should use his art upon every occasion, bringing it to bear as to its expressional function on that which he may see at any time around him, or should he think long and much, and versify rarely; and not at all when he does not feel himself compelled, so to speak, to do so; exercising a fine restriction and reticence; only giving forth the very best portion of himself and the essence of what he observes. Of the first manner Wordsworth affords an illustration; of the second, Mr. Tennyson.

Let us, however, hear the deceased laureate speak once more at his best; in a manner, indeed, which more fairly represents him:—

'Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with
whom
But thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my
mind,—
But how could I forget thee? Through what
power
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss? that thought's re-
turn
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no
more;
That neither present time nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.'

Although there is a certain structural looseness in this, yet one would scarcely have it

different, for it contains the outpoured tenderness of a fine manly affection under the influence of deep grief—a mirror of that sad mood with which we are most of us too familiar, when the momentarily lulled sorrow uncoils itself like an awakening serpent and administers its sharper sting.

Before concluding these observations it may not be supererogatory to mention a few of the modes by which the sonnet may be best studied by those students of poetry who would understand and develope its highest capacities.

A very efficient mode of getting at the actual substance of a sonnet is by a prose paraphrase. The true proportions of the idea of which it may be composed are then apparent; and this is almost an unfailing indication of its real value. Mere beauty of form, manner, and expression may occasionally give a fictitious importance to material of no great weight or moment, but ultimately the right worth of all this kind of composition must lie in the bones and sinews, as it were, of which it is composed. It must be the result of a permanent condition of mind and habitual culture, and not of a momentary influence. It must be held together by the strong bond of thoroughness and consistency, or it will fail. Of this paraphrase an analysis and abstract should be made of what constitutes the leading points in which lies its force or significance, and the way they react on each other by harmony or contrast should be observed by collation; also the manner in which the idea is distributed in the various parts of the sonnet, and reasons found for this distribution. The best Italian sonnets, those of Shakespeare, Milton, and some of Wordsworth's are well adapted for this mode of study. Another very advantageous method is to take up a prose paraphrase when the words of the original are no longer in mind, and to retranslate it into the original form or to take up a suitable piece of prose and put it into the sonnet form. All these exercises will tend to make clear the function of the sonnet, revealing its capacities and advantages, bestowing a critical knowledge of the exact value and constructive skill of those which are best worth studying by shewing the secret of their greatness and their power.

A word may be said as to the uses and advantages of the sonnet. It is capital for embalming the moods of a moment—those sentiments and feelings which contain a sort of completeness in themselves. It forms an admirable setting for a beautiful prospect, a noble act, a splendid character, whereby they may be contemplated again in miniature, as it were, when their outward form

is no longer with us. It is a valuable exercise for the mind, particularly for the faculties of selection and limitation. It cultivates good taste and intensifies concentration. If it is difficult to write, it is easy to read; and its proportions will often allow it to rest in the mind when longer poems are forgotten. Little and good, is its motto; and if it be the latter, its permanence and power will go far to make the former a term only applicable to the space it occupies on paper.

ART. IX.—*History of British Commerce, and of the Economic Progress of the British Nation, 1763–1870.* By Leone Levi, F.S.A., F.S.S., &c. &c. &c. London, 1872.

THIS history appears at a very opportune moment. A time when both the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition are the near descendants of men connected with business; when the Governor-General of India belongs to the family of one of our most typical mercantile houses; when the latest Ex-Lord Chancellor of England (still happily among us) is the son of a Lord Mayor of London; certainly must be considered from one point of view a very fit occasion for the publication of a History of British Commerce. There is also a special fitness in a season like the present, when our trade has again revived from the depression of some past years; when the reports of the Board of Trade tell of the incessant activity of our foreign commerce; when the Clearing House returns, augmented beyond all precedent, record from week to week the increased activity of our home trade. Professor Levi has written a book requiring considerable research, and the greatest accuracy. He may be congratulated on the manner in which he has accomplished his work, a work which is worthy to stand in the same rank with any of his most distinguished predecessors; with Tooke and Newmarch's 'History of Prices,' and with Porter's 'Progress of the Nation.' Professor Levi has wisely, as we think, based his narrative not merely on the records of the advance and extension of any particular branch of trade, but on the general history of the country. His book thus gains greatly in order and method of arrangement, and presents, hence, a completeness of form which renders it not only far more attractive to the reader, but also far more easy for him to remember. It would form an

unusually good school prize for any clever boy; it would give him a clue to a side of British progress which many historians are apt either to ignore altogether, or to consign to a foot-note, but to which the prosperity of the country is greatly due. Sufficient reference is also made to the events ordinarily chronicled; to the battles, wars, and political struggles in which England has been engaged, to connect the commercial incidents commemorated with the greater events of our history. We are glad to learn that it is proposed to publish a French translation of this volume, as it is most desirable at the present time to promote the growth of sound ideas on commercial subjects on the other side of the Channel.

As was mentioned above, it is not the younger reader alone who requires to be occasionally reminded of the progress of British commerce. There exists in the minds of most men a kind of feeling, more or less indistinct, that our trade has greatly extended itself of late years; but it is only by the assistance of such a chronicle as Professor Levi has prepared, that it becomes possible to trace how vast that extension has been. As page after page bears testimony to the progress, unceasing, though sometimes slow, which has continually been made, one gradually experiences, as the story rolls on, much the same sort of sensation felt while slowly travelling through some rich and fertile country like Holland, which, owing less to Nature than to Art, exhibits at every step the triumphs of the perseverance of the inhabitants over the original poverty of the materials with which they had to deal. It is less glory than patience that is commemorated here; but it is patience of a quality so sublime that it deserves, as has worthily been given it, the name of genius; it is the patience which has won prosperity from elements which promised nothing but poverty, victory from sources whence even the courageous might have expected nothing but defeat.

The history of a century, roughly speaking, is included in this volume. The choice of the date was fixed at 1763, which marks the close of the Seven Years' War. The thirty years which intervened between that date and the commencement of the greatest struggle that this country has ever yet maintained—the war waged with the French nation, whether Revolutionary or Imperial, is regarded by Professor Levi as the period in which the foundations of British productive industry were laid. At that date England, though a great power in Europe economically, had not as yet acquired an absolute supremacy. The manufactures, which are

our strength now, were then in their infancy. The age of steam and iron had hardly begun. Yet if we look back a century earlier than the eighteenth, we find that though the latter period contained the seed-time, the soil had been well prepared before. A far earlier historian, Lewes Roberts, the author of the very curious 'Merchants' Mappe of Commerce,' published in 1638, expresses himself in a manner nearly similar to that in which Professor Levi writes. When Roberts compares the trade of England with that of other countries of Europe, he is driven to admit that 'the *Exchanges* practised in *England*, and principally in *London*, are confined within a narrow scantling, being but as a Rivolet issuing out of the great streame of those *Exchanges* that are used beyond the Seas.' But as if feeling that in saying this he had detracted too much from the honour due to his city and his country—for, the true citizen spirit is most strongly marked throughout his quaintly expressed volume—Roberts commences the next chapter with this patriotic outburst of feeling:—

'When I consider the true dimensions of our English traffique, as at this day it appeareth to me to be, together with the inbred commodities that this Island affordeth to preserve and maintain the same, with the present industry of the natives, and the ability of our Navigators: I justly admire both the height and eminencie thereof: but when againe I survey every kingdome and great City of the world, and every petty Port and Creeke of the same, and finde in each of these some English prying after the trade and commerce thereof, then againe I am easily brought to imagine that either this great traffique of England is at its full perfection, or that it aymes higher than can hitherto by my weake sight be either scene or discerned.'—*Roberts' Merchants' Mappe of Commerce*, p. 257.

The difference between the London of Charles I. and that of George III. was far smaller than the gulf which separates the Metropolis of the early days of George III. from those of Victoria. As in the days of Lewes Roberts, so in 1760, the real strength of London lay east of Temple Bar. The City was in those days a centre both of political and business life in a totally different sense from that in which it is now. It was still the place where many of the principal merchants lived; there, or in the immediate vicinity, many worthy citizens passed their contented days; and though a migration comparatively westward had even then begun, yet the prudent homely ways of earlier ages were still in vigorous life.

'Though, politically, England had by this time, and especially after the success of the

Seven Years' War, become a first power in Europe, economically she had as yet acquired no absolute supremacy. Her industries had accomplished none of their prodigies. Manchester was not glorying in her tall and ever smoking chimneys. An inland town of no pretensions for beauty and at some distance from the sea, she consumed but small quantities of cotton to work into fustians, vermilion, and dimities. To London her manufactures went for the raw material from Cyprus and Smyrna, and thither they returned their goods for exportation. Liverpool had scarcely any of her glorious docks; the stately barks from America had not yet found their way to her harbour. She had but an insignificant trade, and a large portion of it consisted in the wretched traffic of slaves from Africa to the West Indies. Alas! that it was so profitable a trade. Leeds and Bradford were not very conspicuous; and even London, the only place of real importance in the kingdom, which then monopolised almost the whole of the foreign trade of the country, had not a tithe of the shipping and commerce which now enrich the banks of the Thames. In size she was little more than what was left by the Romans—"the city within the walls." Her population was probably half a million only. There was then but one bridge connecting London and Southwark. The Bank of England was but a small building flanked by a church. The Royal Exchange was one re-built after the destruction of that built by Sir Thomas Gresham, which was again destroyed by fire in 1838. Lloyds' was still a coffee-house at the corner of Abchurch Lane. There was no Stock Exchange, and not a single dock. The port was blocked up by a fleet of merchantmen, and the quays heaped with bales, boxes, bags, and barrels in the greatest possible confusion. Scarcely one, indeed, of the great institutions and buildings which constitute modern London was in existence one hundred years ago.—*Prof. Leo's Hist. of British Commerce*, p. 5.

The means of communication throughout the Kingdom were very imperfect. The statement, incredible as at first sight it may appear to be, that there had been periods during the Roman occupations of Britain, and also before the dissolution of the great religious houses at the time of the Reformation, when travelling on several of the main lines of road was at least as easy as in the days of George II., really appears, in a considerable degree, to be true. With George II.'s successor a better era commenced. During the remarkable extension of industry and internal communication in England, which took place in the latter half of the sixteenth century, several Acts of Parliament were passed to enjoin a most careful maintenance of the highways. No less than six such Acts are to be found in the reign of Mary, followed by nineteen more during the reign of Elizabeth. It was in the days

of Elizabeth, also, that the river Lea from Ware to London, was rendered passable by barges. A previous attempt to improve the navigation of this river had been made in 1424, and another in 1430. These works were not endeavours to form canals, but were designed to repair the injury inflicted on the river by King Alfred, who, in his great struggle with the Danes, had imprisoned their fleet through lowering the level of the water 'by cutting three additional channels which drained off the stream into the Thames.' But these early attempts to improve internal communication, stimulated by neighbourhood to the Metropolis, stood alone for centuries, and were scarcely maintained in the years which followed. It was not till nearly two centuries later that turnpike roads were made throughout the kingdom, and that canals, which even more than roads tend to equalize prices between one district and another, were commenced. The beneficial effect of these improved means of locomotion was as great in proportion to the scale of prosperity then, as the extension of the railway system in our own days. The result of this deficiency in the means of communication was, as Professor Levi reminds us, 'the greatest possible inequality in the distribution of produce, and a corresponding variety in prices; so that, whilst London was often suffering from want of food, farmers in certain localities were not able to get more than five farthings the pound for good mutton.' Professor Levi does not name the place where this occurred. The late Mr. Porter, in his volume on the 'Progress of the Nation,' refers to the same incident. He obtained his information from an eye-witness.

'An inhabitant of the place (Horsham), lately living (the date may probably be put about 1843), remembers, when a boy, to have heard from a person whose father carried on the business of a butcher in that town, that in his time the only means of reaching the Metropolis was either by going on foot, or riding on horseback, the latter of which undertakings was not practicable at all periods of the year, nor in every state of weather—that the roads were not at any time in such a condition as to admit of sheep or cattle being driven upon them to the London markets, and that for this reason the farmers were prevented sending thither the produce of their land, the immediate neighbourhood being, in fact, their only market. Under these circumstances a quarter of a fat ox was commonly sold for about 15s.*'

The most curious thing about this story

* Porter's 'Progress of the Nation,' p. 296, ed. 1851.

is, that Horsham, the scene of its occurrence, is a place only 36 miles from London. Most persons would expect to find that it was some village in the furthest recesses of Wales, or in the most distant regions of the Highlands.

Great as the difference was in these points between the England of 1760 and the present time, there was a greater difference still in the spirit of the legislation at the two periods, especially in commercial matters. Professor Levi mentions a very remarkable instance of this. The sharp and sudden rise in the price of wheat after the years 1763-64, caused general distress. A similar change from cheapness to dearth took place simultaneously throughout the rest of Europe. Hence no importation from abroad was possible. Prices continued to rise, not merely in proportion to the apprehended scarcity, but in a proportion far beyond what the real facts of the case would have justified; in accordance with that remarkable estimate, made either by the often-quoted Gregory King or by Dr. Davenant, a century and a half ago, of the variation of the price of corn under the anticipation of a dearth. The distress continued to increase. The means proposed for relieving it sound, at the present time, strange to our ears. The exportation of corn, and the distillation of wheat, were prohibited. The free importation of salt beef, salt pork, and butter from Ireland, was permitted.* More than this, rewards were offered for the discovery of any 'unlawful combinations,' and, as a last resource, the laws of Edward VI. and Elizabeth against 'forestallers and engrossers' were enforced. So alien to modern ideas are these last-named statutes, that it becomes needful to explain that the 'unlawful combinations' prohibited were merely the association together of any persons for the purpose of holding grain; while the 'forestallers and engrossers' were the speculators who endeavoured to buy while food was comparatively cheap, to sell again at a profit when the in-

creasing scarcity rendered such a course possible. A high price of provisions is a great evil; but sudden variations are even more prejudicial. Nothing can conduce more to equalization of prices than the practice of accumulating a stock while prices are still low; nor can any measure tend more than this to cause the supply of provisions in any country to be husbanded in the manner the most beneficial to the inhabitants. It has the sanction of Holy Writ, if the legislators of that period had cared to concern themselves about such a precedent. It was the exact plan followed by Joseph during the seven years of plenty in the land of Egypt. But, in spite of this early and honoured precedent, in spite also of the obvious wisdom of the practice, it was not till some years later that these statutes against 'Forestallers and Regraters' were repealed; while the usury laws, which may be regarded as a perversion of a similar spirit, remained far longer in force. Though a Committee of the House of Commons in 1818 reported that these last-mentioned laws, intended to regulate the interest paid by borrowers, were extensively evaded; that they entirely failed in their desired effect; that, instead of lowering the rates charged, they actually caused them to be enhanced; still, so apathetic was public opinion on the subject, that fifteen years more went by before any alteration was made in them. And it was not till 1854 that a bill was introduced to abolish all the usury laws. If what may be truly called the worst forms of mediæval legislation lingered so late in these points, it is far less to be wondered at if a century ago privileged companies flourished in a sound and healthy life. Some privileged companies and forms of association still linger among us. But 100 years ago their number was far greater; their power was far stronger. The trade with the Levant was monopolized by the Turkey Company; that with Africa by the African Company. The South Sea Company, the Sierra Leone Company, were then in existence. The Hudson's Bay Company, which still retains a shadow of its power, was then, and continued to be for many years later, in undisputed possession of its vast but sparsely peopled territories; territories so enormous in size that they more than equalled three-fourths of Europe in extent; so little regarded, that a Royal Charter was permitted to hand them over unheeded to the seclusion enforced by a strict monopoly.

The dawn of the most brilliant years of the East India Company had just appeared. That great commercial association, the mightiest trading company the world has ever seen, was a century since only beginning

* Trade with Ireland continued to be fettered by Customs duties long subsequent to this date. The tenacity with which England adhered to the policy of taxing Irish produce almost justified the vehemence of the expressions in a pamphlet, said to be written by Grattan, which declares that 'The sudden and unexpected concession to us of unlimited trade on the part of Great Britain, after a violent and unjustifiable detention of it for over a century . . . is a matter we so little expected, that we scarcely believe her sincere in it; and the astonished Irishman receives the boon, as Scrub does Archer's generosity in the play—"Ah! it is a guinea, by this light; but I suppose, brother Martin, you expect one-and-twenty shillings in change!"' See also p. 97 of the present number of this 'Review.'

to consolidate its power. 1757 is the date of Plassy. Six years later Clive obtained the formal grant of the administration of the province of Bengal, and thus laid the foundations of the territorial possessions of the Company. An association, ruling such enormous tracts of territory, governing, on the strictest mercantile principles, vast multitudes of subjects scarcely to be dissociated from slaves, was likely to be jealous, even in the most minute particulars, of any 'interlopers' within the boundaries won by the desperate valour of its servants. And it is not to be wondered at if the trade of India was 'restrained' within the narrowest limits to the Company's servants; the enterprise of any 'uncovenanted European' watched with jealousy, and extinguished if possible. The progress of modern events rendered the maintenance of the territorial, as well as of the commercial, privileges of the Company untenable. It became needful to extend the immediate jurisdiction of the Crown to Hindostan; it became needful to destroy that remarkable system of double Government, which had withstood so many shocks in politics as well as in war; a system which, with all its shortcomings, might recall with pride the memory of the generations of men reared under its fostering influence; the governors-general, the stout-hearted collectors of the old school, the brave colonels, the captains of the trading vessels of the Company—traders by name, but ever ready to emulate the Navy in their discipline and their gallant deeds. And, as year by year the tale of Indian progress, the tale of Indian wants, is told to a British House of Commons too listless to be stirred to an active interest in the Budget of India, it is to be doubted whether a closer personal concern for the welfare of the inhabitants of our great dependency, was not taken by the servants of the Company, than by the servants of the Crown.

It is difficult to look back with satisfaction on any dealings between this country and its American colonies. A mistaken policy, followed by ineffectual efforts at coercion, too generally characterizes our proceedings. Professor Levi devotes a careful chapter to the consideration of the American revolution and war, the hostilities with France and Holland which followed, and the armed neutrality which united nearly the whole of Europe against us. The tale is a melancholy one, redeemed only by individual acts of enterprise and devotion; by the exhibition of a vigour which shone brighter after defeat than in victory. The effect of the American War of Independence in reducing the power of Great Britain is curiously commemorated in Burns' wild 'Birthday Dream,' in which

George III. is reminded, in extremely uncourtly phrase, of the diminution his dominions had undergone:—

'Your royal nest, beneath your wing
Is e'en right reft and clouted,
And now the third part of the string
And less will gang about it
Than did ae day.'

The years which follow—from 1783 to 1792—include the only lengthened period during which William Pitt was fated to conduct a peace administration. Though the stern vigour of the 'Pilot who weathered the storm' probably supplies the leading idea by which Pitt is thought of at present, and will be remembered in future times, yet it is deeply to be regretted that his lot was not cast in more peaceful days. No minister of his age had anything like the firm grasp of the great principles of statesmanship which he possessed; no one prognosticated more accurately the alterations which it would become needful to make to adjust modern requirements to existing institutions; no one saw more clearly that commerce, to be successful, must be free. Had the great powers of his mind not been compelled to turn without ceasing to the defence of his country, he would undoubtedly have matured those measures for which opportunity was never afforded him—measures by which the threatening streams of the rising tide of change, the strength of which he alone of the public men of his time had the sagacity to gauge, might have been effectually drawn off into safe and useful channels. Professor Levi does full justice to the benefits which Pitt conferred on commerce. The Customs-duties were at that time in a state of confusion scarcely credible. So intricate, so complicated, were matters, that the consolidation of these duties required upwards of three thousand separate resolutions to be passed by the House of Commons. The patience required to pass such a series of measures through the lower House may be imagined: would it be possessed by any modern Parliament?

A more important measure, and one even more opposed, was the treaty of commerce with France, concluded in 1786. To us who have recently witnessed such sharp vicissitudes in the commercial connexions between that country and ours, it is still possible to look forward with a feeling associated with something like hope that the links forged by happy and contented industry may yet again unite the two countries. This hope is strengthened by a reference to the difficulties which attended the negotiation of the first treaty. Twice in the course of a century these ties have been formed; twice they

have been broken. But though the sundering of these bonds has both times been accompanied by a revolutionary change of Government in the dominions of our great Continental neighbour, yet how different was the feeling evinced by both countries on the later, compared with that shewn on the earlier occasion! May we not draw from these altered, these gentler expressions, a hope that it may not be long before a sense of what is to the real advantage of both countries may influence public opinion generally in France? Like the second, the first mercantile treaty met with strong opposition on both sides of the channel; so difficult was it for either nation to desire a friendly intercourse after such long-continued and bitter hostility, so impossible was it to imagine that justice could be done to both countries at the same time. In England Pitt had to meet the decided hostility of Fox and the furious invectives of Burke, who described the negotiations as if it were 'the sign of the Fleur de Lis and the sign of the Red Lion contending with each other which house should obtain the best custom.' In France the Government of Louis XVI. lost not a little in public regard from the supposed onesidedness of the treaty in favour of England. As one looks at the papers printed by order of the House of Commons, giving an account of the 'Commerce between this country and France for the years 1714 to 1787,' it is impossible not to be struck both with the smallness of the aggregate amounts and the number of years during which that commerce was interrupted. In the account of the British produce and manufactures exported, just referred to, the years 1715-23 are far below the average. Again, there is a diminution of amount in 1727, not recovered till 1738: 1740 and the years till 1745, also shew the influence of political disturbance. 1745-47, 1757-62, 1780-1782, are blanks, or nearly so. The columns of figures, or the unfilled spaces in those now yellow and worn papers, mark the history of our differences with our neighbours almost as clearly as the pages of any history. Nineteen years only, out of the seventy-three enumerated, shew exports exceeding 100,000*l*. The imports were far smaller, as only six years exceeded that amount; in this respect exhibiting a curious difference between the last century and the present; for, in 1860, when the Cobden Treaty was being negotiated, the imports from France were about that time very nearly treble the value of the exports to that country, small as both combined were, when compared with the aggregate of our trade with other nations. The treaty—the foundation for a free and amicable intercourse

between the two countries,' as Pitt, in language of not unjustified hope, described his work—only continued in force for six years. The stimulus given by this measure to trade extended to other countries than those immediately concerned. Similar treaties were concluded with various powers, equally beneficial in their results. England, as Professor Levi reminds us, was about to reap the benefits of the improvements introduced in her manufacturing industry, when the outburst of the French Revolution threw everything into confusion. The first measures of the States-General were highly commendable. Heavy and injurious taxes were abolished, wiser financial arrangements completed. But this wiser frame of mind lasted only for a short time:—

'Very soon the Revolution put an end to the calm and dignified demeanour of that legislative assembly. And when, in order to remedy the shattered state of the finances, the States-General, rather than listen to Necker's advice to contract new loans, resolved to issue assignats, or States' notes, on the guarantee of the Crown and Church property, they entered into that fatal course which could not fail to end in a complete and irretrievable bankruptcy. With the politics of the French Revolution we have nothing to do. But politics and commerce are intimately connected, and a revolution which plunged France, and nearly the whole of Europe, into an ocean of trouble and suffering, and which, for a period extending over nearly a quarter of a century, filled the land with blood, destroyed every political landmark, and threw a nation, ever foremost in civilization and science, at the mercy of the wildest passions, could not fail to exercise the most calamitous influence on commerce and industry. And it was long, very long, before Europe was enabled to build the waste places, and restore to life and vigour those springs of activity, which throughout the sanguinary contest were very nigh exhausted. —*Hist. of British Commerce*, pp. 67-8.

And now commenced a period, extending over a quarter of a century, which later generations will ever look back to with very mingled feelings: a sentiment of a just pride will doubtless be the first; of pride at the undaunted courage which carried a wearied and almost exhausted nation through such perils, over such obstacles; of regret that a nation capable of such endurance should have been called on to undergo such a series of sufferings. Professor Levi is of opinion that 'the French Revolution would not have been nearly so injurious had England maintained a perfect neutrality, and avoided the danger of plunging herself and the rest of Europe into the horrors of a European war.' The time was indeed one of great depression. The vast efforts which this nation had to make at a period when a

series of bad harvests had already deranged the internal trade of the country, threw all business arrangements into confusion. Add to this the uncertainties which war always brings, the fluctuations of price, the losses by capture, the stagnation of trade induced by the rapid alternations of prices, and the result is not to be wondered at. The number of bankruptcies is a very fair criterion of national prosperity. The following list tells its own tale:*

Total number of Commissions.		Against Country Bankers
1791	769	1
1792	984	1
1793	1956	26

—a list nearly tripled in three years, as far as the ordinary trader was concerned, while the roll of country bankers tells of a sharper suffering still. Most, if not all of these bankers were issuers of notes. The neglect of successive Governments in England to compel a proper security being given for the country note circulation is indeed marvellous, and is only explicable by a reference to the history of the manner in which that note circulation has grown up. The year 1793 marks a curious instance of an endeavour to give Government assistance at a time of commercial pressure. This time it took the form of an issue of Exchequer-bills to the extent of 5,000,000*l.* to Commissioners, 'to be by them advanced, under certain regulations and restrictions, for the assistance and accommodation of such persons as shall be desirous of receiving the same, on due security being given for the repayment of the sums so advanced within a time to be limited.' It was probably the ardour of Parliamentary opposition, not soundness of financial judgment, which led Fox to oppose this measure. After a period of great commercial vicissitudes and alarm, the suspension of cash payments became inevitable in 1797, a measure dictated by political necessities, but the commencement of many troubles to the commercial world. The trade of the country was from this date carried on under difficulties so many and so great, that the only marvel is, that it survived at all. A high price for corn and other food, the natural result of a succession of inferior harvests, aggravated by the difficulty of obtaining supplies from other countries, weighed heavily on the resources of the nation. Yet darker days were in store. Another system of armed neutrality was declared by the Northern Powers. This was most unwelcome to England, determined that the trade

of the enemy should not be carried on by neutrals. The battle of Copenhagen broke up the Northern Confederacy. A short gleam of hope, but only too transitory, accompanied the Treaty of Amiens. Then followed that struggle, which for intensity and fury exceeded every period of war this country has yet known. The rights of a maritime power, is one which, since the supremacy at sea was most people's minds. The rights of the public or private, no engagement, made by England which is unaffected by decree from Napoleon, till retaliation on his part culminated in the Decree of Fontainebleau, which ordered the seizure and burning of all British goods found in France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Spain, and in every place occupied by French troops. It is only justice to Professor Levi to give the sequel in his own words:—

'How many States took part in this mad act of vindictiveness? The princes of the Rhenish Confederation hastened to execute it, some for the purpose of enriching themselves by the wicked deed, some out of hatred towards the English, and some to show their devotion towards their master. From Karlsruhe to Munich, from Cassel to Dresden and Ham-
burgh, everywhere, bonfires were made of English goods. And so exacting were the French that, when Frankfort exhibited the least hesitation in carrying out the decree, French troops were sent to execute the order.

* * * * *

'But a greater evil than even this extreme derangement of maritime commerce was that which flowed from the system of licenses, an evil which undermined the first principles of commercial morality. It was forcibly stated by the Marquis of Lansdowne, that the commerce of the country was one mass of simulation and dissimulation; that our traders crept along the shores of the enemy in darkness and silence waiting for an opportunity of carrying into effect the simulative means, by which they sought to carry on their business; that such a system led to private violation of morality and honour of the most alarming description; and that, instead of benefiting our commerce, manufactures, and resources, the Orders in Council diminished our commerce, distressed our manufactures, and lessened our resources. Yet all these warnings and expostulations were unheeded. The national mind was preoccupied by the one thought of compelling France and her military leader to a complete submission; and no consideration of a commercial or pecuniary character, no regard to the bearing of her measures upon other countries were sufficient to induce a reversal of this military and naval policy.'—*Hist. of British Commerce*, pp. 114-116.

It must be remembered that this derangement of our foreign trade was accompanied by all the difficulties which of

* Tooke's 'History of Prices,' vol. i. p. 193.

necessity grew out of the suspension of cash payments in 1797. The great mass of writings and discussions on the currency which mark the literature and the Parliamentary debates of the early years of the present century; and the great diversity of style, position, and opinions among those engaged in it, show how the measure influenced

1557 to 1580	0	17	9	} for the Wine hap- 8-bushel c' books,
1581 to 1600	1	6	7	

Tables,' Lord King's speeches, Tooke's volumes, Miss Martineau's tales, all show the interest felt in the point. Nor was this to be wondered at. An alteration in the purchasing power of money came home to every one. The discussion may be roughly divided into two sides; the one taken by those who denied that the currency was depreciated, and the other who maintained that it was. It seems strange any doubt should have been felt that those who held the last opinion were correct, though it was not till 1819 that Sir Robert Peel carried his resolution in favour of the resumption of cash payments.

It was long before the effect of the struggle, in which the whole civilized world had been engaged, passed away. The population of the United Kingdom in 1821 was about 21 millions; in 1871, about 31 millions; but the trade of the country was at the earlier date about the eighth part of what it is at the present time. This may give some idea of the comparative wealth and comfort of the population now, and fifty years since. The commencement of an improvement dates from Mr. Huskisson's commercial reforms. Slowly, but gradually, the trade of the country crept on, though shaken by the great crisis of 1826, the first crisis, perhaps, that attained an historical celebrity. Even now, and far more a few years ago, before the colossal proportions of the crisis of 1866 had dwarfed all its predecessors by its baleful extension, '26 was referred to in business circles as *the* panic year, in the same manner, and with almost the same importance of signification, as the first French Revolution is often spoken of. Grey-heads, long ago gathered to their fathers, grave men, even now, when plans involving any alteration of existing systems are discussed, would refer to 1826 as a time of the deepest trial; they will say now, 'You must do nothing which can possibly promote the recurrence of such a stroke as we experienced then.' We plume ourselves on our commercial stability, and compare our state with that of business men in France and Germany, sometimes disinclined to enter into engagements through political

uncertainties, but there is room for much improvement among ourselves. It surely argues a certain defect as to the manner in which the commercial affairs of this country are carried on, that a crisis should be looked for, should be prognosticated, but should not be guarded against, with almost the same certainty of recurrence as high tides when the moon is full, as gales at each spring and autumn equinox. After 1826,—1837, 1847, 1857, 1866 follow with a regularity which strikes the most casual observer. It is greatly to be desired, but it is scarcely to be expected, that the warnings of the past may at last be taken to heart. There are many stories told of successful men who, on being asked by others to give some hint of the method by which they had attained to prosperity, have given the most unlikely and contradictory answers. The best, perhaps the one most to the point, is that of the man who attributed his great good-fortune to having kept an accurate account of every loss. Every misfortune which this merchant had incurred, every speculation which had turned out badly, every disappointment, was duly chronicled. This book of losses became his favourite reading. Continually, from month to month, and especially before any new venture was commenced, the record was taken from the shelf, carefully read, and seriously pondered over. 'Before I undertake anything fresh, I look through the ledger of my losses.' The reading of this melancholy but truthful volume brought back to the mind, not only the losses themselves, but more than this, the train of circumstances which led to each. Similarities or unlikenesses between those occurrences and the events connected with the proposed speculation would occur to the mind. The reader turned to active life from the contemplation of the past, perhaps a sadder, certainly a wiser man. But though a similar course of reflection would be equally desirable for a community, it is not in the nature of things for such a body to profit by it. Hardly any man stands sufficiently alone, or is willing to stand sufficiently alone, to consider that the misfortunes which befall him in any time of excitement are his fault only. It is no man's business to recall the misfortunes of others; his own perhaps, even, he willingly strives to forget. There is no national record of our losses in trade by imprudent foreign loans, by incautious speculations, by direct swindling. When the fury of the storm is past, the lessons of adversity are soon forgotten. The advancing tide of prosperity effaces the ruined heaps which mark the overthrown hopes of a former generation; which, shapeless and obscure as they are, and

scarcely noticed by the careless eye of confident success, mark sometimes sufferings far sharper than those a mere money loss alone can inflict; they mark shattered reputations and exhausted lives; they mark homes once happy, now desolate; they mark careers once prosperous, now wrecked, stranded, and destroyed in the struggle which honourable and sensitive natures feel more acutely even than death. In those times of perplexity and trouble, when such reverses and their effects are spoken of with rash and hasty judgment as the natural accompaniments of business pursuits, the words of the homely Scotch ballad rise to the memory with a wider significance than that of the poor hardworking fishwife deprecating the undervaluing of her wares:—

‘Ye may ca’ them vulgar faring—
Wives and mithers maist despairing
Ca’ them—lives o’ men.’

Professor Levi devotes a chapter with some interesting details to the gold discoveries in California and Australia. As in the case of one at least of the most productive mines of Peru, the first hint of mineral wealth of California was the result of an accident. It was needful to enlarge the size of a mill-race on the Americanos river; the mill-wheel was therefore taken out in order to allow the accumulated waters to rush through, and save the trouble of digging out. A great mass of earth was thus removed. Some shining yellow spangles in the places where the water had laid the bank bare were noticed. The glittering spots attracted observation. Attention having been once drawn to the place, the report of the wonderful richness of the mines soon attracted crowds of eager speculators to a country unequalled perhaps for mineral wealth, and not unlikely hereafter to vie in the splendour of its crops of corn, and wine, and fruits with the most favoured regions that surround the Mediterranean. The first discovery of gold in California was in the year 1847. Some gold had been found during 1839, and again during 1841, in Australia. The instinctive acuteness of the late Sir Roderick Murchison had prognosticated that the metal would be discovered there, but it was not till 1851 that licenses to gold-diggers were first issued, and that the rush to the diggings fairly commenced. What was originally a burst of excitement has now settled down into a steady systematic occupation. A tendency towards a decline in the production has manifested itself of late years, but it is very probable that improved methods in extracting and refining the ore may eventually counteract

any diminution in the supply.* A great many calculations on the effect of the gold discoveries have been made, and comparisons drawn, between recent events and the earlier discoveries in Peru which produced so remarkable an effect on prices in the sixteenth century. This part of the subject, the question of fluctuation in the purchasing power of money, is one which naturally comes home first to most people’s minds. ‘There is no contract, public or private, no engagement, national or individual, which is unaffected by it,’ as Sir Robert Peel said when introducing the Bank Act of 1844. A well-known work on one branch of the subject by M. Michel Chevalier, and introduced to the English reader by the industry of Mr. Cobden, has attracted a good deal of attention, partly due to the fame of the editor. But the careful historical inquiry into the production and consumption of the precious metals written by the late Mr. Jacob, in 1831, still remains the most reliable authority up to that date, on the production of the precious metals. And though it is stepping far beyond the bounds of that century of British commerce, the history of which Professor Levi includes in his volume, to refer to the effect of the earlier discoveries of the precious metals in America, yet so much depends on the point that it is desirable to make a momentary digression to as distant an epoch as the commencement of the working of the silver-mine of Potosi in 1545. Mr. Jacob considers that about the year 1492, the year of the discovery of America, the annual production of gold and silver did not more than supply the annual consumption of the precious metals by wear and use. According to the best evidence which he could collect, the total stock of gold and silver in the ancient world was equal to about 33 millions sterling in 1492; 50 millions in 1546; 155 millions in 1600. Mr. Jacob hence estimates roughly the total stock in the year 1600 to have been equal to five times the quantity existing in 1492, and three times the quantity existing in 1546.

The question immediately before us is, what effect did this enormous addition to the stock of the precious metals produce on prices. To give a complete analysis of the fluctuations of the price of the principal products of this country would be impossible here;

* Consul Booker, in his Report upon the Trade of the State of California for 1871, says that the exports of gold and silver thence by railroad and sea, which in 1867 and 1868 exceeded 8,000,000*l.*, in 1871 were less than 6,000,000*l.*—‘Reports from H. M. Consuls on the Manufactures, Commerce, &c., of their Consular Districts.’ June, 1872, p. 555.

but the price of wheat may be taken to be a standard as fair as any that can be found. A summary of the average prices of wheat during this period is given by Mr. Newmarch, in the Appendix to Tooke's 'History of Prices,' and is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.	
1451 to 1500 ..	0	6	2	} for the Winchester 1581 to 1600 .. 1 6 7
1501 to 1550 ..	0	12	0	
1551 to 1580 ..	0	17	9	
1581 to 1600 ..	1	6	7	

These prices are doubtless to some extent influenced by the arbitrary debasement of the coinage from 1527–51, which drew forth in Bishop Latimer's Sermon at St. Paul's Cross, March, 1549, the quaint complaint, 'Of the littleshill and the fineness of the silver I cannot see.' As in that year, the third of Edward VI., the shilling had in it less than one-fourth of the silver it contained in the first year of Henry VIII., the Bishop's difficulty in perception is easily explained. But even allowing for this tampering with the coinage, it appears that a very long period elapsed before the increase in the stock of the precious metals in the sixteenth century produced any marked effect on the price of wheat. When the rise had attained its maximum, it amounted to about 330 per cent., while the increase in the total stock of gold and silver was about 370 per cent. It is true that a rise in the price of wheat does not prove a rise of all other commodities, but the example is as good a one as can be found.

The effect of the modern discoveries has been very different. Though the rate of production for the last twenty years is at least thirty or forty times as great as in the most productive of the sixteenth century, the influence on prices up to the present time has been far less obvious.

Some very valuable information on the amount of the recent discoveries has been published in the 'Economist' (June 29th, 1872). This paper, our best authority on these subjects now existing, bases its estimate on the most trustworthy data available, the official publication of the actual coinage of gold at the principal mints of the world, which have been since 1848:—

	£
England	123,608,000
Sydney	28,799,000
France	259,801,000
The United States ..	185,573,000
	<hr/> 597,787,000

If to this sum we add the gold coinage of Germany between 1857 and 1867, the particulars of which may be found in Dr. Soetbeer's 'Denkschrift betreffend Münzeini-

gung,' presented to the German Governments through the Handelstag, in May, 1869, we may fairly estimate the aggregate at the higher total of about 606,000,000*l*. The rapidity of recent events, however, baffles almost any attempt to follow them.

These amounts are enormous, but we must bear in mind that the total stock of gold coined and uncoined in Europe and America, was estimated by Mr. Newmarch as being in 1848, 560 millions, and of silver 800 millions. It is very difficult to estimate how much of this was coined money, and how much in the shape of plate and jewellery. It is, of course, only the proportion in the shape of coin which can have any effect on prices. Silver coin in France has been to a great extent superseded by gold since 1851. At that date it is believed that 100 millions of silver coins were circulating in France, inflicting an annual loss of one million a year on the country for the 'wear and tear' of ordinary use, and inflicting also, as older travellers will remember, a great inconvenience from the bulkiness of the heavy five-franc pieces. France has perhaps been, as M. Chevalier has styled her, the 'parachute' of Europe, possibly arresting the fall of the value of gold to some extent by absorbing so large a portion of the recent discoveries. In considering the question it must also be remembered that although the amount of gold coined is readily ascertained, it is absolutely impossible to be certain how much is retained in circulation, or even in the shape into which it may be minted.

Professor Jevons's careful researches into the subject are well known. He estimated that 'of the sovereigns coined in 1817-19, not more than one-fiftieth part remains in circulation, and the proportion rises until between the years 1840 and 1858, it is about one-third.*'

It is quite possible that the practice of the English Mint, alone in the world, of making no appreciable charge on coining gold, may cause our nearly gratuitous, and hence undervalued coinage to be more readily selected for melting down, than that of other nations. Anyhow it is certain that from loss from hoarding, and from melting down, a very large deduction must be made from the 600 millions mentioned as having been so recently added to the circulating medium. But though we may suppose that deduction to be a large one, the fact remains that in less than twenty-five years of the present century, an addition has been made to the circulating medium of the world of from

* 'Journal of the Statistical Society,' 1868, p. 453.

thirty to forty times the amount of that made in the same length of time in the sixteenth century; and with a far less appreciable effect on prices.* The causes of this difference lie in the totally different state of the commercial commonwealth of the civilized world now; in the large mass of silver as well as of gold coin already existing in 1848, to which the recent additions, though immense in themselves, bear but a small portion in comparison with the scale of increase at the earlier period. And far more to the fact, that the modern methods of carrying on business mainly rest on a system of banking, which tends to economise the use of the currency in a manner wholly unknown to past times.

Another, and perhaps as remarkable a result as the influence on prices, has followed the gold discoveries, in the impetus given by them to all industrial occupations. Already the stimulus held forth to population and trade in the gold districts of America and Australia has constructed new cities, and urged civilized life into places but a few years ago unknown except to the hunter and the trapper. The influence on such countries has been great, yet a greater influence still has been exerted on industry within the older and more settled seats of commerce. It was thus in the sixteenth century, it has been thus again in the nineteenth. At the earlier date Antwerp was to Europe much what Liverpool is now. Guicciardini in his description of the Netherlands gives an animated description of the vigour of commer-

cial activity in that city. We see how the spices of India, the silks of Italy, the wines of the South, the wood and draperies of England, the wheat of Poland, the timber and furs of the North, with countless products more of these and other countries, were all dealt with in that great mart, the mainspring of whose commerce was the gold of Spain. And thus it has been in the present century. The wealth of the otherwise unproductive regions of Australia and America, filled with a hard-working, hard-spending population, rapidly found its way to Europe, and there being exchanged for the manufactures and luxuries of civilized life, stimulated the trade of the old world in a greater degree even than that of the new. It has been something far more than a mere counting with more counters. It has been pouring fresh life-blood into the veins of a giant. Adam Smith, in a well-known passage, in speaking of the effect of the circulating medium, has compared the operation of paper money to a road made through the air, enabling the country to convert, as it were, a 'great part of its highways into good pastures and cornfields and thereby to increase very considerably the annual produce of its land and labour. The gold and silver money which circulates in any country may very properly be compared to a highway, which, while it circulates and carries to market all the grass and corn of the country, produces itself not a single pile of either.' This form of the means of communication, this great highway of the country, may, as Mr. Newmarch has very truly remarked, be insufficient in various ways. It may be too narrow for the traffic which should be carried over it. Or though perfect in itself, and sufficient in width, it may not be long enough. It may be too short to reach some important town, some fresh field for the employment of capital; some fertile region rich with produce, laden with grain, like the vast plains of Southern Russia; wealth may be there, or what would be wealth in the proper place, but, for want of the means of communication, it cannot be made use of. These means have been supplied by the new gold brought into Europe. New forces will hence be called into action, new fields for productive industry will be rendered available, and the general result cannot be doubted. We look back to the ante-Elizabethan period, and read with something like wonder how scanty were the resources in the way of what we consider essential comforts of the castles even of the wealthiest. A few more years and this wonder will probably be repeated at the expense of a later age. People will look back to the time of

* It is remarkable, however, that down to the present time, although we may, it is true, be approaching some change in the rate of progress, the increase of the annual value of Real Property in England and Wales has followed, apparently with a very close parallelism, the ratios of increase in the world's stock of the precious metals since the year 1600, the date when the effects of the new supplies from America began to be fully developed. That this admits of sufficiently accurate demonstration, may be proved by reference to a very able paper read to the Statistical Society by Mr. Fredk. Hendriks, in 1857, in which he gave the data and estimates of relative increase in the value of real property in England and Wales, at seven different periods between 1600 and 1693, as compared with the years 1814 and 1851. The general result shows an increase, on the average of all the counties, of about 850 per cent. Now, Mr. Newmarch's figures of the stock of gold and silver in 1848, viz. 1360 millions, when compared with Mr. Jacob's estimate of 155 millions as the stock in the year 1600, indicate an increase of 778 per cent. in the precious metals. If we put the present stock at 2000 millions sterling, the increase since 1600 is not far short of 1200 per cent., and this is again as nearly as possible the ratio of increase in the income from real property in this country between the years 1600 and 1871.

George II., and to the early years of the century which Professor Levi has chronicled, with the same feeling with which the reigns of Henry VII. and his son are now regarded. They will wonder, as we wonder, at the removal of the glass from the windows of the Percys when the Earl left his castle, at the absence of some luxury unknown to us, deemed essential by them. They will wonder most likely at our having considered triumphs in engineering, things that are of everyday occurrence to them; of our pride in a prosperity which will seem to them far less than the results of trade in the days of Elizabeth seem to us.

The century through which Professor Levi has conducted his readers is one chequered with many vicissitudes, brightened with great and increasing prosperity. Brightened also far more, as the true lover of his country will feel, with a growing improvement in the condition and habits of the people. Once again the Professor has unrolled for the instruction of this generation, the histories of great deeds, the description also of the application of human ingenuity to the increase of material prosperity. Once again, while we are reminded of the glories of the past, we are reminded too of what still remains to be done. There is still to weave our Colonial possessions into a firmly framed Colonial Empire. There is still to unite those powerful, those rising kingdoms into a compacted league, such as the world has never seen for power. There is still to improve the organization of our towns, so as to diminish the moral and physical injuries that spring from the herding together of large masses of mankind. There are still to combat in our rural districts the ignorance and debasement which are our standing disgrace.

We said a few pages back that the survey of the commercial progress of England during the last century, contained in Professor Levi's careful work, might be compared to a journey through such a country as Holland, which owes more to the industry of the inhabitants than to the fertility of the soil. In parting company with him this feeling is strengthened. He has shewn us, so to say, the stately cities built where, till recently, all was solitude, the regions now rendered fertile, till recently rugged wastes. He has shewn us untiring industry in its most attractive aspect, devoted to useful and beneficial works; and as the busy scene is brought before the mind, we forget for the moment that so much of this accumulated wealth, that so much of what we admire, is not indigenous to the soil, but brought with vast labour from a distance, to be re-exported in

exchange for the materials of further industry. Though our position is a proud one, it rests on a foundation so artificial that unflagging toil is ever needed to preserve it from collapse; toil as incessant as that which on the banks of the Waal or the Maas has compacted wharfs and quays standing firm like the hill sides; yet only maintained in their solid strength by unwearied and constant care. The long list of cities once flourishing with commercial industry, now silent and deserted, warns us how short-lived may be mere mercantile prosperity. We must defend by skill the position won by enterprise. We must show that successful trade does not enervate the race; that the increase of wealth does not only mean increased expenditure on useless luxury, but also increased comfort to all classes in the nation. And in an age of material prosperity, we must not neglect to preserve those constitutional bulwarks raised in far different times. Yet these also are worthy of preservation.

ART. X.—*Chaucer Society's Publications for 1868-72.* London.

FIRST SERIES: *Texts*.—1. *The Prologue and First Sixteen Tales of the Canterbury Tales from the six best inedited Manuscripts, namely, the Ellesmere, Hengwrt, 154; Cambridge, Gg. 4, 27; Corpus (Oxford), Petworth and Lansdowne, 861; both in parallel columns and separate octavos, with coloured facsimiles of the Tellers of all the Tales, from the Ellesmere MS.*

2. *A Parallel Text Edition of the first four Minor Poems of Chaucer from all the existing unprinted MSS., together with the French original of his A B C, and the hitherto unpublished first cast of his Prologue to the Legends of Good Women, &c.*

SECOND SERIES: *Illustrations*.—1. *Mr. A. J. Ellis, Early English Pronunciation, with special reference to Shakespeare and Chaucer.*

2. *Essays on Chaucer. By Professor Ebert, &c.*

3. *Mr. Furnivall on the Right Order of the Canterbury Tales, and the Stages of the Pilgrimage.*

4. *Mr. Furnivall's 'try to set Chaucer's Works in their right order of time.'*

5. *Originals and Analogues of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.*

It is now about a century since the study of Chaucer began to revive. Between the

time of Verstegan and Tyrwhitt—the 'Restitution of Decayed Intelligences' was published in 1605, Tyrwhitt's memorable work in 1775—he had, by slow degrees, fallen nearly altogether out of the general knowledge of men. He, whom Spenser called 'the well of English undefiled,' was vulgarly accused of having poisoned and corrupted the springs of his native tongue. He whom that same Spenser—the sweetest melodist of our literature—looked up to as his verse-master and exemplar, was stigmatised as a very metrical cripple and idiot. And what little acquaintance there was maintained with him was due to versions of certain of his poems made by the facile pens of Dryden, and of Pope; so completely had he fallen on what were for him 'evil days' and 'evil tongues.' To Tyrwhitt belongs the honour of first reinstating the old poet on the pedestal from which he had been so rudely deposed so long a time. Proper consideration being made for the age in which that admirable scholar lived, his edition of Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales' must be pronounced a wonder of erudition and of faithful labour. Certainly the figure of Chaucer which he presented to the eyes of his time is not a quite genuine thing; there are traces on it of the whitewash or the paint with which the eighteenth century thought it well to 'touch up' ancestral images; but yet it is not easy to overstate the importance or the merit of the service he performed. From the publication of his volumes may be dated the renewal of the critical and the appreciative study of the greatest literary productions of the English Middle Ages. The impulse they gave has been perpetually strengthened and multiplied by various tendencies and movements both of a general and a particular character. At the present time a Chaucer Society has been formed, and under the zealous leadership of Mr. Furnivall, its founder and organizer and almost sole worker, is doing excellent service* in bringing within common reach the original texts of the great poet. Of various other ways in which in the course of this century, and especially in our own generation, some popular, as well as scholarly, familiarity with one of our greatest minds has been encouraged and promoted, it is not our purpose now to speak. Let it suffice to say that Chaucer has never been known since his own day more intelligently and more admiringly than he seems likely to be during the last quarter of this nineteenth century.

It is certain that this Chaucerian revival is not the result of any mere antiquarianism,

but of a genuine poetic vitality. There can be no better testimony to the true greatness of the old poet than that half a thousand years after the age in which he wrote he is held in higher estimation than ever; that, whatever intermissions of his popularity there may have been in times that cared nothing for, as they knew little of, the great Romantic School to which he belonged, and that were wholly incapable of understanding the very language in which he expressed and transcribed his genius, he this day speaks with increasing force and power. Through all the obsolescences of his language, and all the lets and impediments to a full enjoyment of his melody caused by our ignorance of fourteenth-century English, through all the conventional and social differences which separate his time from ours, we yet recognise a profoundly human soul, with a marvellous power of speech. We are discovering that he is not only a great poet, but one of our greatest. It is not too much to say that the better acquaintance with Chaucer's transcendent merits is gradually establishing the conviction that not one among all poets deserves so well as he the second place.

Chaucer and Shakespeare have much in common. However diverse the form of their greatest works, yet in spirit there is a remarkable likeness and sympathy. Their geniuses differ rather in degree than in kind. Chaucer is in many respects a lesser Shakespeare.

Chaucer lived generations before the dramatic form was ripe for the use of genius. In his day it had scarcely yet advanced beyond the rude dialogue and grotesque portraiture of the Miracle-play.* In fact at that time that rare growth, which two centuries later was to put forth such exquisite imperishable flowers, had hardly yet emerged from its native earth; it was yet only embryonic. Chaucer stands in relation to the supreme Dramatic Age in a correspondent position to that held by Scott. Chaucer lived in the morning twilight of it, Scott in

* Absalon of the 'Miller's Tale':—

'Sometime to shew his lightnesse and maistrie
He plaieth Herode on a skaffold hie.'

In the Elizabethan age this part of Herod had become a proverb of rant; so that Hamlet uses the name as the very superlative of noise (act iii. scene 2). The Miller himself cries out 'in Pilate's voice.' The wife of Bath with Clerk Jankin and her gossip dame Ales, goes to 'Playes of Miracles.' Shakespeare laughs at the rough amateurs of the old stage in the by-play of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' In Chaucer's age perhaps Bottom would have been regarded as a very Roscius, and that interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe might have drawn genuine tears down mediæval cheeks.

* So far as its funds, which, we are sorry to say, are by no means flourishing, allow it.

the evening. There can be little doubt that both would have added to its lustre—that England would have boasted one more, and Scotland at least one great dramatist—had they been born later and earlier respectively; but Chaucer could not even descry it in the future, so far off was it, and it was Scott's fortune to look back upon it in the swiftly receding distance.

But although the form which was to receive such splendid usage from Shakespeare, and to prove the very amplest and fittest and noblest body for the highest dramatic spirit, was not yet ready for wear in the culminating epoch of the Middle Ages, yet that dramatic energy which blazed out so brilliantly at a later period was already at work and insisting on some representation. It worked with vehemence in Chaucer. He is pre-eminently the dramatic genius, not only of mediæval England, but of mediæval Europe. The great Italians of the bright dawn of modern literature were not of the dramatic order. Much as Chaucer undoubtedly owed to them, they furnished him with no sort of dramatic precedent or example. He is the first in time of modern dramatical spirits; and one must travel far back into the ancient times before one meets with anybody worthy of comparison with him. Certainly if, as has been remarked, it was in Dante that Nature showed that the higher imagination had not perished altogether with Virgil, it was in Chaucer that she showed that dramatic power had not breathed its last with Plautus and Terence.

In respect of means of expression Chaucer was placed in a much more unprovided and destitute position than was Shakespeare. We have already seen that neither Tragedy nor Comedy,* in the strict sense of those terms, was known in his day; whereas nothing can be wronger than to make Shakespeare say, as Dryden makes him say,—

'I found not, but created first the stage.'

The stage was already not only in existence, but occupied by wits of no contemptible rank, when Shakespeare appeared in Town. Shakespeare had in Marlowe a dramatic

master. The pupil presently outshone the master; but of the influence of that master there can be no doubt, though perhaps it has not been, and is not, as adequately recognized and acknowledged as it should be by Shakespearian critics and commentators. And Marlowe did not stand alone; he was one, certainly the most eminent one, of a group, whose starry lights it is not easy to see in the intense brightness flowing from the great sun that uprose amongst them; but there they were and are, of no faint brilliancy, so long as they had the firmament to themselves, unsuffused by an overpowering glory. But for Chaucer there were no such predecessors at home or abroad. Naturally enough, it would seem that it was not till comparatively late in life that he discovered the best vehicle of self-expression. For many years his genius struggled for a fitting language. Like all poets, he began by imitating the models he found current. He dreamed dreams, and saw visions in the conventional mode. He echoed whatever sweet sounds reached his quick sensitive ears from any quarter. He translated, with a quite touching humble-mindedness, received masterpieces of French and of Italian literature. Through all these labours his originality was gradually developing. For all his efforts his genius would not keep to the beaten path, but would perpetually strike out some new way for itself and forget the appointed route. At last he started altogether alone, looking no longer for old footprints to retrace or any established guide-posts. He discovered a fair wide country that had lain untrodden for ages, over whose tracks the grass or the moss had grown, and here he advanced as in some fresh new world:—

'Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priorum
Castaliam molli devertitur orbita clivo.'

Chaucer's great work is but a noble fragment. It seems certain that many troubles beset the declining years of his life. We think it may be doubted whether he was endowed with that excellent commercial prudence which so eminently distinguished Shakespeare. It was certainly a happy circumstance for Shakespeare—a circumstance due in a great measure, it may be believed, to his own sound judgment—that he never became in any way a satellite or retainer of the Court of James I., but escaped from the rapidly degenerating atmosphere of the Blackfriars and the Whitehall of the seventeenth century to his home at Stratford. Chaucer was not so fortunate. He was attached to one of the most extravagant and frivolous circles that ever gathered round a monarch of a like

* See the prologue to 'Monkes Tale':—

'Tragedis is to seyn a certyn storie,
As olde bookes maken us memorie
Of hem that stood in greet prosperite
And is y-fallen out of heigh degre
Into miserie, and endith wrecchedly;
And thay ben versified comunly
Of six feet, which men clepe exametron.
In prose been eek endited many oon;
In metre eek, in mony a sondry wise.'

As to the term Comedy, observe, for instance, Dante's use of it.

description. However noble-natured, he could scarcely live in such company without some contamination. Assuredly his works have stains upon them contracted in that evil air, much as Beaumont and Fletcher are flushed and spotted by the contagions of James I.'s time. And with that Court connection it is impossible not to associate the extreme pecuniary difficulties, of which there are only too manifest signs at a certain period of Chaucer's life. Probably it was these piteous, but seemingly not inevitable or reproachless, distresses that impeded the completion of the 'Canterbury Tales.' The original design, indeed, is in itself too vast for realisation. Chaucer commits the same error in this respect as Spenser does. But it may well be believed that had Chaucer matured his work, he would either have retrenched his plan, or by some device have brought its execution within tolerable dimensions. The part that happily was written has evidently not received the finishing touch. The Prologue itself, perhaps, was never finally revised; in our opinion the 'wel nyne and twenty in a companye,' of line 24,* requires correction, for the poet added to his pilgrims as his work proceeded; in the case of the 'Persoun' he deviates from his programme in not telling us—

'In what array that' he 'was inne.'

Had the work been fully completed, especially had more of those Inter-prologues been written, in which Chaucer's dramatic power more particularly displays itself, and the figures portrayed in the initial Prologue are with admirable skill shown in self-consistent action, being permitted to speak for themselves and develop their own natures, there can be little doubt that the claims upon our admiration would have been greatly multiplied.

Chaucer then stands at a considerable disadvantage as compared with Shakespeare, both in respect of the dramatic appliances of his time and in respect of the works representative of his genius. Chaucer, as we have seen, found ready to hand no literary form such as should worthily interpret his mind, and was many years searching before he found one, and, when at last he found it, was somewhat obstructed in the free use of it by troubles and cares that divorced him from his proper task. Moreover, the English of his day, though already a copious and versatile tongue, was something rude and inflexible in comparison with the Elizabethan language. In several passages it is clear

that he is conscious of certain difficulties attendant on the use of such an instrument. A true instinct led him to choose English for his service rather than French, which his less far-seeing contemporary Gower chose at least for his early piece, the 'Speculum Meditantis,' and for his 'Balades'; but his choice exposed him to various perplexities inseparable from the transitional condition of the object of it.

Fragmentary as his great work is, it is enough to show how consummate was his genius. Not more surely did that famous foot-print on the sands tell the lonely islander of Defoe's story of a human presence than Chaucer's remains assure us that a great poet was amongst us when such pieces were produced.

We have said that his genius exhibits a remarkable affinity to that of Shakespeare—a closer affinity, we think, than that of any other English poet. To Chaucer belongs in a high measure what marks Shakespeare supremely—a certain indefinable grace and brightness of style, an incomparable archness and vivacity, an incessant elasticity and freshness, an indescribable ease, a never faltering variety, an incapability of dulness. These men 'toil not, neither do they spin,' at least so far as one can see. The mountain comes to them; they do not go to it. They wear their art 'lightly, like a flower.' They never pant or stoop with efforts and strainings. They are kings that never quit their thrones, with a world at their feet. The sceptre is natural in their hands; the purple seems their proper wearing. They never cease to scatter their jewels for fear of poverty; the treasury is always overflowing, because all things bring them tribute.

For skill in characterization who can be ranked between Chaucer and Shakespeare? Is there any work, except the 'theatre' of Shakespeare, that attempts, with a success in any way comparable, the astonishing task which Chaucer sets himself? He attempts to portray the entire society of his age from the crown of its head to the sole of its foot—from the knight, the topmost figure of mediæval life, down to the ploughman and the cook; and the result is a gallery of life-like portraits, which has no parallel anywhere, with one exception, for variety, truthfulness, humanity. These are no roughly drawn rudely featured outlines, without expression and definiteness, only recognisable by some impertinent symbol, or when we see the name attached, like some collection of ancient kings or of 'ancestors' where there prevails one uniform vacuity of countenance, and, but for the costume or the

* For another solution of this difficulty see the Aldine Chaucer, i. 209, ed. 1872.

legend, one cannot distinguish the First of his house from the Last. They are all drawn with an amazing discrimination and delicacy.* There is nothing of caricature, but yet the individuality is perfect. That the same pencil should have given us the Prioress and the Wife of Bath, the Knight and the Sompneur, the Parson and the Pardoner! These various beings, for beings they are, are as distinct to us now as when he who has made them immortal saw them move out through the gates of the 'Tabard,' a motley procession, nearly five hundred years since. So far as merely external matters go, the Society of the Middle Ages is perpetuated with a minuteness not approached elsewhere. We know exactly how it looked to the bodily eye. Chaucer addresses himself deliberately to this exhaustive portrayal:—

'But natheles whiles I have tyme and space,
Or that I ferther in this tale pace,
*Me thinketh it acordant to reason
To telle you alle the condicoun
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And which they weren and of what degre,
And sek in what array that they were inne.'*

Surely a quite unique programme; and it is carried out with profound conscientiousness and power.

We ask, who among our poets, except Shakespeare, shall be placed above Chaucer in this domain of art? In our opinion there is not one of the Elizabethans that deserves that honour. There is an endless variety of creative power, and the offspring is according. Spenser is, in a way, a great creator; he fills the air round him with a population born of his own teeming fancy; but these children of Spenser are not human children, but rather exquisite phantoms, with bodies, if they may be called embodied, of no earthly tissue, mere delicate configurations of cloud and mist. They are very ghosts, each one of whom pales and vanishes if a cock crows, or any mortal sound strikes their fine ears:—

'Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.'

And yet, as man is made in the image of God, so certainly the creatures of the poet

* Chaucer's sound taste shrunk altogether from every form of caricature. His humour, balisterous enough sometimes, at others wonderfully fine and delicate, is always truthful. His 'Tale of Sir Thopas' is one of the best parodies in our language. He tells it with the utmost possible gravity, looking as serious as Defoe or Swift in their 'driest' moments; and, only if you watch well, can you detect a certain mischievous twinkle in his eyes. Some worthy people, indeed, have not detected this twinkle, and have soberly registered Sir Thopas amongst the legitimate heroes of chivalrous romance.

should be made in the image of men. There is no higher model to be aimed at. Man is the culminating form of the world as we know it, or can know it. Spenser's creatures may thrive in their native land of 'Faerie'; but their 'lungs cannot receive our air.' Something more existent and real are the lovely presences that owe their being to Beaumont and Fletcher—Aspatia, Bellario, Ordella. Assuredly Ordella is rich in sons and daughters such as she spoke of in that high dialogue with Thierry:—

'He that reads me
When I am ashes, is my son in wishes;
And those chaste dames that keep my memory,
Singing my yearly requiems, are my daughters.'

But scarcely are she and that passing fair sisterhood of which she is one formed of human clay. They stand out from the crowd with whom they mix as shapes of a celestial texture. One can only think of them as white-robed sanctities. In fact, they are the natural counterparts of those grosser beings that are only too common in the plays of the authors who drew them. A painter of devils must now and then paint angels by way of relief. Perhaps it is not too much to say that all the characters of these writers are either above or below human nature. They cannot show us humanity without some sort of exaggeration. Ben Jonson has hardly succeeded better in this respect. One grave defect in all his creations is what may be called their monotony. There is no flexibility of disposition, no free play of nature. Moreover, his works exhibit too plainly the travail and effort with which they were composed. One seems to be taken into his workshop, and see him toiling and groaning, and, in the very act of elaboration, shaping now this limb and now that. The greatest master of characterization of that age next to Shakespeare is certainly Massinger. Sir Giles Overreach and Luke are both real men. Luke is a true piece of nature, not all black-souled, nor all white, but of a mixed complexion. But the area which Massinger could make his own was of limited dimensions. When he stepped across its limits, his strength failed him, and he was even as other men.

To pass on in this necessarily rapid survey to a later period. Goldsmith alone amongst our later poets has left us a portrait that deserves to compare with one by Chaucer. It is that ever-charming portrait of the Village Preacher, a not unworthy pendant of the 'Parson.' He has given us duplicates of it in prose in the persons of the Vicar of Wakefield and of the Man in Black. There

is a tradition that he who sat to Chaucer for the Parson was no other than Wiclif. It seems fairly certain that Goldsmith's original was his own father. That was the one figure he could draw with the utmost skill, the deepest feeling. Since Goldsmith there has arisen in our literature no consummate portrait-painter in verse, unless an exception be made in favour of Browning. Scott's creative power did not come to him when he wrote in metre. Shelley's creations are of the Spenserian type—fair visions, refined immaterialities,

'Shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.'

Has Tennyson's Arthur human veins and pulses? He lived and lives somewhat, perhaps, in that earliest of the Arthurian books—the 'Morte d'Arthur'—the supposed relic of an Epic; but in the later treatments he has become more and more impalpable and airy.

With regard to Chaucer, as to Shakespeare, it has been disputed whether he is greater as a humorous or pathetic writer. It is a common observation that the gifts of humour and pathos are generally found together, a statement that, perhaps, requires some little qualification. Ben Jonson, Addison, and Fielding, for instance, are humorous without being pathetic; on the other hand, Richardson is pathetic and not humorous. Sterne's pathos is a mere trick. Let those who please weep by the death-bed side of Le Fevre; for our part we will not be so cheated of our tears. Sterne, in that famous scene, is nothing better than an exquisite 'mute'—a masterpiece of mercenary mourning. One may see him, if one looks intently, arranging his pocket-handkerchief in effective folds, with one eye tear-streaming, while the other watches that all the proper manœuvres of woe are duly executed. *Flet nec dolet*. And something of this is true of Dickens. In the great masters of pathos our tears are not drawn from us; they flow of themselves. There is no design on the softness of our hearts, no insidious undermining, no painful and elaborate besiegement. For writers to kill, merely to melt their readers with a scene of tender emotion, is unjustifiable manslaughter. There is, in short, nothing to be said for those whose delight it is with malice aforethought to spread a feast of woe and serve up little children, or any sweet human thing they can lay hands on, that their guests may enjoy the luxury of tears. These are the Herods of literature. Shakespeare never slays or butchers after this fashion. He would have saved Cordelia if it had been in his power;

but it was a moral necessity that she should die. He could no more have kept alive and blooming the fair flowers of the field when evil winds blew than preserved that lovely form from perishing amidst the wild passions that Lear's sad error had let loose. 'Sin entered into the world, and death by sin;' and this death falls not only on the guilty. Goneril and Regan perish; and so the true daughter, though with all our hearts we cry with the old 'child-changed' father, 'Cordelia, stay a little.' It cannot be otherwise. And so always there is nothing arbitrary in the pathetic scenes of the supreme artists. Of purely pathetic writing there are, perhaps, no better specimens in all our literature than the tales of the Clerk of Oxford and of the Man of Law. Both poems aim at showing how the 'meek shall inherit the earth'—how true and genuine natures do in the end triumph, however desperately defeated and crushed they may for a time, or for many times, seem to be. Chaucer weeps himself, or grows, indeed, something impatient, as he conducts his heroines along their most sad course. The thorns of the way pierce his feet also; and he would fain uproot them, and scatter soft flowers for the treading of his woeful wayfarers. But he knew well that all pilgrimages were not as easy as that one he sings of to Canterbury, that was lightened with stories and jests; but that certain spirits must go on in darkness and weariness, with aching limbs and breaking hearts, through much tribulation. In both works, perhaps, surveyed from the purely æsthetic point of view, there is an excess of woeful incident; the bitter cup which Constance and Griselda have to drain seems too large for mortal lips. In this regard we must remember that both these tales, though inserted into the grand work of Chaucer's maturity, yet were certainly written in his youth. The Man of Law, in his Prologue, gives us to understand that the tale he proposes to narrate was written by Chaucer, of whose writings he speaks, both expressly and fully, in that highly interesting and important passage—'Of olde time.' A careful study of the 'Clerk's Tale' undoubtedly demonstrates that it, too, was a previous production. In both cases, so far as the mere facts go, Chaucer closely follows his authorities, much after the manner of Shakespeare. In the latter case the closeness—Petrarch's well-known letter to Boccaccio is the authority—is so strict that Chaucer is compelled to speak for himself in an *envoy* at the conclusion. Perhaps the most pathetic passage in Chaucer's later writings is in the 'Knight's Tale,' which also, however, was written before the noon of his

genina. This passage is, of course, the death of Arcite. The event is necessary.* Arcite had been untrue to that solemnness of the pacts of chivalry—to the pact of sworn brotherhood (see especially Palamon's words to him in vv. 271–293, and the quibble with which the other palliates his conduct, vv. 295–303); and Arcite must die. His triumph in the lists had been but as the flourishing of a green bay-tree. The final scene is described with the utmost simplicity. The evil spirits that ought never to have found a harbour in his heart have at last been expelled from it, and the old fealty has returned; and the last words of his speech to Emily, whom he has bade take him softly in her 'armes twaye' 'for love of God,' and hearken what he says, are a generous commendation of his rival:—

'I have heer with my cosyn Palomon
Had stryf and rancour many a day i-gon
For love of yow, and eek for jelousie.
And Jupiter so wis my sowle gye,
To speken of a servaunt proprely
With alle circumstaunces trewely,
That is to seyn, truthe, honour, and knight-
hede,

Wysdom, humblesse, astaat, and hye kinrede,
Fredam, and al that longeth to that art,
So Jupiter have of my soule part,
As in this world right now ne knowe I non
So worthy to be loved as Palomon,
That serveth you, and wol do al his lyf.
And if that ye schul ever be a wyf,
Forget not Palomon, that gentil man.'

Assuredly Chaucer was endowed in a very high degree with what we may call the pathetic sense. It would seem to have been a favourite truth with him that

'Pite renneth sone in gentil herte.' †

It ran 'sone' and abundantly in his own most tender bosom. But he is never merely sentimental or maudlin. We can believe that the Levite of the Parable shed a tear or two as he crossed over to the 'other side' from where that robbed and wounded traveller lay, and perhaps subsequently drew a moving picture of the sad spectacle he had so carefully avoided. Chaucer's pity is of no such quality. It springs from the depths of his nature; nay, from the depths of Nature herself moving in and through her interpreter.

Another respect in which Chaucer is not

* Prof. Ebert is of opinion that Chaucer's grasp of the moral intention of the 'Knight's Tale' is less vigorous and firm than that of Boccaccio, and it may be so.

† This line occurs in several of his poems—in the 'Knight's Tale' and in the 'Legend of Good Women,' &c.

unworthy of some comparison with his greater successor is his irony. We use the word in the sense in which Dr. Thirlwall uses it of Sophocles in his excellent paper printed in the 'Philological Museum' some forty years ago, and in which Schlegel, in his 'Lectures on Dramatic Literature,' uses it of Shakespeare, to denote that dissembling, so to speak, that self-retention and reticence, or, at least, indirect presentment, that is a frequent characteristic of the consummate dramatist, or the consummate writer of any kind who aims at portraying life in all its breadth. We are told often enough of the universal sympathy that inspires the greatest souls, and it is well; but let us consider that universal sympathy does not mean blind, undiscriminating, wholesale sympathy, but precisely the opposite. Only that sympathy can be all-inclusive that is profoundly intelligent as well as intense; and this profound intelligence is incompatible with any complete and unmitigated adoration. The eyes that scrutinise the world most keenly, though they may see infinite noblenesses that escape a coarser vision, yet certainly see also much meanness and pravity. Hence, to speak generally, for exceptions do not concern us, there is no such thing amongst the deep-seeing and really man-learned as unqualified and absolute admiration. And thus the supremest writers have no heroes in the ordinary acceptance of that term. There is not a hero in all Shakespeare; not even Harry the Fifth is absolutely so. For a like reason, there is no quite perfect villain. Neither monsters of perfection nor of imperfection find favour with them that really know mankind. Thus a real master never completely identifies himself with any one of his characters. To say that he does so is merely a *façon de parler*. They are all his children, and it cannot but be that some are dearer to him than others, but not one, if he is wise, is an idol unto him. His irony consists in the earnest, heartfelt, profound representation of them, while yet he is fully alive to their failings and failures. It is observable only in the supremest geniuses. Men of inferior knowledge and dimmer light are more easily satisfied. They make golden images for themselves and fall down and worship them. Shakespeare stands outside each one of his plays, a little apart and above the fervent figures that move in them, like some Homeric god that from the skies watches the furious struggle, whose issue is irreversibly ordered by *Μοῖρα κραταῖή*—that cannot save Sarpedon or prolong the days of Achilles. Chaucer, too, in a similar way abounds in secondary meanings. What he teaches does not lie on the surface. He

never resigns his judgment or ceases to be a free agent in honour of any of the characters he draws. He never turns fanatic. He hates without bigotry; he loves without folly; he worships without idolatry. This excellent temper of his mind displays itself strikingly in the Prologue, which, with all its ardour, is wholly free from extravagance or self-abandonment.

It is because his spirit enjoyed and retained this lofty freedom that it was so tolerant and capacious. He, like Shakespeare, was eminently a Human Catholic, no mere sectary. He refused to no man an acknowledgment of kindred; for him there were no poor relations whom he forbade his house, or neighbours so fallen and debased that in their faces the image of God in which man was made was wholly obliterated. And it is because his understanding is thus wide and deep, and his sympathies commensurate with that understanding, that his ethical teaching is, for all time, sound and true. He is no formal or formulating moralist; he never adds his voice to the mere party cries of his day, or concentrates his energies on any dogma. To speak of him as a zealous religious reformer is ridiculous;* far other was his business. But yet he was a great moral teacher, one of our greatest—*μετ' ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα*. All the world's a school, if we may adapt Jaques' words, and all the men and women merely school-children. Chaucer is a teacher in this great world-school, and in no lesser or special seminary; and the lessons he gives are 'exceeding broad.' They are such as life itself gives. They breathe out of his works in a natural stream, no mere accidents, but the essential spirit of them, to be discovered not by the labels but in the works themselves:—

'Oh! to what uses shall we put
The wildweed-flower that simply blows?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?

But any man that walks the meed,
In bud, or blade, or bloom may find,
According as his humours lead,
A meaning suited to his mind.
And liberal applications lie
In Art like Nature, dearest friend;
So 'twere to cramp its use, if I
Should hook it to some useful end.'

There is just one point of personal likeness between Chaucer and Shakespeare that

we wish to notice. Of each man, as his contemporaries knew him, the chief characteristic was a wonderful loveableness of nature. The special epitaph bestowed on Shakespeare by the men of his day was not the Wise, or the Witty, but the Gentle.* Thus Ben Jonson, in his lines, 'To the Memory of my Beloved the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he has left us'—lines which surely must have been forgotten by those critics, long since routed by Gifford, who gave the great-hearted 'Ben' so little credit for generosity and affection:—

'Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.'

And, after saying that—

'the father's face
Lives in his issue,'

he apostrophized the 'Sweet Swan of Avon.' Again, in his lines prefixed to the portrait of the 1623 folio, he speaks of 'The gentle Shakespeare.' In his 'Timber,' he writes—'I loved the man, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature,' &c. That Chaucer inspired a similar affection and love appears from the warmhearted language in which both Occleve and Lydgate make mention of him. It is the language of real attachment, kindled by no mere brilliancy of wit, but by a kindly genial love-winning nature. Occleve, when the great poet had passed away, wails thus with an unwonted fervour:—

'O maister dere and fader reverent
My maister Chaucer, floure of eloquence,
Mirrour of fructuous entendement,
O universal fader in science,
Allas! that thou thyne excellent prudence
In thy bedde mortalle myghtest not bequethe;
What eyleth dethe, alas! why wold he sle
thee.'

* * * * *

'Allas! my worthy maister honorable,
This londes verray tresour and richesse,
Dethe by thy dethe hath harme irreperable
Unto us done.'

* * * * *

'That combre-world that thee my maister
slow—
Wolde I slayne were!—dethe was to hastyfe
To renne on the and revethe thy life.'

* * * * *

'O maister, maister, God thy soule reste!'

* One cannot but remember here the *εὐκολος*, by which Aristophanes makes Dionysus describe Sophocles:

ὁ δ' εὐκολος μὲν ἐνθάδ', εὐκολος δ' ἐκεί.

Aristoph. *Frogs*, p. 82.

And might not Goethe be described by some such epithet?

* Chaucer was just as much of a Lollard as Shakespeare was of a Puritan. A recent writer has, we believe, demonstrated—to his own satisfaction—that Shakespeare was the latter. Certainly he was no Anti-Puritan; nor was Chaucer an Anti-Wicliffe.

And so the verses of Lydgate, in his 'Troye-book,' which for the most part flow but dull and languidly, thrill with a sincere emotion when he speaks of him, whom he, too, calls his 'dear master.' The old 'pantographer's' voice breaks, so to say, as he names the loved name, and recalls that vanished presence as he knew it, so sensitive, unexact, self-disparaging, so 'charitable, and so pitous.'

Did Shakespeare read the works of Chaucer! This is of course a question which has little or nothing to do with the unanimity of their geniuses. Wordsworth was by no means a poet of the Chaucerian type; yet he tells us how

'Beside the pleasant Mill at Trompington
I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade:
Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell his
tales
Of amorous passion.'

And he has reproduced three * Chaucerian pieces with a reverent manner that contrasts forcibly with the freedom with which Dryden and Pope handled the old master. Neither is Tennyson a cognate spirit; and yet 'A Dream of Fair Women' is an inspiration of the elder poet:—

'I read, before my eyelids dropt their shade
The "Legend of Good Women," long ago
Sang by the morning star of song, who made
His music heard below,

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet
breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

And for a while the knowledge of his art
Held me above the subject, as strong gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my
heart
Brimful of those wild tales
Charged both mine eyes with tears.'

And at last he dreams, as we know, of Iphigenia and Helen, and the other disastrous or ill-starred beauties of by-gone ages.

This question of Shakespeare's knowledge of Chaucer has as yet received no proper attention whatever. Godwin, at the beginning of this century, noticing 'the high honour the poem of "Troilus and Cryseyde" has received in having been made the foundation of one of the plays of Shakespeare,' remarked that 'there seems to have been in this respect a sort of conspiracy in the commentators upon Shakespeare against the glory of our old English bard.' This 'conspiracy' was perhaps scarcely deliberate; it

was rather a mere concord of ignorance. Now, that Chaucer is becoming better known, signs of Shakespeare's familiarity with him are occasionally discerned.* But not yet, as we have said, has this matter been properly investigated. Yet it is quite certain that there is much valuable illustration of the great Elizabethan dramatist to be derived from the great Plantagenet tale-teller.

Apart from any overt facts to be found in the works of Shakespeare, would it not be incredible that he should not have known the writings of the highest preceding English genius, especially when we consider what we have already discussed—the profound congeniality that exists between the two minds? Would not 'deep call unto deep'?

When Shakespeare 'came of age,' the one great name of English literature was Chaucer. Spenser had not yet put forth all his strength. Sackville, and Surrey, and Wyatt were but lesser lights. To Spenser and to Shakespeare, looking back into the past, the one great prominent figure was that of Chaucer. He bestrode the world of English literature like a Colossus, and the Gowers, and Occleves, and Lydgates, and Barclays, 'petty men, walked under his huge legs.' It would be less difficult to believe that Virgil did not know Ennius, than that Shakespeare did not know Chaucer. English literature then without Chaucer would be simply 'Hamlet' without Hamlet. Shakespeare read the 'Confessio Amantis' if 'Pericles'† is in part at least his work, and it is not easy to deny it to be so in the face of the evidence for connecting it with him. That he should read Gower and ignore Chaucer would be as extraordinary as if the coming great genius of the close of the twenty-first century—whoever and whatever he is—should make his study in Tupper, and let Browning grow mouldy on his shelf; or—not to go too far into the future, although we have not a shadow of doubt as to the verdict of posterity, unless, indeed, there presently sets in a millenium of platitudes—as if the Brownings and Tennysons of our own day should prize Kyd above Shakespeare himself, or, to be quite definite, delight in the perusal of 'Jeronimo' rather than

* We are glad to see some illustrations from Chaucer are given in Messrs. Clark and Wright's edition of 'Hamlet,' just published by the University of Oxford.

† Oddly enough, the story of King Antiochus' incest which occupies the first part of 'Pericles,' is especially reprobated by the 'Man of Law' in his Prologue, as one that Chaucer would in no wise tell. Chaucer evidently thinks that he whom he himself calls 'the moral Gower,' should have known better than to meddle with it.

* The best authorities now incline to agree that the 'Cuckoo and Nightingale' is not the work of Chaucer.

'Macbeth.' Surely Chaucer's language could be no insuperable barrier to Shakespeare's acquaintance with him. It is, perhaps, slightly more obsolete than that of Gower; but it is only slightly so. In some of the 'Choral' passages of 'Pericles' Shakespeare tries his hand at the Archaic style; he makes Gower speak in the language wherein he was born. The result is not perhaps faultless; but it is enough to show that the writer was not grossly ignorant of the older speech of his country.

Chaucer was accessible. Editions of him were published in 1542, 1546, 1555, and 1598.

It may be well, perhaps, before proceeding any further, to notice a little more fully how predominant was the fame of Chaucer in the latter half of the sixteenth century. The best collection of commemorations of him yet made is that prefixed to Urry's edition of his works; but even that is extremely meagre. It would not be difficult to collect Chaucerian tribute from Latimer, Ascham, and others of the age immediately preceding the age of Shakespeare. But it is more important to show that such tribute was voluntarily paid by the very circle in which Shakespeare himself moved, or with whose works he could not but have been familiar. There is every probability that Shakespeare knew Spenser personally; one can scarcely doubt that they met, during Spenser's London visits, at the house of the Earl of Essex, the close friend of the Earl of Southampton; for Lord Essex was an intimate friend of Spenser's, and the love Shakespeare 'dedicated' to Lord Southampton was 'without end.' Ben Jonson, Daniel, Drayton, Fletcher, were amongst Shakespeare's closest friends, according to traditions of value, as well as amongst his most eminent contemporaries. Now, all these five great poets confess, in one way or another, their knowledge and admiration of Chaucer. Spenser, in his 'Shepherd's Calendar,' in his 'Faerie Queene,' in his 'View of the Present State of Ireland,' either refers to or expressly mentions him; in 'Mother Hubbard's Tale' he essays his manner, with such success as might be expected. Most noticeable is the passage in the last book of the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' which tells us Colin, that is, himself—

'Wel could pype and singe,
For he of Tityrus his songs his lere'—

that Tityrus was Chaucer we know on the authority, if any authority is wanted, of his friend and annotator, Edward Kirke—and the passages in the 'Faerie Queen,' in which he gives full voice to his delight and love.

One is the well known canto (the second of book iv.), in which, not without fear and trembling and a cry of pardon, he sets himself to conclude the 'half-told' 'story of Cambuscan bold;' in the other, not so generally noticed, which occurs in one of the fragments of book vii., he speaks of—

'Old Dan Geffrey, in whose gentle spright
The pure well-head of Poesie did dwell.'

There can be no doubt that the antique cast of Spenser's language is mainly attributable to Chaucer's influence. To him the language of Chaucer seems to be the proper language of poetry. As the grammarian, L. Ælius Stilo, is said to have declared that had the Muses written Latin, they would have adopted the dialect of Plautus, so Spenser held that, had they spoken the English tongue, they would have modelled themselves on Chaucer. To Ben Jonson, Chaucer was the chief English classic of the older time; see his 'Grammar,' *passim*. Daniel, in his 'Musophilus'—a poem full of fine thought and fluent expression 'containing a general defence of learning'—grieving to think that a time may be coming when Chaucer may fall out of remembrance—speaks with high enthusiasm of the triumphs he has already won:—

'Yet what a time hath he wrested from time,
And won upon the mighty waste of days
Unto th' immortal honour of our clime
That by his means came first adorn'd with
days?
Unto the sacred relics of whose time,*
We yet are bound in zeal to offer praise.'

Then follows a curious general prophecy,† that, in fact precisely applies to Chaucer. It anticipates that revival of which we have spoken in the beginning of this paper:—

'the stronger constitutions shall
Wear out th' infection of distemper'd days,
And come with glory to outlive this fall
Recov'ring of another spring of praise,
Clear'd from th' oppressing humours where-
withal
The idle multitude surcharge their lays.'

Drayton, in his epistle 'To my dearly-loved friend, Henry Reynolds, Esq., of Poets

* For *time* in this line we should, perhaps, read *rime*, or *rhyme*, as we corruptly spell the word.

† There is another striking prophecy, an imagined possibility, in this poem. It relates to the spread of the language:

'And who in time knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue? To what strange
shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent
T'enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in th' yet unformed occident
May come refin'd with th' accents that are ours.'

and Poesy'—a survey, of singular interest for us now, of the poetry of his day, preceded by a rapid retrospect—begins his splendid catalogue with the name of Chaucer:—

'That noble Chaucer in those former times
The first enrich'd our English with his rhymes,
And was the first of ours that ever brake
Into the Muses' treasure, and first spake
In weighty numbers, delving in the mine
Of perfect knowledge, which he could refine,
And coin for current, and as much as then
The English language could express to men,
He made it do; and by his wondrous skill
Gave us much light from his abundant quill.'

Still more interesting in connection with our special topic is the Prologue of the 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' a play, as is well known, founded on the 'Knight's Tale,' mainly written by Fletcher, but in whose composition it seems highly probable Shakespeare himself took some part. Says the Prologue of the play it introduces:—

'It has a noble breeder, and a pure,
A learned, and a poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent.
Chaucer, admired of all, the story gives;
There constant to eternity it lives!
If we let fall the nobleness of this,
And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from underground: "Oh!
fan
From me the witless chaff of such a writer
That blasts my bays, and my famed works
makes lighter
Than Robin Hood." This is the fear we
bring;
For, to say truth, it were an endless thing
And too ambitious, to aspire to him,
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim
In this deep water. Do but you hold out
Your helping hand, and we will tack about
And something do to save us; you shall hear
Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear
Worth two hours' travel. To his bones sweet
sleep!
Content to you!'

It would be easy to multiply these praises of Chaucer, did the limits of our space allow us; but surely we have quoted enough to show what an object of real veneration and love the old poet was in Shakespeare's time, and how sincere and earnest celebrations of him must have perpetually sounded in Shakespeare's ears. *A priori*, therefore, it might have been concluded, that Shakespeare was familiar with the greatest English pieces of characterization, and humour, and pathos, that had appeared before him. But we need not rest content with an inference. If we turn to the plays themselves, we have abundant evidence of that familiarity.

Chaucer, it is true, is not represented in the picture Shakespeare gives of Chaucer's

age, in his plays of 'Richard the Second' and 'Henry the Fourth.' Falstaff, it seems, was on speaking and jesting terms with John of Gaunt, who was Chaucer's great friend and patron. 'John a Gaunt,' as we learn, had once 'burst' Shallow's head, and Falstaff had told him he had beaten his own name. But we see no Chaucer in the retinue of 'time-honoured Lancaster.' He is not by any means, however, conspicuous by his absence, any more than Lydgate in 'Henry the Fifth,' or Skelton and Surrey in 'Henry the Eighth.' Indeed, known in the Elizabethan age only as a poet, and not as a diplomatist or a politician, he would have seemed something out of place in a 'History,' when all the interest centres on the throne and its occupants; for Shakespeare's 'Histories' do not aim at giving complete descriptions of the times with which they deal. They are regal rather than national pieces. In that very play of 'Richard the Second' we hear nothing of Wat Tyler; just as in 'King John' we hear nothing of Magna Charta.

It must also be noted that there was much material common to the times both of Chaucer and Shakespeare, which both have used. There were common authors, as Ovid, and common legends. With regard to the Romances of Chivalry, it is striking to notice how both poets declined to use them. Chaucer's taste anticipated the taste of Shakespeare. And so with regard to allegory. Chaucer soon outgrew that form of writing, so fashionable in his age; Shakespeare scarcely ever adopted it, for he does not seem to have cared to write masques.* It would seem contrariwise that many things attracted them both. They both tell the story of Lucretia—Chaucer in his 'Legend of Good Women,' following Ovid, Shakespeare in his 'Tarquin and Lucrece,' partly under the influence, as we shall see, of a quite different work of Chaucer's. Chaucer briefly recounts the fall of Julius Cæsar in his 'Monkes Tale,' as Shakespeare so splendidly in his great play, both committing an error as to the scene, which they make the Capitol (so Polonius in 'Hamlet'); both portray the tragic ends of Pyramus and Thisbe, in the 'Legend of Good Women' and the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' respectively, Chaucer translating Ovid with all submission, Shakespeare giving his humour

* Neither poet had any liking for alliteration; see the 'Parson's'

'Trusteth wel, I am a Suthern man,
I cannot geste rum raf ruf by the letter :'
and Shakespeare's ridicule in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' v. 1, and 'Love's Labour's Lost,' iv. 2.

free play at a story, which is absurd enough, notably in the matter of that cracked wall, if one lets one's self realise it. Cleopatra is another of the 'Saints of Cupid' in the Legend already twice mentioned, as she is also a famous Shakespearian 'person'; both Chaucer and Shakespeare holding a far too favourable opinion of her lover, whom the former describes

'a ful worthy gentil werreyour.'

Dido, Ariadne, Medea, Philomela, are well-known figures to both, though only the older poet, who, as living in the first glimmering of the Renaissance, lay humbly at the feet of the author of the 'Heroides,' honours them with special celebrations.

The true power of Chaucer is not displayed in any one of the pieces just mentioned; for of the 'Saints Legend of Cupid,' as the Man of Law intitles it, undoubtedly the most valuable part is the Prologue; and as for the 'Monk's Tale,' we weary of it, even as the Knight, with all his courtesy, wearied, and half agree with the free-spoken host—the very 'able' chairman of the Pilgrim party—

'Such talkyng is nought worth a boterflye,
For therinne is noon disport or game.'

Certainly not in Shakespeare's treatment of the just mentioned stories is his knowledge of Chaucer, or Chaucer's influence upon him, obviously manifested. The two works of Chaucer which evidently attracted Shakespeare most were 'The Knight's Tale' and 'Troilus and Cryseyde'; and the tokens of this attraction are to be seen in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and in 'The Two Noble Kinsmen,' in 'Venus and Adonis,' 'Tarquin and Lucrece,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' and 'Romeo and Juliet.' The 'Cokes Tale of Gamelyn,' as everybody has long agreed, is not by Chaucer; but in the Elizabethan age it was believed to be so. Shakespeare was certainly acquainted with it, as well as with the prose version of it incorporated in Lodge's 'Rosalynd,' the source of 'As You Like It.' Besides these connections, there are scattered throughout Shakespeare's plays and poems various other indications that the writings of Chaucer were anything but a sealed or an unopened book to him.

To mention a few of these latter echoes: the Man of Law, as we have mentioned, names 'The Legend of Good Women,' 'The Seintes Legende of Cupid,' and Chaucer, in the Latin heading of the various parts of the Legend, styles each heroine 'a martyr.' Compare 'Pericles' i. 1, where Antiochus describes the fallen suitors of his daughter as

'Martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;'
and the Princess 'Saint Denis to Saint Cupid,' in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' v. 2.
Compare 'The Assembly of Fowles'—

'And breakers of the law, soth to saine,
And likerous folk, after that they been dede,
Shal whirle about the world alway in paine,
Til many a world be passed out of drede,' &c.

with Claudius—

'To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world.'—*Measure for Measure*,
iii. 1.

Again, compare from the same poem—

'The wery hunter slepyng in hys bed,
To woode ayeine hys mynde gooth anon;
The juge drameth how hys ples ben spod;
The cartar dremeth how his cartes gone;
The ryche of golde, the knyght fyght with his
fone;
The seko meteth he drynketh of the tonne;
The lover meteth he hath hys lady wonne,

with that marvellously brilliant speech of
Mercutio, of Queen Mab's doings:—

'She gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream
of love:'

* * * *

'O'er lawyers' fingers who straight dream on
fees:'

* * * *

'Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,'
&c.*

Compare 'Legende of Good Women,'
Prologue—

'My worde, my werkes, ys knyt so in youre
bonde
That as an harpe obeieth to the honde
That makith it soun after his fyngerynge,
Ryght so mowe ye oute of myne herte bringe
Swich vois, ryght as yow list, to laughe and
pleyne,'

with Hamlet's rebuke of those unfortunate
catpaws, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern:—

* Comp. Lucretius, iv. 965 *et seq.*:—

'In sommis eadem plerumque videmus obire;
Causidici causas agere et componere leges,
Induperatores pugnare ac proelia obire
Nautæ contractum cum ventis degere bellum,
Nos agere hoc autem et naturam quærere
rerum

Semper et inventam patriis exponere chartis,'

and *infra*, 1011 *et seq.*:—

'Porro hominum mentes, magnis qui mentibus
edunt
Magna, itidem sæpe in somnis faciuntque ge-
runtque;
Reges expugnant, capiuntur, proelia miscent,
Tollunt clamorem, quasi si jugulentur ibidem,'
&c.

'*Hamlet*. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Hamlet. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Hamlet. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Hamlet. 'Tis as easy as lying. Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Hamlet. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'S blood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.'

And also with what he says to Horatio—

'Blest are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please.'

Compare, *ibid.*,—

'For love shall me yeve strengthe and hardynesse,

To make my wounde large ynogh, I gesse,'

with Mercutio, of his own fatal hurt—

'No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough; 'twill serve. Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.'

The only Canterbury pilgrims, perhaps, that have been present to Shakespeare's mind, on its days of creation, are the Host and the Sompnour. The resemblance between mine host of the 'Tabard' and mine host of the 'Garter' has often been pointed out, as also that between the physique of the Sompnour and 'one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire.' That there should not be other personal parallels besides that between the landlords arises partly from the different principles on which the two geniuses worked. Shakespeare did not attempt to reproduce the society of his time fully and exactly as did Chaucer. It would be easier to find counterparts to Chaucer's characters in Ben Jonson, the great collector and preserver of 'humours.' That difference in '*personæ*' arises also from the immense change that passed over English life between the fourteenth and the sixteenth century. The

social world has its deluges no less than the material—

'O earth! what changes hast thou seen!'

and the interval between those centuries was a 'diluvial period.' The old forms of life had been swept away. The 'wanton and merry' friar, the 'full fat' lordly monk, the smooth-tongued pardoner, and many another, had all gone hence, and were no more seen; and a race had succeeded that knew not St. Thomas or his fellow-saints.

Of Shakespeare's knowledge of the 'Knight's Tale' there are several indications in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'* In both pieces the presiding figures are those of 'Duke' Theseus and Hippolyta; the scenes are Athens and woods near Athens. The name Philostrate is common to both—in the older work as the name worn by Arcite when he returns disguised to the court of Theseus, in the later as that of the Master of the Revels to Theseus. The poem begins just after the marriage of Theseus. The conqueror of 'the regne of Femynges' is just bringing his bride

'hoom with him in his contre,
With moche glorie and gret solempnite.'

In the play he has just brought her home, to be wedded there

'With pomp, with triumph, and with reveling.'

It is impossible when, later on in the tale, we see Theseus and Hippolyta, out a hunting in the May time, come upon Palamon and Arcite, madly fighting for love in a forest glade, not to remember how in the play the same noble pair, 'hearing the music' of the hounds, discover a group of lovers strangely reposing on the woodland grass, having risen up early, as the Duke thinks, 'to observe the rite of May,' all rivalry, as the event proves, now appeased and ended. In both pieces we have two lovers devoted to one lady. In the play this position is repeated twice. But still closer is the contact between Shakespeare and the 'Knight's Tale,' if, as is stated in the edition of the 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' published in 1634, that work is indeed 'by the memorable worthies of their own time, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakespeare;' for the 'Two Noble Kinsmen' is, in fact, a dramatisation of the 'Knight's Tale.' The statement of the title-page might go for little, if it were not supplemented by internal evidence.

* See some excellent remarks on this point in Hippeley's 'Chapters on Early English Literature,' pp. 60-63.

For our part we are inclined to agree with those critics who recognise the direct work of Shakespeare in certain passages of the drama and imitations of him in other parts. The subsidiary plot of the gaoler's daughter and her furious passion for Palamon is certainly not by the hand of the master. The madness scene would appear to have been suggested by Ophelia's frenzy. Gerrold and his rustic merry-makers seem a faint reflection of the incomparable Bottom and his company. The scenes which are assuredly Shakespeare's, if any are, are those which confine themselves to the story as rendered by Chaucer, expanding or contracting it as is required by dramatic necessity and the judgment of the reproducer. They are, without controversy, the work of one who held his original in no mean honour. The warmly admiring and reverent mention of its author, made in the prologue, has already been quoted.

But the work of Chaucer's, whose traces are most frequently perceptible in Shakespeare's writings, is unquestionably 'Troilus and Cressida.' 'Troilus and Cressida' was the most popular love-poem of our literature, from the time of its composition, or free and vigorous reproduction from Boccaccio. In the fifteenth century a Scotch poet, by name Henryson, wrote a continuation of it.* Sixteenth-century praises of it abound. 'Chaucer,' says Sidney, in his 'Apologie for Poetrie,'† 'undoubtedly did excellently in hys Troylus and Cressid; of whom truly I know not whether to mervaille more either that he in that mistie time could see so clearely, or that wee in this cleare age walke so stumblyngly after him.'

Shakespeare's acquaintance with this general favourite is, in our opinion, exhibited, as we have said, most strikingly in his play of the same name, in 'Romeo and Juliet,' in 'Tarquin and Lucrece,' and in 'Venus and Adonis'; but in others of his works also there may perhaps be discerned symptoms of it. Compare—

'For hit is seyð men makyn oft a yerd
With which the maker is himself ybeten
In sundry maner as thes wise men tretyn,'

with 'King Lear':—

'The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.'

* From the 'Cressida was a beggar' of 'Twelfth Night' (iii. 1), it would appear that Shakespeare knew this continuation.

† See p. 62 of Mr. Arber's reprint. Is Mr. Arber's excellent series of reprints generally known to our readers? It is not easy to commend them too warmly for their accuracy and their cheapness.

Compare—

'What know I of the queene Niobe?
Let be thin old ensaumplis, I the pray.'

with Hamlet's—

'What is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?

In the 'Merchant of Venice,' in that famous 'out-nighting' scene, Lorenzo says how—

'in such a night

Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.'

This is straight from Chaucer, who describes the poor forlorn lover, how—

'Upon the walles fast ek wolde he walke,
And on the Grekes oost he wolde see;
And to hymself right thus he wolde talke:
So yonder is myn owene lady free,
Or elles yonder, ther the tentes be,
And thennes cometh this eyre that is so
soote,
That in my soule I feelee it doth me boote.

And hardyly this wynd that moore and
moore
Thus stoundemele encressith in my face,
Is of my lady depe sykes sore;
I preve it thus, for in noon other place
Of all this town, save only in this space,
Feel I no wynde that souneth so like peyne,
It seith "Allas! why twynned be we
tweyne?"'

But, to turn to the pieces above mentioned as more especially reflecting the knowledge of Chaucer's poem: it is in 'Venus and Adonis,' 'the first heir of my invention,' as might be expected, that the influence of Chaucer's manner is most visible. We venture to think that Chaucer is the master of Shakespeare in undramatic as Marlowe in dramatic poetry. In both poetries the style of the teacher has left its mark at least upon the earlier productions of the pupil. The leading features of Chaucer's 'Troilus and Cryseyde' are an extreme minuteness and fulness of description, an over-brimming abundance of imagery and illustration, and almost excessive display of poetical richness and power. In all these respects the 'Venus and Adonis' of Shakespeare corresponds. There are signs of youthfulness in both works—the youthfulness of singularly deep and fertile natures. In each poem there is but little action. Each writer is encumbered, so to speak, by the wealth of his genius, so that movement is almost impossible. The exuberant growths of fancy cling around them trammellingly. The poems consist for the most part of long

conversations, or else monologues reported at the fullest length. They are the thinkings aloud of minds of the utmost conceivable fulness and efflorescence. The passion depicted in both pieces is of the same sensuous order. The likeness in this respect is extremely noticeable. Something of what has been said applies also to 'Tarquin and Lucrece,' but not all. The style of that work is severer than that of 'Venus and Adonis,' though there is the same inexhaustible plenitude and lavishness of power. In one point of view it affords a remarkable contrast to the poem published in the preceding year. The chaste-souled Lucrece seems to rebuke the self-abandoning passion of Venus, as also that of the old Trojan paramours. The structure of the poem does not differ from that of 'Venus and Adonis,' which, as we have pointed out, is that of the Chaucerian work. It is not perhaps so important to notice that the metre of it is the same as that of Chaucer's poem—the seven-lined stanza or 'rhyme royal,' as it is called (which we in England might rather call the Chaucerian stanza; for it is to Chaucer we owe as well its introduction into our country as its most successful cultivation)—inasmuch as it is the metre of the 'Mirror of Magistrates' and other Tudor works; but yet the fact should not be forgotten.

In the great love-play, 'Romeo and Juliet,' there are to be observed many reminiscences of the great love tale, 'Troilus and Cryseyde.' Mercutio,* the love-mocker, recalls to the mind of the reader what Troilus was before the hour of his sweet captivity came upon him. Pandarus reminds the smitten knight, how—

'then were wont to chace
At Love in scorne, and for despyt hym calle
Seint Idiot, Lord of thes folis alle.
How oft hast thou made thy nice japis
And seyde that Love's servauntis everichon
Of nycte ben verrey goddis apys;
And some wold monche þer brede alone,
Lying in bed, and make hem for to grone;
And some thow seydist had a blaunch fervere,
And preydist God he shold never kevere.
And some of hem toke on hem for the cold,
More than ynow, so seydist thou full oft;
And some have feynid oft tyme and told
How they wake, whan her love slepe soft.
And thus have broght hem self a loft,
And natheless were undere at the last;
Thus seydist thou, and japedist ful fast.'

Compare Mercutio's name of 'the ape' for Romeo, and his final dictum: 'This drivell-

ling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole,' and his other incomparable wit-flights at the expense of the 'tender passion.' Compare Cryseyde's

'Ful sharp bygynnyng brekith oft at ende,'
with Friar Laurence's sage—

'These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die.'

Compare the partings of the lovers as the day breaks (book iii. of 'Troilus and Cressida'; act iii. scene 5, of *Romeo and Juliet*).* Compare Troilus' presentiment—

'Alas! thow saist right soth, quoth Troilus;
But, hardely, it is not al for nought,
That in myn herte I now rejoyse thus;
It is ayenis some good, I have a thought;
Not I not how, but sen that I was wroght,
Ne felt I swich a comfort, dar I seye;
She comth to nyght, my life that dorste I
leye,'

with Romeo's—

'If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand;
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful
thoughts.'

But it is most natural to look for signs of Shakespeare's knowledge of Chaucer's 'Troilus and Cryseyde' in his play of the same name; and certainly signs are there, but they are signs of a dissentient knowledge rather than of a sympathetic. It can scarcely, we think, be necessary for us, after what has already been said, to insist that the commentators are imperfectly informed who tell us that Shakespeare knew nothing of Chaucer's poem, and that his only sources were Caxton's 'Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye' and Lydgate's 'Historye, Sege, and Dystruccyon of Troye.' That he drew from those works of Caxton and Lydgate, we do not deny; for his play covers a much wider field than that of Chaucer's poem, and indeed the best parts of it have nothing to do with the lovers; but there can be no doubt that for those scenes in which the eponyms do figure the older celebrator of them was his chief authority. Chaucer is the one original in English for the story of Troilus and Cressida. His own debt to Boccaccio is unquestionable; who 'Lollius' was, to whom he acknowledges such perpetual obligations, is a yet unsolved

* Compare also Benedict in 'Much Ado about Nothing.'

* This parallel is pointed out by Godwin in his 'Life of Geoffrey Chaucer.'

mystery; but for English readers he is the one original. Thus Lydgate, in his *Troy* book, when he comes to *Troilus* and *Cressida*, at once cites Chaucer's poem as the source of all he has to tell, and, after those sincere expressions of reverence and love, to which we have referred above, proceeds to reproduce it. And so Gascoigne,* who died a few years before Shakespeare left Stratford for London, when he alludes to the story, names *Lollius* and Chaucer as the great relaters of it.

But Shakespeare does not accept the story in the spirit in which Chaucer recounts it. Shakespeare's play by no means belongs to his 'apprenticeship,' as Dryden makes bold to state in the Preface to his own queer version of it; it is, in fact, one of his latest plays. We should incline to hold that Chaucer's poem belongs to about the same period of his life as that to which '*Romeo and Juliet*' belongs in the life of Shakespeare: it is the work of his genius when yet comparatively nascent, in no wise mellow fruit. Hence the difference of treatment. Shakespeare's fully ripened judgment rejects altogether a certain unreality that marks Chaucer's poem. The fact is that the heroine, as the older poet paints her, is a mere fancy-creature. Chaucer's heart was very soft towards women, and he could not harden it enough to represent *Cressida* faithfully. He could not bring himself to call her by her right name; he is always yearning to excuse her; even for what he does say he is afterwards ready to make amends, and endeavours to make amends in the '*Legend of Good Women*.' With all her frailty he loved her tenderly, and would fain have been blind to her terrible treason. He was like some executioner paralysed by the exceeding fairness of the head laid on the block before him.

'Ne me ne list this sely womman chyde
Ferthere thanne the storie wol devyse;
Hire name, alas! is published so wyde,
That for hire gilte it ought ynough suffice
And if I myght excuse hire any wyse,
For she so sory was for her untrouthes
Ywis I wold excuse hire yet for routhe.'

Shakespeare, on the other hand, more keensighted at all times, and writing at a season of life when the eyes of the wise, at least, are not so easily caught, and mere outward beauty is rated and valued with a truer discrimination, does justice inflexibly; and when Nestor praises her, equivocally perhaps as 'a woman of quick sense,' Ulysses cries aloud and spares not:—

* See Gascoigne's '*Dan Bartholomew of Bath.*'

'Fie, fie upon her!
There's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.'

Quite different, too, are the representations of *Pandarus*. Chaucer, though not perhaps without misgivings, ascribes his wonderful assiduity in his friend's behalf to the bond of 'sworn brotherhood,' by which he and *Troilus*, just as *Palamon* and *Arcite*, were so closely united; Shakespeare does not deign to notice any such plea. He is persistently plain-spoken; he lets black be black. It is then perhaps in his pointed disagreements with Chaucer's poem that Shakespeare's knowledge of it is manifested rather than in any concordance of incident or expression, though most certainly there is this concordance also.

Our space has not permitted us to attempt anything like an exhaustive list of the Chaucerian traces to be observed in the works of Shakespeare. Perhaps of those we have quoted, some may seem fanciful; it is not essential to maintain our proposition that all should be admitted; but assuredly they cannot all be dismissed as unsubstantial or fortuitous.

There is, then, good ground for indulging the belief that the works of the great narrative poet of our literature were not absent from the studies of the supreme dramatist, who alone, perhaps, of all greatest geniuses, was in certain gifts of the imagination even to surpass him.

ART. XI.—1. *Teaching Universities and Examining Boards*. By Lyon Playfair, M.P. Edinburgh, 1872.

2. *What is meant by Freedom of Education?* By The O'Connor Don, M.P. Dublin, 1872.

3. *Three Letters on the Irish University Question*. By Professor Nesbitt. Dublin, 1872.

4. *Pastoral Address of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland*. Dublin, 1871.

5. *Studium Generale*. By Thomas Andrews, M.D. London, 1867.

6. *Quelques Mots sur l'Instruction publique en France*. Par Michel Bréal. Paris, 1872.

THE Irish University question still awaits solution. That the system of higher education in Ireland required the intervention of

Parliament, or of the Executive, has been asserted by the leaders of the Liberal party years since. So pressing did the matter seem in 1866 that even in the confusion of a Ministerial catastrophe the Liberal Ministry of that year launched the scheme of the supplemental charter. No sooner had the courts of law disposed of that blundering proposal than Mr. Gladstone returned to press the urgency of the question. Speaking in 1867, he demanded 'speedy interference' on the part of Parliament, and reviewing the various plans suggested, said:—

'While one of these schemes might have his preference rather than either of the others, yet keeping in view the fact that real civil disabilities were at present inflicted on the majority of the inhabitants of Ireland in connection with the University question, he would rather see the adoption of any one of these plans than an indefinite postponement of all interference in the direction of a removal of these disabilities.'

Five years have passed since those words were uttered, and yet no action has been taken by Government or Parliament, and the machinery of higher education remains in 1873 exactly what it was at Lord Palmerston's death in 1865.

This halt on the part of the Liberal chiefs is the more significant when we consider that this is a question in relation to which no sweeping revolution was necessary. No new principle had to be introduced. The policy of moulding the existing educational institutions to the special wants of Ireland had been long recognised. Trinity College had distinctly accepted this policy in 1793. The other University, the Queen's University in Ireland, had been expressly founded to make University culture accessible to every section of the nation. The particular mode of applying this principle of adapting the University system to the peculiar national wants was all that was in question. The task of the Ministry was only to give freer scope to this principle according to the opportunities presented by the course of public affairs.

As long as Ireland possessed a national Church, it was the privilege and the duty of the University, as a national institution, to devote its resources largely to the work of that Church. When Mr. Gladstone's Church Act deprived the Church in Ireland of its national position, the University had to elect either to become a denominational seminary, with the prospect of having its endowments dealt with as national property and apportioned by Government commissions, or to claim, as one of the consequences of that Act, the right to devote itself directly and exclusively to its national work. On the occasion of introducing the Irish Church Act,

Mr. Gladstone pointed out the effect which that measure must have upon the position of Trinity College. The Act had hardly received the Royal Assent when Trinity College claimed its right to pursue its work as a national institution, proposed to carry further the policy adopted in 1793, and to apply the principle of the abolition of tests to its endowments as well as to its degrees. Such a change, it is true, would not have met the demands of the Ultramontane party, but it would have carried on, in a manner at once natural and acceptable to the Irish people, that course of improvement which the University had been long pursuing. This measure Mr. Gladstone must have adopted, or he might have proposed a scheme of his own; but having pressed the urgency of the question in 1866 and 1867, having marked it out as the third part of his Irish policy in 1868, he has now been four years in office without attempting any legislation in connection with Irish education. Nor is this all; but the fact that Mr. Gladstone has pledged himself on this question has been made a reason for objecting to any one else attempting to deal with it. Twice he has obstructed the Bill accepted by the University of Dublin, on the ground that it trenchanted on a question of ministerial policy. The University, denied the aid of Parliament, is compelled against its will to impose religious disabilities on its students. Last June the highest place at the Fellowship examination was taken by a distinguished graduate, not a member of the Church of Ireland; and the University, recognising the result of the examination test, elected him to one of the vacant Fellowships, but he could not take the oaths still imposed by statute. The University is deprived of his aid, and he of the prize which he had ably earned. Thus a question that bade fair to settle itself has been kept open, admitted grievances are left unremedied, and the higher educational system of Ireland has been made the subject of agitation all through the country during this whole Parliament. A distinguished University has been obliged to pursue its work for years with the consciousness that some great change was at hand, which might completely alter its character or even destroy its existence.

Extravagant as was Mr. Gladstone's theory of Irish policy, it throws no light on this course of proceeding on the part of the Ministry. As the policy of Irish ideas has been stated in Lancashire and elsewhere, we get from it no explanation of this persistent torturing of the Irish Universities. If the Ministers agree with a great clerical leader, Cardinal Cullen, that 'the nationality of Ireland means simply the Catholic Church,' the

sequence of events is, indeed, plain enough. The Irish Universities do not, in the discharge of their duty to the Irish people, accept the Cardinal's doctrine. The Ministry wait until Parliament is ready to force it upon them, or to punish them for their betrayal of the principal of Irish ideas, as Liberalism and the Cardinal conceive it.

But this is not the interpretation of his Irish policy, which the language of the Liberal chief expresses, however much his attitude upon this question suggests it.

When Mr. Gladstone undertook, in 1868, to remodel Irish policy, his guiding principle was to consult Irish opinion—his practical conclusion to uproot the institutions associated with the English name sharing its unpopularity, and, owing to that unpopularity, their want of success. The Church was to go utterly and at once. With the Church went those institutions that had been created as a set-off to the existence of the Church—Maynooth and the Regium Donum. It was not possible to make a new distribution of land, but a tremendous inroad was made on the landlords' property. Adopting the grouping of Irish questions introduced by the Irish Bishops when they founded the National Association in 1865, Mr. Gladstone at the last election added Education to the Church and Land as the third head of his programme. He did not mean by the term education, he subsequently said, primary education. What he referred to was especially higher education, and this he told us was to be dealt with 'in the same spirit in which we have endeavoured to deal with the Church and the land in that country.*' The ostentatious announcement of a scheme of higher education in Ireland necessarily suggested the University of Dublin. On that University depended the higher education of the country. What was there in its history that explained this resolution to deal with it in the same spirit as the Church and Land had been dealt with? To justify the application to this University of the principles adopted as to the Church and Land has been the Ministerial difficulty ever since 1868. It was not possible to apply to the Irish Universities exactly the same process that had been applied to the Church—simply abolish them, and devote the funds obtained by the confiscation of their endowments to the inexhaustible requirements of lunatic asylums in Ireland. To refuse all State recognition of religion was, to a section of the public, no novel proposition. But education was another matter which we had not yet learned should be held of no account by the State. It was not in

1868, and we do not believe it has since become, practicable to refuse State recognition of higher education in Ireland, to disestablish education as Parliament had disestablished religion. This was a difficulty inherent in the subject-matter of that question which Mr. Gladstone had tacked on to his programme. But, moreover, there was a further difficulty in the character of the two Irish Universities. Their history and position as public institutions distinguish them altogether from the Church.

The University of Dublin differs from all the other institutions in Ireland, for the existence of which England is responsible, both in the work it has done, and in the place which it occupies in the opinion of the Irish population. Though founded by the State, it is not under State control. It has a life of its own, apart from the Government; and this fact has always been recognised by the Irish population. The work it has done is acknowledged by them as real work, not work in the interest merely of England or of the Church. However much popular assailants of the Irish Church grudged the work the University did for the object of their aversion, they never treated the University as an appendage of the Church. The influences that had hampered the work of the Church, and confused the relations of landlord and tenant, have not materially affected the career of the University of Dublin. In spite of sectarian conflict and perpetually recurring civil tumult, it can boast a brilliant success.

Dublin has a distinguished place amongst the high schools of Europe. It has educated men eminent in politics, philosophy, literature, and science. Burke, Plunket, Grattan, Berkeley, Swift, Goldsmith, M'Cullagh, Hamilton, are some of the men whom this University claims to have prepared for their work in the world. Such names as these establish its claims as a school of intelligence and culture, fitting noble minds for the higher careers of life; giving them the knowledge and the training to pursue their course in life as became their abilities, and the work for which those abilities marked them out. If, again, we turn to those professional pursuits which require higher culture, the training of the University of Dublin has enabled Irishmen to take the highest rank at the Bar and in the medical school. The literature and social life of Ireland, and, indeed, of the United Kingdom, bear testimony to the work which this University has done in past years. If we come to the most recent times, to the tests of acquirement as judged by examination, the number of its successful candidates

* 'Hansard,' vol. 200, p. 1127.

in the great Indian competition, and the places which they have taken, prove its right to rank with the great universities of Scotland and England. During the three centuries of its existence it has supplied the educational wants of the Irish people with remarkable efficiency. It has given Ireland great schools of medicine and law, which enjoy a European reputation; it has unceasingly maintained the efficiency of these professions by the recruits whom it has drafted from the middle classes, to say nothing of its services to the Irish Church. It has made as near an approach to supplying a great centre of refinement and learning, like Paris or Bologna, as the circumstances of Ireland permitted. Amidst the devastation of civil war, in a country where the penal system was devised in the effort to keep society together, and where even that expedient failed to secure order, Dublin has succeeded in supplying abundantly the training necessary for the distinguished pursuit of the learned professions, has opened a career for the men of genius whom Ireland produced, and has kept alive the national taste for higher culture.

Consideration of these circumstances explains the singular demeanour of the Liberal leaders. The addition of education, especially of higher education, to their programme was designed to satisfy the Irish hierarchy by a public acknowledgment of the Minister's engagements to them. But having promised to deal with this matter in the spirit of the Church and Land Acts, the Ministry have yet done nothing; nor can it be pretended that the position of the University of Dublin presented any great obscurity or complexity. Its history, its resources, and the employment of those resources, had all been fully investigated by the Royal Commission in 1853. During four years of almost unprecedented Parliamentary power, Mr. Gladstone has left his mysterious utterances hanging over the Universities, a stimulus to the clerical agitation carried on against them. During this period he has not merely declined to do anything himself; he has resented, as an affront, the proposal of Trinity College to make its further contribution to the settlement of the question, to complete its policy of opening its own system to the Irish people.

The University proposed in 1869 to accept Mr. Fawcett's principle of the abolition of all religious tests. All the emoluments and prizes of the University were to be opened without any distinction of creed. And, having made these concessions, it proposed to retain its ancient right as a corporation to appoint to its endowments, on the

test of open examination from amongst its graduates, and to select its own professors.

The effect of this proposal, as bringing a larger number of Irishmen under the influence of University culture, cannot be judged merely by the result of the policy of 1793 up to the present time. In the first place, the opening all the endowments on the foundation of the University, without distinction of creed, is very different from merely admitting to the enjoyment of a set of rewards and prizes outside its own foundation, though clustered around it. The system of 1793 had been eminently successful as far as it went, and its success afforded a special opportunity for trying the new scheme. It had brought numbers of Roman Catholics to Trinity College. It had created a class of Roman Catholics who were familiar with the traditions of the College, who would be there to welcome the new-comers whom further changes might attract, and take from them any sense of strangeness. When this proposal was made in 1869, Mr. Bruce and Mr. Chichester Fortescue, instead of congratulating the University on accepting the consequences of propositions for which the Liberal party had contended, assailed the University with angry reproaches. The Liberal press, both here and in Ireland, broke into a chorus of denunciation, 'The scheme was inadequate, was illusory.' 'Even,' it was said, 'if some Dissenters and Roman Catholics were admitted immediately to its foundation, it might be years, according to the existing constitution of the University, before they would have any voice in its government, and meanwhile the traces of the inequality of the past would remain to disfigure the life of the University. Moreover, it was an old institution, and like all old institutions, full of anomalies, and requiring a radical reform; the abolition of the tests and the separation of the Divinity School in no degree met the requirements of the nation. Its funds must be redistributed, and its constitution remodelled.' Language of this kind was repeated over and over again.

It was true that in England the Academic question of remodelling the course of studies at the Universities, the political question of the abolition of tests, the economic question of the distribution of Endowments had been kept hitherto quite distinct. Under the impulse given by the Report of the Dublin University Commission of 1853, a series of changes had been carried out in Dublin analogous to those academic reforms which the Oxford and Cambridge Reform Acts of 1854 and 1856 introduced in those Universities. The authorities of the University of Dublin, aided in some matters by the Crown, were

able themselves to carry out the suggestions of the Report. There being no controversy between separate interests—as of the University on the one hand, and of a body of Colleges on the other—the powers of the governing body, for the most part, were sufficient to achieve the needed reforms. On the same principle, fifteen years before the abolition of tests was effected in England, distinct reform Acts had been passed for Oxford and Cambridge to do very much the work which Trinity College had been able to do for itself after the Report of 1853. So too the question of the abolition of tests in England was discussed and settled before the country even approached the question of the redistribution of University endowments. It is only last year that a Royal Commission was appointed to ascertain what those endowments are. But the critics of the Liberal press altogether forgot the principles adopted in reference to Oxford and Cambridge, and insisted that the general question of the redistribution of endowments and of further academic reform should make part of the political and religious question of the removal of tests.

The University then determined to attempt once more to meet the demands of the Ministry and their adherents. In 1871, after the passing of the University Tests Act, it settled with Mr. Fawcett and its friends in the House of Commons the terms of a Bill which should not only abolish religious tests, but should, besides, make such a change in the University constitution as to at once admit to a voice in its government any Roman Catholic or Dissenter thereafter elected on the foundation of the College, and should further give a new organization to the University Senate. In the Bill introduced by Mr. Fawcett the government of the University and College, now vested in the Provost and seven Senior Fellows of the College, was transferred to two newly-created bodies; one, the Council of the University and College of twenty members, made up of the Provost and seven Senior Fellows, of four Junior Fellows elected by the Junior Fellows, of four Professors elected by the Professors, and four Doctors or Masters elected by the Senate; the other the Hebdomadal Board of the University and College, consisting of thirteen members, the Provost, and seven Senior Fellows, and five Junior Fellows elected by the Junior Fellows. The Council determined the Curriculum, appointed to Professorships, and conducted the general work of the University; the Board looked after the maintenance of discipline, and administered the finances.

To understand this scheme we must recall

the fact that Dublin is a University with but one College, a state of things not so anomalous in the history of Universities as it appears to a public familiar only, for the most part, with the University systems of Oxford and Cambridge. At present the Provost and the Seven Senior Fellows of the College are the owners of the College property, the receivers of the College and University fees, and the general governors of the College and University. The Senate of the University exists, but, according to the present constitution, can discuss nothing not previously approved of by the Board of Trinity College. The Board having arranged their scheme resolved to do what they could to carry it into immediate effect. Having by their existing powers the right to determine the conditions of membership of the University Senate, they proceeded at once to enlarge that body, and to render it a constituency suitable to exercise the functions which the proposed Bill assigned to it. The old rules requiring annual payments to constitute membership of the Senate were swept away, and the Senate was constituted of the first gold medallists of each year, a rank equivalent to that of first wrangler at Cambridge, and of such other members of the general body of Doctors and Masters as chose to have themselves enrolled on payment of a lump sum of 4*l.* 15*s.* This change at once secured a most distinguished constituency, consisting, for the most part, of the first men of their class in each year for the last twenty or thirty years, and among them a large proportion of Roman Catholics. The University thus, as far as the exercise of its own powers enabled it, provided for the establishment of the new scheme. By this scheme it sought to settle the political and religious question without entangling that question with the more general one of University Reform. It admitted to its foundation classes hitherto excluded, and altered its constitution so that those who came in should be sure of a voice in the University government; and it provided in the new constitution such elements of progress as should give the University the opportunity of leading the way itself to the further reform of its whole system, without calling in the aid of any power external to itself, or exposing the University to become the prey of some one of the factions that make up Irish politics. This proposal, moreover, coming from the corporation immediately concerned, was acquiesced in by the Irish Protestant community. Introduced in Parliament by a consistent and unbending advocate of advanced Radical opinions, it was supported by both the members for the University,

and by Lord Crichton, as a representative of the Protestants of Ulster.

Applying principles which Parliament had adopted, the principle of absolute religious equality in Irish administration, the abolition of religious tests in the work of education, principles to which Liberals are always protesting their devotion, this Bill has been for two successive Sessions, not only impeded in its progress, but practically excluded from discussion.

In 1871, Mr. Gladstone said it was too late in the session to discuss it; not daring to go to a division, he put up his Irish Attorney-General to talk the Bill out on a Wednesday afternoon. In the last Session the excuse of want of time could not be again pleaded. On the second reading the Ministry announced, that though they were ready to accept the Abolition of Tests, they would object to the clauses for altering the constitution of the University, and they supported the second reading of the Bill against some of the Ultramontane members.

The day for going into Committee approached. Mr. Heron, the Ultramontane Member for Tipperary, who had, in 1871, frankly admitted that the Bill, if allowed to pass, would absolutely destroy the chances of his friends, and had suggested the alternative of a charter to the Catholic University in Stephen's Green, with an endowment of 40,000*l.* a year, met the Bill of 1872 with equal directness. He put down a counter-scheme of his own in a series of amendments. It was supposed that the Ministry, on their part, would now also put down a series of amendments. But on the very eve of the day for going into Committee it was announced, not in the House of Commons from the Treasury Bench, but in an inspired article in the columns of a morning paper, that a Ministerial crisis was at hand. The Ministry intended to move an instruction to the Committee, not to amend the clauses of the Bill relating to the general question of reform, but to omit them, and intended to make this motion a question of confidence. The supporters of the Bill inquired what all this meant after the Government had supported the second reading; and, thrown out of the appointed day by the confusion consequent on this announcement, challenged the Ministry to give them a day to settle the question. Mr. Fawcett had framed the Bill in obedience to the challenge of his opponents. He was prepared to discuss its clauses, to defend them, or to accept reasonable amendments that might be offered. But he could not again, all of a sudden, take his instructions from

his adversaries, cut the Bill in two, and restore his proposal to the shape which, three years before, these same adversaries had repudiated with derision. The Ministry refused a day; they had, by their bold expedient of making the order to go into Committee a Ministerial question, deprived the supporters of the Bill of a day, which they could not recover at that period of the Session without the aid of the Ministry, and this aid the Ministry refused to give them. The Bill was got rid of once more. This whole course of proceeding, from 1868 to the present hour, admits of only one explanation. The Ministers are under certain engagements to the Ultramontane party. These they have hitherto found it impossible to carry out. They are biding their time until the exertions of that party in popular agitation, or the weariness of the public, or the despair of the assailed corporations, or some other happy conjuncture of circumstances can give them the opportunity of redeeming their pledges.

When we recollect what the Ultramontane party in Ireland is, and what is its professed policy on education, that this question is to be kept for settlement according to their good pleasure is a marvellous commentary on the work of a Ministry, whose business was to be, as Mr. Bright told us at Birmingham in 1868, to re-write the history of Ireland.

It is quite true that the difficulty of attaining the great end of University reform in Ireland,—enabling the influence of University culture to permeate all the social strata,—is greatly aggravated by the position of this party. But the power of this party in Ireland is directly due to the Liberal policy. Their influence has grown steadily in proportion to the zeal of successive Liberal Governments to win their favour. The more they were courted, the more conscious of their strength did they become, the more extravagant in their pretensions. Their influence on this question of education is mainly due to what Mr. Henley calls 'the painful subserviency to priestly power' recently observable amongst public men. The existence of this party in Ireland was a special reason for settling the system of University education promptly and decisively on some distinct principle, such as the University of Dublin proposed. Instead of turning to some principle for a settlement of this question, Mr. Gladstone has given one further instance of the subserviency Mr. Henley complains of, and has strengthened the power of Ultramontanism for the future.

This party claiming to regulate all the relations of life, and growing both in their

confidence of their own power and in the sense of the reality of it with every fresh attempt of the Liberals to court them, have taken advantage of the close connection existing between the Roman Church and the Irish masses, and in accordance with this policy have taken charge of this question of education in the name of the Irish people. Whilst the Roman Catholic masses were still prostrate, suffering from the consequences of past struggles, the revived power of Ultramontaniam stepped in and assumed their leadership. If they have claims to urge, the Ultramontane states it for them, and of course from the Ultramontane point of view. When the State seeks to extend the influence of education in Ireland, it is met by the manifestoes of the Irish Bishops, manifestoes unparalleled in the episcopal declarations of other countries, and modelled on the latest utterances of the most extreme of modern Popes. Claims which in other countries are glossed over according to the exigencies of time or locality, are asserted in all their vigour in Ireland, and enforced as the demand of the nation.

Public attention was first drawn to the growth of this party in Ireland after the opening of the Queen's University. The position of Roman Catholics in relation to higher education had been pressed by Sir Thomas Wyse and others many years before, and Sir Robert Peel proposed to create a second University system outside Trinity College, which should be unhampered by any connection with a State Church. With its colleges scattered over the kingdom, it was to be more readily accessible to the people, and to entail less expense on the students than the more ancient universities, —to form the crown of that educational structure, of which the late Lord Derby had laid the foundation in the National System of Education. Before this project came to work, however, a great change had taken place in the personal constitution and in the policy of the Roman Church. Ultramontaniam, stimulated by a sense of its power over Liberal politicians, had already selected Ireland for the practical embodiment of its most extreme pretensions. The new University was condemned at once, and though numbers of Roman Catholics have taken advantage of its institution and its excellent system, and the abilities of its professors have secured it a great position, it can hardly be said to have settled the question of higher culture in Ireland. The existence of the University of Dublin, the principal University of the country still connected with a particular Church, was pointed to as evidence that the question was not settled.

The colleges were denounced with acrimony by the priests as a mode of evading the popular claim to have Trinity College turned into a Catholic University, or to have a University of their own, that should stand in the relation to the Roman Church that Trinity College did to the Established Church.

To signalise this repudiation of Sir Robert Peel's work, the Irish Hierarchy determined to organize a University of their own. Subscriptions were collected in Ireland and all over the world. Shortly after the Synod of Thurles in 1850, a site was secured in the centre of Dublin, and under the authority of a Papal Bull the Catholic University was opened with a good staff of professors, and the great advantage of Dr. Newman as Rector. But though the Catholic population sent their subscriptions to found the institution, they never sent their sons to fill its halls.

Had the Catholic population any settled purpose to demand legal sanction for the degrees of this institution, it would have been quite possible for them to have taken advantage of its arrangements for the training of their children, and that without abandoning their claims to have a degree-giving power of their own. The London University would have examined the students of the Catholic University for degrees without requiring them to leave Dublin. It is quite true that this arrangement could not have been considered a settlement. We will admit that Irish students, if they are to have degrees of this kind, ought to have somebody localised in Ireland to give them. But a crowded Catholic University, getting its degrees in this way through the aid of the University of London, would have been the most conclusive evidence the Bishops could have produced that on this question they had taken the country with them. The Bishops have never attempted to turn the Catholic University to any such practical account. It has been founded not so much to educate as to advertise certain theories of education,—as the Rector, Dr. Woodlock, describes its purpose 'to give expression and a living embodiment' to the Bishops' demands. Dr. Newman soon resigned his position, for reasons which have never been cleared up. The staff of professors is still maintained, and supplies accomplished advocates of the Ultramontane party, but as an educational institution it has hardly attained the rank of a diocesan seminary.

It might seem at first the readiest mode of settling this question to call the Roman Hierarchy into council, and see what help they could give towards the settlement of a ques-

tion which they persistently claim the right to decide authoritatively. A little experience, however, shews that their power over the Liberal party has so completely demoralised the Irish Bishops as to make any settlement of the kind impossible. This mode of settlement has been already tried, and it is worth while to recall attention to the negotiations of 1868, for that correspondence gives us the clearest and most authoritative exposition of what is meant by 'colleges conducted on purely Catholic principles.*' The delegates of the Bishops demanded in 1868—'That the examinations and all other details of University arrangements be free from every influence hostile to the religious sentiments of Catholics, and that with this view the Catholic element be adequately represented upon the senate or other supreme University body, by persons enjoying the confidence of the Catholic Bishops, priests, and people of Ireland.'

These papers make it clear that the position of the Roman Catholic Bishops on this question, as now maintained, and that of the State are directly antagonistic. Parliament assumes, as the first principle of its action in regard to Universities, that it is responsible for the general character of the higher culture of the country, as far as any body external to the University is responsible. The Roman Bishops, on the other hand, maintain that they, and not the State, are the supreme tribunal. Nor is this all; they hold further that the independence of the learned corporations is in contradiction to the right order of things. To make these bodies independent is to abandon the functions of the episcopacy, who alone are charged with the office of teaching. The professor is only the delegate of the bishop, and must be subject to his immediate control. The Roman Hierarchy still maintain the old principle, which made the degree-giving power of the early Universities emanate from the Pope, although this power has long since been considered all over the world as emanating from the State. The present position of the Bishops is simply that, whilst they recognise as a matter of fact the power of the State to give or take away University functions, they contend that, as regards Roman Catholics, this power should be wielded by the State as simply the delegation of the Church. And with this difference of fundamental principle there is the further great difference of practical administration. Whilst every year the State, if we except the case of France, has come more and more to acknowledge in the

work of education the importance of securing the independence of the educational organism, the Roman Church in modern times refuses it all independence and watches most jealously the limits of its action.

These views we find asserted by the Roman Catholic Bishops in various forms from the foundation of the Queen's Colleges to the present time. Discussing the proposal to establish a Roman Catholic College with Sir George Grey in 1866, they stipulated:—

— 'The four Roman Catholic Archbishops, for the time being, shall be Visitors of the said College, and their authority be supreme in questions regarding faith or morals, and in *all other things in the said college.*

'That the Governors, for the time being, shall have full power, from time to time, to appoint, and as they shall see occasion to remove, as well the Rector, Vice-Rector, the Professors, and other members of the Faculties, the Tutors and Masters, as also the Secretary, and all officers, agents, and servants of the said College.'

Lord Mayo was most anxious to enlist the Irish Bishops in the work of higher education, provided he could obtain any guarantee that their co-operation would be an aid and not a hindrance. He opened the negotiations of 1868, starting with an assertion of the principle of State control; and, taking up the propositions of the Bishops, he asked them to suggest some way in which the State could meet their views without abandoning its own responsibility. He said, 'It is proposed to found a new University which should, as far as circumstances would permit, stand in the same position to Roman Catholics that Trinity College does to Protestants; that is to say, that the governing body should consist of and the teaching should be conducted mainly by Roman Catholics, but that full security should be taken that no religious influence should be brought to bear on students who belonged to another faith.' He proposed, in fact, to found a denominational University with a conscience clause; but he stipulated for 'a lay element of much power and influence in its governing body,' and for its autonomy as an institution. He asked only that it should be really a distinct organization, not a mere delegation constituted of the Bishops' servants. The Bishops, in their reply, started with the proposition that the Chancellor must be a Bishop; 'though in a mixed university that high office might be fitly given to laymen, in a professedly Catholic University it is not so.' Then, as to the senate, they said:—

'The safety of faith and morals in the University can only be secured by recognising in

* Pastoral of the Archbishops and Bishops, p. 41.

the Bishops, as members of the senate, the right which as bishops they possess, and which all Catholics must acknowledge them to possess, of pronouncing authoritatively upon matters of faith and morals. That right belongs to them, and to them alone, as compared with laymen and mere ecclesiastics of the second order. According to the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church, it is not competent for laymen, not even for clergymen of the second order, however learned, to judge authoritatively of faith and morality: that it is the exclusive province of bishops. As faith and morality may be injuriously affected by the heterodox teaching of professors, lecturers, or other officers, or by their bad moral example, or by the introduction of bad books into the University programme, the very least power that would be claimed for the Bishops in the senate, with a view to the counteraction of such evils, would be that of an absolute negative on such books, and on the first nomination of professors, et cetera, as well as their continuing to hold their offices after having been judged by the Bishops in the senate to have grievously offended against faith or morals.'

That correspondence proved the extravagant hopes with which their control over the Liberal party had filled the Bishops. Whilst the State acknowledged its responsibilities as modern opinion understands them, it was not possible to constitute a denominational University on any principles that the Roman Catholic body, who demanded that University, would accept. Thus was one step made towards arriving at a solution of this question, and one which we owe to the courage of Lord Mayo in declaring his readiness to take the aid of the Bishops if he could secure that their co-operation would really forward the cause of education. That same year the Liberal Opposition in their criticisms of Lord Mayo's negotiations adopted the further principle of action, as the decision of public opinion, that the State could not constitute a denominational University on any terms whatever. Lord Mayo's experience of the Roman Catholic party in Ireland established the particular proposition; the Liberal principle endorsed by Parliament in 1868, and since in subsequent sessions, establishes the universal.

To this latter principle Mr. Gladstone has always professed his adherence, and when reproached with the ambiguity of his utterances on the question of Irish education, he has constantly appealed to the distinctness of his declarations never to charter or endow a denominational University, and latterly he has added, though with some hesitation, 'or College.'

But there are other dangers besides any trifling with this pledge. What the public fear is such a subtle perversion of the whole

functions of the University as shall enable the Ministry to gratify some of the designs of the Ultramontane party without running counter to any settled public conviction. To make a University degree mean merely the passing of a certain examination, seems a mere change of detail to most persons who know that passing examinations is generally an important condition of obtaining degrees. If we add that the higher prizes of the University provided by its endowments shall be distributed at this examination; and again, that, as this examination is to be open to all comers, its conduct cannot be confided to the members of a particular College, we have a series of propositions, each of them in itself more or less plausible, which taken together will enable Parliament to bestow the endowments of Dublin upon the students of the Catholic University or of the Diocesan Seminaries, and, what is still more important, to transfer the control of the University examinations from the authorities of Trinity College to some new body nominated by the Government.

As long ago as 1866 the principle of this scheme, suggested by the example of the University of London, and of the French and Belgian systems, was urged upon the public in connection with the Irish University system. An examining Board, nominated by the State, which should give distinctions and money prizes to all comers, irrespective of their place of education, seemed to offer a solution of the difficulty. The priests contended for the right to impart such knowledge as they thought fit to give through their own agents and under their own immediate control; and they said that the pupils so educated ought, on the principles of equality, to be able to get the same legal stamp for their acquirements and to enjoy the same emoluments and social status as those educated in Protestant or unsectarian institutions, provided such pupils attained the same standard of knowledge. If there were a Board of Examiners ready to test the acquirements of all young men presented to them, and to give them degrees, scholarships, fellowships, according to their several merits, the difficulty would be apparently removed. It is true that a peculiar practice which has grown up in the Dublin University, and which we shall refer to presently, supplies this system of giving degrees by examination. But this facility has been set aside in this controversy, on the ground that the institution being essentially Protestant, Roman Catholics should not be asked to take advantage of these examinations. The demand for a system of examinations as put

forward in connection with Irish University education always assumes the creation of a new institution, and such an institution would require something in the way of endowment.

Were it demonstrated that such a Board would be likely to extend education in Ireland, it might be worth while to supplement the existing University system in Ireland by some such scheme, which would be in accordance with the precedents in England and in Belgium. If a certain number of Roman Catholics would come up to this Examining Board who would not come up to any University in the ordinary sense of the term, it would be better that the country should have them with such training as reading for their degrees at home or in the priests' schools would give them, than altogether without any training of the kind. But the allotment of public money to found such an institution is not the form, in which this scheme of an examining Board has hitherto been presented by either the Government or their allies, or by the Irish Bishops. Nor is such a proposition ever likely to find favour in Parliament. With large public grants for primary education, very considerable for the Queen's University and its Colleges, and with an existing State endowment for Trinity College, Parliament will hesitate to impose any further burdens on the public funds for purposes of Irish education. All references to this scheme point to the project of making either of the existing Universities the basis of the experiment. That is, institutions that work well are to be stripped of their endowments, and changed into a new shape, with the certain result of giving the Ultramontane party the control over higher education in Ireland.

In submission to the agitation of the Bishops, the introduction of the examining principle was actually attempted in 1866 by a Liberal Ministry, not materially different in its constitution from the present one. The supplemental charter was intended to convert the Queen's University in Ireland into an Examining Board. Hitherto a Queen's University degree had signified attendance on lectures,—not merely passing an examination. "To qualify for a degree in the Queen's University the student must reside for three years at one of the Queen's Colleges, and pursue a regular course of study under the instruction and guidance of the college professors. The progress of the student during his course is not only tested by frequent, in some cases daily examinations, but he is not allowed to proceed from the studies of one year to those of the next

till he has passed a qualifying examination in the subjects of the preceding year.* Again, Dr. Andrews says: 'The system of education is so far professional that the normal branches of study are taught by special persons, but the students are not in the position of mere listeners to the professors' prelections; on the contrary, they are required, by the aid, partly of text books, partly of their own notes, to prepare themselves diligently in the subjects of the course, and their progress is tested both by written exercises and oral examinations, the latter held in some classes daily, in none less than once a week.' Thus the Queen's University system implied matriculation at one of the Queen's Colleges, and a regularly appointed course of instruction previous to the degree. The students did not live in common as in the Colleges of the other Universities, but they pursued their work in common through the whole course.

Such was the system of the Queen's University which the Ministry of 1866 attempted to modify for their own purposes. That Ministry had pledged themselves to deal with the priests' demands. Sir George Grey had sketched out the plan of this Examining Board. Members of the House of Commons had remonstrated, and exacted a pledge that nothing should be done by the Government until Parliament had had an opportunity of expressing a definite opinion upon the whole question. Meanwhile, Mr. Chichester Fortescue introduced the Irish Reform Bill, the complement of Mr. Gladstone's English Reform Bill, then under discussion; and in introducing the Bill Mr. Fortescue referred again to the proposal of Sir George Grey, giving the existence of that scheme as one of his reasons for proposing to give a Parliamentary representation to the Queen's University. The Irish Bill stood over to await the fate of the English Bill; and Parliament relied upon the pledge of the Government that nothing affecting University Education should be done without a formal discussion. When the Ministry fell in June, it was discovered that the charter designed to effect the required changes in the organization of the Queen's University had received the sign manual. When reminded of their previous declaration, the Ministers said, 'Why, you knew all about it. We told you when the Irish Reform Bill was introduced what we were resolved to do. Why did not you object then?' That ground, for the graduates of the University, with great pub-

* 'Studium Generale,' p. 17.

lic charter fell to the spirit, disputed its legality, and obtained a decision from the Rolls Court in Ireland, that so materially did the new charter change the constitution of the University that the Senate, as trustees of the rights of the Corporation of the University, exceeded their powers in accepting it.

The present Ministry is supposed to be governed in its Irish policy by much the same influences that produced the Supplemental Charter. Mr. Lowe is the Chief addition to the Ministry who is likely to claim a voice on this question; and his language at Halifax, in 1871, and on other occasions, shews that the scheme attempted in 1866 on the basis of the Queen's University is one which, given to the world less scandalously, would find in the Chancellor of the Exchequer a vigorous advocate. It would recommend itself to him not merely as a happy device to rescue his colleagues from their embarrassing position, but as a nearer approach to the true theory of a University. 'What I mean by a University,' said Mr. Lowe, 'is an Examining Board.' Endowments for teachers or professors he altogether objected to. 'I hold that teaching is a trade, like anything else. Those who want teaching should pay for it.' But the State should test the teaching. What the State has to do with are, not the Colleges that teach, but the Universities—the Examining Boards. 'The examining and conferring of degrees should be carefully kept separate and distinct from the teaching, and placed in hands quite away from those whose duty it has been to teach. I think Government would do the most useful thing if, instead of founding Colleges, it founded Universities—not many Universities, the fewer the better.' The principles on which Mr. Lowe advocates this scheme would go to destroy not only Dublin and the Queen's Colleges, but also the Colleges of Oxford, Cambridge, and the Scotch Universities.

This, or some similar scheme, is specially advocated in reference to Trinity College, the endowments of which are to supply the funds for the Examining Board. The conversion of the University into an Examining Board, without any teaching functions, would necessitate a new organization for the University. The present authorities of the University are all teachers. That is their trade, to use Mr. Lowe's phrase. A new government must be found for the University. In this new government we shall probably have the principle of 'adequate representation' of denominations applied, as in the case of the National Board of Education in Ireland, where one-half of the members must be Ro-

man Catholics; that is, we shall have the profession of a particular creed made a condition of exercising functions in the highest department of education. Mr. Gladstone has already given some hints on this subject, when he spoke of a representation in such Boards, 'not according to the accidents of individual character, but by some fixed rules which should secure the permanence of that representation;' i. e., some arrangement by which men should be appointed to the control of national culture, not because they were qualified for the post by accidents of individual character or of acquirement, but because they had some token or authority from other people.

How far a University constituted on such a plan would be connected with Trinity College might be a question. If a University were constituted strictly on Mr. Lowe's principle of an Examining Board, the College would have nothing more to say to it than any other teaching body that might send up students for examination. Plundered of its endowments and stripped of its University faculties, it might be left such independence as would any longer remain when the whole education of the country was subjected to the test of a body who examine but do not teach. But whatever was the fate of the College, one essential object of the promoters of the new scheme would be achieved, one additional temptation would be offered to the Ultramontane party to acquiesce in the proposed plan. Trinity College would be deprived of its present position. The new organization would not have to fear competition with the resources or repute of the University of Dublin as at present constituted. This is to them more essential than the possession of the endowments. The danger which the Rector of the Catholic University foresaw in Mr. Fawcett's scheme would be finally obviated. 'It proposes,' said Dr. Woodlock, speaking of the abolition of tests in Trinity College, 'to settle in the metropolis of our Catholic country, and for the use of our Catholic nation, a non-Catholic College and University, backed up by all the prestige of the antiquity, the wealth and the learning of Trinity College.'

Were the existing Universities of Ireland even less successful than they prove to be, less full of promise for the future, the objections to superseding them by a new State scheme of education would be still overwhelming. The whole drift of the agitation against the existing Universities, as carried on by the Ultramontane party and abetted by the Government, points not to introducing some new element into the University system of Ireland, but to absorbing the existing

institutions, their revenues, or their privileges, in some institution created by the State. Both the present condition of the controversy and the language of the Liberal press imply that this new institution will be some modification of the principle of an Examining Board. Fortunately we have the light of experience to determine the relation between the system of Examining Boards and national culture. Dr. Playfair has given the public the benefit of his experience and research on this question. In his lucid pamphlet we have abundant authorities on the working of the institutions founded on the principle of Examining Boards.

The University of London claims attention first, both because it is in that institution that we find this principle most thoroughly applied, and on account of the high reputation which its degrees enjoy. That University dates from 1836, but it did not assume that simple character of an Examining Board, which has charmed Mr. Lowe, until 1858. The earlier charter admitted to the examination for its degrees only students from University College or King's College, London, or from such other institutions as should be empowered under the sign manual to issue certificates of qualification for this examination. It was only by the Charter of 1858 that the senate were empowered to make regulations for admitting to all degrees, other than medical, persons not educated in any University or College, or authorised institution. The London University, from its locality and its constitution, is open to and obtains recruits from the whole English-speaking world. It is located amidst one of the greatest aggregations of wealth and population known to modern times. Yet in the ten years that have passed under the new system, from 1860 to 1870, though the yearly number of its matriculated students has increased from 265 in 1861, to 420 in 1870, 'the average number of all its graduates, scholastic, scientific, legal, and medical, is 130, while the arts degrees alone in the two Irish Universities that appeal to so much more limited a population amount to 338.' Though the new University has been useful as an element of variety, and its matriculation examination has had a powerful influence on the secondary schools, it cannot claim to have yet marked a new era in our estimate of University work. The number of its degrees continues small as compared with other Universities in the United Kingdom, even in comparison with so junior a University as the Queen's in Ireland, which conferred 172 degrees in 1871, whilst the average number conferred by the University of London during the last five years is, as we have already

mentioned, only 130. But when we come to speak of this system as one upon which we are to build up the training of a nation, still more important than the small number of degrees is the fact, that the proportion of these degrees to the number of matriculated students is diminishing. From the year 1838 to 1862 four matriculated students produced a new graduate in arts; for the last four years, the proportion is nearly six students to one graduate.

The common reply is, that the paucity of its degrees is due to the high standard of the London University examinations. 'Any University,' Dr. Playfair answers, 'may raise a fancy standard and yet fail in its national purpose. It is not to give a special stamp to a few individuals that a University should exist, but to give a direction and impart an influence to national culture, to promote efficient study amongst many, as proved by their obtaining degrees on fair and reasonable terms.' No one denies the work that the London University has done, or wishes to interfere with it. If its proceedings are narrowly scanned and exposed to searching criticism, this does not arise from any hostility to the institution, but from the position into which its admirers have thrust it, in contrast with existing Universities. If we suppose Mr. Lowe in earnest when he talks of the superiority of Examining Boards over the systems of Oxford and Cambridge, and adds of those Examining Boards the fewer the better, we must conclude that his purpose at least is, that the London University shall ultimately swallow up the other English Universities, just as the new Examining University of Dublin is to swallow up Trinity College and the Queen's University, and some Scotch Board the four Scotch Universities.

We have plenty of indications that this new theory of the nature of Universities is not to be confined to Ireland. Mr. Lowe has declared the general principle without any special reference. He will advocate it as intrinsically the best in itself, not as an Irish idea; and Mr. Gladstone has long since foreshadowed its application to Scotland. When this scheme was first under discussion in reference to Ireland in 1865, he referred to the probability of its being ultimately adopted for the Scotch Universities. It is true that with the discussions on this topic before him, Mr. Gladstone, at Liverpool, treated the principle of examinations in a very different way from Mr. Lowe. He started with a depreciation of it as regards its efficiency for higher culture. But whilst the Chancellor of the Exchequer sees at least one side of a truth vividly, and holds to it tenaciously, Mr. Gladstone is above conviction, and later on in

that address he finds that examinations do for us in youth what nothing else can do. How far Mr. Gladstone has become on this question a disciple of Mr. Lowe, is a subject yet veiled from our knowledge. Whilst the University corporations both of England and of Ireland are being summoned to vindicate before the public their rights to these endowments as teaching bodies, the second member of the Ministry has distinctly declared his conviction that endowments ought not to be employed for teaching, only for testing it.

We repeat, we do not dispute the merits of the London University: all we contend is that its achievements are not such as to establish its claim to supplant the other Universities. And it is only on this hypothesis that its existence is available as a precedent in favour of the Irish scheme. That scheme, we must recollect, is not one to establish an Examining Board in addition to other Universities, but to substitute such a body in the place of distinguished prosperous institutions.

But let us suppose for a moment that Mr. Lowe's principle were applied, and that the other Universities in the country were rolled into the London University. We should then have difficulties of a new kind in that unity which is the characteristic of the French system, and which is, in the judgment of those best qualified to form an opinion, mainly the cause of the decadence of learning in France. Unity was the great principle of the first Revolution reformers in France. The twenty-three Universities of the kingly period were all absorbed in the University of France. This institution became the State department of education, and its governing body determines the whole course of instruction of every kind in the country. In some respects this University may be said to be a teaching rather than a purely examining body. But the essential condition of real teaching is to depend for the teaching on the teachers. This is abhorrent to the French principle of unity, that principle of unity to which Mr. Lowe is attached. The University of France prescribes everything. It is not, like the London University, located at one particular spot. Mr. Lowe would probably prefer sending out its examiners to every part of the kingdom, where anyone wants a degree and is prepared to undergo a particular examination, it matters not whence he comes. The University of France looks after the teaching as well as the examining, but the teaching must be of a particular kind, adapted to a particular examination determined at the centre. The teaching becomes in this system not the pursuit of any branch of knowledge, but the learning by rote for a

particular examination. The French system not only gives its degrees as the reward of cram, but provides an army of crammers to drill the candidates. The degree of this University is not 'a fancy degree,' like that of London, where the proportion between matriculated students and graduates is nearly six to one. In France the proportion is about two to one. It is a practical institution, and must make its degrees accessible to the nation; accordingly everything is determined by a single department, the reading of each pupil and the questions that shall be put to him. The degrees have necessarily something of that 'unity with themselves' which the London degrees have not, and yet it is to the want of that unity that is traced whatever influence the London University has been able to exert by way of a noble stimulus upon the intellectual life of the nation. Once the scheme of a single examining University is developed, as Mr. Lowe wishes it developed, it must lose this solitary advantage.

M. Bréal has well described the spasmodic efforts made in France to give some character to the degree. After stating that in every 2500 candidates for the *baccalauréat ès lettres* 1400 are rejected, and the reproaches which this large number of rejections brings upon the authorities, he continues:—

'Tous les dix ans, sur les réclamations publiques on remanie les programmes, on augmente ou l'on diminue le nombre des compositions. Aujourd'hui, les textes à expliquer sont indiqués d'avance; demain on fait traduire le candidat à livre ouvert. Tantôt le programme est trouvé trop exigeant, tantôt comme la decadence des études devient évidente, il est rendu plus difficile.*

French writers are almost unanimous on the intellectual decline which this system has brought about in their country. Amidst the multitude of eminent authorities which Dr. Playfair has collected we need cite only one:—

'The system of examinations and competitions on the great scale is illustrated in China, where it has produced a general and incurable senility. In France we have already gone far in the same direction, and that is not one of the least causes of our abasement. The paltry faculties created by the first Empire in no way replace the great and beautiful system of rival Universities with their separate autonomies—a system which all Europe borrowed from France, and which all countries but France have preserved. We must create in the provinces four or six Universities, each independent of the other.'

* 'L'Instruction Publique,' p. 267.

In Belgium, with its population of four and a half millions, we find, as in Scotland with a population of three and a half millions, four Universities. Those of Ghent and Liège are in immediate connexion with the State; those of Brussels and Louvain, maintained by private endowments and local grants, represent respectively the Secularist and the Ultramontane sections of the country. For the purpose of conferring degrees these four Universities are brought into two groups, with a State and an exclusive University in each. The examining Boards thus formed constitute degree-giving bodies very similar to that of the Queen's University in Ireland. The Board in each group consists of an equal number of professors from each of the two Universities, and a president unconnected with the University, but of high position in the country. This officer is the only element in the examining body foreign to the University organization. Just in the same way, in the Queen's University, courts of examiners for degrees are formed from amongst the professors of the three Colleges who send up candidates for those degrees. To obtain a degree in Belgium from either of those two University bodies, the candidate must have completed his course at one of the Universities. But beside these two groups of Universities is the Jury Central, which also gives degrees, and that without reference to any official course of instruction. This is the institution which most closely resembles the London University. It alone possesses the characteristics that Mr. Lowe eulogizes; but in Belgium it exists in competition with four great Universities. It is one of three separate and independent degree-giving organizations; and we have this remarkable fact, that, in 1867, whilst the Academic Juries had 1214 candidates for degrees, the Jury Central had only 20; and, amongst those twenty, the rejections were at the rate of 60 per cent. Dr. Playfair sums up the result as to the Belgian University system:—

'Founded expressly with the view of giving the freest opening to private institutions and home studies, it has been, in spite of itself, forced more and more into an academic channel, and is now as completely University in its character as the method of graduation pursued by the Queen's University in Ireland. It is true that an unacademic door still remains open for candidates; but as they have nearly ceased to enter it, the State may soon be tired of continuing an invitation which the people will not accept.'

The remaining exception to the general practice as to University degrees is the custom which grew up in Dublin of allow-

ing those students who so preferred it to qualify for degrees by a series of examinations. Residence within the College is not obligatory in Dublin. The area of the College is limited, and many of the students prefer residing with their parents or friends in the city or its neighbourhood. Most of those who reside thus outside the walls of the College pursue the same course of studies as those interned in the College. They attend the course of lectures regularly, and correspond exactly to the ordinary Queen's College student, who has no option of residing within the College walls. But there is a third class of Dublin men who never attend lectures at all, but, having matriculated three years previously, may go in for the degree examination in their fourth year, if they have passed seven other examinations distributed over the three previous years. This arrangement appears to have originated in very old times, partly on account of the difficulty of communication between different parts of a country constantly disturbed by civil war; and though it never was regarded with much satisfaction by the authorities of the University, it continues down to the present time, and enables a student to pursue his course to a degree, while reading and attending lectures where he pleases. We may note, in passing, that, whilst this system lasts, it is not correct to say that Roman Catholics who object to pursuing their studies under Protestant professors, or in mixed lecture-rooms, have, even as things are, no alternative but to go to London for their degrees. They might pass the ordinary examinations at Trinity College, taking their degrees there without let or hindrance, whilst attending lectures, or even residing, at the Catholic University, demonstrating by their presence in its halls the unequivocal sympathy of the Catholic body with the principles of its foundation.

To return to the general question of the working of the examination system, Dr. Andrews, in 1866, investigated with great care the results of this graft upon the Dublin system, and, taking the class of 1855–59, he found that it consisted at first of 279 matriculated students, of whom 270 proceeded to some extent with the undergraduate course. Of these, 186 were resident, and 84 non-resident—the term non-resident signifying those who attended lectures as distinguished from those who passed by examination. Of these two divisions, 115 of the first, or about 61.9 per cent., proceeded to the degree; while of the second, only 26, or 31 per cent., completed their course. In the honour lists these non-resident students make no appearance whatever. Much the same results

appear in the next class, and, taking the average of the two classes, we find that no less than 78 per cent. of the non-resident students fell off during their course. Dr. Andrews's explanation of this result deserves thoughtful consideration :—

'A bare system of examinations has a depressing influence upon young men, and discourages them from going through a regular course of reading and study. The ordinary student who attempts in a desultory way to contend with the difficulties of a high course of reading, soon finds himself confronted by obstacles he is unable to surmount, and is in most cases found to abandon an attempt which without the aid of proper appliances is beyond his strength. If he is in a position to obtain the aid of a member of that large and increasing body of crammers, he may be able to overcome some of the difficulties of the examinations; but in the great majority of cases he will discover that this is only submitting to a powerful and irksome labour, without gaining positive knowledge, or making progress in mental discipline.'

These instances are sufficient to shew that the general principle of substituting examination for University training is condemned by experience. The system of giving degrees on examination, carried out under peculiar circumstances and with very distinguished aid in London, has been a useful innovation as a variety in the great University system of the country, but has yet produced none of those marvellous results which enthusiasts like Mr. Lowe attribute to it.

In contrast with the centralised examining system of France is the country of Universities *par excellence*. The country that has—explain it how we may—brought higher education to a greater degree of success than any other of our time, Germany, with a population of 41,000,000, counts 21 Universities, or more than one to every 2,000,000 of the population. Yet it cannot be said that German culture has suffered from this want of unity.

In Germany the general control of the State is a first principle, but the exercise of this control is always limited by the further principle that the independent life of the teaching body must be respected. The professors are appointed by the State, for all authority to teach must come from the State in Germany; but this form of appointment is reversed in the nomination of the Senate of the University, and the Senate is constituted by the votes of the professors, attached to the University. The employment of those professors is to lecture and to teach. The system of examining is utterly alien to the life of the University. There

is an examining system, however, to which most University students proceed. 'But the Staatsprüfung is not a substitute for University training, it is a test of it. It is but an official inspection of the work which the University has done. The student only goes to this examination when he has completed his course of lectures at the University, and he takes with him certificates of what these courses were. The examining body is not taken as Mr. Lowe would have it, from a separate profession, an order of men from whom teachers shall be excluded. It is composed of teachers and a State officer, and has always amongst its members some of the professors of the University, to which the student examined belongs. Latterly Prussia has carried so far the disposition to avoid anything like separating this examination from the University course, that instead of having a central Board to conduct the examination, separate Boards are now established at the places of education. Thus we have the important facts that the country which has carried University culture to the highest pitch, carefully respects the independence of the teaching body, and boasts the largest number of separate Universities in Europe.

Apart from the abstract question of an Examining Board, the advocates of concession to the Ultramontane party make constant appeals to the peculiar constitution of the University of Dublin. A University consisting of only one College is not an idea easily grasped by those to whom the term University suggests a great aggregate of Colleges such as we see at Oxford and Cambridge. Accordingly Dublin is sometimes spoken of as an organization absolutely inchoate with certain germs of splendid promise, which Protestant bigotry has checked the development of. To judge by the language held by the present Postmaster-General and others, we should suppose that Trinity College had intercepted the beneficent gifts of the State to the Irish people and appropriated them to its own use. Yet the combination of College and University is a nearer approach to the original form of the University than the English system makes.

There have been many stages in the development of the ideas, both of the University and of the College. The first Universities were large Colleges; large assemblies, that is, of students, living together and following the same pursuits. Graduation meant originally the classification of teachers. It arose as these bodies grew in size, and the power of giving degrees was always conferred on the existing organization. Then

when the powers of graduation became of importance, the primitive idea of College—the mere gathering of students—give place to the new one of the University, the body that bestowed these titles of honour. Subsequently came the germ of the College within the University as we now understand it, and in this phase it meant the home company of the students.

Mr. Pattison has fully explained the gradual development of this idea of the College. The motive of the founders of Colleges in this first period of the foundation is purely academical. 'Poor scholars, struggling with cold and want and nakedness, for the love of learning, begin to attract the attention of the charitable wealthy.' The statutes of Balliol supply an illustration. 'The scholars are indigent students, collected into a house, and provided with a table of two meals a day, while attending the University exercises. The College, if it can be called one, is subsidiary to the University. It is not an academical but an eleemosynary institute.' At this time, the Colleges had little more direct connection with the University than the students' Verbindungen of Bonn and Heidelberg have with the courses of lectures at their Universities. Then came the second period, when the founders of Colleges modelled them after the monastic institutions. 'These establishments are complete in themselves, and not subordinate to the University within which they are locally situated.' The progress of the students through the course of studies is arranged on the system then existing at the University. But it was the third period which gave the Collegiate idea that still lingered in the minds of men when Trinity College was founded. This idea implied a special work for the College in the education of its members.

'The Founders at this period meant their Colleges to be for Oxford what the Collège de France was intended by Francis I. to be for the University of Paris—a rival establishment, where the new studies repulsed by the old Colleges might find an asylum, and by which the fashion might be turned in their favour. The Colleges of this later period were rival Universities. Gradually the Colleges of the University appropriated to themselves all the teaching functions of the University, and, according to the order of events in previous years, each College would have become a separate University.*'

Dr. Playfair too describes the process of development:—

'When Universities began to split up into Colleges, the separate Colleges were not un-

frequently empowered to grant degrees, though the superiority of the University as a whole was recognised by the visitorial powers of the Rector. Thus the College of Sorbonne became practically the faculty of theology, and granted degrees with the consent of the Chancellor of Notre Dame. The other professional Colleges in Paris became divided into faculties, and their deans granted degrees in like manner. As it was in Paris so it was in Bologna. From and after 1862 there were actually four degree-conferring Universities in Bologna: two for Law, one for Medicine and Philosophy, and one for Theology. In Scotland in 1486 Pope Paul III. granted to the College of St. Salvador in St. Andrews the full power of granting degrees; and his successor, Paul III., gave the same power to St. Mary's College. In Aberdeen the case became more marked, for two Colleges ultimately grew to be two distinct Universities in the same town, and have only been united in our own day.*'

The Colleges of this period were rivals of the University, destined as regards teaching to assert an equality with, or to supersede, the University, and it was to this conception of a College that Trinity College belonged. Its founders looked forward to the time when Trinity College should develop a University around which other Colleges might in their turn cluster. This was the sense in which Trinity College was called *Mater Universitatis*. But this conception of the founders of the College does not in any degree support the schemes of reorganizing Trinity College which Mr. Monsell and others urge. It could not be contended that a single penny of the funds of Trinity College was designed to be devoted to the purposes of establishing other Colleges, or that general University of whose powers those other Colleges might avail themselves. Let us suppose the case of the foundation of new Colleges in Dublin, the University Senate would acquire new life. The restriction as to its powers, now given to the Board of Trinity College, would have to be removed. Naturally, the course for graduation would be controlled by the Senate, or by some body chosen out of the Senate, and not by the Board of Trinity College; and the examination would be conducted by a joint body nominated by the Senate. For the small necessary expenses of this change the fees paid for degrees would suffice to form a University fund. The graduates of the new College would go into the University Senate just as the graduates of Trinity do now, but the emoluments accruing to the successful graduates, as rewards of their labours, would be allotted by the separate Colleges, as was the case at Cambridge, where the Fellow-

* Pattison's 'Suggestions for Academical Organization,' p. 123.

* Playfair, p. 6.

ships, until recent years, followed the result of the degree examination, but were conferred by the Colleges. There would be no difficulty in arranging the details of such a scheme, should any one propose to found a College to share in the University powers of Trinity College. But no such offer is made. All the allusions that we hear now made to the Colleges that were to have grown up about Trinity College are intended to support the theory, that the endowments of Trinity College ought to have been shared among a number of other Colleges, and that accordingly they may be now taken away to found an Examining University.

Whether we contend with the late Dr. Todd that the University of Dublin is only Trinity College endowed with certain powers, or with Sir Joseph Napier that it is a distinct incorporation, though consisting of the same individuals as the corporation of the College, we find nothing in the language of the statutes, or charters, or in the customs and theories of the time of its foundation, to suggest that Trinity College received any endowment in trust for any other institution. That Trinity College should be the forerunner of a group of Colleges to arise around her, and constitute hereafter the University of Dublin, was no doubt designed, but that was on the assumption that the group would grow up, as the groups at the English Universities had grown up, by the action of private munificence. The language in James I.'s Charter is often quoted. That document refers to measures that might come before Parliament '*pro dispositione ac preservatione reddituum, revenditionum, et possessionum dicti Collegii ac aliorum Collegiorum sive Aularum in dicta Universitate in posterum erigendarum et stabiliendarum.*' The interpretation of this language is simple enough: the *redditus*, *revenditiones*, and *possessionses*, now belonging to the existing College, the *dictum Collegium*, are provided for just as the analogous interests of the future Colleges, whenever those Colleges shall exist and acquire such interests, are taken account of.

Trinity College enjoys, according to the return of 1868, from public endowment a revenue of 30,800*l.* a year, and about 6000*l.* a year of private endowment, and it earns by fees 27,000*l.* a year. The 6000*l.* a year it is not proposed to divert; but this sum will not remain to Trinity College, if that institution continues to maintain the position it has already asserted of an undenominational College, for those private endowments for the most part appertain to the Divinity school, which it will be necessary to separate from the College when the de-

nominal character of the College government is destroyed. Neither can the tutorial fees be touched; but the permanent income, which is now employed to maintain a superior teaching-staff, will be liable to this transfer. 'The State has a clear right,' says one advocate of this scheme of an Examining Board, 'to see to the national application of the Fellowships, Scholarships, and such other scholastic prizes as have accrued from College possessions through the State endowments.' Mr. Lowe has laid down the principle, of which this would be but the application. The State is only concerned with Universities, that is with Examining Boards: 'Teaching is a trade; it ought to be arranged as a trade. Let teachers and professors stand on their own merits.'

Let us note the result of applying this principle in the present case. Trinity College would be left nothing but perhaps its present site, its buildings, and permission to earn what it could. The writer we have already quoted continues,—

'Of course the Fellowships must be separated from Trinity College proper. It is well known that they have long now ceased to be mere temporary rewards of merit, being mere life offices held on condition of the performance of certain administrative and educational duties within the College. They would become the highest prizes of the University of Ireland, the rewards of literary and scientific study, and the stepping-stones to success in professional life.'

Thus, by taking away the Fellowships, it is admitted that Trinity College is deprived of its actual teaching-staff. As things stand now, the Fellows of Trinity College, starting with a small endowment, are able, by the prestige of their position, to attract pupils who pay them an income. On the supposed new scheme, Trinity College will have neither Fellows nor endowments. It will have the privilege of empowering such teachers as it may be able to bring together to receive such fees as the pupils are willing to pay them. The fund hitherto employed in providing a high order of teachers will henceforth go to the University Board, to be distributed as prizes amongst the taught. Whatever may be thought of the soundness of Mr. Lowe's principle, or of the propriety of applying it to the University of Dublin, there can be no question of this, that such an application is a sweeping confiscation of the property of the University, which property no one alleges that it misapplies.

Parliament has made the principle of religious equality the corner-stone of its policy in Ireland. The chief seat of Irish culture asks aid every Session to carry that principle

to its utmost extent. The Ministry, every Session, refuses them this aid. Religious equality does not satisfy the Ultramontane party. They want not equality, but ascendancy. The Ministry are pledged to satisfy them. At Wigan, the leader of the Liberal party took the programme of his policy out of the mouth of Cardinal Cullen. It is plain that nothing will meet the Ultramontane demands but the surrender by the State of its responsibilities as to higher culture, and that Mr. Gladstone dare not propose. Unable to carry out his pledges, he seeks to soothe the disappointment of his allies. He obstructs the action of Trinity College by every device which a docile majority and lengthened parliamentary experience enable him to employ; and he watches the moment to propose a scheme which, if it falls far short of Ultramontane hopes, has yet many attractions for the party. The creation of an Examining Board, which shall swallow up the State endowments and privileges in connexion with education, means the destruction of those institutions whose influence with the Irish people the Roman Bishops fear. This is much, but the scheme does more. It opens the door for the exercise of that skill in intrigue for which Ultramontaniam is famous. The new body is to be constituted on the principle of 'adequate representation' of Roman Catholics. Is the adequacy to be determined by reference to the number of the Roman Catholic degrees, or to the population of Ireland, as The O'Donoghue would contend; or to an ingenious calculation of what the number of Roman Catholic degrees ought to be? or is the proportion to be half-and-half, like the National Board? We have seen, in the case of the Rev. Mr. O'Keeffe, the sort of work we may expect from a body of this kind, if once clogged with the notion that its proceedings are not to be guided by established principles of law and public policy, but that it must become the executive of some particular section of

the community. We have had a public department degrading its own officer, at the bidding of a third party with whom it had no relation whatever. This third party, however, was Cardinal Cullen, the spokesman of that Catholic opinion which it was the boast of the Board that it adequately represented.

Now, awaiting the fifth Session of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, on the one hand, we have the shadow of the scheme we have discussed, so unjust to the Universities, so calamitous to the interests of education, but which alone seems to offer the Ministry an escape from their desperate predicament; on the other hand, we have the proposal of the University of Dublin, pleading not for acceptance but for a hearing, based on the principle of religious equality,—a principle declared indispensable in all educational legislation, and formally adopted by the country as the foundation of our Irish policy, and at the same time conferring immediate benefit on a large number of Roman Catholics. By considering this proposal, we shall only be acting fairly to an Irish institution which has always endeavoured to do its duty to the nation. We shall, moreover, test at once the strength of the Ultramontane party. We shall know whether it has really possessed itself of the confidence of the Irish people, whether it is in truth such a power as to account for the subserviency of the Ministry, or whether it is not rather an influence that owes its strength to the belief that the Ministry is dependent upon it. When Parliament enters upon the scheme proposed by Trinity College, and definitely settles it, then for the first time will it have done its part, according to its lights, to solve the question of Irish education. Then, and then only, will it be in a position to determine whether the peculiar circumstances of Ireland demand a reconsideration of all the principles which the State has hitherto adopted in regard to the work of education.

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- ART. I.—1. *The Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts.* London, 1872.
2. *A Descriptive Handbook for the Pictures in the House of Parliament.* By T. J. Gullick. London, 1866.
3. *Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of the Pictures of the National Gallery, with Biographical Notes of the Painters.* By R. N. Wornum. London, 1872.
4. *Catalogo degli Oggetti d'Arte esposti al Pubblico nella R. Accademia di Belle Arti in Venezia.* Venezia, 1872.

THE announcement at a Royal Academy dinner that large sums of money are given for pictures is no evidence that Art is flourishing among us. When one or two thousand pounds are paid for a Chelsea vase, we need not assume that similar sums given for paintings by popular artists indicate anything more than abundant wealth and corresponding vanity. The price set upon a picture by art-traders and in the sale-room, has, in nine cases out of ten, nothing whatever to do with the real value of the work. The whims of individuals, the despotism of fashion, the catchword of the frivolous and ignorant, often carry a temporary influence with them, before the deliberative judgment of the thoughtful has been able to come to a definite conclusion. But he who neither bounds his horizon by the motives of the moment, nor shares the unreflecting prejudices of his time, will take a broader view. He will be little disposed to submit to the unquestioning tyranny of the present, but casting his eye over the whole kingdom of Art he will contrast the capabilities and powers that it displayed in the past with the aimless waywardness and trivial self-seeking

that characterise its dissipated efforts now. The astute and judicious lover of Art for its own sake will follow quite another lead than that of an illusory prestige in gratifying his æsthetic tastes. He will look patiently and closely to the genuine qualities of what he selects; choosing that which suits his own temperament and sympathies, without reference to the false touchstone of popularity; and though unknown out of his circle as an art-patron, he may find ultimately that, in surrounding himself with artistic work thus carefully and independently chosen, he will have obtained something more and better than that which the pretentious canvases of show-painters bring to the walls of those millionaires who invest their superfluous thousands in them. Perhaps we should hardly go beyond the truth in saying that scarcely one of the ambitious collectors who crowd their dining-rooms and drawing-rooms with pictures selected from a fashionable and materialistic point of view, would be found willing to give five pounds for a picture by Titian or Tintoretto not inscribed with his name or otherwise externally authenticated. It is difficult to make such 'patrons' understand that the buying of a name is not the buying of a picture; and that a genuine work of art has quite another kind of value than that of a Dutch tulip or a piece of Dresden china. This vulgar and commercial Mæcenism is the bane of art; it gives fictitious money-value to bad work, and by ill-judged expenditure robs the true artist of his merited reward. It exorbitantly raises the commercial value of the work of fashionable favourites, and depresses that of all others, however worthy it may be. Its tendency is to develop shallow sentiment,

and by a clever meretricious execution—a mere facility of representation—to supersede artistic dignity and genuine seriousness of aim and purpose.

For these and other reasons which we shall examine, we find our English Art in so depressed a state as to suggest the inquiry if we have Art at all existing as a school among us. The epic spirit certainly has left our canvases, the idyllic too has vanished, and in their stead we find merely clever imitations in detail of nature, analytic studies, infinite variety of material means; but of the spirit that could bring these into contact with the highest sentiments and feelings, we have nothing left. The dramatic idealism and concentration of Hogarth; the imaginative grace of Reynolds and Gainsborough; the picturesque diffusiveness of rustic Morland; the scenic breadth of plain, down-right John Crome; the suffused tenderness and poetic glow of Richard Wilson; the idyllic sympathy and sweetness of Stothard; the glory of the early Turner, are all passed away. These things are as far above the mere vulgar imitation of nature and the dexterous painting of draperies or flesh, as the dramatic scenes and characters of Shakespeare or of Scott transcend the dull routine of ordinary life. Our recent pictures are of an entirely different class. Compare the huge masses of raw white, the hard lines, the bald literalisms of some of our most celebrated modern paintings, with the diffused tone, the eclectic consistency, the intellectual ease and refinement, the thoroughly-felt and well-balanced values, both æsthetic and materialistic, of Reynolds and Gainsborough. In our modern pictures we have a heterogeneous network of lights and shadows, a dispersion of colour utterly without centrality, and perplexing alike to the eye and the mind. All arrangement is lost, and there is no more trace of mental effort, of the exercise of the art-function, than is mechanically displayed by the lens of the photographer. A noble, thoughtful style, broad and vigorous views, healthy and natural motive, united with wholesome moral meaning, have given place to mere cleverness of touch and slavish imitations of nature.

One of the chief causes of our present shortcomings is undoubtedly the nature of the Art education prosecuted at the Government schools of Art throughout the kingdom. Of course drawing, as a piece of general education, or as an universal 'accomplishment,' is entirely distinct from the art of expressing individual ideas and sentiments in a picturesque manner. This cannot be taught, and can only be directed. We must not therefore expect too much

from these useful, but far from perfect, institutions. But while all are taught the use of lines and the elements of form, there is no reason why instruction should not be given in those forms and those lines which contain an artistic idea. At present this is by no means the case. The endless use of geometric examples in the 'flat' (geometric, at least, in a more or less modified form), the absolute indifference to anything like an artistic sentiment, and the complete slavery to a mere photographic correctness in the studies from both the 'flat' and the 'round,' though not wholly reprehensible in themselves (having, in fact, something to be said for them), are yet parts of an erroneous method, and are highly detrimental to the future destiny of the true artist. We must, nevertheless, protest unreservedly against one element of the teaching pursued in these schools, which allows an unlimited repetition of similar forms within the same piece of design, supposed to be 'ornamental.' A number of geometric or conventional figures are constructed; they are then reversed to fill up a corresponding portion of the allotted space, and the result is called 'ornamental design,' though without any of that vitality of principle which in dealing with decorative forms strives to make them subservient to some ruling idea or mental plan which can alone confer a right to the title, and have the power to please the eye and satisfy the mind from a right point of view. This mode of training is almost sure to be disadvantageous to those students who should afterwards extend their practice to the painting of pictures, as their works must naturally exhibit traces of it in a formality of arrangement and distribution quite as fatal to the spirit of Art in the one case as the other.

A singular instance of the correction of repetition, and at the same time a protest against its use, occurs on the façade of a small church at Pistoia, across which runs a simple stone moulding, consisting, with a slight exception, of repeated forms. The artist has been well aware that if his ornament had been allowed to repeat itself punctually throughout its whole course, a single glance at the first of its component elements would have sufficed the spectator; but, wishing his moulding to be more particularly examined, he has sculptured a symbolical eagle quite out of character with the rest of his design about one-third of the distance across; consequently when the eye falls upon this it is at once arrested and is compelled to make a careful examination of the remainder, if only to ascertain if there are more irregularities. One, however, has been sufficient.

It has caused a careful and thorough examination of the whole piece of workmanship, and it is quite beautiful enough to preclude disappointment, which is all the artist desired. A lesson like this, in its full instruction, could only come out of an artistic mind capable of finding a remedy for every evil. Such an expedient would have no significance in our day, and would be sufficient to condemn the work of the most hopeful pupil or developed artist, if it ever occurred to him and he should have the hardihood to adopt it.

Another hindrance to the progress of true Art is the tone of modern criticism. For every other faculty or function an education is supposed to be required; for that of art-critic none is exacted. Without any attempt to ascertain the æsthetic laws and principles by a process of induction from universally accepted standards, only to be gained by long courses of study and observation, we continually find personal opinions thrust forward as the statutes and canons of judgment, without regard to any central principle whatever, as if, indeed, no such thing existed. It is true that a thing may be good or bad according to the point of view taken; but that does not annul the fact that nevertheless there is something undoubtedly good and something undoubtedly bad. For example, it is a sound and established certainty that the Venetians, at their good time, painted on the whole good pictures, and that the Bolognese on the whole, at all times, painted very bad pictures. From the highest point of view—the point of view which refers all works of Art to a central artistic principle, not only dwelling in the eye but rooted in the mind—there is no more doubt as to what is a good painting or a bad painting than there is as to whether a piece of glass be dim or transparent. All men do not love apples or potatoes, but the common judgment, and undoubtedly the true one, accounts them both good and wholesome. The same thing holds true of works of Art. Their intrinsic value is not a matter of supposition or personal opinion at all, but a matter of fact, to be ascertained from an application of rules and principles not the less solid and certain because they are difficult to express or explain. Modern criticism, for the most part, not only avoids the trouble and repudiates the necessity of mastering these principles, but actually denies their existence altogether; and, as every one can see if a line be crooked or straight, and perceive if a colour be deeper or paler or different from that which is found in nature, criticism is confined to these qualities alone, the ulterior object of all lines and colour in

painting being entirely overlooked. Under such a supervision as this, true and large Art, the Art which appeals to the instincts of the soul rather than the criterion of measure and rule, must necessarily at first languish and then fail altogether. It is precisely in this condition that we find ourselves; and until the general tone of criticism, both of the public and the press, is altered, its depressing influence must be felt in every kind of Art and in every picture that is painted.

Another cause of injury to Art is the large use of machinery in art manufactures, in which all trace of human work is lost, and the mind but faintly reflected or not at all. The very essence and nature of a work of Art is its visible expression of some human sentiment, emotion, or conception. Everything destitute of this expression loses claim to the title of Art, whatever may be its qualities or recommendation. We do not say that these universal means of reproduction may not bring special advantages of their own in other ways; but they bring none of the genuine artistic kind. What makes art-manufactured reproductions the more mischievous is, that generally the worst things instead of the best are chosen. In articles of domestic use at least, fine shapes and good designs might be preferred; since the one kind is quite as easy to produce as the other, and it would also be natural, that in selecting examples of picturesque art for reproduction, worth should obtain a preference over worthlessness; the contrary, however, is the case. It is thus that we are so over-ridden by the emasculated smoothness and regularity of machine-work and other appliances of the time, that if it should be desired to obtain anything of the freshness, raciness, or natural irregularity of a free and untrammelled artistic expression, we are driven to imitate it by a reflex process from the outside. As an example of what we mean, we may instance the mode of producing and printing modern etchings. The asperity and roughness of texture of the best specimens, which result spontaneously from the vigour with which they have been executed, and the simplicity of the means used in their production, is actually imitated by artificial contrivances; this shows the way in which our age gives prominence to the mechanism of Art, how much we think of our material, and how little of that which it ought to subserve.

The deterioration of Art among us is in some measure also due to the number of drawings continually in preparation to be poured from the press in the shape of cuts for our periodicals, newspapers, and illustrated books. These are generally required to

be done on the spur of the moment, allowing no time for the completion of a well-digested design, so that the artist, to assist the imagination, or rather to find a substitute for it, is compelled to summon the aid of models or sitters before he has the least notion of what he wishes to say, and by their various arrangement and combination to adapt himself to every occasion. Of course this is quite fatal to every valuable quality in Art. Over and over again we see reproduced the same figures, the same dresses or costumes, the same attitudes, without a single fresh sentiment or any effort to reach one. What this endless reproduction and repetition of the same or similar elements is intended to serve, it would be difficult to say; for we never arrive at a new idea, excepting, perhaps, occasionally in the direction of a line; we never get a glimpse into the mind of the artist, who has become, indeed, a mere draughtsman or drawing-machine; we never rise a hair's breadth above his material; he has nothing to reveal, nothing to tell; but only to give us the endless repetition of interminable pencil-strokes, which at last become a vexation to the eye and a burden to the printed page. If we had a tenth part of this numerous progeny well conceived, thoroughly digested, and faithfully wrought out, it would be infinitely cheaper at the price paid for mere quantity, and would give us more than ten times the pleasure; the national taste might become cultivated instead of vitiated, and some noble purpose of Art might be served. As it is, we are flooded with slovenly workmanship, or with a shallow and easy facility which is still worse, unrelieved by any touch of mental power or the slightest sense of spiritual meaning.

Other bad influences also are at work: the vast numbers of periodicals and the dissipations of ephemeral literature, which do not allow men's minds to settle long on any one consideration, however important it may be; the constant flow of fugitive ideas that submerges all things in its course; an inconsiderate and superficial haste, which prevents repose and permits nothing to be done with thoroughness, nor any man to be at ease or at his best; and, perhaps above all, the inordinate love of wealth, to which is sacrificed the fine solid qualities upon which alone true reputation can be built. Most centuries have left us something in Art more or less worth keeping; what shall we leave behind us in any form of it which future generations will prize or cherish? Our public buildings, as a rule, are but monuments of a national decay, as far as Art is concerned; our paintings and innumerable illustrations bear witness to our incapacity for all elevated

thought, and we shall be known to succeeding generations as belonging to an age in which almost every spark of the epic and heroic had been quenched in the grave of a hopeless materialism.

Combined with the causes above stated, no doubt photography has been injurious to Art. Not that it ought to have been so. Its sphere of usefulness is so accurately defined, so clearly out of the range of the artistic idea, that there should be no confusion of the two, the one being a record of facts, and the other a registration of ideas. Nevertheless it would seem as if many painters thought their artistic mission fulfilled in the attempt to rival photography on its own ground.

Added to the detrimental agencies already set forth may be reckoned the desire continually to furnish something new; but always in material or manner, and never from the side of simple power of conception. Generally this emulation shows itself in pure caprice, and in the tendency to work at once to death the slightest happy hint which may arise from the prolific and too dexterous brush-work of the day. No sooner is some novelty of knack or cleverness displayed, than, without regarding its eligibility or otherwise, a hundred copyists are ready to sacrifice their own individuality to its imitation, quite forgetful of the infinitely nobler examples always within their reach, if they would only choose to study them. Nothing indeed can exemplify the power of whim so strongly as the walls of a modern exhibition of paintings; there is the white key, the yellow key, the black key; the dry manner, the glutinous manner, the hard manner, and the fuzzy manner: no centrality anywhere, no concentration of force towards any one point, by which alone supreme excellence can be achieved, no aim, in fact, at any speciality, but simply that each may excel the others in any possible variety of evil, as if every one strove to outrival his neighbour's faults.

Against our advocacy of the abstract rather than the concrete in Art it might be urged that mere local and literal representation has its position and function in painting as well as the other. This may be so; but in that case it lies quite out of the category of imaginative Art, and therefore does not come within our present scope. We also wish it to be clearly understood that the observations we have made are not altogether unexceptional in their application, though they are quite true of the English school of painting in the main. There are a few among us whose delicate discernment and whose right intentions only want the support and accumulative impetus of a school, to assume

a high position in the art-history of their time. In fact, there is no want of capability to do things good and great—in this respect, perhaps, our age is quite as generously gifted as any other; but we require clear mental vision, that we may see what should be done, and disinterested energy of purpose faithfully to do it. It is more in direction than in ability that we fail; all our best activities are lost in dispersed aims, meretricious motives, and want of a leading generalship of idea.

When we say the epic has gone from amongst us, we do not refer to the academically stiff and spiritless groupings of a West or a David, dignified in their time by the name of 'High Art,' and which chiefly consisted of an arrangement of certain useless and unwearable draperies on the loins and shoulders of lay-figures, or a more or less orderly distribution of stage-dummies in masquerade costume (a mode which is unfortunately not altogether yet extinct); but by the epic we mean the subservience of the lesser fact to the larger truth, a recognition of the great principle that circumstances and things, when used for an artistic end, are in themselves only of value as ministering to the ultimate idea and purpose of the artist, and are not to be dwelt on for their own sakes or for any manipulatory power or ability that may be displayed in their representation.

In entering upon a critical inquiry into the condition of the English School of Painting, it would be but wholesale condemnation and a waste of time to advance a standard to which the school does not even pretend to appeal, and which is foreign to its main tendencies and aims. We propose then, first to examine some of the more representative works of those painters of the school who stand most prominently before the public, or who, it is supposed, may be likely to be influential either in a right or a wrong direction; criticising them from their own standard and point of view, trying to place them with the utmost fairness in their true light and position. We shall endeavour to test them by no individual judgment, but by that which we believe would be represented by a jury of fairly educated art-critics, or, still better, by the average high-toned artist with the true instinct of his profession, without the trammels of egotism, interest, or personal feeling. After disposing of this part of our inquiry, we will take up the question of school or kind, in order to find out the relative position of the English School; how far it submits to laws that evidently prescribed and formed the characteristics of all other

worthy schools; how nearly it adheres to those tenets which have always been the ruling laws of Art, or in what respects it may reject or disregard them. In order to do this the more effectually we will supplement our inquiry by comparing our school with another, which affords us the best criterion or test of excellence, showing in what that excellence consists, and the means used to attain it. We will begin, therefore, with the period of our latest art-revolution.

About half a lifetime ago a few young men set themselves to form a new theory of Art, or at least to revive one so old that at that time it had all the force and freshness of novelty. Pre-Raphaelism was the first result of this endeavour, though we are afraid it was but the repetition of the old fable of the Mountain and the Mouse. This hideous worship of stocks and stones, we are thankful to say, has at last vanished in all but its consequences and effects, which are serious enough, and likely to remain so for some time to come. In common fairness, however, we must allow that its results are not to be wholly charged to the few over-enthusiastic young men who started it. In its highest aspect it had a finer significance than was ever popularly understood or appreciated, and to this its minuteness of detail was but an accessory. It was one of those egregious delusions which its founders have long since had the good sense to abandon, but which in the hands of the ever-ready and uninquiring followers of new forms and modes, became the vehicle and perpetuation of perhaps as much mistaken workmanship as the name of Art can cover. Its ill consequences were deepened by the eloquent advocacy, we cannot fairly say exposition, of a vivid and powerful thinker, many of whose most vehement opinions have since been retracted or recalled. These opinions had at that time a very large influence upon the young and uninformed; and all the more because they were associated with so much doctrine that was sound, noble, and inspiring. But though the actual substance of pre-Raphaelism is gone, its shambling awkwardness, ugly purples, flaring scarlets, raw blues, and glaring greens, with the utter abnegation of tone and aerial perspective, live like a nightmare in the memory of us all. One of its most fervent disciples was Mr. Holman Hunt, in whose works some of its worst features still survive without the redeeming quality of that fine interior spiritualism, which gave a certain reach of power to his serious and impressive 'Light of the World,' and to the solemn lesson of the 'Scape-goat.' In his 'Christ in the Temple' the realistic hardness and wasteful labour of finish, resigning every appeal from the side

of Art, address principally the eye, and scarcely at all the mind, of the spectator. In Mr. Hunt's latest works that we have seen he keeps the same hardness of line and ungraceful finish, which seems to believe in no answering faculty in the beholder, in no responsive recognition of the broken hint which the mind feels so deeply, but which the hand despairs to reveal. When we have looked at Mr. Hunt's pictures there is no more to be said about them. They convey nothing but what is seen with the eye; the soul and the imagination are starved before them. Their vitality is frozen in their harsh lineaments and inartistic colouring. As a rule they hold no key to sentiment and stimulate no emotion. They are photographs of fact through a mind which communicates little or nothing to them; wonders of handling and technical skill, which stop there and never get beyond.

The studies of Mr. J. F. Lewis may also be practically ranked in this class of Art, which, however valuable as transcripts of Oriental scenery, life, and character, with all their truth and faithfulness, cannot claim a high value from any other point of view.

We believe that Mr. D. G. Rossetti was one of the principal originators, as he was the most intelligent exponent of pre-Raphaelism. With him, however, it was realism no longer, and though it perhaps retained a more archaic treatment and distribution than was usual with other painters, it was never the slave of material, but appealed by mental images, rather than by the rigid imitation of facts. Full of dislocations and awkward crowdiness, it yet always held by the sounder theory, which sought truth of mental impression rather than the reality of substantial detail. Neither has the result of pre-Raphaelism been so disastrous with Mr. Rossetti as with others of the school. In the later pictures we have seen of this painter much of its unnatural mechanism has been abandoned, and a freer treatment introduced. Though disfigured to some extent by the affectation of archaic mannerism, and wanting in the freedom, air, and ease, of the noblest eras of Art, they are not to be classed with the works of insincerity and thoughtlessness. They are sometimes open to the censure which we have passed upon his poetry, and there is an intellectual strain distinctly perceptible in them; but the poetic idea, rather than the mechanical execution, is the leading object of the work.

Work like this is the more valuable because so little strenuous and noble work is now attempted. Here, indeed, lies one of our special grievances. No one thinks it worth while any longer to undertake a seri-

ous or epic work requiring indefinite devotion and thoughtfulness. Of the paintings which appear on the walls of the Academy from year to year, there are scarcely any that from the small amount of intellectual labour they reveal might not be included in the category of what artists call 'pot-boilers.' Generally, as far as thought and subject go, they have no more in them than might fitly serve to illustrate the 'annuals.' An artist now is not content to repay himself for effort of mind and stretch of capability by doing a noble work which might raise the public mind to its own level, and last beyond his own day. If he can paint pictures quickly, and get large prices for them, he is quite contented. A figure or two, conventionally posed, without any immediate object or purpose, but with tolerably pretty faces for the women, is thought quite sufficient to constitute an approved picture; and if the textures are well imitated, the flesh freely and dexterously handled, and the folds accurately disposed, no more is asked for or wanted. The question of motive never arises, nor any doubts as to intrinsic worth of subject. No painter, except he be very young, and have what is called a 'reputation' to make, ever thinks of giving us his best; and then his best must necessarily fall short of excellence. No one asks whether it is not as much worth while to live *for* Art as *by* Art; or if, in the splendid function which is the heritage of the painter, there may not be attached to conscientious labour and devotion of purpose a greater and nobler reward than money can buy or a temporary popularity have it in its power to bestow.

In the school of what might be called the esoteric painters, we may class the works of Mr. Burne Jones. Some of them which we have seen (for Mr. Jones, like the rest of his brotherhood, is a sparse exhibitor), though distinguished by a certain kind of artistic power, are open to the serious objection of an unhealthy morbidness of conception. They resemble the poems of Shelley in their intensity of emotion, and sometimes border on the vague and passionate frenzy of Blake. They have no pretensions to be transcripts from nature or the life, but are rather the embodiment of those twilight broodings which belong to the fluctuating region of dreams. They have occasionally elements of seriousness, and an elevated sense of poetry in choice and distribution; but qualities like these are liable to become a mere conventional mannerism under a constant repetition of the same class of subjects, always regarded from the same point of view. Indeed, it is one of the main objections to this school that its adherents always choose

the same unnatural form of face and abnormal type of feature, the same exaggerated drawing, the same dislocated movement of the figure, the same overstrained accessories and glimmering background, which are always made to tell in the same way; so that they resemble in some manner the symbols used in heraldry; the subject being given, the old forms might be distributed almost as well by description, as by the pencil. It is the sacrifice and abandonment of every other good and worthy thing to one, until that one becomes fatiguing and tiresome from its too persistent repetition. There is also another fundamental mistake underlying this form of art. It is far too intense to be largely loved and appreciated; or, indeed, to be good for us. Pictures should not require the utmost stretch of transcendental emotion in order that we may appreciate them. One of the most precious qualities, perhaps, that belongs to Art is its capacity of bestowing repose. To be roused to an excess of passion without adequate reason, without being the nobler or better for it, without even knowing precisely why one is roused, is not a desirable thing; is, in fact, what we very naturally resent. We all know what it is to be in the company of a nervous and excitable person, whose fatiguing demands on the sympathies are without any corresponding object or satisfaction. It is the same thing with this class of Art. It seizes upon you in whatever mood of mind, and insists that you shall become one with it: for unless the mind is worked up in a greater or less degree into its own dithyrambic condition, it is impossible to receive the full influence of the burning eyes, wild contortions, and evolutions of the actors, in these highly-wrought sensational melodramas. It is a far more gracious office to bestow repose on the mind, than to disturb it with the aimless and objectless ebullitions of a false emotion. Titian, in his sweet summer pastorals, and Giorgione, with his courtly companies enjoying the delights of a 'refined rusticity,' Reynolds and Gainsborough, and equable Thomas Stothard with his pathetic touches, conceived a better mission for their pencils. The greatest masters of emotion knew when to lay the tragic pencil down, and give us tranquil glimpses of the world and life, and of those daily social and domestic joys with which we all can sympathise. But the spasmodic painters of our day knew no repose from the continual access of fire added to fever, and delirium heaped upon frenzy, with all the reckless abandonment of a Cybelean novice.

This class of works is typical of much resulting from the present state of Art among us. True 'Art' has almost passed away;

Painting, as we are told by excellent authority, is now become a manufacture and a knack. It has its tradesmen and its travellers. Show-rooms are opened, and the names of well-known artists, advertised in local papers, draw the wealthy and half-educated parvenu to spend his 'thousand' in some ad-dled work, that he is told is fine and of distinguished origin. And thus, by easy transfer, he becomes what he desires—'distinguished'—as the owner of the celebrated masterpiece. Among the well-informed, however, he is thenceforth known, not as the owner, but conversely as 'belonging to' the picture.

Painting and picture-dealing are now 'speculative' and a field for 'operations;' and names and works rise, fluctuate, and fall in market value without any just proportion to their merit or intrinsic worth. Patrons and collectors are for the most part merely jobbers, or 'invest' with a shrewd eye to future gain upon a rising market. To 'accommodate' these 'patrons' and their protégés we see announced a 'Fine Arts financial association,' propounded by some 'merchants' and a 'shipowner' 'to advance money to artists and others on works of Art, and'—naturally—'to effect the sale of the same, under conditions mutually advantageous'—of course—'to the borrower and the company.' Here is the 'mont-de-piété' of Art. This is a private venture of the ordinary kind; but in its care for public morals the bewildered Legislature made a delicate exception 'in the interest of Art,' and gambling, it was told, would 'do much good,' 'promoting love of Art,' as if mere greed had any love at all. For many years we have not visited an exhibition of Art Union pictures, but the memory of these collections enables us to say that 'Art' treats all its liberal 'patrons' with a strict impartiality, and that the gambling section seem to have no preference above the jobbers. Their exhibitions are as well supplied with 'speculative' trash as any we have lately seen in Piccadilly or Trafalgar Square.

These words remind us of a public obligation, and we would here record the expression of our thanks to the 'Academy' for their annual show of paintings by old masters. In this year's exhibition was a painting which we beg the studious reader to recall to mind. Sandro Botticelli's picture of the Assumption of the Virgin was commissioned by Matteo Palmieri, who, it is said, 'gave the whole scheme of the work.' It is, in fact, the marvellous but natural result of the combined efforts, with a single aim, of the employer and the painter, with no help possible from legal gambling or commercial jobbing. The result here is high

excellence, where now we have confusion dire and every evil work. Greed, then, and 'speculation,' do not bring good to Art. Sandro knew nothing about these. He worked, and had his wages and the careful constant sympathy of his employer; and we know that sympathy, like love, works wonders. The charming consequence is seen in Botticelli's picture, which alone is worth the thousand pictures that were shown last year on the same walls.

This, then, is our moral: Let any one who would obtain a worthy work of Art, order it of the painter, and, confiding in his honour, at whatever salary, engage him by the day, and then confer with him in constant friendly counsel. The 'patron' will soon find that his interest in the painting has become far greater than the money value represents. His pleasure will not be in a mere purchased possession, but in the memory of his cordial help in the production of the work. The painter, too, receiving sympathetic aid and criticism from a friend whose thoughts are hourly stirred by intercourse with men, will have his mind strengthened and braced to work with constant zeal and vigorous imagination. How great a contrast this to the gregarious studio conversation of our modern artists, men whose individuality is nearly swamped in cliques, whose thoughts are 'in-and-in,' whose minds follow their fingers and who are emphatically 'led by the hand,' whose works, by natural result, are small, however broad may be the canvas.

We are within the walls of the Academy. Let us, in our cursory review, select the most successful of its members. Mr. Millais was a chief leader of the pre-Raphaelitic movement, and at one time was esteemed the Achilles of the school. He, more than the rest, has not merely relaxed its strictest tenets, but almost abandoned them; and he now holds a position which it is hard to define in one word, but which perhaps might be called that of the leader of the exoteric school, since it is altogether opposed in manner and purpose to the one already described. Instead of attempting to reproduce mental visions in forms merely indicative and more or less symbolic, Mr. Millais has a fact, or is supposed to have one, for everything he paints. He has no definite or ulterior aim in his work as a whole; that is, he has adopted no special mission, and cannot be said to express any particular sentiment as the ruling order of his work, for the reason that he gets it all from the outside. Mr. Millais' subjects are simple enough; they require no intellectual acumen to fathom, no particular education to appreciate, consequently he is the popular

painter of the day by distinction; for having no more to say than his skilful pencil can represent, and no more to represent than any one can easily appreciate, his merits, which are principally of one order and all upon the surface, are patent to all, and, for those who look for nothing further, complete and satisfactory. In the broad question of Art, however, it is necessary to bring another criterion to bear upon them. If Art means anything more than a simple power over material, a certain definiteness of perception in the subtle limitations of form, an appreciation of tender and delicate passages of colour, and a faculty of obtaining fine surface qualities of manipulation, perhaps the works of Mr. Millais will not be found altogether satisfactory. With considerable graces of pencil Mr. Millais combines an easy society-nonchalance of treatment, which in some drawing-rooms may be appreciated, and in other places goes for everything, and which even among painters receives a wide measure, perhaps too wide a measure, of recognition. The highest form of Art, however, exacts something more than this. A deep and genuine mission scarcely lies within the compass of a tea-table gossip, or in the easy requirements of the lower world of fashion and convention—the playthings of a day. A wider circle is commanded by those nobler aims and powers which despise the butterfly elements of society-pleasing, and set little store by the pleasant flatteries of young-ladyism and old-fogeyism. Mr. Millais, we are very sure, is not at his best; for, although we doubt if either his 'Huguenot' or 'Order of Release' are pictures of all time, their tender earnestness being injured by their hardness of line and realistic rigidity, yet the sweet, indefinite poetry of 'Autumn Leaves' could only be born out of a mind in which there was more of the same kind, and this very much better than anything he has given us for a long time past. It is with pain and regret that we see powers like his used to so little advantage. The trifling and utterly unworthy subjects upon which his best energies are for the most part spent, make this regret all the deeper, and it is still further increased by the evidence of manipulatory gifts and powers so rare. He has nothing to tell us but what he has seen; any accidental event serves to hang his picture upon, a fire, a flood, a dreary day, and his message is done, his tale is told, and we are expected to be satisfied. But is this all we have a right to ask or demand from the pencils of our masters? Mr. Millais' manner also is one of a highly dangerous tendency. His free use of raw white, his frequent

chalkiness of surface and actual slovenliness of execution, are both unsatisfactory to the mind and disappointing to the taste. The tender and innocent sweetness of a few of his faces of infancy and childhood survives with happy recollection; but others of this class, with numerous transcripts from the life and nature, which it is impossible precisely to define or classify, can hardly maintain a reputation bought at so cheap a price. Perhaps an examination of Mr. Millais' portraits would lead us to the most unsatisfactory conclusions of all. Without tone or any high sense of colour, relying wholly on their texture and surface qualities, united with the ease before alluded to, we know not where to place them. Put them, in regard to aim and intention alone, beside the well-accredited examples of any school—beside the paintings of Velasquez, Tintoretto, or Titian, the portraits of Reynolds and Gainsborough, or even of Romney—and they have hardly a single quality to support the comparison. They utterly lack all the inward sweetness and harmony, the natural artistic ease, the suffused hints of a keenly-felt sentiment for colour, which inform and penetrate the pictures of these and every other treasured school of portraiture, however high the key of colour used and however cool the tone chosen for the picture. In last year's exhibition Mr. Millais' pictures held their usual place in prominence and popularity; but the chief impression they left upon us was the artist's remarkable facility of work and his sense of time's immeasurable value, which combined with art must lead to fortune.

What is most disastrous, Mr. Millais' faults become exaggerated in his imitators. His slovenly treatment and frequent looseness of line, his vagueness of general purpose, his bareness of sentiment, poverty of tone, and want of fulness in colour, without his graphic dexterity, not only tend to destroy all art-power in their work, but also to vitiate and to weaken the public taste by making it accustomed to such meagre offerings—the slender antepast, instead of the full feast and ample satisfaction of the æsthetic appetite.

Leaving the works of this painter, a not unpleasant nor unmasterly display of characteristic realism is to be found in those of Mr. J. C. Hook. They bear with them a fresh and wholesome atmosphere, laden with seawind and odour of the brine. There is great sameness of subject and treatment in them all, which has sometimes a tendency to become mannerism. He has no revelations to make, but his one story, as far as it goes, is generally well told, and, on the whole, is an agreeable and refreshing one to listen to.

Another order of realism brings us to the works of Mr. G. D. Leslie, which are characterised by an easy social tone embodying a sentiment which, though not very large or important, is readily appreciable. Solid and somewhat cumbrous in manner, they have a certain speciality of mission, and a unity of purpose in their composition displayed throughout in a sufficiently broad manner, without any super-eminent qualities of refinement and delicacy. Sometimes his landscape has an agreeable harmony of treatment. His figures are graceful and elegant, with a dash of the sentimentality of the drawing-room and the boudoir. Mr. Leslie's pictures have some pretensions to the idyllic—pretty pastorals of the lawn and river-side; but the shepherds have left their crooks and the shepherdesses their lambs for the delights of Belgravia and Mayfair—their dog-roses are changed for 'standards,' their posies have become bouquets, and are composed of exotics, or at least garden-flowers of the most approved culture; if they pick a daisy it is a curiosity, and they are quite as well acquainted with the artificial flora of the ball-room as with that of their own garden-beds, and would certainly be found much better adepts at the game of croquet than at the preparation of those

'Country messes
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses.'

Mr. Leslie's verdurous carpets are kept in order by the mowing-machine, and know the trimming-shears of the gardener. His colour is pale and timid—his quality opaque, dry, and loaded—his general treatment never giving free reins to the painter and colourist with a full faith in his material.

A painter who more distinctly partakes of the deficiencies just mentioned, and who may be said to stand within the limits of the materialistic school, is Mr. A. Moore, whose speciality is far less congenial and harmonious. His hybrid Greek fancies are aimed at what would be perhaps vulgarly called 'the classic,' but it is really of a very pseudo-classic order. Mr. Moore tries to introduce a pure Greek sentiment into nineteenth-century England, which has pretty much the same effect as a modern bonnet would have had on the head of Aspasia. He is the slave of lines and form; his figures are Grecian and his draperies are Grecian; but within the same canvas Mr. Moore can place the modern violin and introduce other discordant accessories. The mental perplexity arising from such combinations is extremely irritating and provoking. His drawing is executed with the utmost care, his conscientiousness is extreme, even to fastidiousness; but

all this quite fails to reconcile us to such incongruous elements. The principle on which they are assorted is utterly and entirely false. They are an attempt to import a sculpturesque character into painting. The noblest mission of the Art, as far as expression is concerned, is abandoned; the use of colour is altogether forsworn, excepting in a quite subsidiary and altogether decorative way, in order to carry out this anomalous idea. The flat and unrelieved design is worked in washy tints and sickly whites, the very denudation and solstitial winter of painting. It is true Mantegna made large use of the limbs and draperies of the ancient marbles; but with what a robustness of infused power and a fine vigour are they endowed! They are not the effeminate dreamers of a summer day, but brawny men with backbone and sinew, strong-limbed bearers of burdens, Centaurs and mighty sea-monsters bellowing in the brine, whose hoarse cries seem to resound in their pictures as they rend each other in the flying foam. If Mr. Moore does use colour in those of his subjects which are a little less classic, it is always under protest. It is kept dead and flat and pale, so that it appears unnecessary and even objectionable, as it never fails to convey a sentiment of weakness, however powerful the lines that limit its extension. Mr. Moore has certainly mistaken the true object of his art. Ravished with the exquisite beauty of the marbles of the Parthenon, he has sacrificed everything to the reproduction of their fine majestic movement and grand line. But this can never be the painter's chiefest aim. Had Mr. Moore a wider education in the sentiment of Art he would not fail to know that painting has ideas of its own as noble and significant as those which find expression in the superhuman forms and half-ethereal plaited drapery of these ancient monuments. It is certainly not the most important mission of the painter to elaborately tell us how a fold of drapery should fall or float upon the wind; neither does it lie in the assurance that, under given circumstances and conditions, the true line of a leg or an arm falls to a hair's breadth in a certain place and in no other. A single breath of imaginative vitality would outweigh all such punctilios; one vigorous independent thought would be well worth an endless sequence of such adventitious erroneous compositions, which, after all, are but the withered leaves that hang upon a broken bough.

At a still greater extreme of waywardness, and with the materialistic tendency more pronounced, is Mr. Whistler, with whose clever etchings most Art-lovers are familiar. His rule of painting seems to be as simple in

its theory as it is difficult in practice and unsatisfactory in result. The theory is that no stroke is to be repeated, and that no portion of the canvas is to be re-touched; such, at least, is the inference we draw from the manner in which the crude masses of pigment lie upon its surface. It is true there are certain qualities to be got in this way, which can be attained in no other; but it would be well to ask if they may not be bought at too dear a price. Some of his later portraits, with all their promptness of execution, are wearisomely monotonous. It is grievous to see a painter of any artistic power thus employed in spurious imitations of Oriental ingenuity and taste, making tints and tones a substitute for every grander quality, and reducing painting to the level of an ornamental knack chiefly valued by house-decorators, and by them called 'High Art.' So wedded is Mr. Whistler to his material, and so oblivious of everything else, that he has been content to abandon even the very pretence of a subject, and to name his pictures from the colours used in painting them. As to his 'studies,' 'symphonies,' and 'nocturnes' in this or that colour or combination of colours, which consist in passing the loaded brush a few times from one side of the canvas to the other—even allowing the best for them, that they represent some prevailing tone or colour of the day or night—we would ask what purpose can they serve? At what are they directed? Is motion supposed to be represented by a streak? It seems to us that Mr. Whistler, in these capricious and fantastic productions, resembles an orator from whose lips we are expecting an important message, but who should treat us to 'studies' in the verb 'to be' or to some 'arrangement' of adverbs and prepositions. To perceive the full unworthiness of such empirical expedients as these, it is only necessary to turn to any of the nobler names in Art, and to compare the simple method of their work with any specimen of Mr. Whistler's 'artifice.'

It is refreshing to leave these vagaries for something better and nobler in its nature and object. There is another school or section of a school to which we might give the name of epic or heroic, rather, however, by way of distinction than of designation; since its inchoate development and faint pronunciation are too feeble and uncertain to make good and absolute the title. This school is in its work best represented by Messrs. Leighton, Watts, and Walker, and by the late George Mason. The artists we have mentioned differ from each other widely; but yet, in certain fundamental attributes they have much resemblance. None of them idolize the mere material of their work; they

never lose sight of their picture as a whole, nor for a moment disregard its meaning and its purpose; they are not mere texture copyists; the language of their Art is made entirely subservient to their idea; accessories are never elevated to the chief rank; the subject of the work is equally removed from violence and tameness, and is adapted to address the soul in all its moods in an artistic manner usually right in aim and in intention.

The method of this school, in some respects, is most distinctively displayed by Mr. Watts. The earliest works of this painter, with which we are familiar, are 'Alfred inciting the Saxons to repel the Danes,' now in the Houses of Parliament, of which we shall speak presently, and his large fresco in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, representing the 'School of Legislation.' If he had done nothing more than the latter work, it would have been quite enough to distinguish him creditably in an age so slight as the present. It is composed of numerous figures disposed in a somewhat similar manner to those in Raphael's 'School of Athens': indeed we think that in arrangement he has followed his great master much too closely. His subject has been thoughtfully conceived, and throughout regarded from a noble point of view. The distribution is large and broad; the massing is distinctive, weighty, and unencumbered; the colouring harmonious and grave. The character and object proper for such painting have been so intelligently grasped, the material is so well understood, and the result so satisfactory, that it may be considered a sign of the debasement of our present School of Painting that such work has so little influence on the artistic movements of the time. It is true the work is only in the nature of a revival, and on that account can have but a secondary or diminished influence. Although Mr. Watts has evidently studied the sentiment of the Roman school in this picture, the result is not wholly of a Roman character. It rather resembles the Siennese manner, and might very well have been painted by Beccafumi or Baldassare Peruzzi; for in this school we find the same largeness of arrangement, the same rightness of perception, as in that of Rome, but with less elaboration of material, less command of means, less scholasticism, and more of a simplicity bordering on inadequacy, with just that want of condensation and directness of purpose which is required to give vigour to expression, and to make its utterance absolute and irresistible. This fresco appears to have stood the test of time tolerably well—it is fifteen or sixteen years, if we remember rightly,

since it was painted—though we believe Mr. Watts has had some trouble with it since that time.

These remarks are also mainly true of Mr. Watts's works in general. Even when the result is unsatisfactory, as is not unfrequently the case, his paintings still command attention for their plan and aim. His epic is generally well constructed, his conception large, his mode of working equable, and his manner good; and now and then we receive from him something as near to what is great as the Art-education of the age and our peculiar social circumstances will allow, but his particular power is in a great measure lost for want of the nutriment of that congeniality of circumstances which adds force to energy and gives to power a new robustness. Mr. Watts requires the support of a large Art-sentiment from outside to correct, expand, and fortify him. As it is, he gains nothing from his surroundings. Thus his faults and excellences are all his own, and there is no extraneous healthy influence to correct the one or to advance the other. The great want of the time to which we allude is the spiritual energy which should stimulate imagination in the picturesque direction, and make the artist's work as much that of his age and his public as his own. Mr. Watts's works, in spite of their frequent grandeur and largeness, want for the most part, a more defined and specially directed significance. However impressive may be the external treatment of his subjects, their inward mission has no corresponding power. They are like 'a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong.' The arrangement of a multitude of figures within the compass of a canvas, small or large, however delicate in feeling and noble in composition, and broad and dignified in manner, may yet want weight of purpose. The imagination and the intellect must be combined to make Art powerful and its influence great; still there are exceptions to the general want of purpose in this artist's work. In his 'Love and Death,' exhibited a year or two ago, a preponderating sentiment reached to the true epic, both in conception and realisation, crowning his work with a very noble end. In many of his pictures he is not so happy. The crowded nude or semi-nude figures which leave no part of his canvas unoccupied, are often but the embodiments of a certain measure of artistic skill without that power which alone can carry a message to the heart or mind of the spectator. His portrait heads are often fine, far finer than Mr. Millais'; but they lack the certainty and confidence of treatment which would place them amongst the very finest. They are

also, for the most part, too much encumbered by the painter and his Art, smack too closely of the studio, and adhere too strictly to the specialities of a style which seems to be midway between the worlds of imagination and reality, and essentially to belong to neither. A mode of work, in which the real and the ideal are mingled without being combined, is in principle absurd, and in practice nugatory and inconsistent.

We should like to say a few words about Mr. Watts's manipulation. It is not always the same; but his early fuller treatment is to be preferred to the later and drier one. He has of late used some very volatile medium, which leaves a dry meanness of surface anything but pleasant to the eye. His colour, too, is black, opaque, and dead. Sometimes, particularly in the foreground of his larger pictures, he uses the dangerous expedient of glazing so largely as quite to frustrate its end, and to produce heaviness and opacity just where he wants lightness and transparency of quality. If Mr. Watts would permit us to give him a word of advice, we would suggest that he should rely less on surface work, abandon the use of heavy glazes, and endeavour to gain transparency from the ground of the picture after the manner, which we intend presently to examine, of his great masters the Venetians.

Mr. Leighton has been more influenced by the French school and the earlier Italian painters, but there is nothing archaic or affected in his painting. In looking at his work one is struck with the firm grasp which he always appears to have of his subject. This is as apparent in his earlier as in his later pictures, in his 'Procession of Cimabue's Picture' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' as in the last of his works on the walls of the Royal Academy. His talent partakes of the decorative, not the ornamentally decorative, but that of a scenic and dramatic kind. His large treatment and broadly-felt surfaces might be well adapted for mural painting, if there were any use for it in an age of uncertain aims and unstable habitations. He is not powerful as a colourist; indeed his pictures are little better than an apology for colour of any high order; but they are a very good apology. He now and then strikes a fine key; but, on the whole, colour with him is but a form of intellectual expression—an intellectual symbol, so to speak, that belongs more to the mind than the soul, and never constitutes the speciality of his work. He is always manly, broad, and serious, and has the reticence that consorts with a large appeal and rightly directed aims. But we have a serious remonstrance with him, in that he seems almost to

have given up anything like a large purpose in his Art as far as importance of subject is concerned. With some exceptions, he has scarcely yet justified the promise of his early works in this respect; not from lack of ability but from want of enterprise. With so great a capability of drawing as is revealed even in his illustrations of 'Romola,' it is evident that he has few technical difficulties to encounter. Mr. Leighton's paintings for a long time past have, with one or two exceptions, represented very little intellectual labour, and move only in a narrow way. We understand, however, that he is engaged upon some large public works, which, it is to be hoped, will cancel this complaint.

Among the rising painters of this school (allowing for the differences of speciality before alluded to) is Mr. F. Walker. His character is thoroughly English. We do not know if he has ever studied in the great schools of Europe; but if he has done so, there is no relic or reminiscence of them in his work, and yet in some respects he has reached their higher qualities, particularly in his later works, which display great picturesque power in their calm breadth of treatment and repose. Now and then his smaller works are excellent. There was, for instance, a picture lately exhibited (we believe the study, if it may be called so, for a larger one) of a girl or woman in a court of justice, which, though measuring but a few inches, had in it all the elements of the largest work; and we mention it here as an example that large epic treatment may lie within very narrow limits, and does not necessarily demand great size. Mr. Walker's pictures, nevertheless, are open to serious exception in other directions. The prevailing colour, or tone-colour, if it may be so called, is very objectionable. It is almost always an unnatural yellow or a forced and heated orange. The element of greyness, at least as a reserve, is, above all, necessary and desirable in works of a large intellectual intention. For want of this quality his pictures become very fatiguing, and ultimately irritating to the eye. Mr. Walker also dwells sometimes too long on the individual parts of his picture, which perhaps would be right, if his object were less broad and serious. But even in respect of object or intention, we should like to see Mr. Walker take a higher level. His pictures, particularly of figures, have too much the appearance of transcriptions, and too little of the signs of mental formative power in them to stamp them as epic in the highest sense.

The last example we shall give of the broad and artistic class of painters now under consideration is that of the late Mr

Mason, whose recent death is in every respect much to be deplored. His works are some of the most hopeful in the modern English school of painting: even where they are promises rather than performances, indications rather than completions, they are always widely suggestive and infinitely instructive. Mr. Mason was emphatically the artist's painter, the most discerning of whom are always ready to excuse inadequacies of manipulatory power, when the primary and most essential element of all is manifest.

Mr. Mason was a lover of twilight, of the gentle hour which is so touching to all poetic minds, when a dreamy glimmer pervades the still and solemn landscape and stars become visible. So much has he loved these tender moments, that it would almost seem as if he had lived in them in a kind of delicate sympathy. What adds, perhaps, to the impressiveness of his scenes is the reminiscence that they seem to bear of a more southern climate than our own, where the hues of the sky are a tone deeper than our ours and the solemn greys of the landscape a thought more rich, as he had seen them in the soft lines, broken with mournful tints of crumbling masonry on the sad Campagna of Rome. Even his figures partake of the same spiritual seriousness that his scenes inspire; the bustle of the day and noise of the busy world are hushed and tranquillised in the calm peace of an idyllic repose.

His subjects are not very various; but one never grows tired of them. It is now a shepherd seated at the root of an old tree piping to some maidens, whose quiet movements are in perfect harmony with the scene around them, bringing back the old Arcadia and witnessing that the bucolic sweetnesses of Theocritus and Virgil still survive among us, and that the genius of an ancient rural life is not yet destroyed; now it may be a sweet-faced country-girl going home with her gleanings, while the sloping upland, crowned with yellow sheaves, takes the last glow of day: now it is a group of merry children dragging along a refractory calf or donkey, or driving a flock of hissing geese; and now a weary labourer, who returns homeward with his team leisurely through the twilight, or a group of mowers from the corn-field, with long scythes, against the light of a golden harvest-moon. Here we have almost all Mr. Mason's material elements; and yet they are quite sufficient for the expression of a deep and genuine poetic feeling. With a few exceptional cases we find that the painter is forgotten in his work as we enter into his magic world and make it our own. One or two of these exceptions we will take the opportunity of mentioning.

We think his 'Evening Hymn' is liable to a rather strong objection on this score, fine and noble as is its general sentiment. The singing-girls are far too artificially posed and modelled. The picture is so evidently balanced by the two figures separated from the main group on each side as to materially interfere with its simplicity and naturalness. Another objection may be made to the dog in the 'Girls Dancing by the Sea,' as it regards earnestly the bag suspended from the bough, which, however natural an incident, here interferes somewhat with the main calm interest of the picture, and divides the attention with perhaps one of the sweetest bits of English landscape ever put upon canvas.

As Mr. Mason was a deep lover, so was he a close student, of Nature, even a copyist, from a right point of view. We have understood that he was indefatigable in his outdoor studies; and yet these are efforts after the sentiment of nature rather than the portrayal of her facts. He aimed at reproducing her appearances as they affect the poetic mind, rather than her formal representation, which, indeed, he always avoided. Careful and capable draughtsman though he was, there is not a bit of texture, and very little of absolute form pronounced definitely as such, to be found in any of his pictures. They are pictures of aspect or mental impression rather than the actual substance of what he saw, and hold their place more in the mind than in the eye.

It is difficult to play the critic on pictures like these; yet to define his true place in the history of Art every part of Mr. Mason's artistic character must be regarded. He is not always uniformly happy. There is a hardness and coldness in some of his works compared with others. There is occasionally, too, a tendency to confusion, and even in his finished works a want of articulation and definition which interferes a little with their higher qualities. This arises perhaps from the desire to place before the spectator the painter's full impression encumbered with as little material as possible: and, besides this, there is often in imaginative minds, feeling acutely in certain directions, a want of expressional power, a lack of the consummating faculty; which is an excusable defect to those gifted in the same direction, but an obvious fault to those of a less sentimental and more objectively constructed nature and character. It is interesting to see how Mr. Mason felt his way through his sketches to the peculiar qualities he desired. Some are wholly of a tentative nature, the merest blurs of colour, a species of artistic shorthand, yet intelligible to the initiated as con-

taining a compendium or synopsis of the completed picture. Pursuing the function of censors, we may notice also that Mr. Mason's skies are occasionally somewhat muddy in quality, and are only partially cleared at some expense to the landscape. It may be said, with every respect for what he has left us, that his works, on the whole, show rather what the mind yearns to accomplish than what the hand is able to perform; the refined and elegant instinct of the able and imaginative amateur, rather than the commanding utterances of the representative of a school of a broadly diffused and healthily developing artistic sentiment.

It is hard to say whether the influence of a painter so delicately constituted is likely to be advantageous or otherwise: indeed, this wholly depends on the character and idiosyncrasy of his pupils or followers. The action of special genius or power on a robust mind is to cause it to develop its own capacities and gifts without attempting any close or external imitation of what it sees and admires, excepting incidentally as one of the elements of its own education. This sound method teaches the mind to measure and assert its individual capabilities and powers, and does not lead it to ignore them or to submit to any foreign influence, however great or noble that may be. In such an instance as the present, no material imitation would be of the least service to appropriate or 'convey' the tender influence diffused from these contemplative and subjective works, which suggest qualities so rare and impalpable that the artist himself was not always able to grasp or retain them. Such paintings can only be regarded as intimations or indications in the abstract of the rich results of thoughtful and conscientious labour, and as a testimony that good Art has not yet lost all her resources, but that there are new aspects and ideals still for disinterested and devoted, persevering and imaginative, workmen.

There is still another group of works, in all respects antithetical to the one we have just examined, and which, in spite of its general popularity, must be called the debased school, since the elements of the artistic principle are utterly ignored, misunderstood, or otherwise altogether perverted in its hard literalisms and unimaginative transcriptions. This constitutes a very wide section of modern painting, so wide as to include immeasurably the larger proportion of it. We will take, however, the names of two or three as the representatives of its most distinctive features; say Mr. Frith, Mr. Brett, and Mr. Birket Foster

With Mr. Frith it is very hard to deal, as he holds a place so remote from the genuine function of right Art, and so closely bordering on that of the mere illustrator, that it is difficult to say if his works come under the category of Art at all. There is, it is true, a degree of interest in looking at his pictures of the 'Seaside,' the 'Railway Station,' and the 'Derby Day,' with their various realistic groups and circumstances, but it is the interest of an illustration or pictorial representation without any shade of the artistic sentiment or any foundation of true Art whatever. Indeed, we suppose that Mr. Frith does not intend to make any broader appeal than that of being the mere transcriber or photographer of the promiscuous crowds of men and women which he may see anywhere around him. His pictures have no moral and no meaning in them. A comparison of his works with those of Hogarth, who was quite as accurate a painter of the men and women of his time, will show exactly what we mean. With the latter we have everything set before us subordinate to an artistic purpose, the purpose of the whole picture. Setting aside the qualities of painting which they exhibit (which are now too much overlooked), they possess the highest characteristics of the social epic. We have a hundred lessons taught us, a hundred suggestions made to us, by the subtle art of the painter. These are all put before the mind in so delicate and insensible a manner that we think the painter's generalisations our own, and the compendium of human nature with which he supplies us, its follies, its vanities, and sins, presented to us with the consummate art of one of the most philosophic students of life and character, seem like the results of our own observations and reflection. Again, if we compare Mr. Frith's pictures with those of Wilkie, how lamentable is the difference! In place of a centralised motive we get confusion and perplexity; in place of the nice perception of the various shades of character given with a sweet artistic refinement, we have the coarseness of the excursion-train and the breeding of the tavern-bar; instead of the subtle poetry which Art ought to be able to find in all grades of life and to infuse into all her works, we get an uncongenial prose that reflects its most discordant elements and introduces its most disagreeable associations.

If we look in Mr. Frith's work for the high qualities which distinguish the works of the painters we have just referred to, we do not find any of them or any trace of them, but a jumble of heterogeneous figures and circumstances, unselected, unassorted, and

absolutely commonplace. There is no indication of a governing or ruling principle or purpose; and after the first gaze they fatigue the mind and pall upon the eye from their wearisome vacuity, their slender trivialities, and their utter denial of every kind of inward appeal which constitutes the soul of Art and makes the better part of every noble picture.

Neither is Mr. Frith's workmanship happy. He ignores atmosphere in the glare of a vulgar realism, and outrages colour in the absence of any prevailing sentiment or eclectic distribution: he sets tone aside as useless in the distraction of a hundred different keys. His faces have a hardness of quality with nothing beneath them; while the dresses and costumes of his undignified men and women, borrow no character from those by whom they are worn, and only remind one of the 'set up' of a Bond Street tailor, or, conversely, of the rags of a theatrical wardrobe.

Mr. Brett has imported the same vicious mode of treatment into landscape Art. His metallic seas, woolly clouds, grass without softness, and trees without any touch of the verdurous plasticity of nature, only oppress the mind with a sense of bondage which shuts out every congenial and sympathetic influence that we are accustomed to receive from Nature. In Mr. Brett's pictures Nature has ceased to express herself, her generous inspirations are destroyed, her fine ministrations overlooked or disregarded. The freezing wand of the enchanter has passed over her palpitating vitalities, and they are reduced to the condition of congealed and inexpressive petrifications. His unsuggestive workmanship rather hinders and obscures our own interpretation of Nature than assists us to any fresh significance and character that he may have found in it.

Our ungracious task only gives us one example more of this mistaken school of painters. Grateful as we must feel to Mr. Birket Foster for the number of pretty landscape vignettes with which he has ornamented our drawing-room tables, necessity compels us to protest against the field of Art or rather the mode of expressing himself, which he has chosen; particularly in his water-colour drawings, whose exhaustive manipulation and conventional textures prevent the mind at once from going a step beyond them. If Mr. Foster merely aims at reaching the admiration of unreflective observers or non-observers—of those to whom 'a primrose by a river's brim' is but a primrose and is 'nothing more,' bringing no glow into the soul, and having no associative connection with the world that lies within—he may succeed; but to those who see beyond the substance, to

whom substance is but the symbol of the interior essence, who are ever ready to seize an indication, whose souls only need the significant letter set before them in order to read its deeper meaning, all Mr. Foster's laborious 'finish' will but obscure the inward vision and exclude those exquisite glimpses and 'warm excursions of the mind' which are the most indispensable complement and the noblest addition to the true artist's labour, without whose help, indeed, his toil will be in vain.

It is useless to pursue our subject as a special criticism any farther. We have already passed under review some of the most important features of our present school of painting, and have said quite enough to make our stand-point clearly appreciable. As to some of the older elements which have overlived their time and are now dying out, they may be left in peace. They will do no more harm, as they are doing no good; and we may safely leave them to the end they merit. We do not, however, pretend to have exhausted our subject. There are many notable names and works which, perhaps, might be advantageously criticised in one way or another; but as our object here is rather to elucidate a thesis—to make clear the actual and relative position of the English school of painting—than to give a comprehensive or detailed account of it in all its various manifestations, which within our limits would be impossible, we must leave them unnoticed. The works, for example, of Sir Edwin Landseer, whose intelligent interpretation of animal life has made for him a field entirely his own, since none of his numerous imitators have been able to follow him with any considerable degree of success, might perhaps have found a place in our inquiries; but as they would not be specially or additionally illustrative of the large question we have in view, and as our position is a defined one, it is not necessary to discuss them.

Our inquiry, however, into the present condition of the English school of painting would hardly be complete unless we were to make some observations on the paintings which ought to best interpret its highest skill and embody its loftiest powers. We allude to those works in the Houses of Parliament, upon which so much time, money, and deliberation have been spent, with most unsatisfactory results. Without entering into the question of how they have been done, and what it might have been better or best to do, we will at once advance to the examination of their qualities as the representatives of the national Art-standard.

On our entrance into the Royal Gallery we are confronted with the two vast works of MacIise, the 'Meeting of Wellington and Blücher after the Battle of Waterloo' and the 'Death of Nelson.' They are painted, as is well known, in simple water-colour, with the superimposition of water-glass or silicate of potassium, which, in another form, is the basis of the manufactured glass of common use. But it is in vain we try to imitate the subtle chemistry of nature. However accurately balanced our compounds may be, the diamond is unattainable. In this case, owing either to disintegration or precipitation, or to the numerous external influences at work upon it, the indestructible medium has already given way, and some portion of the surface of the earliest painted of these pictures is partially destroyed. To speak of the pictures themselves: the labour and devotion bestowed upon them inspire respect. They are not by any means artists' pictures, yet they have large claims in their own way and from their own centre. If they were upon canvas they would be amenable to another kind of criticism in regard to quality of workmanship; their hard lines, which never lose themselves, their sturdy and unwavering realism, their rigid and uncompromising treatment, their unrelieved inflexibility and metallic colouring, would at once exclude them from a category of the greatest works; but, on the other hand, their dramatic multitudinousness and energy, their robust power, their conscientious thoroughness from their own point of view, demand a considerable notice. In some situations they would be intolerable; but in their present position they are not inharmonious with what surrounds them; for they are monumental in subject, as they are in some respects as paintings. At least we may say this of them, that no one else could have given them to us in their great grasp and high-spirited and vigorous portrayal of facts. They are very superior to the excessively overpraised Munich frescoes. Their chief interest, however, is not an artistic but merely a human one. One cannot help being impressed with the scenic probability of many of the most touching episodes, as the dying men who, with a last effort, raise their swords in the presence of the Duke; the stern peacefulness on the countenance of the dead trumpeter, whose head is pillowed on the broken wheel of a piece of artillery; the gentle expression on the face of the youthful officer, 'young gallant Howard,' borne by two pitying soldiers; the monk who holds the crucifix before the closed eyes of the apparently-departed Hanoverian;

or the grey, middle-aged warriors, half-buried in the carnage, whose last thought has been of home and the dear ones left behind. There is something, too, of genuine artistic power expressed in the face of the Duke of Wellington, whose stern and grimy features are filled with a mingled expression of fatigue, triumph, and suppressed excitement, the central figure in this scene of confusion, bloodshed, and death.

The picture of the 'Death of Nelson' is not nearly so notable as the other. It has less incident and variety, and the story is less powerfully told. The face of the mortally-wounded hero is overspread with a ghastly spasm, whose painful contortions are horrible to look upon. One would much rather have seen him portrayed with the soft expression associated with the last 'Kiss me, Hardy,' on his lips, even if it had been at the sacrifice of the literal truthfulness of the circumstance considered at the precise moment chosen by the painter.

Of Mr. Herbert's large, and in some respects more pretentious picture, of 'Moses Descending from the Mount,' in the Peers' Robing Room, we cannot say so much: for, though executed from a presumably higher point of view than the pictures just described, and though more agreeable in some qualities of manipulation, it appears to have been done rather with the cautious calculation of the academic than with the enthusiasm of a master great with his idea. A measure of realism may not only be admitted, but is perhaps desirable, in the representation of an historical event of comparatively recent occurrence; but in a didactic work—which appeals, or ought to appeal, purely and entirely to the moral nature, in which the fact does not depend in the least degree upon any special set of circumstances for its impressiveness and is, indeed, already removed out of time and place by the infinitely more important contingency of its having been raised to the quality of a religious abstraction, addressing itself wholly to the mind, and not at all to the eye, in its essential object and design—a purely realistic treatment is not only misplaced, but is likely to act as a barrier to the special influence of the occasion. Mr. Herbert's picture may rather be said to be a huge study made in the alphabet of Art than the embodiment of a masterly conception in the mind of the painter. Its claims are those of an illustration more than of an artistic representation. The posed models which personate the figures have evidently been drawn with the closest fidelity to the life, the draperies have all been disposed with the nicest care, the attitudes have been ad-

justed with the strictest regard to propriety, the various expressions have been inserted into the faces in the most correct manner, and yet the result is wholly unsatisfactory. One can never believe that the tall figure with the two stone slabs in his hands is really like the majestic Moses who ruled the Israelites, whose 'anger had waxed hot' when he had broken the first tables and ground the golden calf to powder—whom Michael Angelo has given to us in marble with so much dignity and power. Even were the dramatic interest preserved in the figures, it would have been quite ruined by the background. Mr. Herbert, with so noble and lofty a story to tell, should not distract the thoughts of the spectators from its intrinsic impressiveness to the details of a background worked up with photographic care. That he will not allow the eye to pause or rest for a moment in any unmanipulated place, shows that he is not deeply moved by the grandeur of his idea, and that he chooses to display the shell and outer covering of his subject rather than to develop and surround us with its inner sentiment. Better a thousand mistakes in the technicalities of Art or the probabilities of circumstance (for, indeed, the best and most exact imitation possible is nothing but a probability) than this lack-life system of composition and arrangement, which comes from the head and hand, but never from the heart; which kindles no answering enthusiasm within us and awakens no thought beyond that, at most, of the skill of the artist and the possibilities of his material. Infinitely worse than the picture itself is the fatal tendency and principle involved in it. Mr. Herbert has thought of nothing but a cold realisation of the circumstances of his subject, and never for a moment of giving us its inner meaning and central power. It is a mere statement of facts with which we are all familiar and to which the pictorial representation adds nothing.

In other respects also we think this work a mistake. Mr. Herbert has laid his ground in white, consequently it stands in far too high a key to be impressive from any serious or picturesque point of view. The effect is that of a solemn piece of music played in a key eight or ten tones higher than that for which it has been composed, or upon a light and airy instrument instead of a grave and sober one. All solemnity of effect is destroyed, and all rightness and fitness of decoration ignored. The glaring sky, the garish background, the inharmonious and commonplace figures fill the room with an insatiable impertinence which quite outsteps the end and purpose of such a work. Perhaps it would be profitless to point Mr. Herbert to

the works of those who have always and everywhere been considered the first masters in this kind of decoration, to refer him to the walls and ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the Stanze of the Vatican or the halls of the Ducal Palace, where the noble breadth, grand proportions, and subdued appeal of these great masters reach and impress the mind without wearying the eye. They do not thrust themselves unduly on our notice, or offend the taste with an unseasonable persistence that will not be forgotten nor for a single instant overlooked. In this respect a lesson might have been taken from Mr. Watts's less obtrusive, but at the same time quite as powerful, fresco at Lincoln's Inn.

Of the works of Mr. Cope in the Peers' Corridor, nothing more favourable can be reported. Under every disadvantage of situation and ill-lighting, they are still more unfortunate in their inartistic manipulation, unimaginative treatment, and utter want of the least perception of the requirements of the material, or of the nature and fitness of the place and occasion. Every epic sentiment or heroic feeling is set aside for a wearisome labour of the pencil, that carries no enthusiasm with it, and fails to wake one stirring thought in the mind of the spectator. Nor are the works of Mr. Ward in the Commons' Corridor more impressive. Academical figures in theatrical costume are distributed freely on their surface; but for one touch of the heroic, one tender glimpse that appeals to anything beyond the eye, one single hint of that which 'makes the whole world kin,' we may look in vain. In the frescoes of wall-paintings of simpler times and peoples, conceived in a genuine art-atmosphere, one is often touched into unexpected emotion. Take, for instance, those of Fra Angelico in the convent of St. Mark at Florence. With the baldest simplicity of means, with the least complex system of expression which Art is capable of assuming, he has done so much that, in passing from one to another, all the finest feelings of the soul are awakened, and something like an unbidden tear will from time to time force itself into the eyes. Turn to the Arena Chapel or Municipal Hall at Padua. By what slight means are we moved! A few figures in various acts or amid circumstances in themselves not at all exciting—sometimes only a single figure—and our whole nature receives a new property, making fresh discoveries within itself; a glow suffuses the soul, the inner fountains of life and being are opened up, we rejoice in the painter and his work, and thank him for exciting within us new emotions of the purest kind. And why is all this? It is because these emotions are drawn from the painter's own

soul; because he has only thought of his lines as conveying some spiritual message, and not at all as the means of putting together accurately constructed pictures. He has not approached his pictures from the side of lines, and hues, and figures, but having his mind filled with emotion by the circumstance of his representation, he has sought to express *that*, allowing the forms to arrange themselves in accordance with it in the best way they might. But in our modern English works we find no real sense of subject at all, not the least attempt on the part of the artist to unite himself with the centrality of his theme, and move us by the sheer force of its power. He abandons that entirely. He appeals to us by lines, composition, texture, colour; anything but the thing itself. We are called upon to look at the handwork of the painter, not to be thrilled by his large feeling of a great event, not to be kindled into warmth with the new aspect in which he presents it to us, nor to have a fresh world of inward light revealed. These things are not the artist's object, but he does inform us that this is the same grass, these are the stones, whereon the event took place, and those the very dresses the personages wore on the occasion. This would be well enough, though unnecessary, under an overmastering enthusiasm, but as a substitute for the infinitely nobler part of the artistic work it is no more than the obscuring dust that settles on the sapless petals of a faded flower. We are none of us anywise the better for it; but in reality a great deal the worse: for under the semblance of truth it gives us a meaningless falsehood, a cold and heartless apology for a picture, a spiritless delineation for a soul-moving fact. All this elaboration of detail, and local and circumstantial verisimilitude is certainly not worth the sacrifice of every particle of artistic sentiment and spiritual force, or the impoverishment of a nation in all that appertains to a genuine and intelligent taste, and the utter annihilation of every æsthetic principle; yet this is what we are paying for it. As long as this pernicious dogma of an inflexible realism is held up before us in the kingdom of Art as a right and true one, it is impossible that we can expand in any more lofty direction. Under such a doctrine our eyes must constantly get more obscured with dark materialistic film, which presently will shut us in from every glimpse of the celestial vision, and effectually exclude us from participation in the 'faculty divine.'

Of a much better character than any of the already mentioned works are Mr. Dyce's frescoes, in the Queen's Robing Room, of

some of the social and religious virtues, as embodied in the Arthurian legend. They are executed with a due regard to their vehicle, they are simple in their distribution, and sufficiently broad in their execution, their general tone is good; that is to say, that, without being dull or dark, they exactly keep their place on the wall: in this respect there is no attempt to vie with the scene-painter. They are not works, however, of very great power; there is no overmastering enthusiasm in them; the figures, too, are often stiff and awkward, showing that the painter was little at home in the management of so large a surface and its requirements; a deficiency for which his time is as much responsible as himself.

Of the works in the House of Lords, which it is impossible to see in their full merits or demerits, on account of their situation, there appears to be nothing very important to add. Those of Mr. Maclise are conceived in the same chivalrous spirit which distinguishes his other paintings, partaking largely of the modern German manner, as interpreted by some of its most celebrated masters. Those of Mr. Cope do not show quite to so great disadvantage as his Corridor pictures; while Mr. Dyce, in his 'Baptism of Ethelbert,' still, perhaps, bears the palm in quietness and fitness of tone and keeping, but with the same stiffness and want of ease and naturalness in his figures before alluded to, and with a total want of true artistic manner and perception in the pictorial treatment of the architectural features of the scene. In all these works, however, there is almost an entire absence of the genuine heroic spirit, both in sentiment and execution, which ought to constitute the essential and overpowering quality of such works.

Mr. Watts's 'Alfred inciting the Saxon to prevent the landing of the Danes,' before mentioned, forms the chief ornament of one of the Committee Rooms; and its quiet tone, broad and diffusive manner, as well as agreeable and harmonious colour, show a favourable contrast to the other pictorial decorations of this chamber. It is on canvas and very large, reminding one in many respects of the fine examples of the Venetian school. Nothing can be more commendable than the spirit in which this picture is produced. Perhaps Mr. Watts has done nothing better. Its modesty, reticence, and large grasp, both in arrangement and material, are highly creditable, and do honour to the place that the picture occupies.

Of the works in the Upper Waiting Hall or Poets' Hall, as it has been called, so little remains, that, as we believe they were

amongst the first paintings of the palace, and, therefore, may be considered tentative efforts rather than completed and conclusive performances, it will be only charitable to leave them in the hands of time, and hope for something greater and better when they have quite vanished from the walls.

We have thus completed a cursory survey of some of the principal works of the Westminster Palace, of which it may be said that, on the whole, the national conclusion is, that its artistic decoration is a failure. Setting aside the intrinsic value of the works themselves, their utter inability to stand the climate and atmosphere of London is so forcibly thrust upon us, that the work has been all but abandoned. Mural painting in every form seems alike perishable, so that unless some other plan of decoration be suggested or discovered than that of using the wall surface, time, money, and trouble will be lost upon it. There are, however, at least two alternatives open to us: mosaic on the one hand, and canvas painting on the other. The latter might be removed at any time, and the safety of the painting would be more efficiently secured by its being detached than by its forming a part of the wall. The former—already respectably inaugurated in Mr. Poynter's 'St. George' (of which, perhaps, a little more might have been made)—would be indestructible;* but it would only do for very broad designs, and these must be decorative as well as picturesque. But this would be infinitely better if done boldly and bravely, than either nothing at all, or the scabrous surfaces of mural pictures which now present so unsightly an appearance. We might at least have *ideas* before us, however broadly or generally expressed. There is no doubt that working in this material would contribute to largeness of conception and compel a dependence upon sound artistic qualities, since there would be no concealment of weakness in material, no glossing over incapacity of internal power by means of surface texture, colour, or any other adventitious accessory. The work must be at least rigorous and intellectual, and be done from a high point of view, or its failure would be apparent, and its condemnation inevitable. If we adopted this method our oil-paintings might be preserved in more carefully-constructed galleries, removed from the deleterious influences of a building lighted with gas and on the banks of a river. As a precedent we might instance St. Peter's

at Rome, almost all the large altar-pieces of which are executed in mosaic. Many of the churches also of Rome and Ravenna, to say nothing of St. Mark's at Venice, exhibit this kind of decoration with great nobility, power, and effect.

The other alternative is that of adopting canvas pictures in oil, which, when properly painted, are known to be indestructible by ordinary agents, always excepting the natural decay of time. This would allow the full play of artistic genius in a medium to which the public are accustomed, and with which painters are perfectly well acquainted. It might be done as well on a large scale as a small one. Some of the largest pictures in Venice are rendered in this material; and even for decorative purposes, when kept in the right tone, it offers quite as many advantages as the unproved means we have recently adopted, without the same danger of insecurity. It would be desirable, that the simplest earths and the purest oils should be used, and allowed to get quite dry and hard before being submitted to the gaseous dampness of the Westminster walls.

Perhaps the great secret of the failure of the Westminster Palace paintings is an over-elaboration of means. With all the most durable frescoes of Italy the means of production were of the simplest. Fortunately the painters of the time at which they were executed did not know too much. With every complexity, every additional material, the danger is increased, the chances of permanency lessened. There have been far too much money, time, labour, and talk spent upon these works of ours. Even if we accept the present material as the best that could have been devised or thought of, the whole process of decorative painting is for the most part so thoroughly misunderstood, that their failure as works of Art in relation to place and purpose is equally signal. A few vigorous, unobtrusive strokes from the hand of a master (if such could be found) with a proper sense of fitness and propriety, struck out of the power within him, rather than indebted for their expression to the means without, would have been worth all the agglomerations of pigment and misdirected elaborations which, as a rule, rather disfigure than ornament the walls upon which they are laid. As an example of how much may be conveyed by the simplest means, we may instance the floor of the cathedral at Siena, which is laid in two or three colours of marble. This material has been found sufficient to express some of the noblest scenes and circumstances of Scripture, with a force, vivacity, and grandeur, no trace of which is discernible in the overworked studies at Westminster.

* Usava dire Domenico, la pittura essere il disegno, e la vera pittura per la eternità essere il mosaico.—*Vasari, 'Vita di Domenico Ghirlandajo.'*

these had only been done, as we suggest, in a simpler manner, and made their appeal from the force of the idea conveyed, rather by a few grand lines than an infinitesimal number of pencil-touches and a realism which is alike inartistic and offensive, in case they had exhibited symptoms of decay, we might have afforded to lose some of their technical qualities, without the destruction of everything that was valuable in them; and even if they had gone altogether we might have found an available power, if not able fully to supply their place, at least capable of giving us something from the same point of view. As it is, our failures remain to us a monument of our weakness and inability to meet what ought, in a nation possessed of our wealth and means of culture, to be a common and not at all an extraordinary occasion.

All that remains to us now of our prescribed task is to compare the modern English school of painting with another of universally accredited soundness and excellence, which embodies in the largest degree the general elements required for the formation of all good art, of whatsoever school or manner. These are chiefly harmony of colour, unity of tone, directness of appeal and impressiveness of action, skilful massing, comprehensive and easy distribution, together with that union or fusion of all these qualities, which places every part of the work in a perfect consonance and agreement, both with itself and with the harmonies of nature, on whatever key the work may be constructed or in whatever relationship it may be viewed.

For this purpose there is room for a pretty wide selection among those distinguished for undoubted excellence: some of them, indeed, reaching to what would appear to be the utmost perfection of which their manner and material are capable; each differing from the other, nevertheless, in the broad ideal set before it: for the function of Art is various; it has many missions and many modes of fulfilling them. There is one school, however, universally allowed to combine more noble qualities than any other; and that is the Venetian school of the early part of the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries. In it culminated all the accumulated excellence of the best thinkers and workers, when Art was not an amusement nor a commercial business, but a mission of the soul, an inspiration from heaven, a vocation of the highest, by which the minds of men were fed with lessons of wisdom and truth; a serious calling, having an object before it real and definite, with no regard to merely pleasing the eyes of children and dilettanti. Gene-

rally the subject was a religious one, sometimes social or ceremonial; but in either case the object was always stern, solid, unmistakable in its end as it was decided and definite in its utterance. That this Art should have assumed its highest phase in Venice is neither inexplicable nor surprising. It was there, between sea and sky, that men's minds were touched by the loftiest and tenderest tones of thought. For who could see the wakening dawn stealing over the silent city, and not have his soul kindled by it; or who could watch the glowing evening pour out his gold on turret and campanile, or the silvery moon rise above the blue lagoon, and not be soothed by it to tender and beautiful thoughts? Who could go among her palaces and see her robed senators and picturesque populace pass to and fro, and not long to paint them? Every human emotion was pent within the city. Wealth and power found their fittest symbols in its rulers and its people. 'Religion' assumed her most splendid garb. Nothing was wanting to generate and sustain the conditions, external and internal, of a noble school of art. It was inevitable that Venice should attain it.

It is far too late in the history of Art to begin to point out the special characteristics of the transcendent masters of this school—the subdued glory of Carpaccio, the glowing splendour of Titian, the titanic power of Tintoretto and Paul Veronese, the penetrating sweetness of John Bellini, the spiritual grace and stately simplicity of Palma Vecchio the full-blown richness of Bonifazio and Giorgione—for they are already sufficiently well known. We will at once, therefore, enter on an analysis of their work in general, without actually instituting a close comparison with modern Art at every stage of the inquiry, but leaving the intelligent reader to form his own conclusions from that which we shall lay before him.

For the clearer elucidation of this part of our subject it will be better to divide it into three separate heads for consideration: first, the character of Venetian painting; second, its manner; third, the mechanical means used in its production. It may also be premised that the following observations will roughly embody the results of many months' very careful study of the Venetian school of painting at Venice, where it can alone be studied to perfection. In the illustration, however, of the principles arrived at, we shall refer, whenever it is possible, to the works of the masters of this school in our National Gallery, or to those otherwise accessible to stay-at-home students.

First, then, as to character: by this is meant choice of subject and general mode

of thinking. This had a wide range, but not an unlimited one. For instance, it never included the modern imitation for imitation's sake. It took no delight in furniture or fine clothes; nor even in flowers and landscapes, except in so far as they were accessories to something, for them, infinitely more important: that is, to men and women. Not that the Venetians were incapable of producing these and every other object to the utmost perfection if they wished it. In the low-toned pictures of Bassano the various vessels, vegetables, viands and articles of domestic economy are reproduced with the faithfulness of a Dutch painting. They, however, centralized all their great powers on humanity, its feelings and emotions. The human face was the most lovely and interesting thing they could find, therefore they painted it again and again, and were never tired of painting it; and although their interminable Madonnas and saints may be pronounced tedious by sacrilegious tourists, to the thoughtful student each face in the best pictures of these noble masters—many of them overflowing even to rapture with the most delicious tenderness of the sweetest of all earthly relationships, that of a mother, 'the holiest thing alive,'—will speak with a new and powerful voice to him who listens to it.

It is hardly necessary to pursue this branch of the subject farther, since all are familiar with the Venetian character, as to choice and composition, by means of engravings, photographs, or other reproductions, even where the pictures from which they are taken are unknown.

Of its manner a little more may be said; for, in a great measure, it was special and representative. It did propose to itself many or diverse ends, but where it aimed it reached the mark. One is almost amazed at the simplicity of means these painters used. No sparkling lights flickered about their canvases, disturbing the mind and dazzling and perplexing the eyes of the spectator; there were no spots of scattered colour to introduce distraction into their work and act as barriers to the introduction of the mind into the heart of their conception, no fragments of light and shade to crown confusion with confusion, destroying repose and unity of appeal: for these was substituted an ordered assemblage of facts that the mind could take in at once, whose interest and fulness increased the more they were contemplated; a great massing by which one thing was never repeated in the same picture, nor two elements introduced into the same thing. If they painted a red dress, for example, its shadows were not laid in with purple or

brown, nor its lights put on with purple or pink or blue; but it was what a red dress always is, red all over and nothing else but red. Nor was there the least confusion or uncertainty in their lights or shadows. One part of their picture took the highest light, and was thus separated from all the rest: and there was one lowest shade or shadow distinguishing itself from every other. These give the key-note to their picture, and all the rest is in beautiful harmony without repetition and without confusion. Another secret of their power is, that their pictures were generally painted in planes: usually three or four; rarely more than five or six. These always harmonised with each other; so much so that they are not seen unless looked for, although the æsthetic faculty does not fail to make use of the explicitness the picture gains thereby. A few examples of this mode of treatment may be given, which any one can test by a visit to our National Gallery.

This simplicity of construction is very apparent in the central portion of the altarpiece by Girolamo Romani. It may be said to consist of five planes or compositional parts, distinctly separable as follows: 1. the whole of the figures above and below; 2. wall behind the figures; 3 and 4. landscape (including two planes); 5, sky. It will be observed in this picture the half-tints in the drapery of the Madonna are made little of, every part of it being correspondingly toned down to its proper plane, undisturbed by any foreign high lights or shadows. Again, 'Titian's Venus and Adonis' is easily reducible to four elementary parts: the massing of the light figures; the dark trees; the dogs, forming the middle or connecting tone between them; and the sky. In the nameless picture of 'A Warrior adoring Christ' we have in the first plane, the whole group of figures and horse; 2. the middle distance, comprising trees and landscape; 3. blue distance; 4. sky. The 'Bacchus and Ariadne' of Titian does not offer quite so simple an exposition of the rule; yet it is, nevertheless, sufficiently discernible: 1. figures and tree; 2. warm landscape; 3. blue distance; 4. sky. In the fine 'Christ appearing to Mary' it is obvious enough: 1. figures; 2. landscape, with a dark tree rising into the sky; 3. blue sea; 4. warm, rich sky.

Many more examples might be given of these simple reductions, but the above are sufficient for the purpose of illustration. In all Venetian Art of the great period they are conspicuous or traceable, and generally more or less so according to the greater or less power of the work. The value of this mode of looking at picturesque facts or

material is a potency of appeal, a punctuation of purpose so to speak, a solidity and grasp of expression which crushes the centrality of the picture into the mind of the observer with irresistible force and weight without the disturbance of impertinent detail or anything to divide the attention and interfere with its proper mission. The lesson to be learned from this is, that if a single flower has to be painted, it must be painted thoroughly, as for itself alone; that if a field has to be represented for its own sake, it must shine in all its wealth of colour and bloom—though, even here, there is wide room for choice and selection*—but that these and all other objects serving as accessories to a large subject or idea must be used only as adjuncts in which all distinctive treatment for their own sakes or for any speciality of execution will be more than thrown away, for it will be positively injurious. True Art never deifies her material at the expense of its significance. She makes her symbols inconsiderable that their meaning may be the plainer and more immediately penetrative, just as the master rhetorician who has anything to say worth the telling abandons the flowers of oratory for a simple statement of his ideas, well assured that if they are of a sterling sort, they will reach their mark more certainly and effectually by that means than any other. Thus Art will frequently make more of a pebble than a ruby, and out of pure reticence set aside her glistening silks for unobtrusive folds of sober serge, content to be nothing so that her end be accomplished, her mission well and faithfully executed.

One reason for the present unimaginative want of largeness in English painting is undoubtedly the confusion of Art and Nature. The Art which influences men's minds the most permanently and in the largest degree is not even an attempted reproduction of nature as it really appears. The 'Transfiguration' of Raphael has no pretensions to literal truthfulness of treatment in any part of it. Form and figure and fold express all that he wanted them to express, and nothing would have been gained by a closer following of nature and the life. It is not possible that one of the celebrated cartoons or Vatican frescoes could enter into the registry of fact; some of the figures in these works are even conventional types adopted from previous painters. Many of the most renowned pictures represent several stages of the same dramatic action. So little was actual reproduction or even verisimilitude aimed at by

the greatest painters that those who stand highest in the best schools never scrupled to place names and descriptions with the utmost ingenuousness on their works: and in this they were quite right; for they knew and felt that their Art was altogether something else than a poor apology for nature, and thus they threw it wholly on its own basis and bearing by getting rid of the notion that it was ever their intention or desire to approach the actual in any degree whatsoever. A Hamlet, a Sylvia, or a Desdemona, never existed in real life as Shakespeare has portrayed them. We never see people act, or hear them speak, precisely as they act and speak. Their prototypes, it is true, are found among us, but, we repeat, in no one particular are the characters of Shakespeare, or those of any true artist, mere draughts of those they have seen around them. This holds good from Æschylus to Michel Angelo, and from Michel Angelo to Walter Scott. Titian's tree is a painter's, not a naturalist's tree. It is an organism, but an organism of his own mind, not of nature. Even on his faces he has bestowed as much as he found in them. Nature must be the artist's servant, not his master: his language and expressional medium, not the ruler and usurper of his ideas; and if she must be reproduced at all, she must be translated through Art, not mimicked by artifice.

To return to the subject immediately under consideration, there is another means of gaining impressiveness sometimes made use of by the Venetian painters which is worth noticing. It is that of removing their figures or groups wholly from the background: not bestowing the light or shadow partly on the background and partly on the figure, but making the one altogether lighter or darker than the other. This, of course, is by no means a rule: but where it is used, it constitutes a great element of force and power. It is perhaps, however, more generally the case in regard to the distinctive separation of colour than light.

* One of the most marvellous instances of power in order and mastery of breadth is the large picture of 'Paradise' by Tintoretto in the Ducal Palace at Venice. It is said to be the largest picture ever painted upon canvas, and contains an innumerable number of faces and figures. Under any other treatment than that of one of these giants in Art such a picture must have been more or less in confusion: but it is not so here. Each of these sweet and heavenly faces is an individual, and yet the picture is made up of masses—is, indeed, simply constructed, considering the nature of the representation. It is painted in planes. There is

* Turner's 'Crossing the Brook' and 'Frosty Morning' in the National Gallery will show how much art, and a broad interpretation of nature, go to form the epic in landscape painting.

a rich, dark, warm plane; there is a light and glowing one; there is a soft, tender, pearly-grey one: all separated from each other, all harmonized with each other, all contributing to make a picture as individual in its parts as it is grand in its entirety; a world brought by the painter's magic power into the compass of a canvas: one broad glance will see it as a picture; days of study will not exhaust its almost ungraspable wealth of material.

It has been said that the Venetian painters seldom disturbed their breadth of appeal by tints or tones other than local, or such as are produced by large conditions of circumstance: but this, it should be remarked, is not invariably the case. Sometimes in the draperies of Paul Veronese and Tintoretto we find varying elements introduced to a certain extent. This, however, does not invalidate the rule. They did it subject to the dominant idea of this law of breadth, and for that reason these variations did not disturb their pictures nearly so much as would be the case in a modern picture painted from no such centrality of principle. It ought to be observed that in their very finest works these freedoms are never introduced. If we compare the 'Adoration of the Magi' of Paul Veronese in our National Gallery with its (for him) unusual number of scattered lights, with the broader and grander 'Family of Darius before Alexander,' we see how much majesty and power is gained by their absence. The four masterpieces of Tintoretto in the Guard Room of the Ducal Palace at Venice, 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' the 'Three Graces,' and their companion pictures, are characterised by the most perfect repose in this respect as are also the fine 'Europa' of Paul Veronese, and almost all the works on the walls and ceiling of that wonderful art treasury. Whatever liberties they may have permitted themselves, they never for a moment forgot their keynote or outstepped the tonic limits of their picture.

It remains to say something of the third part of our subject: of the Venetian painters' means or manipulatory mode of expressing their ideas. A studious inspection of their works will render it apparent that many of their finest qualities, particularly as regards tone, were obtained by a skilful use of their ground. This ground appears to have been laid in with transparent colour without any admixture of white: not flat, but indicating with more or less precision the ultimate tones of the picture. Wherever it is visible, it is rich, warm, and low-toned: never blue, grey, or cold. The painting upon this has been very thin, except in the high lights: sometimes, from a clear

knowledge of the use of the ground, a mere whisk of the brush has been all that was necessary. Over this a final glaze has been sometimes given, generally rather sparing and tender than copious. In the 'Miracle of St. Mark,' by Tintoretto, and the 'Fisherman Presenting the Ring to the Doge,' by Paris Bordone, in the Accademia, it would seem as if the whole tone of the picture had been modified by a flat warm glaze: but we believe, in the one instance it is known to have been applied subsequently to the painter's lifetime; possibly this may also have been the case with the other. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that the real value of the pictures of this school lies in a great measure beneath, not on the surface. This may be proved, firstly from a very instructive picture by Titian in the Gallery of the Uffizi at Florence, of the 'Madonna and Child' (which appears to have been a study for his large 'Pesaro Family' in the church of the Frati at Venice. The work is little more than commenced, and it is seen that the ground is laid in with a somewhat broken, but very rich pinky grey. It has then received a first painting in parts, the half-tones being got from the ground which has been thinly painted or scumbled over; or, in some parts, scarcely touched at all. If he had finished the picture, judging from precedent, he never would have lost these. In the 'Three Ages,' in the Doria Palace in Rome, he has made large uses of his ground. The piece of blue drapery which covers the loins of the youth seated is only a little bluish semi-transparent grey passed lightly over the ground of his canvas.*

Many examples of this mode of treatment might be adduced from Tintoretto, who frequently owes the principal power of his picture to it, as far as manipulatory treatment goes. Two may be given. One, the Angel's head in his 'Paradise' in the Ducal Palace, at the bottom in the centre of the picture. If examined carefully and closely it will be seen to consist of a few light sweeps of pearly pink or grey over the deep, rich, warm ground of the canvas. It leaves nothing to be desired in colour, sentiment, and tenderness. The other example is in those

* We do not remember if the same thing is observable in the replica of this picture in the Bridgewater Collection.

It may be remarked that the mode of painting described above was not limited to the Venetian school, but was used by others scarcely less celebrated. There was a picture by Velasquez in the last Winter Exhibition of the Works of Old Masters at Burlington House, begun in the same way. There are also a head by Van Dyck in Rome, and a picture by Leonardo da Vinci at Florence, laid-in in a similar manner.

marvels of manipulation in the foreground of the 'Miracle of St. Mark,' a broken axe, a hammer, a splinter of wood, and a piece of rope. Within the proper limit of observation, they scarcely seem to be painted at all; there is a dab of the brush for a shadow, a touch for the high light, and that is all except the final glaze before alluded to, which appears to go over the whole picture. At the right distance, however, all of them come into perfect roundness and solidity, as if they might be picked up. Yet there is nothing vulgar in the imitation of these objects, owing to the large manner in which they are done. In the painting of them, it should be noted, Tintoretto has not used the first ground, but the already painted foreground of the picture. By this means, on the same system as if the former had been the basis, he has got the form of the object, its shadow, reflected light: everything, in fact, but the high light, which is just touched on with a bit of opaque colour. There is a remarkable instance of the painter's power over the faculty of vision in one of the splinters of the handle of the axe (not the one with the high light), which he has only indicated, commenced as it were, relying on the eye of the spectator to point it, which it actually does; for what the eye seems to perceive at the proper distance vanishes altogether on a nearer approach. Another proof of what is stated above may be found in the 'Widow of Nain' by Palma Vecchio in the Accademia at Venice. In this picture, which is painted on panel, there is a head in the background which consists entirely of the ground colour, just touched here and there as thinly as possible for the lighter parts. It is evident also that the later pictures of John Bellini were painted in the same manner. This is apparent in the three pictures collocated in the Sacristy of the Redentore at Venice, one in his earliest, another in his transitional, and the third in his perfected manner. The first has been painted without any preparation; the second appears to have received it; in the third a rich, low-toned ground has been used; with what advantage—aided, it is true, by a more finely developed sentiment—he who has seen those sweet eyes which look into the soul of the observer will clearly be able to judge. The same thing is also illustrated in the noble 'Madonna and six Saints' by this painter, in the Accademia.

Although these latter observations are derived from notes made in Venice, a reference to such of the works of the painters mentioned above as are to be found in our National Gallery will illustrate more or less clearly the views here laid down.

It must, however, be distinctly understood that there is no method of painting that should exclude all others; also that the painters whose works are here quoted as illustrating principles might not always and invariably have followed the same system. It is enough if it be proved that therein lay their greatest force and highest speciality, and that they were educationally influenced by such a mode of painting where they did not absolutely or exclusively follow it.

We have thus examined some of the external elements of the power which characterises the painting of these great men: but, of course, their real vital force lay within. This is not a thing of sense and mechanism at all, and any portion of it is only to be attained by profound æsthetic and spiritual training. Weighed in respect of this quality of force, our own Art shows itself lamentably insufficient. The study of the artistic mission—of what should properly constitute its expressional aim—seems to be almost utterly disregarded. Not even is the picture always, perhaps hardly generally, thought out substantially and clearly before its commencement. With all great schools the reverse is always the case, whatever alterations may be subsequently made. The Venetians always began with an exact knowledge of what had to be done, alterations on their canvases being rare, and commonly limited to the direction of a line; seldom or never to a whole figure or group. The simplicity of the means used and the thinness of the painting generally render these alterations perceptible where they have been made. With many of our modern painters it is vastly different: a want of certainty of plan, both in regard to manipulation and conception, involving so many changes as to destroy almost all delicacy and tenderness of workmanship. Indeed it is pretty evident that many must depend entirely on their pencil (as a spurious composer of music on his instrument) and the adventitious aid of externals, even for the sentiment and motive of their pictures, as far as they can be said to have sentiment and motive at all. There is clearly no distinct mental image formed to begin with, which makes every step towards its realisation an ordered progress undisturbed by any uncertainty of plan. All genuinely great Art, however imperfect in its means or deficient in technical skill, must be definite and firm in intention. The thoughtful and laborious workmen who have covered the walls of St. Mark's at Venice with their quaint and fanciful designs have been perfectly regardless of their own shortcomings in the plastic language; but their

ideas are not the less clearly set before us on that account—indeed they are perhaps sometimes more impressive from the simplicity and inadequacy of their expressional faculty: they are certainly more touching. Should any one come before us as a spokesman or in a literary capacity we expect he has something to tell us, and accordingly look for something more than a skilful use and arrangement of words and phrases; but the artist of to-day has no misgivings in coming forward with no other object than to display a clever use of his material and to exercise his power of picturesque management: that is to say, these are the primary object of his effort, and not secondary, as they ought to be. His work is not an attempt to dress up a noble or worthy idea in the best form, but a struggle to obtain some resemblance to a central motive from the mere shifting of lines and varying shades of colour; so that often enough, when he has completed his picture, he is so vague as to his own meaning or intention in producing it that he does not even know what to call it or what special significance to impute to it. The most trivial and worthless subjects are made the medium of all the art-dexterity he possesses, and the lay public must be content with his jejune trifles as the best that the noble vehicle of painting has it in its power to convey and express. In place of the coolness and tranquillity of a dignified ease, the true and artistic interpretation of nature, a refined grace of treatment, a sentiment of colour which never forgets either tone or harmony—all softened and soothed by the artistic eye, we have scoriated portraits, mechanically disposed folds of drapery, photographic transcripts of nature, coarse masses of pigment, frequently not only struggling to outdo every other extravagance, but actually so reckless in the utter abandonment of consistency as to make one part of the picture play against the other; introducing all possible keys within the limits of the same canvas; thus crowning disorder with confusion.

Doubtless one reason why form and external phenomena are now so exclusively dwelt upon is, that painters having so little of their own to say, are fain to take refuge among the verities they see around them, and allow themselves to be made the mirror of the mere appearances of things. It is an abuse very difficult to rectify, seeing that the appearances of objects must inevitably form the substantial basis of everything done in plastic Art. It is impossible, therefore, to define exactly from the outside how much of the literality of nature must enter into any given form of Art. The true workman, however, will

have no difficulty in practically solving the question: for he will use precisely so much of nature as may be required for his own expression. He will be just so literal as to obtain a clear and precise language for his utterance, and so ideal as to keep himself free from anything approaching to an enslaving materialism. He will avoid scholasticism and pedantry in externals in order to gain force for his central meaning. Towards this end the art-workman will acquire more from his observation than from his pencil, with whatever persistency this may be used. Form and pictorial circumstance will have for him the importance of scientific study. With a mind well stored with observation and reflection, he will be enabled to produce the forms of nature with a wider meaning, en-souling them with so much of his own spirit as will impress them with a new force and aspect on the minds of others. This will not be found an easy mode of study: in fact it will prove far more difficult than that of the pencil; but it will have upon the workman all the power of a moral training, and will develop and bestow the better and the nobler elements and gifts of Art; it will need an unting devotion, calling forth the most refined and subtle perception, together with a constant exercise of the reflective powers to ennoble and glorify the drudgery of imitation by the vivifying light of Law. The artist of this elevate type will not look at Nature with the eye of a casual observer, but he will commune with her in all her aspects as an intimate and inseparable friend, admitted, as it were, into her arcana and secret workshop. She will teach him her principles, she will show him her resources, informing him of her width and vastness; so that he will become a sort of ambassador or delegate of her powers, an interpreter of her laws and her expressions, not merely an imitator of her appearances and accidents. In his early training he may give himself frankly to a thoughtful reproduction of her forms and conditions with this higher sentiment behind his labour; just as the literary man or the orator practises himself upon various models in the use of his language; but he will never mistake the repetition of the symbol for the ultimate object of his art, nor loose the essence in the substance, the spirit in the letter.

It does not lie within the compass of these observations to enter into any wide consideration of what ought to constitute the proper mission of Art, beyond what has been embodied in the course of our enquiry. It is enough here to say that it is but the function of something infinitely more noble than all Art: that however much it says, it must always leave immeasurably more unspoken: that the right

artist must be greater than anything he does or can do, having that within him to which the outward can only offer a more or less inadequate means of expression; feeling that something better still lies behind his best, and being able to say with all true and worthy ministers of the ideal,

'Howsoe'er the figures do excel,
The gods themselves with us do dwell.'*

ART. II.—*Middlemarch, a Study of Provincial Life.* By George Eliot. 4 vols. Edinburgh and London. 1872.

WHEN the history of literature during the times in which we live comes to be written, it will perhaps contain a chapter on the English Positivists. It is not necessary to suppose that such a chapter will be a very long one or have more to do than to describe the passing attitude of a small number of persons of talent. But it is sufficiently probable that English Positivism will require literary notice; and, in our opinion, it will even be found to have possessed a rhetorical grace and a brilliant air, which are lacking in French Positivism, from which it is, after all, an offshoot. The figures in this movement are a little academic band of men. The leader, in youth a master at Rugby in the best days of the famous school, then, as a college tutor, collected about him a few disciples to a new creed from the very centres of Oxford Evangelicalism; finally he turned to London and its suburbs, on week-days labouring as a physician among the poor, on the seventh day addressing a tiny congregation, at which it was noticed by a chance visitor that (sad augury for the permanence of the work) among the audience but one child was to be seen. Round this leader have to be grouped some fifteen or twenty personal friends, chiefly University men, many of them of the same University generation, London barristers, London professors, London doctors, sharply and fiercely criticizing English political and religious life from the point of view of a narrow Continental philosophical sect, founded by Auguste Comte, a strangely isolated Parisian student, who, after the collapse of the French Revolution and the first Empire, strove once again to contrive a complete system of human faith, morals, government, and discipline. The most remarkable characteristics of these writers—so free from prejudice, from scruple, from embarrassment, as,

at first glance, they appear to think and write—are, on closer examination, seen to be their intensely and exclusively French sentiment, the thoroughness with which they have acclimatised and assimilated a French doctrine and a French style, their corresponding ignorance of and contempt for Teutonic literature and German ideas, and their desire to discard the historical traditions and to overthrow the existing framework of English society.

But the writer, for whose sake the little circle will hereafter arrest attention, will, it may without hazard be predicted, be the novelist and poetess known under the name of George Eliot. It might, we hold, be questioned, whether with any sweeping meaning, and especially in regard to final social and religious maxims, George Eliot should be numbered with the followers of Comte in this country, and yet the signs are everywhere and unmistakable in her method and tone of a very close intellectual relationship to them. There are, however, two particulars, in which certainly she stands in strong contrast to their school. So far as width of training, of sympathy, of insight is concerned, George Eliot, has none of its faults; she has a full and broad knowledge, not merely of modern French, but of general European culture, and she is entirely English in spirit and speech. One has, indeed, only to consider her in relation to the great contemporary French novelist, whose example may have suggested to her the adoption in literature of a masculine title, one has only to compare George Eliot with Georges Sand, in order to appreciate the distance which still extends between French and English rules and results in thought and composition.

The continued theoretical revolt, the profound political despair of French society, tinges, through and through, the language and the scenery of French imaginative literature. And these features of the national literature belong, in eminent distinction, to the writings (we are thinking mainly of her earlier and more permanently important works) of Georges Sand. Her heroes and heroines are rebels; they combat with or detach themselves violently from the regulated life around them; they break down the various barriers which may interpose between themselves and the objects of their desires and ambitions; they feel themselves (and their creator means them to be felt) to be embodiments of central ideas and omnipotent passions, which must and shall prevail; the rocks and walls against which they shatter themselves, cannot stand for long, but are the last grotesque relics of a departed age.

It was only for a short time that this in-

* Andrew Marvell.

spiration, born of the French Revolution, seemed to become that of English literature. Byron and Shelley are its representatives among us—Byron so thoroughly, that, not only in English but in European literature, he stands acknowledged its chief and most eloquent mouthpiece. And if, in our own times, the sentiment of Continental revolutions has shown itself again in the verses of a few of our younger writers, this sentiment has hitherto not been able at their hands to take an English dress, and the poems, in which it wraps itself, challenge inquiry and discussion rather as exotic curiosities than as native products of the English mind. For even in Byron's day the measured and placid stateliness of English poetic genius soon reasserted itself. Wordsworth, in his love of Nature and her simplicity, and his belief in the simplicity of Art, owed much, as we know from the story of his life, to the French Revolution; but he owed more to the English skies and the English lakes—to the contented solitude and steady survey of a quiet rural life, in which, like so many of our great poets, he found the retreat most congenial to his Muse.

What a close connection there is between history and literature! How often has our literature returned upon our history, gathered from the traditions of the past new strength and hope! At a time when the world rings with the strife and sorrows of overgrown and distracted cities; when the most insoluble political problems perplex civilisation; when the Latin and Teutonic races stand, almost as one man, under arms; when at Rome Pope and King are face to face in implacable antagonism, at Paris the palaces and the names of royalty and imperialism are defaced and dishonoured, at Cologne there is a new Catholic Church, at Berlin a new German empire; and while England, too, tingles and quivers, in her degree, under the shocks which convulse the Continent—it is not a little noteworthy how a writer like George Eliot, with all her refinement and enlightenment and large range of outlook, true to the genius of our history, seeks employment and instruction in minute and tranquil studies of a past stage of English life, marks once more for us islanders the continuity and gradual evolution of our national spiritual and social character. She stands thus, with regard to the second half of the nineteenth century, in the position which Walter Scott occupies in relation to the first half. 'The age of Chivalry,' Burke had cried, 'is gone.' In the neighbouring kingdom, at that moment the stage of Europe, the Middle Ages, so people at least deemed, were past; life and letters

yearned towards the future; Church and monarchy, the old institutions and the old enthusiasms, all the tokens and insignia of rank and office, had vanished; a new era of universal happiness was to break, and former days were to be no more remembered. Voltaire and Rousseau had done their work, and French novels, from the date of Voltaire and Rousseau to the present in their inevitable investigations into education and morals, still keep in the old groove.

In England the charm and glamour of the age of chivalry remained; the old glories of English history were renewed. Under the directing sway of the mighty master of romantic narrative, his delighted readers watched once more the conflict of Christian and Muhammedan, of Norman and Englishman; royal Tudor and royal Stuart had their own again, ruined monastery and battered castle stood restored by the magician's wand, and a great flush of national pride and poetry was thrown over the whole English-speaking race from the distant border and dim Highland hills, where Saxon speech and blood were yet arrayed in conflict, but in a conflict in which they could afford to be generous, with the old Keltic enemy.

After Chaucer and Shakespeare, no writer can be named who has done so much to nourish British patriotism and that sense of inheritance, which their literature in view of their historic name gives to Englishmen, as Walter Scott.

And George Eliot follows, though dwarfed and darkened by the long shadow of her predecessor, in the wake of Walter Scott, and has the same happy fortune with him to be able readily to link the present to the past. Possibly the life of England is changing, perhaps has already changed, far more than we realise. The growth of enormous cities, the ease of travelling and the taste for travelling, the largeness and organisation of commercial and industrial energy, the disappearance of those local attachments and local peculiarities, which used to hold us so strongly because they had bound our fathers and grandfathers before us—these imply, it may be, a more rapid transition from one state of national development to another than can be made clear to those in whose unconscious presence the process has accomplished itself. But somewhere, half in memory and half in fact, there lies for each of us the little country town, a Milby, a St. Ogg's, a Middlemarch: such spots surely, though no longer the representative and typical seats of English life, retain still immense general influence and importance; they are the haunts of our earliest and dearest reminiscences, and even now, for a

month or two, they sometimes beguile us away into their restorative retirement. And the foreign traveller, who visits our country, finds nothing to explain so well our national position and our special qualities as our provincial manners: old sites, like those of Abingdon, or Salisbury, or Truro, or Stratford, are those at which he can best carry on his researches; to these his thoughts will frequently recur; there he discloses and disentangles the roots of our character.

But, on the other hand, what a mental interval there is between two such authors as Walter Scott and George Eliot! From how many points of view are they entirely dissimilar in the intention and effect, with which they write! In particular, what complexity of design appears in the more recent writer! Much more has to be taken into account, beside her love for what is at once homely and picturesque, in the endeavour to explain her passage into the regions which her gifts of fancy and description have painted for us so faithfully. It is to be remembered that she does not strictly confine herself (no more, by the way, does Scott) to English soil, though, of her prose works, one alone has its scenery laid entirely away from England.

Her three published poems* have, all of them, foreign surroundings. Two of these deal very subtly and gracefully with the meaning and value of Art to its votaries, exemplified in connexion with that art which is best understood and most needed in modern times, Music; in one she relates the legend of 'Jubal,' in the other, in 'Armgart,' she sketches a situation or two from the professional experience of the prima donna of some little German 'Residenz.' In the third and most elaborate of her poetical works, she sets herself to depict the struggle between two pure races, two absolutely opposing faiths, two types, sundered for ever, of art and life and customs: the 'Spanish Gipsy.'

Her poems are her least successful productions, though in these the peculiar religious and philosophical ideas of the school of thinkers, with which she is associated, are most easily traced.

Of the novels, the most didactic and philosophical—until the appearance of 'Middlemarch,' in which last work a further advance in definiteness of view and determination of purpose may be marked—was 'Romola.'

'Romola' is a marvellously able story of the revival of Hellenic and Latin thought and

spirit in Florence, at the end of the fifteenth century, the revival of the taste and beauty and freedom of Hellenic manners and letters, under Lorenzo de' Medici and the scholars of his court, side by side with the revival of Roman virtue, and more than the ancient Roman austerity and piety, under the great Dominican, Savonarola. The contacts of Heathenism with Christianity, of Greece and France with Italy, of scepticism with credulity, of knowledge with despair,—contacts now of man with man, now of cravings and doubts within an individual soul,—present an opportunity for representing on a large canvas a noble picture of humanity in trial and in triumph. The period of history is one which, of all others, may well have engrossing interest for George Eliot. Treasures of learning and discipline, amassed for mankind ages before, for ages stored and hidden away, see again the sun, are recognised and put to use. What use will they be put to, with what new and fruitful effects on the State and the citizen, with what momentary and with what lasting consequences, this she strives to discover; this she follows through the public history of Italy, during the invasion of Charles VIII. and the events which succeeded his invasion, and through the private fortunes of her admirably chosen group of characters, some of them drawn from life, all of them true to nature.

The motive and plot of 'Romola,' it may be worth while to observe, had been previously handled by George Eliot, on a much smaller scale and with very different background and setting, in one of her very striking shorter tales of English middle-class society named 'Janet's Repentance.'

George Eliot's first more ambitious work (the 'Scenes of Clerical Life' had already been published in a periodical) was 'Adam Bede.' This novel, 'The Mill on the Floss,' and 'Silas Marner' appeared before 'Romola'; since 'Romola,' have come the poems already referred to and two more novels of English manners, 'Felix Holt' and the recently concluded 'Middlemarch.'

In 'Adam Bede,' all the peculiar strength and delicacy of George Eliot were shown, and her reputation instantly made. Is it not because of the recollection in the minds of her admirers of their original impression, derived from this book, of the ability of the new author, that 'Adam Bede' is still by so many persons reckoned her masterpiece! Otherwise it might be difficult to account for the preference accorded to this rather than to any other of her more elaborate novels, with the exception, it may be, of 'Felix Holt.' For, on re-reading 'Adam Bede,' now that the mystery which at first so much perplexed

* We might have said four instead of three, but the little poem of German village life, called 'Agatha,' is scarcely known to the public, and it is much slighter in plan and construction than the others.

people, as to whether it was the product of a man's or of a woman's pen, has been cleared away, there may be detected a slight flaw, which, it is possible, should be attributed to the desire on the part of the writer to maintain her *incognito*. 'George Eliot,' wonderful as her skill in delineating character is, has never quite so sure and perfect a command of male as of feminine character. In her minor personages, this inequality of power makes exposure; she indicates character always with an exquisite facility; she suggests, as nearly to finish; but in painting her heroes at length and in detail, she is sometimes not quite so felicitous. In her later books she seems to have been conscious of this failing, and she has accordingly put her heroines into the foreground. And if she had given the book under discussion another title—had she, for instance, called it 'The Mill Farm'—the defect noticed would be less perceptible. As it is, Adam Bede himself is felt to be far less exhaustively and completely portrayed, though far more pains and space have been allotted to him, than Dinah or Hetty, and both Arthur Donnithorne and Adam's brother, Seth, are somewhat too indistinct and insufficient. It was the love of this stamp of man which misled George Eliot: the character of Adam Bede is very dear to her; it re-appears often, last of all in the fine and tender features of Caleb Garth.

The novel which followed on 'Adam Bede' in its way, not likely to be excelled. The rough substance may be more malleable, and the workmanship less intricate, but there is not less vigour and truthfulness in 'The Mill on the Floss' than in 'Middlemarch' itself.

There is a simplicity about 'The Mill on the Floss,' which reminds one of the classic tragedy. The vast power of Nature over the career and fate of a family, figured forth on the river, beside which the child Maggie played, filling her mother's heart with gloomy and not unverified presentiments, down which she passed with Stephen in her hour of temptation, with Tom in her last moments; the whole strength of association and of the ties and instincts of blood breaking at every critical point in the story, like the voice of a Greek chorus, full of traditional warning and stern common sense, but speaking in the dialect of English rusticity, and by the mouths of Mr. Tulliver and his wife's relations.

And amongst all George Eliot's English landscapes, most distinct and most memorable, lie the town of St. Ogg's, Dorlcote, the Red Deeps.

The 'old, old town of St. Ogg's,' with its legends of 'the long-haired sea-kings, who

came up the river and looked with fierce eagerness at the fatness of the land,' its patron saint, a localised St. Christopher, Ogg, the son of Beorl, St. Ogg's, with the deceitful ocean in the distance, to which hastens the smooth, but untameable, river. And the people of St. Ogg's, coarse, money-getting, prosaic, yet with strange currents in their veins, due to the influence of ancestors, who had been governed through long bygone ages by the unwritten law of the family and the tribe, and whose household chronicles had been full of recitals concerning the avenger of blood. Many of these inhabitants, as contemporaries with the story, introduce themselves in its course, none of them to be forgotten, chief among them that—Baxter's 'Saint's Rest' notwithstanding—strictly heathen Englishwoman, Mrs. Glegg.

Dorlcote Mill, with its more recent and fatal visions of the river and the flood, and with, hard by, Dorlcote churchyard, 'where the brick grave that held a father, whom we know, was found with the stone laid prostrate upon it after the flood,' and where 'near that brick grave there was a tomb erected, very soon after the flood, for two bodies that were found in close embrace.' Father and son and daughter, with all the freight of their lives and deaths carried on 'the dark changing wavelets of the little river.' Had they lived centuries before, doubtless the father and Tom would have pushed out into the open sea and sailed, courageous and wrathful, with the Vikings, and Maggie would have wept by the shore, like Gudrum.

All the fire of the pure Danish * breed glimmers in Mr. Tulliver. He has the old sense of a warfare, single-handed, against the world, and he has the old nature-worship of his forefathers:—

'There's a story as when the mill changes hands, the river's angry—I've heard my father say it many a time. There's no telling whether there mayn't be summat in the story, for this is a puzzling world, and Old Harry's got a finger in it—it's been too many for me, I know.'

He is far more certain of the activity of the Powers of Evil than of those of Good:—

'The morning light was growing clearer for them, and they could see the heaviness gathering in his face, and the dulness in his eyes. But at last he looked towards Tom and said—

"I had my turn—I beat him. That was nothing but fair. I never wanted anything but what was fair."

"But, father, dear father," said Maggie, an unspeakable anxiety predominating over her grief, "you forgive him—you forgive every one now?"

* Norman or Danish. The name seems playfully derived from the great Taillefer himself.

"He did not move his eyes to look at her, but he said—

"No, my wench, I don't forgive him . . . What's forgiving to do? I can't love a raskill"

"His voice had become thicker; but he wanted to say more, and moved his lips again and again, struggling in vain to speak. At length the words forced their way.

"Does God forgive raskills? . . . but if He does, He won't be hard wi' me."

"His hands moved uneasily, as if he wanted them to remove some obstruction that weighed upon him. Two or three times there fell from him some broken words—

"This world's . . . too many . . . honest man . . . puzzling."

He and his should have lived at another epoch, when rough and ready measures were allowable with regard to the creations of Old Harry: 'rats, weevils, and lawyers,' and when language was in an unfallen state:—

"Not but what, if the world had been left as God made it, I could ha' seen my way, and held my own wi' the best of 'em; but things have got so twisted round and wrapped up i' unreasonable words, as aren't a bit like 'em."

He has all the love for his children of the old Norse stock:—

"Shake hands wi' me, my lad. It's a great thing, when a man can be proud as he's got a good son. I've had that luck."

"You must be good to her, my lad. I was good to my sister. Kiss me, Maggie."

How strong in him and in his son is the primitive love of revenge!—

"Write—write it i' the Bible."

"O father, what?" said Maggie, sinking down by his knees, pale and trembling; "it's wicked to curse and bear malice."

"It isn't wicked, I tell you," said her father fiercely. "It's wicked as the raskills should prosper—it's the devil's doing. Do as I tell you, Tom. Write."

"What am I to write, father?" said Tom, with gloomy submission.

"Write as your father, Edward Tulliver, took service under John Wakem, the man as had helped to ruin him, because I'd promised my wife to make her what amends I could for her trouble, and because I wanted to die in th' old place where I was born and my father was born. Put that i' the right words—you know how—and then write, as I don't forgive Wakem, for all that; and for all I'll serve him honest, I wish evil may befall him. Write that."

There was a dead silence as Tom's pen moved along the paper. Mrs. Tulliver looked scared, and Maggie trembled like a leaf.

"Now let me hear what you've wrote," said Mr Tulliver. Tom read aloud, slowly.

"Now write—write as you'll remember what Wakem's done to your father, and you'll make him and his feel it, if ever the day comes. And sign your name Thomas Tulliver."

"O no, father, dear father!" said Maggie,

almost choked with fear. "

Tom write that."

"Be quiet, Maggie!" said Tom. "I write it."

The Red Deeps, steeped in the glow of June sunsets, and blushing with the bloom of June roses, or trembling in the change of April lights and April meetings, vocal with 'the hum of insects like tiniest bells on the garment of Silence,' here the great leaning ash, there the russet bark of the Scotch fir, the enchanted ground of Maggie's babyhood and of her maidenhood, where, in the final sentences of the book, we leave Philip, —always solitary, except for hovering spiritual companionships, words from 'The Pirate' and 'Corinne,' songs of the King's Lorton drawing-room, hither he had brought one evening the miniature of a little girl in a pink frock, hence he had taken away another inspiration: 'You will look like a tall Hamadryad, dark and strong and noble, just issued from one of the fir-trees, when the stems are casting their afternoon shadows on the grass,'—Philip, on whose weak and crippled shoulders the sins of the Wakems and the superstitions of the Tullivers weighed so cruelly, and who was, nevertheless, in the end so fain to bear the weight.

And this soil, this air, and the echoes within her of the soul of her race are too strong for passionate and wistful Maggie. All her life long tempted to break through the chain, to flee from the restraints of her narrow environment and to escape the repulses of her masterful affections, as a girl of nine rushing away to the attic and the Fetish, then to the gipsies, and then in her later years alienated altogether in feeling and principle from her household, she nevertheless cannot tear herself away. At their meeting in the Red Deeps she said to Philip, 'The first thing I ever remember in my life is standing with Tom by the side of the Floss, while he held my hand: everything before that is dark to me.' She had seen unconsciously her own doom in the beloved allegory of her infancy. 'Maggie, when she read about Christiansa passing "the river over which there is no bridge," always saw the Floss between the green pastures by the Great Ash.'

How many actual scenes does a man take note of himself with his open eyes, which leave on him such a spell, as these, with which the novelist enchants his inner vision!

With more stringency of analysis, and with more moral firmness than before, and with final and fully-matured convictions, George Eliot returns in 'Middlemarch' to the same problems as were discussed in 'The Mill on the Floss.' It was impossible to take up the first volume and read the opening pages

not being made aware of the renewed strength and determination with which the work had been undertaken. This book must have been a sore plague to the rapid eyes of the ordinary novel-reading world. A reader must often pause and think, and fill in for himself, where the writer has condensed a long meditation into a sentence, and pages of preparatory writing into a few lines of print. Her style was never so careful as here; it has received its last delicate elaboration. Let us take the first chapters. How boldly and clearly are the features of the chief personages drawn! The whole material, which coming events are to test and shape, is brought into the light, the play of inbred propensities, the leadings of education, the bent of personal longing and hope; it is as if the authoress had felt impelled, at the commencement, to fix forcibly upon herself the laws of her work as much as, and more than, to enlist the interest of her public in her creations.

In all her novels the women without distinct family history, without pre-occupying and enthralling home instincts and attachments, are short-lived and broken-spirited. They contribute to the startling accidents, but not to the sustained action, of life, leave behind them no permanent and substantial traces, 'are as if they had never been born, and their children after them,' though, like Hetty or Caterina, they may impress a mark or colour, out of general sight, on the memory and mind of, here and there, a survivor whose more significant course of existence their fleeting shadow crossed and touched. The vital stream informs generation after generation, it has no promise of the future, if it have not treasures of the past, it is strongest in the most conspicuous individual of a race or family; but the pleasures and glories it bears on its flood are not for that individual to exhaust, though it makes the charm and trouble of his life to try and catch for himself what is meant to be distributed over a long line of descendants. The stream flows on with its wealth to distant posterities. On the other hand, a creature like Hetty has no early history; her parents have to her as blank a life as her child, which was never more to her than an accusing voice; there were for her no familiar and cherished recollections to dull and eclipse the splendours of those dangerous and hazy delights, lying out of her proper world, by which she was ensnared and destroyed.

Dorothea Brooke has inherited a strong family character. She belongs to a more modern, more enlivened, more inquisitive, time than Maggie Tulliver. Her life has not

so far-reaching a background. Maggie came of centuries of quiet agricultural ancestors; she became, on a sudden, conscious in the conflict of modern opinion and social order of the old stubborn spirit and wild fire of forefathers forgotten and overlaid in the interval of commonplace existence in farm and mill. Dorothea comes of the country gentry. 'There was an ancestor discernible as a Puritan gentleman, who served under Cromwell, but afterwards conformed, and managed to come out of all political troubles as the proprietor of a respectable family estate,' and in Dorothea 'the hereditary strain glowed alike through faults and virtues.' We recognize at once in her the lineaments of some white-kerchiefed Dorothy Brooke of the days of the Great Rebellion. Even in her bachelor uncle, though he has not much of the energy of his house, in his crotchets, unconventionalities, political queerness, ramblings in talk and thought, the stamp of former revolutionary times is not effaced. 'There's such an odd mixture of obstinacy and changeableness in Brooke,' says Mr. Cadwallader once of him.

The history of Dorothea is like the most accurate of biographies, and it will, for example, not do to forget that her taste and piety, naturally unaffected and pure, have already, when we make her acquaintance, been brought into communion with some contrasts and divergencies of social and religious opinion, and that she had been partly educated in a Swiss family at Lausanne.

Her spiritual and physical being are in complete unison. She is described as a short-sighted girl, disliking lapdogs, but fond of a horse, with beautiful profile, beautiful bearing, and particularly beautiful and frequently ungloved hands—'they were not thin hands, or small hands; but powerful, feminine, maternal hands'—with perfect sincerity of thought, and as perfect straightforwardness and transparency of expression, though she yet cannot always make others understand her.

She dislikes 'to have any small fears or contrivances about her actions.' 'To ask her to be less simple and direct, would be like breathing on the crystal that you want to see the light through.' 'Nothing could have seemed more irrelevant to Dorothea than insistence on her youth and sex, when she was moved to show her human fellowship.' She is without suspicion, but, when she is in a false position by the fault of others, feels it soon. 'You speak to me as if I were something you had to contend against,' are the words which rise to her lips, when her husband is becoming utterly unworthy of her, and they

exactly describe the state of the facts. And, when her fears are kindled, insight and promptitude do not fail her.

The reader soon has for himself, thanks to George Eliot's care and tact, no doubts about Dorothea. The easy but consummate skill, with which the heroine is put in the right light, can hardly be over-praised. Two scenes are foremost in our mind: that in which the sisters divide their mother's jewels, and that in which the newly-married wife consults the doctor, Lydgate, about Mr. Casaubon's health. We may besides refer to the passages describing Dorothea's behaviour and sentiments on the day of old Featherstone's funeral, and the whole thirty-seventh chapter, quite true throughout to its motto from Spenser, as further instances of that skill. Indeed that division of the work, to which these last two references are made, the fourth book, is throughout written at George Eliot's best. In addition to the chapter already mentioned, the fortieth and forty-second chapters are exemplary exhibitions of the disciplined power of her genius.

The fortieth chapter describes domestic relations at Caleb Garth's house, when the owner unexpectedly has his engagement renewed as estate-agent of the Tipton and Freshitt property. 'It's a fine bit of work, Susan!' he says; 'a man without a family would be glad to do it for nothing.' Everything here—morning at the breakfast-table, and, afterwards, evening with Mary Garth and Mr. Farebrother in the apple-garden—brims with health, sense, agility, intelligence; the chapter ends with an unusual piece of sententiousness from the father of the house:—

"What reason could the miserable creature have for hating a man whom he had nothing to do with?" said Mrs. Garth.

"Pooh! where's the use of asking for such fellows' reasons? The soul of man," said Caleb, with the deep tone and grave shake of the head which always came when he used this phrase, "the soul of man when it gets fairly rotten, will bear you all sorts of poisonous toad-stools, and no eye can see whence came the seed thereof."

'It was one of Caleb's quaintnesses, that in his difficulty of finding speech for his thought, he caught, as it were, snatches of diction which he associated with various points of view or states of mind; and whenever he had a feeling of awe, he was haunted by a sense of Biblical phraseology though he could hardly have given a strict quotation.'

The forty-second chapter carries us into the secrets of another home. Mr. Casaubon's disease, mental and corporal, is wearing him out. All the enviousness and bitterness of his morbid and solitary nature is

stirred, he broods over the fatigues of his studies, the tedium of his marriage; he cannot hide away in silence his suspicions and his fears; it is with him as with us, 'when we hear with the more keenness what we wish others not to hear.' The doctor meets him, by appointment, in the Yew Tree Walk at Lowick. Lydgate, as he approaches, notices the lovely afternoon, the dropping of the lime-leaves past the sombre, firmset evergreens, the dirge-like cawing of the rooks, and pities the victim whom he sees pacing the desolate avenue, and to whom he can give but little hope of comfort. Casaubon, after hearing the doctor's warning, hurriedly dismisses him. In his anguish he shrinks from sympathy, from company, even from Dorothea, who, knowing the medical interview to be over, has stepped into the garden, at the moment willing and ready, with a resolution which would have overturned every physical and moral obstacle, to offer herself a modern Alcestis, and to sacrifice her life to her husband's plans. But his glance is chill, and he will not let her put her arm in his. They turn to the house, to turn on its threshold from each other in a severance beyond disguise and irremediable. It is a terrible picture: the gaunt old manor-house—death menacing the wretched invalid, who sits in selfish hopelessness amid the worthless lumber of his wasted life, among 'the dark bookshelves in the long library'—while up-stairs in the ancient boudoir, the afternoon sun falls on the faded, slender furniture, the delicate miniatures, the prim volumes of polite literature, the blue-green tapestry with the pale stag in it; and on the strong, hot, wild grief of a young, noble-hearted woman, who, for all her dreams of hero-worship and high communings with a grand ambition, has nothing but the murky presence of a shadow of unfructifying erudition, ghostly and bloodless, without spark of natural fire or public benevolence, with one threadbare passion—jealousy—and that 'hardly a passion, but a blight bred in the cloudy, damp dependency of uneasy egoism.'

We have so far in our treatment of 'Middlemarch' been trying to indicate the power manifested by its author in imagining and describing men and women to the life, and in gathering individuals, families, and wider societies into suggestive grouping. To go much further, to trace out at length the incidents of the plot or even the growth of character in any of the leading personages in the novel, would be inconsistent with our limits, and, indeed, beside our purpose.

But let such of our readers, as desire to realise the consistent patience and infinite

pains with which our authoress works, follow carefully through the various volumes, noting the trueness of the first draft of character and the harmoniousness and distinctness of each subsequent word and deed, and even of quite the minor actors in the tale—Sir James Chettam, or Mr. Cadwallader, or Celia, or Mr. Farebrother, or Mrs. Garth, or Mrs. Vincy. To rest for a moment the eye on one of the first three mentioned—who might be classed together as much alike in position and aim, all three good specimens of the pure-blooded, well-bred, fastidious human animal; acting almost always on a true instinct, though almost always on unjustifiable principles; the senses, like those of a racehorse or greyhound of the best strain, sharpened and pointed so as to take the place of any conscious exercise of intellect or any permitted encounter of passions; doing, with wrong reasons and for wrong objects, the right thing; and giving, if called to account for doing it, the wrong explanation. To take Sir James Chettam: one or two short sentences about him may serve as samples of the perfection of George Eliot's art:—

'As to the excessive religiousness alleged against Miss Brooke, he had a very indefinite notion of what it consisted in, and *thought that it would die out with marriage*' (i. 27).

'He did not usually find it easy to give his reasons: *it seemed to him strange that people should not know them without being told*, since he only felt what was reasonable' (i. 116).

'His disregarded love had not turned to bitterness; its death had made sweet odours—floating memories that clung with a consecrating effect to Dorothea. He would remain her brotherly friend, *interpreting her actions with generous trustfulness*' (iii. 111).

'*"I do wish people would behave like gentlemen," said the good baronet, feeling that this was a simple and comprehensive programme for social well-being*' (iv. 290.)

'*"Agitator," said Sir James (he uses the word after Mr. Brooke, who used it as suitably conveying the prospective political importance of Ladislaw), with bitter emphasis, feeling that the syllables of this word properly repeated were a sufficient exposure of its hatefulness*' (v. 105).

Sir James's 'Oh why?' is as characteristic as Mr. Brooke's 'You know!'

Again, such remarks as the following might be collected to indicate the grasp which the author secures from the first moment of their appearance on the horizon of her imagination, over her creations.

Of Lydgate (ii. 272):—

'Strange, that some of us with quick, alternate vision, see beyond our infatuations; and even while we rave on the heights, behold

the wide plain where our persistent self pauses and awaits us.'

Of Ladislaw (ii. 372): how completely is here the charm of an artistic nature rendered, and the way in which such a nature either entirely attracts or repels!—

'Will Ladislaw's smile was delightful, *unless you were angry with him beforehand*: it was a gush of inward light illuminating the transparent skin as well as the eyes, and playing about every curve and line.'

Of Bulstrode (iv. 226): showing the possible extent in modern society of self-concealment, and the shortsightedness which may accompany close, if prejudiced, observation:—

'Mrs. Bulstrode believed that her husband was one of those men whose memoirs should be written when they died.'

Or, again, let the juxtapositions and oppositions of character be considered. Take the slight sketch of Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader, the fine social salad of the best circles of their neighbourhood; he the oil, she the vinegar, the dish mixed and adjusted to the nicest palate, all natural flavours masked and transfused with the biting-fire of high-priced and long-kept condiments; or take, on a larger scale, the surroundings of Ladislaw and Lydgate: Ladislaw, the poetical nature, fated always to be indebted to those in whom he detects the worst faults possible according to his view of life, finding, except in Dorothea, everywhere self-deceivers: in Casaubon, in Bulstrode, in Brooke, in Rosamond (let us hope that in after life Ladislaw and Farebrother saw more of one another), yet whose seeming dependence never saps his real independence; and Lydgate, the man of science, so instinctively scrupulous as to the duty of keeping clear of pecuniary entanglement, despising the needy vicar, who is reported to win at cards, and then gradually brought to seek the very help he thought he would have scorned, and that from one benefactor after another, Lydgate, whose independence is never regained, when he has made the first step towards dependence.

Or let the work be studied in its structural symmetry: the first volume leading up to the scenes at Rome, where Dorothea arrives on her wedding journey—

'A child forsaken, waking suddenly,
Whose gaze afeard on all things round
doth rove,
And seeth only that it cannot see
The meeting eyes of love;'—*Motto to chap. xx.*

the second volume ending at Lowick with the incident, which best expresses the gra

cious tenderness with which, throughout Mr. Casaubon's life, his wife avoids the least departure from loyalty and obedience; the third volume, containing the record proper of provincial life, and terminating with Ladislaw's farewell to Middlemarch.

The conclusion of the fourth volume—the eighth and last book—will detain us for a few moments. Such studies of human motive and action have rarely been attempted even by great dramatists, as are compressed into the last two hundred pages of "Middlemarch." The labour is almost too minute and severe. Taken by themselves, the mottoes to these final chapters might serve as texts for an exhaustive series of essays on the problems of modern society. One might fancy a German professor giving his life to an exposition and commentary of this little green volume from the title 'Sunset and Sunrise' to the reflection, with which the authoress looks up from her long task: 'Every limit is a beginning as well as an ending.'

The utmost strain is put here upon all the central personages. The occasion for all the subsequent great collisions and tests of character is no very strange or special one, is a common incident in the career of any medical practitioner, and very likely to happen in the case of a doctor who is the pioneer of a new science and method. Lydgate, while under obligations to the banker Bulstrode, attends professionally a guest who is dangerously ill. The patient dies, Lydgate suspecting that his instructions have been disregarded. Rumnour obtains scent of, exaggerates, and makes public his situation. Then follow illustrations, only too real, of the sense of general and personal insecurity, of the doubt as to one's own motives and the honesty of the honest-seeming world, of the staring though silent fear of precipice and pitfall along the highways of a society, where every rough place is assumed and asserted to be smooth, of all the turbid and repressed emotions which continue to bring horror and tragedy into ordinary lives.

Lydgate's best friends cannot feel sure about him. The new vicar of Lowick, Mr. Farebrother, a man of large brain and heart, who has fought with temptation and knows his own weakness, what can he say?—except, with regard to current reports: 'There is the terrible Nemesis, following on some errors, that it is always possible for those that like it to interpret them as a crime;' and, with regard to the heretofore unspotted reputation, which is aspersed: 'Character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our

bodies do!' Lydgate cannot feel sure about himself. He is conscious that, somehow or other, the whole moral atmosphere about him has deteriorated. 'Only those who know the supremacy of the intellectual life—the life which has a seed of ennobling thought and purpose within it—can understand the grief of one who falls from that serene activity into the absorbing soul-wasting struggle with worldly annoyances.' He examines and re-examines himself without being able to get at that clear self-assurance of perfectly right action after which he strives: 'Is there a medical man of them all in Middlemarch who would question himself as I do?' The world, well aware of the existence of many offences, and ever glad to identify an unexpected delinquent, passes sentence and suggests punishment summarily and effectively: 'The doctor says,' remarks Mrs. Sprague, quoting her husband, a rival physician, 'that he should recommend the Lydgates to go and live abroad somewhere. He says Lydgate ought to have kept among the French.' 'That would suit her well enough, I dare say,' said Mrs. Plymdeale, 'there is that kind of lightness about her.' Lydgate's own father-in-law has no relief to offer. 'I don't pretend to say what is the truth—as far as the world goes a man might often as well be guilty as not.' And by Rosamond, Lydgate's shallow, vain, heartless wife, 'shame is felt to be the worst part of crime,' and what she acquires out of her husband's trouble is 'a sense of justified repugnance' towards him.

Side by side with the trials of Lydgate go those of Dorothea.

Man after man, in concert with whom Dorothea strives to realise some of her plans, fails her. Her uncle was too desultory, Sir James Chettam too mechanical, Mr. Casaubon has been found utterly irresponsible and is dead, and Lydgate and Ladislaw—men awake, the one to the practical needs of his fellows, the other to the beautiful influences of art and imagination over the conduct of life, the best men she has met, about the best she will have a chance of meeting—are to appear, at their lowest, before her. The day and night of Dorothea's sorest distress make up the central scene in the volume and form the most impressive portion of the novel. The sweet young widow, starting happy and hopeful on an unselfish mission, delighting in the scents, the colours, the freshness of the early spring, full of a desire to talk to Rosamond about Lydgate's pride in his calling and his wife, and to take a comfort into a friend's home she herself had never been permitted to know, discovers the woman she had expected to find in downcast and un-

supported affliction, flirting with her, Dorothea's sole separate hero. 'She had drunk a great draught of scorn. She felt power to work and walk for a day without meat and drink.' She rushes from one occupation to another in excited unrest. Then close in the dark hours of misery, when it seems to her that she must blot out the one figure from her mind to which, with no desire but to idolise it in thought and memory, she had hoped to be able always to turn. 'Why had he not stayed among the crowd of whom she asked nothing—but only prayed that they might be less contemptible?' Until, with another morning, comes back unkilld, enhanced, the desire to be industrious and helpful.

'She opened her curtains, and looked out towards the bit of road that lay in view, with fields beyond, outside the entrance gates. On the road there was a man with a bundle on his back, and a woman carrying her baby. In the field she could see figures moving, perhaps the shepherd with his dog. Far off in the bending sky was the pearly light, and she felt the largeness of the world and the manifold wakings of men to labour and endurance. She was a part of that involuntary, palpitating life, and could neither look out on it from her luxurious shelter as a mere spectator, nor hide her eyes in selfish complaining' (viii. 282-3).

She goes back a second time, for Lydgate's sake, to Rosamond. They meet, the woman, who is uplifted and inspired by suffering, with the woman whose heart and soul are bleached and impoverished by it. The first advantage is with the cold, reserved, thin nature, with Rosamond, whose eye is quick for faces, whose presence suggests all mildness and innocence, she is on her guard, she cannot make out the visit, its real purpose could never have spontaneously suggested itself to her. The other is conscious of nothing but her message, the utterance, which hours of inarticulate sorrow and struggle have been preparing, which she delivers from the depths of her shaken existence that can right itself only in view of the wants of others and for their benefit, now that the last hidden treasure it had stored for itself lies crushed by daylight in the mire. And Rosamond cannot defend herself against the infectious enthusiasm of Dorothea's desperate disinterestedness. She feels, in physical contact with a lofty spirit and by a communicated impulse, for once in her life an heroic thrill, and by her confession she restores Ladislav to his old place in Dorothea's fancy; 'all their vision, all their thought of each other had been as in the world apart, where the sunshine fell on tall

white lilies, where no evil lurked, and no other soul entered.'

But Ladislav still felt that he had himself to clear. He waited in the churchyard while Miss Noble begged Dorothea to see him. 'The sky was heavy and the trees had begun to shiver as at a coming storm.' She would receive him. She would be doing something daringly defiant for his sake, and he had been badly treated. They stood apart, but gradually the friendship between them was restored. The room darkened and rustled with the wind and the tossing of the trees outside. The parting words had to be said. They were spoken, and the love each had fostered for the other, hitherto unconfessed, found also its voice. And now, it seemed to Dorothea, all would be over between them, when the tempest should cease; he would go from the door, and she had steeled herself for the last look.

But, when the rain was quiet, Ladislav, in the irritable irresoluteness which was a large part of him, would still keep dwelling insistently on the hopelessness of their union: to him it was, after all, not enough to reign only the dear, but always absent, lover of her dreams.

"Your life need not be maimed," said Dorothea gently.

"Yes, it must," said Will angrily. "It is cruel of you to speak in that way—as if there were any comfort. You may see beyond the misery of it, but I don't. It is unkind—it is throwing back my love for you as if it were a trifle, to speak in that way in the face of the fact. We can never be married."

"Some time—we might," said Dorothea, in a trembling voice.

"When?" said Will bitterly. "What is the use in counting on any success of mine? It is a mere toss-up whether I shall ever do more than keep myself decently, unless I choose to sell myself as a mere pen and a mouthpiece. I can see that clearly enough. I could not offer myself to any woman, even if she had no luxuries to renounce."

There was silence. Dorothea's heart was full of something that she wanted to say, and yet the words were too difficult. She was wholly possessed by them: at that moment debate was mute within her. And it was very hard that she could not say what she wanted to say. Will was looking out of the window angrily. If he would have looked at her, and not gone away from her side, she thought everything would have been easier. At last he turned, still resting against the chair, and stretching his hand automatically towards his hat, said with a sort of exasperation, "Good-bye."

"Oh I cannot bear it—my heart will break," said Dorothea, starting from her seat, the flood of her young passion bearing down all the obstructions which had kept her silent—the great tears rising and falling in an in-

stant: "I don't mind about poverty—I hate my wealth."

"In an instant Will was close to her and had his arms round her, but she drew her head back and held his away gently that she might go on speaking, her large tear-filled eyes looking at his very simply, while she said, in a sobbing child-like way, "we could live quite well on my own fortune—it is too much—seven hundred a year—I want so little—no new clothes—and I will learn what everything costs" (viii. 324, 5).

Now that we have caught a glimpse from this rapid review of George Eliot's literary achievements, and these two extracts from two of her principal works of the position from which she contemplates, and the paths into which she follows modern society, let us once more resume the train of general reflection from which we diverged. The two qualities which mark George Eliot as a prominent representative of English literature are her Realism and her Dignity. For may it not be asserted that these are the distinctive qualities which, in a comparative view of modern literature throughout the civilised world, would be assigned to the literature of our own country and language: Realism based on the provincial limitations and contractions of English society, Dignity derived from the sense of personal co-operation on the part of the individual in the most far-reaching and the most substantial of existing Political systems? All studies, as was hinted above, though in another connexion, all studies of English history and literature are, on one side of them, studies of provincial life. English rules of government, English rules of thought and speech, lie beyond the scope and power of the great European sources and systems—Latin, Imperial, Catholic, Democratic alike. It has been frequently observed, how thus the common use of the words, England and English, has a noteworthy force and significance. We may sometimes employ, though such employment has only recently become general, such expressions as the British empire or Anglo-Saxon literature, but, both amongst ourselves and in the eyes of the other members of the family of nations, we bear pre-eminently the character which belongs to, in the narrowest sense, England and the English, it is the English government, the English language, English literature, which have decisive importance. A more stimulating and inspiring scenery, a more keen and daring spirit might seem to belong to the extensive districts, which form a wide fringe round the English counties and their population, to Wales, to Scotland, and to Ireland, or it might have

been supposed that the adventurous national life bursting from the insular privacy in which it had been nursed, would, in the course of time, and of a long series of political and military advances, have found some new and more appropriate centre for a world-wide territorial and maritime dominion. It has not been so. Neither Rouen nor Bordeaux in the Middle Ages, though for long the points of departure of the military and dynastic ambition of our sovereigns, nor in later days any of the wealthy and magnificent cities conquered or founded by Englishmen in America, Asia, and Australia, have wrested, or even tried to wrest, from the old dwelling-places of the race on Thames and Severn the gifts of intellectual and administrative supremacy, the glory of the English presence, of the English speech, of the English sceptre.

Also it was remarked before, that our finest poets in every age, such as Chaucer and Shakespeare, are alike in this respect, that they feel genius and patriotism kindle in unison as they dwell on this salient aspect of the history of their countrymen, it is to them the dearest and the worthiest of themes to have to examine and to record, carefully and accurately, the principles and the prejudices of English home life.

Not only our poets. There came a time in our history when our political life began to lie in fruition as much as in expectation, in the labours of national maturity more than in the dreams of national youth, when our religious and intellectual maxims, as well as those of domestic and colonial Government, had become fixed, and when the boundaries of the geographical area, over which these maxims were to prevail, could be at least roughly designated. After the heroic period of English history, the period of her confessors and martyrs in Church and State, and of the most illustrious of those who formed and reformed her institutions in every department of national activity, after the period marked by such names—names linked together, yet each recalling such different associations—as Cecil, Somerset, Cranmer, More, Raleigh, Sidney, Drake, Strafford, Cromwell, Hobbes, Locke, Newton, after this period surviving still for us fitly in immortal verse never in our mother-tongue to be surpassed, in the grandeur and sweetness of Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton; there came another period, more historical for us inasmuch as we still make part of it, and less full of matter for epic or tragedy, in which, indeed, the foundations and the edifice of national greatness remain the same and as imposing as ever, but where the principles they represent require not to be pro-

claimed as new, but maintained as proved and established.

This period in our history is usually and most conveniently dated from the accession of William of Orange. Its commencement coincides—and this gives it its immediate interest for us—with the beginning of a new movement in English literature, with the appearance of the English novel. Chaucer and 'The Canterbury Tales' usher in the literary era, which culminates in Shakespeare and Spenser; Addison and 'The Spectator' introduce the era, some of the finest examples of which have been produced within recent recollection: the novels of Thackeray were still full of the first flavour; Colonel Newcome and Major Pendennis are reverently placed in our memories very close to Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb.

Addison is the type of those who follow. How tender, how sympathetic, how solicitous to catch every little detail in the familiar atmosphere of the fatherland and the peculiar habits of his fellow-citizens; yet, at the same moment, how conscious of the magnitude of the political transactions of England and of the place of honour due to English statesmanship! He himself is in the midst of the political struggle, so are his literary brethren and partners in the new venture. Steele is at once editor of the official newspaper, 'The Gazette,' and of 'The Tatler.' Defoe is as versed in political controversy as in *belles-lettres*. Let us only notice the titles and remember the intentions of his most famous works—of his great political poem, 'The True-born Englishman,' then of 'The Family Instructor,' with its complete regulations for the management and training of a household, then of his undying story, 'The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.' How romantic yet how domestic is the charm of this last book, the earliest and in its way still unrivalled masterpiece among all the prose fictions of the modern languages of Europe! How domestic, yet how full of political allusion, of social instinct! It is the narrative of the origin and growth of a little polity, the history of English discovery and colonisation freely projected into and idealised in the fields of imagination.

It is the stupendous political mission of England which gives, then, to our literature its dignity; it is the seclusion, the remoteness, the insulation, the homeliness of England, which gives to our literature its realistic character. No famous literature ever existed which was primarily meant for so small, so rugged, so unenlightened, so self-satisfied, so exclusive an audience. Except, and that with much modification of circum-

stance, in ancient Greece and Rome, there is no parallel to the peculiar conditions under which English literature flourishes. The great authors of Continental literature have written for France, Italy, Germany, civilisation at large, with a cosmopolitan purpose, striving to touch the general sense of humanity, to cast off all special accent and emphasis, to publish general ideas, to speak a language suited to every race and country. Our foremost writers have thought of a most restricted public—the English parsonage, the English country-house, the mechanics' institute, at most the common-rooms of our universities and the clubs of the metropolis; before them has been ever the little English land, the cradle and hearth-stone of their nation, whence it draws its physical strength and its moral energy. Therefore it was that, in the later Stuart period, the sparkling and seductive comedies, reproductions from French models, which obtained favour with the Court could, though rich in gracefulness and wit, gain no permanent place, but had to make room for the fresh and native pictures of the early English novel, quaint, well-beloved figures, sketched with the irony, fun, pathos, which belongs to fireside love, in their rude health, clean blood, and tough temper, full of faults and whims, angular and awkward, but sound at the core and with unshaken and untiring vigour of brain and body.

Thus English imaginative literature has become the most objective, the most trustworthy and the most historically instructive, of modern times. But there is about books, such as those of George Eliot, much to make one ponder whether the course of the English novel may not be well-nigh run. And, if we look beyond at the literature of other countries, such an impression finds much confirmation. It appears as if, in Europe, we had reached the highest point of excellence in the development of a prose imaginative literature. Already the finest creative fancy begins to turn into other ways. How much suppressed imagination, which, a while ago, would have sought expression in works of fiction, is traceable in the investigations, which gain moreover an ever-increasing popularity, into the problems of ancient law, of primitive society, and of natural history;* how much has not the study

* To us indeed it seems, that future criticism, dealing with our greatest living naturalist, his current doctrines, and his so vast and unanimous following, will find nothing in the whole literature of our day so amazing as the way in which, by common consent, '*imagination*' was rechristened '*science*,' and the at once most ingeniously fanciful and most singularly subjective arrangement of personal notes and experiments taken to

of manners of late yielded to the study of scenery and of art! Modern society everywhere has been exhaustively explored by the novelist. As was said at the outset, in origin and in purpose, the French novel differs altogether from the English, the English novelist being essentially an historian, the French essentially a philosopher. The English novelist sketches living and self-determining persons; the French novelist either creates an ideal being or dissects some shuddering human specimen, whom he holds, soul and body, at the mercy of his sharp and torturing pen. The French novel is, however, at the present moment in the same position as the English; it has become as elaborate as possible—it has, in the nature of things, become so even more rapidly than the English. In this respect there is as great a distance between a writer like the late Charles de Bernard, or like Victor Cherbuliez, and Voltaire, as there is between George Eliot and Defoe. If we look, too, at Germany, quite inferior in regard to this branch of literature to England and France, we perceive the same symptoms. In Germany the most successful attempts in this department have been short tales or stories—to use the German name for them—'Novellen.' The master of the German 'Novelle' is Paul Heyse. His handiwork has just the same stamp upon it as that of Cherbuliez or Eliot. It is almost impossible that any successor should be able to equal it in involution, precision, polish. And here fewer years have wrought greater change. Let any one, wishing to verify our argument, compare—the two stories are selected because of some similarity in plan and construction—Grillparzer's tale, 'Der arme Spielmann,' published in 1848, and Heyse's 'Lottka,' written in 1869. Dr. Strauss has repeated in his last book a favourite observation of his, that nothing could have delighted Goethe more than to have had in his lifetime an opportunity of listening to the exposition of Mr. Darwin's views. We must, for our part, take leave to doubt whether, if the chronological position of great poet and great naturalist could have been reversed, the illustrious author of the 'Wahlverwandtschaften' would have held so high a place among novelists. George Eliot is clearly very susceptible to the leadings of philosophical and physical speculations; and she, under the promptings of her scientific interests, once did very nearly lose her artistic perception and her whole capacity for unbiassed observation and statement. 'Felix

Holt' was a failure. Its perusal led many to fear that its author had passed the zenith of her fame. One could scarcely avoid overlooking its frequent beauties to remember particularly its faults.

As sedulously as we can, we are, throughout this review, confining ourselves to a literary criticism of George Eliot, and we trust that we shall be thought not to be lacking in the impartiality and consideration due, from strictly literary criticism, to a writer of such rare excellence; but there is no point of view from which we could pass judgment on 'Felix Holt,' without using language of most distinct disapproval and condemnation. There was, in the book, a quality of—shall we say?—coarseness, reminding one of and in some respects reproducing in distortion, the more objectionable features of Charlotte Brontë's characters: there was an ill-controlled tendency to theorize concerning the animal basis of all the social and moral virtues, a sort of doubt, whether recent theories about the transmutations of the human body would not, in effect, call back in a modernised shape a vain and ancient superstition concerning the transmigrations of the human soul. People were offended, and with reason, at the too searching and all but medical enquiry into the influence of the dispositions of the respective father over Durfey and Harold Transome, at the possibly to a zoologist ingenious but in a novel decidedly unpleasant relations between Jermyn and his son—at the quasi-allegorical portrait of Mr. Transome in his dotage falling back into the company of his dogs, insects, and minerals. And there was, even in the treatment of political life, a far too strongly marked leaning to put forward types rather than individuals. It was after all not a little forced to transplant, in order to give a kind of smack of foreign revolutions, a dainty little French demoiselle into English provincial Radical surroundings, and to associate with her as stepfather an old independent minister to represent in a kind of patriarchal garb British political and religious Dissent. The author of 'Felix Holt,' gave way to a temptation, which is of necessity always very close to her, so close, that it is a matter of marvel, not that she should in an exceptional instance have yielded to it, but that she should have withstood it so long and so firmly. She allowed her philosophy to draw her away from her art. The story was used, too palpably and inconsistently, as a vehicle for certain opinions. The novel slid into a treatise. The conclusion was unavoidably left with an opponent of views not obscurely suggested, that scenes and actors were introduced to suit a programme, to

be the enumeration of the very facts, the syllabus of the very system of Nature.

elucidate a scientific dogma, that one more missionary had passed into the service of a particular propaganda.

'Middlemarch' rehabilitates George Eliot. 'L'esprit,' it was happily said, 'à sa pudeur comme la beauté,' and our author has quickly discerned and repaired her error. Not that there is in 'Middlemarch' any repudiation of principles, which, we need not say, we should have been very glad to see her shake off altogether, but there is no unfair or inartistic prominence given to them; she has her accustomed and conscientious moderation, if, indeed, there does not appear now and again something like the implied acknowledgment that, after all, the system remains for her undiscovered which can furnish any useful key to the riddles of the universe. Nevertheless, we may look upon 'Middlemarch' as the most remarkable work of the ablest of living novelists, and, considered as a study of character, as unique, without being blind to the existence in it of evident and even glaring defects.

First among these defects, and more conspicuous, we think, in 'Middlemarch' than in any other of her previous novels, is a certain want of enthusiasm in the writer, which tells very seriously upon the reader, on behalf of the narrative she has to relate. She does not write, like the great names among her predecessors, for the sake of the story, she feels none of the zest with which, in some degree Dickens and Thackeray, in greater degree Fielding and Goldsmith, above all, Scott, lose themselves in the current on which toss the chances of their heroes, and into which the strained attention of their readers is absorbed. George Eliot comes to novel-writing from strange schooling for a writer of novels. It is always the motive of action which interests her more than the effect, it is only her love for her characters which induces her to follow them through the weariness of their lives.

She wants altogether Scott's elasticity, expansiveness, and exuberance. He is going to fascinate, to transport his reader; it shall be a tale of real life, which shall at the same time cast an ideal and brightening ray upon the lives of those who read it; the exact costume of the period, the exact copy of the landscape shall be caught, but so shall the airy legendary charm which first lured the novelist to the theme; there shall be some freak of fortune, there shall be some fear of fate; he is happy in the prospects, he revels in the progress of the plot, his impatience equals that of the most impulsive among his audience to arrive at and to enjoy the last chapter. And those old-fashioned and simple novels were more perfect and

complete as works of art. They gratified and invigorated; one went from them as from the contemplation of some classic example of Greek statuary, or of some well-preserved painting by a serene Venetian master with a delightful sensation of improved taste and satisfied fancy. But George Eliot has none of Walter Scott's passion for, to use his own phrase, his 'occupation as a romancer.' 'Middlemarch' will leave all of us, in greater or less measure, restless and distressed. There has been no hero, there has been no romance; there has been no last chapter; the 'finale' repeats the sad note of the 'prelude.'

Again, the authoress is much too eager, in and out of season, to point her moral and to enforce upon her readers certain particular views concerning the great problems of life. Archbishop Whately observed, in one of the earlier numbers of this 'Review,' 'Any direct attempt at moral teaching, and any attempt whatever to give scientific information will, we fear, unless managed with the utmost discretion, interfere with what, after all, is the immediate and peculiar object of the novelist, as of the poet, to please.*' The inclinations he well and wisely censured are far too apparent in 'Middlemarch.' We could have accepted Lydgate's scientific education and professional aims on trust. The long explanations of his desire to follow out the discoveries of M. Bichat, and to ascertain 'what was the primitive tissue,' and the disquisitions and meditations upon true and false methods of medical treatment, are tedious in the extreme. It is in a scientific essay, not in a novel, that such a passage as the following should have been placed:—

'That great Frenchman (Bichat) first carried out the conception that living bodies, fundamentally considered, are not associations of organs which can be understood by studying them first apart, and then, as if were federally; but must be regarded as consisting of certain primary webs or tissues, out of which the various organs—brain, heart, lungs, and so on—are compacted, as the various accommodations of a house are built up in various proportions of wood, iron, stone, brick, zinc, and the rest, each material having its peculiar composition and proportions. No man, one sees, can understand and estimate the entire structure or its parts—what are its frailties and what its repairs, without knowing the nature of the materials. And the conception wrought out by Bichat, with his detailed study of the different tissues, acted necessarily on medical questions as the turning of gas-light would on a dim oil-lit street, showing new connections and hitherto hidden facts of structure which must be taken into account in considering the symptoms of

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xxiv. p. 358.

maladies and the actions of medicaments.'—ii. pp. 263, 264. J

Here is a sentence, which could scarcely be more obscure; we have vainly sought its veiled meaning:—

'These kinds of inspiration Lydgate regarded as rather vulgar and vinous compared with the imagination that reveals subtle actions inaccessible by any sort of lens, but tracked in that outer darkness through long pathways of necessary sequence by the inward light which is the last refinement of energy, capable of bathing even the ethereal atoms in its ideally illuminated space.'—ii. p. 295.

And the ordinary narrative, in its struggle after conciseness, gets sometimes to look like an inexplicable verbal puzzle:—

'What could two men, so different from each other, see in this "brown patch," as Mary called herself? It was certainly not her plainness that attracted them (and let all plain young ladies be warned against the dangerous encouragement given them by society to confide in their want of beauty). A human being, in this aged nation of ours is a very wonderful whole, the slow creation of long inter-changing influences; and charm is the result of two such wholes, the one loving and the one loved.'—iv. p. 341.

Also we must mention a far more serious blemish, the repetitions of which, if we were to cite them, would fill and, we regret to have to add, would sully many a page. There is an acerbity about her satire with a studied flippancy about her diction, when she chooses to misrepresent amiable weakness and even religious faith, which will have startled and shocked many gentle and candid souls, and which is altogether indefensible in a writer of fiction, who makes personages in order to malign them, and has the whole domain of thought and language to ransack for characters and for expressions.

Further, the humour of 'Middlemarch' strikes us as both less independent and less natural than was the case in the earlier books. Not only in the general management of her humorous personages in this work, but even in the verbal construction and in the cadence of continuous bits of description, there is noticeable a resemblance to what we may, we hope without irreverence, term the tricks and mannerisms of the greatest of our recent humourists.

'In the large wainscoted parlour, too, there were constantly pairs of eyes on the watch and own relatives eager to be "sitters up." Many came, lunched and departed, but Brother Solomon, and the lady who had been Jane Featherstone for twenty-five years before she was Mrs. Waule, found it good to be there every day for hours, without other calculable

occupation than that of observing the cunning Mary Garth (who was so deep that she could be found out in nothing) and giving occasional dry wrinkly indications of crying—as if capable of torrents in a wetter season—at the thought that they were not allowed to go into Mr. Featherstone's room.'—iii. 150, 1.

This, for instance, is a passage, admirable in its way, but clearly, as it seems to us, in the manner of Charles Dickens. And throughout 'Middlemarch' George Eliot's wit shows itself rather in the quaint working out of detail than in those spicy, epigrammatic sayings, which gave so much pungency and spirit to her former writings. Thus Mr. Brooke, who at first promised so well, degenerates sadly. He might have been rendered equal to one of Thackeray's charming old gentlemen, but he sinks into a vexatious and infelicitous bore, drawn from Dickens's models, and not first-rate after his kind, for we doubt if even Dickens would have made him reiterate himself so often and labour so hard to become, through the simple absence of originality, an original. We had been informed, quite at the beginning of the first volume (i. p. 58), that Mr. Brooke speaks not 'with any intention;' but 'from his usual tendency to say what he had said before;' we have been much surprised, that the authoress should have thought it necessary to publish, as we vaguely surmise, the bulk of his conversations during several years. We are sorry—and Mr. Brooke shall help us to a phrase—'that she couldn't put the thing better, couldn't put it better, *beforehand, you know.*' (i. p. 63.)

We have already praised the structure of the book, and, as a framework to character, we could not well overpraise it, and yet we confess to a suspicion that there has been a change of plot in the course of composition; that the story, as originally conceived, was to have concluded with more startling and exciting incidents (cf. i. 164), but that the author found a less painful narrative sufficient for the analysis of the moral and intellectual characteristics of Lydgate and Dorothea, and dispensed, accordingly, with the more terrible trial, involving more visible and wide-spread disaster, which had been designed for them.

That inconsequence and incompleteness in 'Middlemarch' and its personages, to which we have already made reference, baffles and, we might say, defies criticism. What is the lesson of this book, what its conclusion, not that verbal one on the last page, but the logical inference, when reading is done, and judgment would settle itself? Why must Dorothea marry Casau-

bon, endow Farebrother, restore Lydgate, on her way to provide and embellish a home for—Ladislaw? Why should Lydgate and Dorothea be no wiser and better, why should author and reader be no wiser and better at the end of the story than at the beginning? And can we have more hope for Lydgate's (and Rosamund's) sons than for him—for Dorothea's (and Ladislaw's) daughters than for her? Are we soberly and seriously told to see the whole rich round of private and public life through the spectacles of the malicious gossip, who points to the ill-assorted marriage-column as index, compendium, and supplement of all the rest? There is a pent-up outcry against society throughout the book, which should, anyhow, have made itself articulate. What is George Eliot's new Providence, what her ideal training for scientific men and emotional women? Towards what in earth and heaven does she beckon us on?

We must sum up. Assuredly, unless we have misread this book altogether, it, at all events, is not written as by a person with a mission, who desires converts, plans a Utopia, preaches new dogmas. About none of her other writings was there such a profound despondency. Truly it would be the most melancholy and forlorn historical situation if actual (and historical it were), that in which a reflective reader, rising from a study of George Eliot, might be inclined to place modern society, though, all the while, he would hardly be able to make out to himself how far his hopeless mood had grown directly out of the words of his author or out of his own musings.

We repeat, and lay all possible stress upon, our protest. It is not the moral nor is it the artistic purpose of a work of fiction, (or indeed of sound literature at all) to produce this state of mind and to invite such after-thoughts.

It is the darkest of prospects which is conjured up. Great and distinctive careers—for so, very readily, the temptation might run to shape such afterthoughts—for individuals have then passed away entirely with the sympathetic belief on the part of the multitude, and with the sincere conviction on the part of isolated personages, in direct and special Divine inspiration and warrant. Humanity as such makes progress. In new countries tribes, recently savage, in Europe classes, heretofore low and outside the influences of culture, aspire after, and attain to, intellectual and moral eminence, but there are no vacant spaces left, where once there was room for Savonarola, where there was justification for Zarca, where there was hope even for Macchiavelli, and a sure heaven for

Thomas à Kempis. Like the surface of the globe, which in civilised countries has for the most part rendered itself captive to civilisation—earthquakes, deluges, volcanoes being for us things of the past or of the distance—the stream of human life has adapted itself to general needs, it obeys uniform laws, it has renounced all fury and eccentricity, it has hollowed and mastered its channel, it flows deeply and persistently without storm or spray, 'moving altogether if it move at all.' Enthusiasms and ambitions, inherited from ancestors, who may have been prophets and apostles, or awakened by a spirit in literature, which is a survival from the times of preparation, may still break out to disturb and vex here and there, and transiently young men and maidens; but both the great occasions and the great benefits of self-immolation and of new messages from God have for ever gone by, and, in their later years, the would-be saints and preachers are marked only by a more compassionate and humane charity among their fellows, and by a strengthened sentiment, that personal opinion has rightfully but a very limited range, and is not easily to be kept distinct from conceit or prejudice; they are content to fall in with and be merged in the general movement.

It is because of our author's silence, rather than of her speech, of what she implies rather than of what she asserts, of her constant search after sunshine and her manifest continuance in twilight, that a view of life in these gloomy hues is not unlikely to pass before her readers with its mournful and complaining argument. Doubtless much of the philosophy, which shone too transparently through the flesh and blood of the personages in 'Felix Holt,' is still to be discovered in 'Middlemarch.' In 'Middlemarch,' and, we might add, in 'The Spanish Gipsy,' there is an attempt to draw out into action some of the views of Comte, there is a trust—rather, perhaps, a faint hope—that the fervour of mediæval Catholicism, the life of a consecrated order or tribe, may at some future time revive in and warm the Worship of Humanity, and that it may some day be possible, especially for the sake of high-souled women, who shun a mean and empty existence, to find, outside of marriage, some organisation through which they may again, as of old, minister as spiritual mothers and sisters to the friendless and afflicted. But the author of 'Middlemarch' is less sanguine now than ever. Such conclusions as she has arrived at (and some of them must be quite settled conclusions) seem neither altogether to explain the past nor at all to transfigure the future. In her scrupulous honesty she

admits as much. In the 'prelude' and 'finale' of 'Middlemarch' she attributes, indeed, Dorothea's failures to her defective education and her sex; but Lydgate and Ladislaw are men, and men as full of accomplishments as they are free from superstitions, and yet is not Dorothea more successful in securing fitting companionship than Lydgate, and in living a fine life than Ladislaw? Our author has come under the shadow of much advanced philosophy, of much extreme theology. Before she published any of her own writings she had translated Strauss's 'Life of Christ' and Feuerbach's 'Essence of Christianity.' And to us one of the most remarkable points in her thought and tone has been the way in which these convey reminiscences of Feuerbach; we have sometimes fancied that, among English landscapes and with English traditions, Feuerbach might have written 'Silas Marner,' or George Eliot, reared in German academic society, 'das Wesen der Religion.'

The harmony, if accidental, is the more startling between leading ideas of the novelist and fundamental doctrines of the philosopher. For instance, in Feuerbach's terrible system—and all his straightforwardness of thought, depth of feeling, lucidity of language, only make its negations more terrible—there is no topic, on which he dwells so often and with such pained endeavours to soften its irresistible horrors, as that of death. He wrote monograph after monograph on death, he discussed death from the standpoint of ethics, psychology, metaphysics, natural science, he became a poet, and all his verses were upon death. George Eliot's critics have sometimes remarked that the death scenes in her works occur too frequently, and that the issues and effects given to them betray some poverty of invention. Zarca's death established his design, Maggie's death was the great event in the lives of Philip and Stephen, Savonarola's death gravated its final expression into Romola's character, Edgar Tryan's death saved Janet Dempster; and we are, in the pages of these books, always meeting with otherwise insignificant persons, for whose lives no good reason is forthcoming were it not for the results of the supreme moment on others. Such, by way of example, are old Featherstone, Godfrey Cass's wife, Edgar Tryan's lost sweetheart. All this is like the burden of some of Feuerbach's most touching thoughts and most eloquent passages. 'Wenn kein Tod wäre, so wäre auch keine Religion.' . . . 'Nur das Grab der Menschen ist die Geburtsstätte der Götter' . . .

'Die lieben, bessern, andern Wesen,
Die sind, weil du zuvor gewesen;
Der lieben Kindlein Engelgeister,
Der itz'gen Meister künft'ge Meister,
Die rufen dich vom Leben ab
Und säuseln Ruhe dir ins Grab,
Die schläfern sanft zum Tod dich ein
Und weben in das Nichts dein Sein.
Dein eignes Kind, dein eignes Blut
Entziehet dir des Lebens Gluth.
So lange nicht dein Ich zerbricht
Den Kleinen du noch trübst das Licht.'

George Eliot has learned many lessons from many masters, but it would be impossible to designate her with certainty and without reservation as the disciple of any of her teachers. Her scrutiny of literature has been close, her sympathy with science is intense, she has brought to her literary and scientific studies a most powerful intellect and unimpeachable integrity of aim. We have, however, great doubt whether she would be willing to formulate at all a comprehensive theory of life, though we have, unfortunately, little doubt that, were she to formulate such a theory, it would be one we should be compelled to contravene and to combat at every step. But it has been her wont to study men even more than books, and we are glad to acknowledge the value of the practical lessons she has striven with all her skill as artist, and weight as moralist, to enforce. It shall not be to what is dubious and dreary—as we hold needlessly dubious and dreary—in her view of human affairs, that as we take leave of her, we will look back, but to that calm, strong, constant sense of duty, of the necessity of self-control, of the law of benevolence, which she has somehow rescued for herself, by which she is manifestly animated, and which she desires to fortify in others. She condemns alike licence and lassitude. She counsels resignation when she cannot impart peace, she rejoices in sight of the field of labour, though she sees not the place of rest.

Our last reference, as we conclude, shall be to one of her most beautiful stories, the most poetical of them all, the tale of 'Silas Marner,' who deems himself deserted and rejected utterly of God and man, and to whom, in his deepest misery, in place of lost gold, a little foundling girl is sent. This tale is the most hopeful of all her books. The contemplation of the renewal of enterprise and energy, which comes with little children, and of the promise with which each new generation gilds the crown of honour for its sires, is pleasant and grateful to her. She writes upon the title-page the lines of Wordsworth:—

'A child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it and forwardlooking
thoughts.'

'The Weaver of Raveloe' and 'Eppie' are creations after Wordsworth's own heart, and, throughout her narrative, our novelist never strays far from the auspicious guidance, under which she set out, of Wordsworth's moderating and elevating spirit.

ART. III.—1. *Report of the Joint Select Committee of Lords and Commons on Railway Companies' Amalgamation. Session 1872. Parliamentary Paper.*

2. "*Railway Amalgamation.*" A Speech delivered by R. S. Graves, M.P., at the Annual Meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, 26th January, 1872. London, 1872.

3. *The Amalgamation of Railway Companies, or the Alternative of their Purchase by the State considered.* By Robert Benson. London, 1872.

4. "*The Appropriation of Railways by the State.*" a Popular Statement, with a Map. By Arthur John Williams, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London, 1870.

5. *Observations by Sir E. W. Watkin at the Meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, May 13th, 1872.* Manchester, 1872.

6. *Speech of the Right Honourable Chichester Fortescue, M.P., in the House of Commons, on introducing the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill, on the 16th of February, 1873.*

7. *The State Purchase of Railways.* A Paper read before the Statistical Society by Mr. R. Biddulph Martin, on Tuesday, March 18th, 1873.

SAFETY, economy, and expedition may be said to constitute the *trinoda necessitas* of all travellers by land and by water, of all consignors and consignees of merchandise, and of all who are interested directly or indirectly in our internal communications.

If we have already reached and (which is still more important) secured to ourselves for the future the highest perfection attainable in these three particulars, we have nothing to do but to be thankful for the blessings we enjoy. If we have *not*, but are, on the contrary, very far from their attainment, and in danger of losing even what we possess, the practical question arises 'by what means, if

by any, the public interests, in these important matters, may be effectually protected?'

Perhaps we shall be asked, 'Why do you complain? Are not the appliances for locomotion as safe, as cheap, and as quick as they ought to be?' The answer to this question must of course depend, in some degree, on the standard aimed at. But a country possessing a manufacturing industry far more productive and expansive than any other in Europe—a country, moreover, which took the lead in railway enterprise—may not unreasonably be expected to be in advance of its neighbours in respect of its internal communications. How, then, do we stand in comparison with other countries in Europe as to the safety, economy, and speed of our locomotion?

1. As to safety. We sometimes hear railway authorities congratulating themselves upon the small percentage of casualties on the gross number of passengers in England; but the question rather is whether we are improving or deteriorating in this respect. From the Board of Trade Returns for 1871 it appears that the total number of accidents was 1665, of which 402 were fatal. It further appears that the cases which have been the subject of official inquiry show an increase of 30 per cent. over the average of the preceding five years. We possess very imperfect data for comparison with other European countries in this respect; but if we take the percentage of accidents to railway mileage in the United Kingdom, we find that for the year 1871 it was in the proportion of 11 per cent. on the number of miles open, while in Belgium it was not more than 7. On comparative statistics of this kind, however, we place little reliance. The important practical question is, 'Does our present system tend to diminish the risks of travelling?' And this question we are compelled to answer without hesitation in the negative. If a certain percentage of casualties is necessarily incident to locomotion, it is surely all-important that in cases arising from criminal neglect the culprit should be easily detected. But so long as every fatal catastrophe is followed by a mysterious controversy about 'inter-locking points,' 'block signals,' and 'level crossings,' between the authorities of the Board of Trade and railway companies, the representatives of the killed and wounded will probably ask in vain, 'Who ought to be hanged?' And in the face of legislation directly tending to aggravate all the evils of this double government, and the difficulties of fixing the responsibility for accidents, no one at all conversant with the facts of the case will deny that whatever marvels we may have accomplished in the matter of locomotion, adequate

guarantees for the public safety yet remain to be provided.

2. With respect to the second question, that of economy, a table of comparative fares and rates, drawn up by Mr. Galt (the figures of which were substantially verified by the report of the Royal Commission of 1866), gives the following results:—

Average Fares charged to First-class Passengers for a Journey of 100 Miles in the Twelve Countries of Europe enumerated below.

	£.	s.	d.
In Belgium	0	6	6
„ Italy	0	10	6
„ Spain	0	11	9
„ Prussia	0	18	0
„ Denmark			
„ Austria			
„ France			
„ Norway	0	13	4
„ Switzerland	0	13	6
„ Holland	0	14	0
„ Portugal	0	14	2
„ Russia	0	14	5
UNITED KINGDOM	0	18	9

It may be added that a comparison of the second and third-class fares shows the same results proportionally, while the goods' traffic rates charged in Belgium present a still more striking contrast with those on English railways. The following examples of the contrast are given by Mr. Williams in his 'Popular Statement':—

'The charge for carrying raw silk from Derby to Manchester (69 miles) is 2*l.* 10*s.* per ton: according to the Belgian rate it would be 9*s.* 8*d.* From Derby to Glasgow (275 miles) the rate is 5*l.*: according to the Belgian rate it would be 1*l.* 1*s.*

'The charge for carrying groceries between London and Bristol is 23*s.* 4*d.* per ton. In Belgium it would be 18*s.* 8*d.*

'The cost of carriage for sugar from Liverpool to Worcester (100 miles) is 16*s.* 8*d.* per ton. In Belgium it would be 12*s.* 1*d.*

'Butter is carried from Liverpool to Manchester (32 miles) at the rate of 10*s.* per ton: according to the Belgian tariff it would only be 4*s.* 10*d.*

'From Burton-on-Trent to Winchester (194 miles) the charge for ale is 26*s.* 8*d.* per ton. In Belgium it would be 17*s.* 6*d.* To Newport (136 miles) the charge is 21*s.* 8*d.* per ton. By the Belgian tariff it would be 14*s.* 6*d.*

Changes are of course made from time to time in both tariffs, but, according to Mr. Williams, they still present a striking contrast in the charges for the following bulkier commodities:—

'The cost of carrying a ton of timber or deals from Liverpool to Dewsbury (65½ miles) is 12*s.* 6*d.* If we had the Belgian tariff, it would only cost 5*s.* The cost of carrying a ton of timber from Liverpool to Manchester (31½

miles) is 8*s.* In Belgium it would be only 3*l.* 1*d.* From Liverpool to Stockport (38 miles) the charge is 10*s.* per ton. The Belgian charge would be only 3*s.* 8*d.*

'Bar-iron is carried from Wolverhampton to Southampton (152 miles) at a cost of 19*s.* 2*d.* in Belgium it would be carried for 9*s.* a ton. Pig-iron can only be brought from Wolverhampton to London (126 miles) at an expense of 15*s.*: according to the Belgian scale it would be 6*s.* Between London and Bristol the rate for hardware are 27*s.* 6*d.* a ton: on the Belgian scale they would be 13*s.* 6*d.* The manufacturers of earthenware at the potteries have to pay at the rate of 30*s.* per ton for the carriage of their goods to London (150 miles): the Belgian railways would carry them for 9*s.* Grain is charged 12*s.* 6*d.* a ton from Liverpool to Sheffield (74 miles): the Belgian rate would be 6*s.* 11*d.*

As to the advantages of uniform terminations and published rates on various Continental railways, valuable information is furnished by the evidence of Mr. Malcolm before the Joint Select Committee of 1871. But enough has been said to prove the shortcomings of England as to *economy* in railway traffic.

3. With respect to the third point of comparison, namely, speed, in which great superiority has been sometimes erroneously claimed for English locomotion, it will be found that the difference between ourselves and our neighbours is not very considerable. The average of all the English examples of the quickest trains, given in the appendix to the report of the Royal Commission, gives a speed of 36½ miles per hour. The average of the quickest examples in France is given at 31, while the quickest of all (that between Paris and Rouen) is 36. In Belgium the quickest are from 29 to 35, in Prussia, 29; in Austria, 20 to 29; in Bavaria, from 24 to 32; in Italy, from 24 to 30 miles per hour.

It appears, therefore, that Englishmen can travel, at a greater risk of life, and at considerably higher cost in money, about five or six miles an hour faster than their Continental neighbours. It may be added that a first class passenger may often engross two seats for a single fare, and travel in a half empty carriage, at almost any hour of the day he pleases, to his destination on any of the leading thoroughfares of England. For schoolboys, going home for their holiday to whom 'money is no object,' and safety of much less importance than expedition, this state of things may be very satisfactory. But to the grown-up community, who, though they might be content with the *status quo*, foresee that they will soon be at the mercy of a few colossal companies as to speed, safety, and cost, the aspect of affairs is not so bright; and they naturally as

themselves how it comes to pass that England, with all her vaunted enterprise and skill, has not only drifted to leeward of her European neighbours in all the essentials of good internal communications, but is even in peril of being more completely distanced in the race?

The cause of our deficiencies is not far to seek, and if its investigation may stimulate our efforts to redress them and (if we cannot repair what we have lost) to take such securities as we can against still more serious evils for the future, the inquiry will not be altogether in vain.

The oft told and disastrous tale of British railway enterprise scarcely needs to be repeated. Suffice it to say that during less than half a century we have constructed nearly 16,000 miles of railway, at an expense of 550 millions sterling, and at an average cost per mile nearly double that incurred in similar works by any country in Europe. It may be added that on more than 50 millions of the above-named capital, the proprietors receive no dividend at all. That the community at large should have to pay in some shape or other an eventual penalty for the recklessness which it has tolerated, and even encouraged, is, of course, inevitable. Ruined shareholders cannot possibly be the only sufferers in a collapse affecting the highways of the country, which, by whomsoever constructed, 'belong or ought to belong,' in the language of a high authority, 'to the people just as much as the light of heaven.' Under the haphazard system which prevailed through the first era of railway enterprise in this country, any penniless adventurer who could satisfy the Standing Orders of Parliament by a temporary deposit, was able to start a new railway side by side of an existing line, which, after crippling its own powers of accommodating the public by costly litigation, was often doomed finally to buy up its sham rival with money which would have been otherwise applied to the improvement of the communications of the whole district. And this was called 'healthy competition,' and under that plausible designation imposed both on Parliament and the public, until its inevitably ruinous consequences, not only to the deluded shareholders, but to the community at large, became at last too painfully obvious. And so it came to pass that when by a costly and wasteful process a rapid and ill-organized extension of our railway system had been in a blundering and unsatisfactory manner accomplished, and the various competitors for the privileges of 'common carriers' discovered too late the mistake they had made, devices of all kinds were resorted to for the mutual

protection of the rival companies from the perils of the headlong race they had embarked in. Then came the era of 'working agreements,' 'through booking,' 'joint-purse arrangements,' 'division of traffic,' 'running powers,' &c., which were all so many contrivances for undoing the work of Parliament, and attaining outside its walls the results of legislative amalgamation. Meanwhile the action of the Executive Government presents a constant series of well-meant but abortive attempts sometimes to regulate, sometimes more actively to control, in the presumed interests of the public, the excesses of railway enterprise. Of these the most conspicuous were Sir Robert Peel's in 1840, Lord Dalhousie's and Mr. Gladstone's in 1844, and the constitution in the same year of the Railway Department of the Board of Trade. In 1853 came the Committee of which Mr. Cardwell was chairman, and from which the Act which bears his name resulted in 1854; previous to which a large number of speculative schemes, comprising no less than 2000 miles and 40,000,000*l.* of capital had been abandoned without consent of Parliament.* Then came the Royal Commission, over which the Duke of Devonshire presided, in 1866, and finally the Joint Select Committee of Lords and Commons in 1871, on the recommendations of which Mr. Chichester Fortescue, its chairman, bases the Bill which is now before Parliament.

For thirty-three years the chief apparent object of Parliamentary intervention has been—first, by encouraging the competition of highways and canals with railways, and afterwards that of railways between themselves, to protect the public from the dangers of monopoly, and at the same time to create some central authority by which the growing independence of the railway interest might be regulated and controlled.

In both these objects Parliament has signally failed, for though all its machinery of Committees and Commissions has been brought to bear upon the question, we are at this moment in the presence of a monopoly far more formidable than that to the dangers of which we have on two previous occasions adverted in this Review,† while the impotency of all contrivances for controlling the action of railway companies daily increasing in power, as by combination they diminish in number, is too obvious to need illustration.

The main question therefore is, not whether we are to be satisfied with what we

* See Report of Committee of 1853.

† 'Railway Legislation,' in 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxiv., July 1844. 'The Great Railway Monopoly,' 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cxxv. October 1868.

possess, whether our present appliances are as good as they ought to be, but into what state of things we are inevitably *drifting*. The Joint Select Committee of last Session, whose Report affords a masterly and complete summary of the history of railway legislation, concludes with these remarkable words, which may serve as a warning to those who are sanguine enough to anticipate any grand or important result from any Act founded on that Report :—

‘If the above recommendations are adopted by Parliament, they will *not* have the effect of preventing the growth of railway monopoly, or of securing that the public shall share by reduction of rates and fares in any increased profits which the railway companies may make.’

In other words, a Committee composed of twelve of the ablest men in Parliament, who have examined some fifty experienced witnesses, including all the leading railway managers, and have studied the past history and present aspects of the question, deliberately assure us that they have no remedy to suggest for evils which the evidence brought before them proves to be serious, and no security against dangers which they admit to be imminent.

We have no desire to undervalue the labours of the Committee, or to depreciate the Act which it is proposed to found on its recommendations; though some of the clauses of the latter are so irritating and unfair that it is difficult to imagine that they can ever become law. But it would be an exaggeration to regard the Report of the Bill as anything more than a repetition in 1873 of the proposal which proved nugatory in 1854; for whether the Mixed Tribunal now proposed may prove better or worse for its purpose than the Court of Common Pleas, all the infirmities of the old scheme are inherent in the new one.

After more than a quarter of a century's experience, we know pretty well what the Railway Department of the Board of Trade (by whatever name we may call it) is likely to effect. It is not very probable that Mr. Chichester Fortescue and his colleagues will accomplish now what Lord Dalhousie, with greater vigour and weaker antagonists, failed to accomplish in 1845. The only result of such a ‘double government’—try it in any form we please—must be divided responsibility, increased danger to the public, and after a brief and ineffectual struggle on the part of the executive, a final triumph for the railway interests.

By the common consent of all practical men, competition—the ordinary safeguard

of the public in matters of trade—has ceased to afford the slightest protection (except in the few unimportant cases of rival sea traffic) against railway monopoly. And as for canals, the recent purchase of the Bridgewater Canal on behalf of railway interests does not encourage the sanguine hopes of those who may have relied on effectual competition from that source. In fact, railways are now admitted to be what they have in fact been from the first—industrial monopolies.* And as the death of competition happens to coincide with a peculiarly vigorous and irrepressible phase of combination, that portion of the public who take thought for the morrow is not unnaturally beginning to ask itself by what means we can secure the continuance of whatever accommodation our present internal communications may afford.

The crisis at which we have arrived is forcibly and accurately described in the two following conclusions, which the Joint Select Committee of 1871 embody in their Report. They sum up the history of Parliamentary inquiry and legislation as follows :—

‘(1.) That Committees and Commissions carefully chosen have, for the last thirty years, clung to one form of competition after another; that it has, nevertheless, become more and more evident that competition must fail to do for railways what it does for ordinary trade, and that no means have yet been devised by which competition can be permanently maintained.

‘(2.) That, in spite of the recommendations of these authorities, combination and amalgamation have proceeded, at the instance of the companies, without check, and almost without regulation. United systems now exist, constituting, by their magnitude and by their exclusive possession of whole districts, monopolies to which the earlier authorities would have been most strongly opposed. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the progress of combination has ceased, or that it will cease until Great Britain is divided between a small number of great companies. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the actual facts should be clearly recognised, so that the public may become acquainted with the real alternatives which lie before them.’

If the conclusions of the Committee are correct, the country will have to choose between two alternatives, either to accept combinations between companies until the entire railway system is in the hands of four or five independent and colossal corporations, or to adopt means for railways becoming the property of the State. For, whatever may be the practical effect of the measure now be-

* See ‘Quarterly Review,’ vol. cxxxi., October 1871.

fore Parliament, nobody supposes it will stop amalgamations of railways. Let Parliament do what it may, these combinations will inevitably go on. 'For,' says Mr. Graves, 'the railway history of England is but one long list of absorptions and amalgamations. In 1866, out of 13,950 miles of railways belonging originally to 353 companies, 12,221 miles were actually worked by twenty-eight companies. The "Lancashire and Yorkshire" has reached its present dimensions after five or six amalgamations, while the London and North-Western probably embraces thirty more.' It may be added that the North-Eastern Railway is now composed of thirty-seven combined lines, formerly competing. In the face of these facts, it is idle to suppose that the gradual consolidation of our railway system, into some half-dozen large groups, can be materially affected or delayed by the action or inaction of Parliament.

The dread of State intervention with private enterprise—an apprehension which assumes sometimes healthy and sometimes morbid forms—has, no doubt, contributed to disincline Englishmen from following the example which the successful experience of many Continental nations might have otherwise led us to adopt. But the possible necessity of such an alternative is no new idea. It has long been present to the minds of our most far-sighted statesmen. So long ago as in 1844, when Mr. Gladstone's Bill, empowering the Government to purchase, after the lapse of twenty-one years, all railways which should in the intervening period be constructed, was passing through Parliament, Sir Robert Peel, though declining to advise the *immediate* purchase of railways, used these words:—'Seeing that there is a monopoly with respect to conveyance and communication, the Legislature should have the power of purchasing, after a certain period, on giving due notice to the parties concerned. We are about to say to the railway companies, *You shall not have a permanent monopoly against the public*, but after a limited number of years, we give you notice we shall have the option of purchasing your property.'

Such language, from one of the foremost advocates of non-intervention with private enterprise, affords to us now, thirty years afterwards, an indication of the policy which Sir Robert Peel, and those who acted with him, then foresaw would sooner or later become inevitable.

Five years ago, in commenting on the Report of the Royal Commission on Railways then just issued, and especially on the supplementary Reports of Sir Rowland Hill

and Mr. Monsell,* we ventured to predict that the view set forth in these last-named documents would, sooner or later, meet with increased acceptance from the public. Intervening events have only tended to strengthen this impression, and notwithstanding the serious obstacles of self-interest, and of prejudice, which have yet to be encountered and overcome, the disposition calmly to consider the alternative of State management in this department of national affairs grows with the dangers, which every other proposal offers, in a daily aggravated form. Captain Tyler, who has the benefit of some twenty years' experience as an inspecting officer of the Board of Trade, has aided so materially in enlightening public opinion on the present aspect of the question that we cannot do better than quote the words in which he concludes a valuable Report presented to the Board of Trade in November 1871.

'At a time when combination has already proceeded in the railway system to great lengths, and when further combination, of which the ultimate end will be complete monopoly, is proposed, it is desirable to consider seriously the means of control in the interest of the general public which it will be possible to provide. In considering the question in all its bearings, by the light of past experience, and with the knowledge that further control could not be exercised without detailed interference in railway working, it is apparent that, practically, there is the choice between only two courses. Inasmuch as *dual* management would be destructive to efficiency, and would only tend to constant difficulty and dissatisfaction, the future monopolies must either be managed by the State in the interest of the general public, or must be managed by the directors of the monopolising companies in the interest of their shareholders, with such advantages to the general public as they might consider it expedient to afford. And in those respects in which the public advantage did not coincide with the supposed interest of the companies, the public would have to do the best they could with the facilities which were granted to them. The management of railways by companies in the past has not been such as to justify the belief that as the companies become more powerful, and therefore more independent of control, it will be wise to entrust to them greater influence and still more completely the important interests of the means of conveyance throughout the country. Company management has in the past been sometimes disastrous, frequently inefficient, constantly wanting in the means of properly conducting its business and of securing safety, and occasionally dishonest. State management, ably

* Mr. Monsell's Report alludes almost exclusively to the assumption by the State of Irish railways, which embrace a capital of 27 millions, and a mileage of 2000 miles.

administered, would be more economical and more efficient, and would have no other possible object than the common good. * * *

Considerable and general reductions and equalisations of rates and fares, which could not be expected from directors working, in the interests of their shareholders at the most paying figures, for a maximum of profit, would naturally and easily be carried out under State management. And the vast accession of traffic which would result would, besides yielding a fair return on the capital guaranteed, afford an unparalleled stimulus to the manufacture, commerce, and general prosperity of the country. Unity of management in the hands of the State would thus be of enormous advantage to the country as regards economy and facilities of communication; and it would further be attended with many incidental advantages in connection with the postal and an improved parcel service, with the conveyance of troops, with the employment and instruction of a portion of the army in railway work, and with the organization of the railway stations throughout the kingdom, under Government officers and servants, as the great centres of intercourse, information, and traffic. It is difficult under all these circumstances to avoid the conclusion that the question of the acquisition of the railways is one which is at least well worthy of the serious consideration of Her Majesty's Government at the present time.'

The State management of railways formed no part of the inquiry undertaken by the Joint Select Committee of 1871. It is, therefore, only incidentally that the Report throws any light upon the subject. It must not, however, be supposed that the arguments for the views put forth by Captain Tyler rest on 'official crotchets,' or the Utopian dreams of unpractical theorists. In the publications the titles of which are prefixed to this article, we find the deliberately recorded opinions of disinterested gentlemen of long railway experience, whose views on this question cannot lightly be dismissed. Among these may be enumerated Mr. Graves, the late member for Liverpool, whose untimely death has inflicted a severe loss, not only on his constituents, but on the commercial world, and whose evidence, it may be added, is that of a witness conversant with the interests of which he speaks, as a leading director of the largest railway in the United Kingdom. In addressing the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, so recently as in January 1872, Mr. Graves, after adverting to the pending amalgamation of two great railways, went on to say:—

'If Parliament should find itself unable to provide adequate security against the increasing powers of the railways, then we are brought face to face with the only alternative which remains,—an alternative for which, I fear, the

public mind is scarcely yet prepared—the transference in some shape or other of the highways of the country to the control of the State.

'I know that there is a traditional antipathy to the State undertaking anything in this country that private enterprise can do as well, and, as a general principle, this is sound; but the railways of a country involve ground for peculiar, if not exceptional, considerations, inasmuch as they are practically our highways; they are gradually but surely superseding all other modes of communication; they have exercised the greatest influence in raising the country to its present remarkable state of prosperity; and they have become so identified with the success of every interest in the country that we can no longer shut our eyes to the fact that on the good or bad administration of our railways largely depends the welfare of the nation. If we could eliminate all private interest from their management, and allow the administration to consult alone the public good—to do for persons and for goods what we have done for letters and for telegrams—the State would possess in its own hands the means of extending benefits immeasurably greater than have ever been conferred by either one or the other.

'Let us suppose for a moment that the whole of the railways of the country were one interest, worked solely for the public good, that the missing links which now keep our great systems apart were dropped in, the shortest routes selected for through traffic; that in place of opposing trains running half empty to the same localities at the same hours, they were separated and made more frequent; that the public participated in the saving which would result from unity of control, the cessation of Parliamentary contests, and many other advantages which could be named—surely such would be a great improvement on the costly separate systems now in force; but if we add the financial saving which would annually result were the State to become the borrower, we shall arrive at a correct impression of what might be done by a colossal amalgamation, in which the interests of the nation would alone have to be consulted.'

After going into some interesting financial details, which prove that Mr. Graves had not lightly taken up this important question, he thus concludes:—

'There are many advantages which, if time permitted, I might show would accrue to the State from State control. Besides cheaper and more uniform rates, and the utmost possible facilities for free and regular intercourse, it would solve the question of workmen's trains in all our great centres of industry; it would enable the Post Office to greatly enlarge its operations; it would enable us to extend to parcels the principle applied to letters; it would provide a very practical field for the industrial employment of our army; and it would enable us to see how far low rates would stimulate traffic, and whether it was not more profitable

to carry the many at cheap rates than the few at high rates.'

In adverting to the recorded opinions of what may be called the 'railway authorities,' who have ranged themselves on the same side with Mr. Graves, we desire to call special attention to the able and important pamphlet of Mr. Benson, an influential director of the London and North-Western Railway Company, who has, we are informed, taken an active part in railway administration for no less than thirty-five years. From this pamphlet we shall have occasion to quote presently; but, meanwhile, we will refer those who may wish to hear both sides of the question to a speech delivered before the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, in May last, by another railway director, who is actively connected with the management of several lines. Of Sir E. Watkin's speech, which reproduces vigorously all the stock arguments against all State intervention, we will only remark that his application of these arguments to railways mainly consists in deprecating the extinction of competition, which, by the common consent of all men, is, so far as railways are concerned, for all practical intents and purposes, extinct already. But it would be romantic to expect that the great railway potentates, whose empires yield in some instances a gross revenue almost rivalling that of a first-rate European power, should at once welcome an organic change of government, which cannot increase, and may possibly imperil, their importance. Still less will such a revolution approve itself to the less important members of the railway boards. Of the 2500 directors who are now supposed to manage the railways of the United Kingdom, at least two-thirds would probably be disestablished by the proposed change, and cannot, therefore, be reckoned on as its supporters. The same remark applies to the lawyers who conduct the litigation of railway companies both in and out of Parliament, and perhaps also to the bankers who have the custody of their funds.

The stock objections to State management of railways, which are, in fact, the same which have been successively paraded against the State management of the Postal Service and of the Telegraphs, resolve themselves into three classes, which may be called the Political, Administrative, and Financial objections.

They may, perhaps, be stated as follows:—

1. Would not the amount of patronage placed at the command of Government be objectionable in a constitutional point of view?

2. Could railways be administered, managed, and worked, by the State?

3. Might not the absorption of the railways by the State, or the purchase by Government on its behalf, prove to be a losing operation in a financial point of view?

The two first-named classes of objections, namely, the Political and the Administrative, so constantly overlap each other that they may, perhaps, be most conveniently treated together. Those which are distinctly political (which, however, the experience of almost every State in Europe has already practically refuted) take various forms, but the 'awful consequences of leaving a service so vast, numerically, at the mercy of State patronage,' form the most popular topic with these reasoners. The 'State' is, for the purposes of their argument, represented as an irresponsible despot, foisting his incapable favourites into highly paid offices, and smashing his subjects under murderous locomotives; and it is suggested that all this nepotism and wickedness may be perpetrated without remedy on a helpless community, which will have lost all power of appeal or of redress. But why, we ask, are all complaints to be silenced because traffic managers, instead of being servants of a money-making company, are servants of a Government responsible to public opinion? Is it likely that the old ladies of both sexes, who pour forth their daily troubles to the 'Times,' about 'leaky foot-warmers,' 'extortionate porters,' 'draughty stations,' 'fossil sandwiches,' or 'unpunctual trains,' will be reticent because the head of the Railway Department is a responsible Minister of the Crown? On the contrary, is it not more likely that half the complaints and accidents which are now hushed up will be brought to the light of day? But it is said—and it is supposed to be a crushing answer to all hints at the State management of railways—'A railway accident might upset a Government!' To which we should answer, 'Why not?' Is it not as worthy a cause for such a catastrophe that half a hundred lives have been sacrificed by recklessness or parsimony as that some colonial official has made a political blunder at Hong Kong? If, for the now helpless and powerless President of the Board of Trade, whose function is to scold and to advise disobedient subjects sufficiently independent to scorn his lectures and disregard his admonitions, you substituted a real Minister, endowed both with power and with responsibility, his position as to the internal communications of the country would be precisely the same as that of the other Chief Secretaries of State in their respective departments; nor would his administrative

difficulties be necessarily greater. These do not depend on the strength of his staff, any more than those of a general officer on the number of battalions in his army. It is said that he would have to manage 300,000 railway servants, a problem not, we presume, more insoluble (with an adequate staff) than the administration, now so admirably superintended, of some 50,000 employés in the working of the Post Office and Telegraphs.

Of the beneficial results of State management on public safety and convenience there can be little doubt. By whatever process this branch of the service of the State may be recruited, public opinion is powerful and vigilant enough now-a-days to scare off all attempt at nepotism; and there will be the manifest advantage that the administrators will have but *one* object to aim at, namely, the public interest. Railway officials, under the present system, are called upon to do that which the highest authority has pronounced impossible to man, namely, to serve two masters—the shareholders and the public: the main object of the former being that they should do their work *cheap*; of the latter, that they should do it *well*.

We all remember the outcry that was raised in the supposed interest of 'political economy' when the telegraphs were taken in hand by the Government; and if the conveyance of mails were now in the hands of private companies, and the proposal were about to be made, for the first time, for the establishment of the admirable postal arrangements we have so long enjoyed, we should, no doubt, be solemnly warned that all our letters would be burnt or opened by the spies of a 'paternal government.' It is, however, at this time of day, rather difficult to comprehend why the carriage of our persons and our goods should be subject to more abuse in the hands of the State than the carriage of our letters and our messages.

Sir Edward Watkin attempts to frighten the Manchester Chamber of Commerce by the anticipation that 'under this new system, if they wanted a new railway, they would have to fight for it on the hustings.' Has this been the experience of Manchester or of any town or village in England in respect of postal or telegraphic communications? And if not, why are we to anticipate so flagrant a defiance of public opinion and such reckless indifference to public convenience in our railway administration?

'But,' say the alarmists, 'look at your dockyards, see the waste and extravagance of your parliamentary ship-builders and naval administrators. Are you going to import all these evils into the management of our internal communications?' Now, if it were

contemplated that the Government (instead of contracting, as it would probably do, for the supply of all new rolling stock) should set up a manufactory of locomotives, carriages, and waggons, there might be a semblance of plausibility in this apprehension; but, even if there were no such distinction between the Government management of railways and of dockyards, it is well known that the two cases differ in all material respects. How often has the Navy been reconstructed, in order, as is alleged, to keep pace with the inventions of the day, and to enable us to hold the foremost place as a maritime power? The inevitable consequence of this condition of affairs has been an ever varying type of ships of war, with pecuniary results too well known to the country. In the case of our shipbuilding establishments, change has been inevitable, and with it has come expense. In the case of railway building establishments, whether in the hands of Government or of companies, it is perfectly well known that *perseverance in uniformity of pattern* in locomotives, the type of which rarely varies, is essential not only to economy but to success. There is, therefore, no real parallel between the two cases.

Those who object to the transfer of railways to the State on political grounds, appear to overlook one manifest advantage derivable from such an arrangement. We allude to the importance, for the purposes of national defence, of placing our inland locomotion under Government control.

But, in order to anticipate what may be called 'political' objections, applying rather to the future than to the present, we may notice the fears which have been expressed as to the possible action of the Government in respect of those portions of the country which are, as yet, unprovided with railway accommodation. It has been hinted that, in dealing with such districts, the Government of the day might, for political reasons, be tempted to embark in unprofitable undertakings. The area to which such a temptation might apply is not very considerable. And the danger, such as it is, might be easily met. Such extensions are of two sorts, those which relate to new lines or to works on a large scale, which should not be undertaken on behalf of any locality excepting on the understanding laid down as a principle *ab initio* that the Government are guaranteed that it will return interest at, say 5 per cent. upon the cost, any deficiency to become a charge upon the local rates. On this basis the course of Government would be simple enough as respects all such extensions, therefore it might safely comply with any local demands of this nature.

But besides this class of large extensions which will be comparatively rare, there are those gradual enlargements which a growing trade always demands, the necessity for which is felt by the managers and officers of railways in their conduct of its business without any demands from without. A large proportion of the cost of these enlargements would have, as is now the case, to be defrayed out of the revenue of railways. The Chancellor of the Exchequer would keep a check upon undue expenditure either on capital or revenue work; as respects the former he would have to include the estimated amount in his annual Budget, and as respects the latter, he would take care that the railway revenue upon which he had calculated was not diminished. It seems to us that there would be inherent in the system a self-acting principle providing for the needful expenditure within prudent limits.

The most important part of this whole question is undoubtedly the financial one. Mr. Benson, who has entered at some length into this part of the subject, thinks that it is simpler than might at first sight appear. He bases his calculation on the fact that the Government can raise money on much cheaper terms than companies or private persons, Government security bringing in an income of barely $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and a railway security one of 5 per cent. It is the wide difference between the value of the two classes of security that would enable Government to deal liberally with the shareholders, and yet make a good bargain for the State. Moreover, the operation is one which would not present great difficulties. We have witnessed of late how readily and with what little disturbance of the money market such operations can be conducted, and in this case, moreover, it would not be a creation of new capital, but an exchange of one class of securities for another.

The law regarding the purchase of railways, as it at present stands, is scarcely applicable to the existing state of affairs. Being limited only to railways constructed since 1844, it is based upon a dividend of 10 per cent. and twenty-five years' purchase of the same. Mr. Benson suggests the following plan of effecting the transaction. We can find space only for the main points of his argument, and must refer our readers for further details to the pamphlet itself:—

'The following figures compiled from the Board of Trade Returns for the year ending 31st December, 1871, and the conclusions drawn therefrom, will give an idea of the amount of purchase money fairly payable by the State, and the principle on which such amount has been arrived at.

'The total capital received to 31st December, 1871, is thus shown:—

	Preferential. £.	Ordinary. £.
England and Wales	266,808,832	195,064,784
Scotland	48,780,690	20,552,221
Ireland	12,895,438	14,688,147
	<u>322,429,955</u>	<u>230,250,152</u>

'Some preferential shares are convertible into ordinary stock, but their amount is limited, and will not materially affect the conclusion.

* 'The result of the working for the year 1871 was as follows:—

	Traffic Receipts. £.	Working Expenses. £.	Net Receipts. £.
England and Wales	41,883,065	19,887,488	21,995,582
Scotland ..	5,237,329	2,583,786	2,653,543
Ireland ..	2,272,386	1,181,591	1,090,795
	<u>48,892,780</u>	<u>23,152,860</u>	<u>25,739,920</u>

'The total net receipts, as above shown, amount to 25,739,920

It is approximately estimated that the interest on the preferential capital averages $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and therefore absorbs 14,509,845

Leaving a balance (representing about 5 per cent. interest on the ordinary capital) of .. 11,230,575

'It will be readily seen that it is the rights, interests, and privileges of the ordinary stockholders which must form the main subject of negotiation for the transfer of the railways to the State.

'The consideration of the matter will be most advantageously conducted by basing the proposals on strictly equitable grounds only, and in following out this view it may be stated that, were an individual negotiating for the purchase of property of a similar nature, the first recognised rule to be applied would be, that an investment producing 5 per cent. per annum, subject to fluctuation, but with no immediate prospect of either increase or decrease to any material extent, is worth twenty years' purchase. Then would be considered the probability of an increase or decrease during the next twenty years; and such additions or deductions would be made as on that principle might be found right; the estimate of the future being based on the experience of the past. The fact that the State is in this case substituted for the individual does not, of course, vary the principle upon which the calculation should be made; but as it would be obviously impracticable for some of the lines to be taken over by the State, and others left in the hands of the present proprietors, the transfer must be made compulsory, and for this compulsion a liberal compensation should, of course be allowed.

'Assuming negotiations to have commenced,

the claim to be made upon the State would consist of three leading items:—

'The first, already sufficiently explained, is the twenty years' purchase of the net income of the last year, which amounts to 224,611,500*l*.

'The second is the consideration to be paid in respect of the probable increase of income during the next twenty years, to be ascertained by reference to past experience.'

Mr. Benson then proceeds to show that during the last nine years the average yearly increase has amounted to 6 per cent. of the net income on the ordinary capital, and that we may calculate the progressive increase of the next twenty years to be equal to ten years' purchase of the net income of 1871, which would amount to 112,305,750*l*.

'The third is the compensation to be paid for compulsory sale, and this, it is believed, is very generally considered to be only fairly stated at 10 per cent., or 33,691,725*l*.

'A clearer view of the position of both the shareholders and the Government will be shown by tabulating the foregoing figures, as will be seen below, and to which attention is particularly directed.

'Twenty years' purchase of the present net income, 11,230,575 <i>l</i> , on the ordinary capital,	£.
230,250,152 <i>l</i> , amounts to . . .	224,611,500
Ten years' purchase of the same net income, to represent the estimated progressive increase during the next twenty years, is equal to	112,305,750
Together	336,917,250
Bonus at 10 per cent. as compensation for compulsory sale . .	33,691,725
Making a total of	370,608,975

to be paid to the present proprietors of ordinary stock.

'It will be abundantly apparent that two of these items of account between the State and the railways would not present any difficulty whatever in arriving at their amount, viz., 1. The twenty years' purchase of the net income of the last year; 2. The bonus for compulsory sale; and that the remaining item, viz., 3. The probable increase during the next twenty years, would alone form the subject of arbitration. At the first glance the magnitude of the total purchase money, as shown above, is somewhat startling, representing, as it does, about thirty-three years' purchase; but this complexion of the subject is totally altered when it is considered to how great an extent the State would benefit, as the following remarks will illustrate.

'It may be presumed that, in order to supply the necessary funds, the State would issue a 3½ per cent. Stock, and the yearly interest would thus be called upon to provide would amount to 12,971,314*l*. It will be suffi-

cient for the present purpose to suppose that the State took over the railways as from the 1st of January, 1872. The net income of the railways for the ending year 1872, it is estimated, would reach 11,904,409*l*., or an increase of 6 per cent. of the income of 1871.

'The difference would be, for the moment, a loss to the State; but, as the income continued yearly to improve, this apparent loss, even after adding thereto compound interest at 3½ per cent., would, within four years, entirely disappear; whilst from that date a profit would be annually experienced, so rapidly accumulating that, at the expiration of the twentieth year (1891), no less a sum than 212,846,850*l*. would have accrued to the State; and this condition of things, it may be fairly assumed, would be thereafter maintained.'

We do not pretend to verify these figures, and they can, of course, only be taken as an approximation to the facts of the case; moreover, some adjustments will have to be made in the case of railways paying no dividends. But, however this may be, it is evident from the different rates at which companies and Government can borrow money that the latter can deal liberally with the former for the purchase of their property without incurring, as in the case of the telegraphs, the reproach of extravagance, and yet secure substantial and permanent advantages to the community at large.

There are not wanting high financial authorities in support of the State purchase of railways, whose opinions are well known in the commercial world, but we cannot omit specially to notice the paper recently read before the Statistical Society by Mr. R. Biddulph Martin, whose views, though differing in some details from those which we have quoted above as to the precise mode of dealing with railway capital, point to the same practical result.

The question of the Government purchase of railways, so long as it is supposed to be in a transition state from the 'happy land' of crotchets to that of sublunary realities, will, of course, have to run the gauntlet through a host of adverse critics. If the financial difficulties, so ingeniously magnified by Mr. Newmarch and others, should by any accident be overcome, many lines of defence will yet remain for the advocates of inaction.

The railway system as it stands, with its wide and fertile field for litigation—its grand career for rival managers, its ever-growing colossal monopolies—is to thousands of English idolaters an object of reverence as precious as ever was Diana to the craftsmen of Ephesus. The iconoclasts who rashly touch the shrine of these worshippers must be prepared for an uproar. And the *status*

quo will be defended not only on grounds of self-interest, but of sentiment. We shall have a brigade of alarmists who will warn us that 'Communism' is the goal to which all this sort of legislation must tend; that 'we are turning the nation into a great co-operative society for the management of its locomotion.' The simple answer to these suggestions is, that as the nation is already a co-operative society for the purpose of managing not only its mails and messages, but its army, navy, and police, the extension of the same principle to our locomotion and our traffic cannot be, at all events, more than a development of the same revolutionary principles on which we are already acting so successfully. Nobody proposes that the State should work on railways or any other industrial monopoly for profit. The question is simply whether the profits, which in the hands of companies have to be squeezed out of all such enterprises, should, *pro publico bono*, be foregone together, and applied to the development and improvement of our internal communications.

But it is asked by those who cannot conceal from themselves the final result towards which we are gravitating, 'Does not the Bill now before Parliament arm the Government with adequate powers to abate the evils with which we are threatened, and to coerce insubordinate railway companies into obedience?' 'Try, at all events,' they say, 'what the Commissioners to be appointed under this Bill can do for you, before you attempt an operation so gigantic, and in the opinion of some critics so visionary, as the absorption of railways by the State.' This dilatory plea would doubtless possess some force if the measure under consideration really armed the executive with such powers as could be exercised, both equitably and efficiently, in the public interests. But unfortunately the Bill, as it now stands, does not hold out the slightest prospect of such a result. Its leading principle (if it may be said to have one) is, that all railways throughout the kingdom should be open, without let or hindrance, to the transit of travel and traffic, irrespective of and beyond the lines of existing companies. In other words, railways are to be treated as if they were one interest. Now, if the State were prepared to buy the railways and pay for them, this principle would not only be a perfectly sound one, but its adoption would realise one of the most important objects aimed at by State purchase. But the new tribunal about to be created is, by the Bill as it now stands, empowered to make regulations binding on all railways still presumed to retain their rights as independent corpora-

tions. In other words, a court, from which there may be no appeal, is to be invested with the power of overriding and partially repealing all the Acts of Parliament, on the faith of which shareholders have expended their capital. It is difficult to criticise a measure which has not yet assumed its final form, but it is not surprising that a scheme which, while it arbitrarily takes away the powers conferred by the Legislature, attempts to force reluctant partners into a compulsory combination, without providing for any equitable adjustment of their separate interests, should have encountered, in the first instance, a choral protest from the railway world.

But if the *equity* of Mr. Chichester Fortescue's Bill is doubtful, still more questionable is its *efficiency* for the only end such a measure can be intended to promote. The railway companies which, whether rightly or wrongly, consider themselves to be aggrieved by it will, of course, if it passes, set themselves to work to defeat any provisions which they may consider adverse to their interests. Nor will their task be a very difficult one. Compulsory through-rates and mail arrangements will afford fruitful topics of dispute, and if the railway companies can only start with a real grievance, they will be sure in the end to have the best of it in any quarrel with the Board of Trade and their Commissioners. Mr. Martin predicts that, if such a tribunal as that proposed by the Railway Traffic Bill were really armed with the authority it would require, it would practically be a 'Board of Control,' similar to that famous Board which only existed as the precursor of imperial power. We fully endorse this prediction, and believing, as we do, that sooner or later this organic change must be made, we should greatly prefer to see it accomplished at once, or as speedily as may be, without a preliminary process of irritation which can only render all its stages the more difficult by the sense of unfairness which all meddlesome and one-sided legislation invariably engenders.

We have endeavoured to set forth fairly the difficulties attending any effort to carry out the only railway reform which we consider worth attempting; and we believe that those difficulties are less formidable than they may at first sight appear to be. The advantages to be gained from a successful solution of this problem are unquestionable. Sir Rowland Hill, in his Report appended to that of the Royal Commission of 1866, thus enumerates them:—

1. A pecuniary gain to the State.
2. A gain to railway proprietors in steadiness and security of income.

3. Security against Parliamentary contests, now so costly.

4. A reduction, eventually large, in fares, freights, &c.

5. Greater efficiency of management.

6. Increased postal facilities, and a cheap 'parcels' delivery.

To these may be added a considerable saving in the working expenses of railways, involving a reduction, according to Mr. Graves, of not less than 25 per cent. on their present amount. But, be it remembered, the question we have to consider is not simply whether the immediate advantages to be derived by the assumption of railways by the Government are worth the difficulties and controversies such a change may involve. It is not whether the accommodation the community now enjoys is sufficiently good, or the inconveniences suffered are sufficiently endurable to induce us to accept our present lot, rather than exchange it for another of the conditions of which we are ignorant. It would not be difficult to point to evils inherent in our present system for which State management promises an effectual remedy; but it is, as we have already stated, rather in anticipation of the dangers which threaten the best interests of the community, when railway amalgamation shall have run its full course, that we invite a calm and careful consideration of the only alternative available for their protection.

It is too late to inquire what might have been the result had we followed the example of our Continental neighbours, by mapping out the country, granting concessions for long periods, and retaining the reversion in the hands of the State. The contrast presented between that system and our own has been truly described by the late Mr. Joseph Locke* as one 'between method and confusion in a matter of supreme national interest; there led and guided by the sovereign power, here ungoverned and undefended, abandoned to every kind of attack, and only conscious of authority in the shape of exactions.'

The utter disregard of all law and system, under which our internal communications have been constructed, will render the railways of England a permanent monument of the ridiculous and disastrous achievements of 'healthy competition' and 'independent enterprise,' embarked in hopeless and unequal race with gigantic industrial monopolies. But the experience of the past, no less than the manifest tendencies of the present, may afford us a timely warning for the future;

and it is to be hoped that we have, at all events, learnt the futility of all attempts to manage our railway companies by arming a subordinate department of the Government with powers to scold and irritate, where it cannot command, and to issue orders where it cannot impose penalties on disobedience. We have tried the 'laissez faire' policy, and it has failed; we have tried a meddling policy, and it has failed also. We have now, in the language of Captain Tyler, to meet the coming day when all the railways, having completed their several systems, may, and probably in their own interests will, 'combine together to take advantage of the public.' In the face of this contingency we have simply to make our choice between two alternatives—either 'to let the State manage the railways, or to let the railways manage the State.'

ART. IV.—*Autumns on the Spey.* By A. E. Knox, M.A., F.L.S. John Van Voorst. 1872.

WE gladly welcome Mr. Knox back in a field of literature he has done much to make his own. When he published, in 1849, his first work, '*Ornithological Rambles in Sussex*,' we introduced him in these pages* to our readers as 'a sportsman and a keen one,' and yet as so 'genuine an enthusiast' in natural history that, whilst mere sportsmen at the coverside were 'chiding at the long delays of reluctant reynard, or brooding sadly over the low price of corn and the treachery of' these 'public men,' he could find a 'philosophic interest' in 'watching for a very scarce bird, the *Melizophilus Dartfordiensis*, whilst the fox-hounds were drawing the great gorse covers.' In fine we gave him almost the highest praise which could be awarded to anyone in this field of literature in saying that 'he continually reminds us of our old delight, White, of Selborne.'

The present book is of the same type with his first, and leads us to retract nothing of our former commendation. The

'Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem Testa diu'

is, in his case, absolutely true equally of his love of nature, his zeal for natural history, and his love of sport. True it is that the chief sports now are salmon-fishing and deer-stalking instead of fox-hunting. But

* Presidential Address at the Institution of Civil Engineers.

** 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxxv.

the flow of seven-and-twenty years, with, it may be, the breaking of as many bones as our articulated condition makes it convenient to have re-set, may have brought about this change. Still the old fox-hunter often reappears in the present stalker and salmon fisherman; and connects, by a magic circle, the different sports, as where he tells us in one of his exciting salmon struggles—

‘Notwithstanding the thrill of delight that electrifies every fisherman at the moment when he hooks a big salmon—especially if he has previously raised him unsuccessfully two or three times—yet I never could share the feelings of some anglers of my acquaintance who aver that they would *then* willingly hand over the rod to a less fastidious sportsman, and that the subsequent contest and even the landing of your fish are comparatively uninteresting. Such a proceeding appears to me to be precisely analogous to the conduct of a master of hounds who, while hunting his own pack, would, immediately after finding his first fox, call them off in quest of a second, thus completely ignoring the pleasures of the chase, the glorious excitement of the first burst, and all those “moving accidents by flood and field” that constitute the great charm of fox-hunting, and in which the true salmon-fisher equally participates.’

Salmon-fishing, moreover, as pursued by Mr. Knox, is, as we shall see, not the self-sparing indolent gratification of sitting in a punt and bobbing for gudgeons, but a sport abounding in physical exertion, and even attended at times with no little risk. Here is his experience of following a big and somewhat desperate fish by wading as far as he could wade, in long heavy boots, and swimming when he could wade no longer:—

‘One afternoon I was engaged with a very heavy fish. The stream was strong, the tackle delicate, and the fly exceedingly minute, so that “give and take” was the only policy likely to be successful. I had already crossed two streams that intercepted me from the main current, down which the salmon was rushing, when I came upon a third, running in at right angles to the latter, and certainly not more than thirty feet wide, which it was, of course, necessary to cross. The shingle on the near shore sloped away most invitingly, and although the opposite bank looked a little steep as I threw a hurried glance across, yet at that moment I never anticipated any difficulty in reaching it. When about halfway over, however, I found myself suddenly out of my depth, holding up my rod with one hand, and with the other trying to assist my over-weighted legs in swimming across—a far more arduous task than I had imagined. Arrived there, however, I found that my troubles had only just begun. I struggled in vain to climb the perpendicular side. I felt as if a ton weight was fastened to each leg, and at last, after repeated exertions, became so exhausted that, with a sudden con-

sciousness of immediate danger, I dropped the rod, held on with both hands at the edge of the bank, and once more strained every effort to ascend. All in vain: so throwing myself on my back, I succeeded in swimming with the greatest difficulty to the opposite shore, and felt not a little thankful when I reached it again in safety.’

Now the maintenance amongst us of sporting habits such as these seems to us to be a matter of national importance. We own to having comparatively little to say for the fashionable *battue*, and the thousand almost domestic pheasants crowded into ‘a warm corner’ to be butchered by so-called sportsmen who, with three breech-loaders each and an appropriate number of attendants to load them as often as they are fired, know none of the pleasures of the chase except the showing their skill in the actual taking away of life. But little as it may be easy to say for the modern *battue* and its wholesale destruction, there never probably was a time when it was more important to maintain amongst our young men of the middle and higher ranks a love of real ‘Old English’ sport. The tendencies of the age have, in almost every direction, an enervating influence upon the physical condition of these as of almost all classes of our population. Most of the rough edges of life have become comfortably cushioned for such. There is little to test resolution or to brace them up to a high tone of manliness, and whilst this is so, there are in abundance counter-influences at work. The intense business of the busy, the listless sauntering of the idle, the desperate pursuit of wealth and distinction in commercial business and professional life, all tend to deteriorate the physical condition of the higher ranks of Young England; and all make more valuable to us as a nation whatever leads our young men to out-of-door exercise,—all the better when there is a certain ruggedness and even risk about its character. The easy driving of the officers of the empire to their posts on the battle-field in luxurious carriages was the harbinger of the mighty breakdown of the gallant French army at Sedan.

The hunting field in England is of national importance. But of all our home dominions Scotland now holds out to us by far the most of these advantages. The ‘land of brown heath and shaggy wood,’ the mountains, the moors, the bogs, the lakes, the rivers, the deer forests of Scotland, remain untainted by the breath of our dangerously abundant personal comforts, and the idle wave of enervating luxury breaks idly at the foot of Corry Habbie. As more and more our own fens are drained and tilled, our wilds disafforested, our wastes enclosed, and our ground game

threatened by Lands Improvement Acts, we must look to Scotland, which is yearly becoming more and more the great national sporting ground of Great Britain, for the peaceful training of the thews and sinews and cool heads and strong hearts of our young men, which was given in right warlike fashion of old to their distant progenitors by the ever ready martial assaults of the Picts and Scots of antiquity.

Amongst the Scottish districts which serve this good purpose for us, it would be hard to find a fairer than that which Mr. Knox lays before us in this volume. It is most fitly dedicated to the Duke of Richmond, from whose princely castle, as the introduction tells us, most of its contents were written in successive autumns to 'friends in the South'—poor stay-at-home Southerners whose nerves were not being braced by the invigorating air of the eastern Highlands. The failure in the direct line of the Dukes of Gordon transferred this glorious inheritance to the Dukes of Richmond; the second of whom now possesses it. For all its high purposes it could not have passed into nobler or better hands; and the concurrent testimony of all who, like the author, have tasted the hospitalities of Gordon Castle bears witness that, as for still higher, so certainly for those special uses of such an heritage to which we have above alluded, it could not have been held by any more able to enter themselves gracefully, yet heartily, into the various sports, for which the district gives such abundant room, or more ready with kindly courtesy to impart to others a full share of such enjoyments than are its noble owners. Here the true old British character of sport survives; for whilst there is wild and hardy work enough to test the sturdiest manhood, there is room too for those of the tenderer sex who—

'In speech and gesture, form and face,
Shew they are come of gentle race.'

Nay, we have even read in the papers of the day that one prelate, at least, of the feeblener South has succeeded in landing from the waters of the Spey salmon which no stream in all the Diocese of Rochester could rival.

In many of these sports, deer-stalking, roe-driving, wild-fowl shooting, and above all salmon-fishing, Mr. Knox makes his reader a partaker with him, intermingling, as is his wont with his sporting chronicles, natural history, geology, and descriptions of scenery, which make his pages charming to the lover of the country and the naturalist, as well as to the professed sportsman.

The scene of his operations is the valley of the Spey—the second river in Scotland

for its extent of basin and volume of water; but the first in the rapidity of its flow and in the picturesque wildness of the mountain from which its earlier waters are distilled. Its defect in the eyes of the utilitarian, that the mouth through which it empties itself into the sea makes it unnavigable for vessels of any draught, is really the cause of one of its great charms in the eyes of the sportsman. The great height of its spring head, 1200 feet above the sea, and the vastness of the mountain ridges which it drains give it at once its unequalled rapidity of flow and its tendencies to spates, which rise often into the condition of floods, carrying with them boulders, in mass and multitude so great that it chokes with them its own lower channel, heaping them up into banks which forbid navigation, but which supply pools, and torrent rushes and rapids, which are the favourite haunts of the salmon, as their instinct leads them from the deep to the high gravelly spawning-beds of the far inland river.

The Spey is not one of those unfathered rivers for whose parentage a multitude of different bogs may dispute. Its rise is in a small well-marked pool 1200 feet above the level of the sea, in the district of Lochaber, upon the south-east spur of the Corrymuich Mountain, whose north-western slopes look down upon Loch Ness. Its course is northeasterly to the sea; at first it flows generally more due east, as if it would assault the roots of the great Grampian range, but as it gets near to them it inclines toward the north, and runs along the somewhat wide valley which lies between them and the Monadhliath range. We know no grander walk which the lover of mountain scenery can take than from Castleton, at the head of the valley of the Dee, right across the Invercauld Forest to the roots of the giant Ben Macdhuil, and then leaving the great granite mass of the Cairn Gorm Hills to the left, penetrating through the pine woods of Rothie Murchus down into the valley of the Spey. If the traveller should pass this route on some autumn day when all the winds have been let loose from their caverns and come with thunder and storm upon their wings; when, as their hurricane might bursts upon you, it is not always possible to keep the uncertain footing which the granite slabs scarcely afford; when the precipitous side of the Cairn Gorm is at one moment black with the descending flood of the mountain storm, and the next glowing like a Titan's mirror in the brightest sunshine, while the ptarmigan, beaten down from their congenial heights, come within stone's throw with drooping wings around you, he will see sights, and hear sounds, and have feelings

roused, which never leave him whilst memory lasts.

The early course of the river is wild, but barren, and, when shallow, diverted into pools and fens; but as it rolls onward, it becomes clothed with all the materials of beauty; here it is a broad, swift, unbroken stream, bordered with pine wood, here diversified with all the coloured beaches of the old red sandstone through which it is flowing, and which open on each side into the most striking ravines, whilst here and there it has been spanned by ancient bridges, and evermore along its course is identified with many of the most striking records of old Highland life.

There is hardly a reach without its tradition; handing down by the way in which the story is interwoven with the scenery the rugged romantic old past into the tamer life of the present. So looked Dr. Macculloch on the Highland castle on Loch-anechan:—

‘Its ancient celebrity,’ he says, ‘is considerable, since it was one of the strongholds of the Cumyns—the particular individual whose name is attached to it being the ferocious personage known by the name of the Wolf of Badenoch. It has passed now to a tenant not more ferocious, who is an apt emblem and representative of the red-handed Highland chief. The eagle has built his eyrie in the walls. I counted the sticks of his nest, but had too much respect for this worthy successor to an ancient Highland dynasty to displace one twig. His progeny, it must be admitted, have but a hard bed, but the Red Cumyn did not probably lie more at his ease.’

So flows the river on, till from its mountain cradle full of rich tradition it loses itself at Garmouth and Kingston in the ocean, the voice of romantic history dying out like the flow of the river into the dead level of far more commonplace life, for we are told—‘in a house at Kingston, which some remember to have seen, belonging to the Knight of Innes, the clergy of Moray are said to have presented Charles II. with the *Solemn League and Covenant*, which bears that it was “taken and subscribed by King Charles II. at Spey, June 23, 1650;” but it was sworn and signed by His Majesty on the Sabbath before he landed. As the vessel which brought Charles from Holland could not come into the harbour, a boat was sent out to land the king. The boat, however, could not approach sufficiently near the shore to enable the king to land dryshod, whereupon one Milne, turning his broad shoulders to the king, quietly bade His Majesty ‘loup on,’* and so, ‘louping on’ to the shoulders of Milne (whose family bore ever

after the name of King Milne), the Stuart Prince landed, in the vain hope of being able to reclaim his ancient kingdom.

The river, from the great space it drains and from the height of the mountains which supply its waters, is liable to great floods. Some of these have amounted to inundations, and there are few more harrowing scenes depicted than some of those which may be found in the pages of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder’s account of the great flood of 1829.*

The twelve miles above the mouth of the Spey are those which form the scene of Mr. Knox’s fishing experience. At the mouth of the river are the lucrative fisheries which yield so goodly a rent to the Duke of Richmond. The late Duke, in evidence which he gave before the Committee on railways, valued the fishery of nine miles of the river at 12,000£,† and it has certainly not fallen off in value since that time. But it is not with the various descriptions of net-fishing that we have to do, but with the exciting exploits of the rod and the single gut, nowhere more exciting than here, where the ‘Spey throw’ has its own glory—full of interest even to watch, glorious successfully to accomplish. In this noble art, Mr. Knox is evidently a great proficient, as beyond all doubt he is a thorough enthusiast. His writings have that charm which the fire of enthusiasm alone can give them—you fish with him as you read. And even the reader who is not a devotee of the gentle art is taken captive by the vigour of his descriptions; by his thorough enjoyment of the scenery around him, and perhaps above all by the knowledge of natural history and the genuine love of all the wild creatures round him, which is continually reappearing in his pages. Yet there is no tiresome obtruding of difficult questions on the reader. His tone on these is well expressed in his dealing with the salmon:—

‘Notwithstanding the flood of light that has been thrown of late years on the biography of the salmon by patient observers and zealous pisciculturists, how much still remains unknown and obscure! If any long-disputed point has latterly been more satisfactorily settled than another, it is that the parr, the samlet, the grilse, and the salmon are really but one and the same fish at different periods of its existence; yet, but a few years ago, one of our most distinguished ichthyologists assured me that the parr was a distinct species. Warned by the errors into which even scientific lumi-

* We are glad to see an announcement of the reprint of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder’s valuable work, which is interesting alike to the lover of natural scenery and to the student of geology.

† Longmuir’s ‘Speyside,’ p. 11.

* ‘Speyside,’ by John Longmuir, p. 8.

naries may occasionally fall when dealing summarily with questions so full of difficulties, I shall avoid every "*questio vexata*" connected with the history of *Salmo salar*.'—P. 63.

And so he does. And yet here is close following this disclaimer a beautiful and highly characteristic piece of natural history—speculation founded upon that close, patient observation which is the distinguishing faculty of every successful naturalist. 'Spey flies,' he tells us (p. 64), 'are simple and unassuming, both in composition and appearance.' With these comparatively dull flies of the modest native pattern the newly run fish in the lower waters are more readily captured than with the most brilliant exotics. Their reason for this preference is thus accounted for:—

'The term "fly" is clearly a misnomer. No insect that ever winged the air bears the slightest resemblance to any of these artificial lures, and even if it did, the motion imparted to the latter under water would be unnatural and impossible. They are evidently taken by the salmon for some of the numerous varieties of *Crustacea*—prawns, shrimps, &c.—which, with *Echinodermata*—starfish, &c.—constitute his rich repast in the depths of the ocean. A conviction of the accuracy of this surmise forced itself upon me a few years ago, while lying down on the bank of a small clear pool, at the tail of a rush of water through one of the lesser arches of Spey bridge, near Fochabers, and attentively watching the motions of a fly at the end of a long line thrown by a young friend of mine—an accomplished fisherman—from over the parapet above. Its undulating movements under water exactly resembled those of a living shrimp or prawn, while the continuous play of the long soft hackles of the heron or fowl—so characteristic of the old Spey flies—imitated still more closely the actions of those small, but many-legged crustaceous animals, as I had frequently observed them in the aquarium of the Zoological Society.'—P. 66.

But there is no part of the natural history of this volume which better pleases us than the pleas which from time to time he puts in to save his favourites from the senseless destruction inflicted on them by ignorant gamekeepers or yet more ignorant preservers of game. To show to what an extent this exterminating system has been carried, he quotes from a former work of his own a list of 'vermin' destroyed on the Glengarry property, which was furnished to him by a friend who was himself the lessee of the shootings at the time—from 1837 to 1840—and by whose orders the slaughter was carried out. He omits the wild quadrupeds who equally figured on the black list. But here is the entry of the winged victims of persecution:—

- '27 white-tailed eagles.
- 15 golden eagles.
- 18 ospreys, or fishing eagles.
- 98 blue hawks, or peregrine falcons.
- 275 kites, commonly called salmon-tailed gledes.
- 5 marsh harriers, or yellow-legged hawks.
- 63 goshawks.
- 7 orange-legged falcons.
- 11 hobby hawks.
- 285 common buzzards.
- 371 rough-legged buzzards.
- 3 honey buzzards.
- 462 kestrels, or red hawks.
- 78 merlin hawks.
- 9 ash-coloured hawks, or large blue-tailed ditto.
- 83 hen harriers, or ring-tailed hawks.
- 6 jerralcon, toe-feathered hawks (?).
- 1481 hooded or carrion crows.
- 475 ravens.
- 35 horned owls.
- 71 common fern owls.*
- 3 golden owls.†
- 8 magpies.'

'If we remember,' says Mr. Knox, 'that this system has been carried out generally for many past years throughout Scotland, with a view to the preservation of grouse, the excessive rarity of the larger species of *Falconidae* at the present day can no longer be a matter of surprise. Numerous keepers were employed in this wholesale massacre, who received not only liberal wages, but extra rewards, varying from 3*l.* to 5*l.*, according to their success in the work of extermination.'

He proceeds to show how this wholesale destruction actually defeats its own purpose:—

'Since the ravages of the grouse disease, it may fairly be questioned whether the prevalence of that mysterious complaint may not be chiefly attributable to the removal of the natural checks on the inordinate increase of the species, fostered by so many contrivances, and notably by the destruction of those birds of prey whose favourite food they constituted. The weak and sickly or superannuated members of a pack were of course captured with facility, while the more vigorous and active escaped. Thus a sound stock survived for breeding, and the result was a healthy progeny, free from the admixture of a degenerate race of more numerous descendants, naturally liable to epidemic disease and premature decay. Every old grouse-shooter can call to mind how often in former times, when the peregrine was of comparatively common occurrence, he has experienced the vexation of seeing some of his wounded birds carried off by that powerful falcon, evidently selected as more easy victims than the rest of the pack. No predacious bird equals this species in courage and rapidity of

* Probably the short-eared owl (*Otus brachyotus*). Surely not the insectivorous night-jar.

† The white or barn owl, comparatively rare in Scotland.

flight. We may conclude, then, that sickly or otherwise debilitated grouse would generally fall to the share of the hen harrier, *Circus cyaneus*, formerly a common species, and still the least rare of the larger *Falconidae*; of the marsh harrier, *Circus aruginosus*; of the common buzzard, *Buteo vulgaris*; and of the kite, *Milvus regalis*.*

We must give our readers the pleasure of following with our author the water wanderings of another of his favourites, and hear his eloquent pleadings for it against its ignorant detractors:—

'Of the many indigenous birds unjustly proscribed and gradually diminishing in number, the water ouzel, or dipper, *Cinclus aquaticus*, appears to me to be the most flagrant example, and I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of recording my belief that he is not only an injured innocent but an ill-used benefactor. For ages he has been condemned as a supposed devourer of trout and salmon spawn, but I am convinced that such a charge has no more foundation in truth than the once popular fables of cows and goats being milked by the hedge-hog and the night-jar. I have had many opportunities of observing this bird narrowly, more frequently in Ireland and Wales than even in Scotland, and I may add—though not without a slight pang of remorse—that in the stomachs of the many specimens I have shot and dissected, even when in the commission of the supposed act of larceny, I never could detect any portion of the spawn of either trout or salmon. Let us for a moment watch the manœuvres of a dipper. The scene shall be one of his favourite haunts, the rocky banks of a mountain burn, or the gravelly shallows of a larger stream. Perhaps you are quietly seated among the heather above, resting during the heat of an autumnal noon, and admiring the various colours of the Mosses, Lichens, and Lycopodia that clothe the margin. You are struck by the loneliness of the scene. Nothing living appears to animate it. Suddenly a water ouzel darts by, in swift, even flight, close to the surface, and alights on a flat stone in the middle of the burn a little lower down. You are no less struck by his beauty—his snow-white breast contrasting with his otherwise dark plumage—than with his attitudes and performances: nodding his head and jerking his short tail after the manner of a wren, and then suddenly plunging into the stream, where you lose sight of him until he reappears on the surface in a few seconds a little lower down, and perhaps resumes his position on the same rock, or flies to a stone nearer the bank. You have probably read or heard that he can dive with facility and walk about at his ease on the gravelly bottom. Now is your time to watch his actions under water and to judge for yourself. You run quickly towards the spot, but are careful to check your speed and lie down before you reach it lest you should alarm him prematurely. Again he rises from the burn, rests for a moment on a stone, and soon disappears once more beneath the surface. Now you repeat your former manœuvre and reach

the margin in time, above the very spot where he has just plunged into the clear shallow stream, and, looking down, you distinctly see him struggling with violent efforts to reach the bottom, towards which his head and body are already protruded; working his wings all the time with considerable exertion and *apparent* difficulty, quite unlike the comparatively facile movements of a coot or cormorant or any bird of similar specific gravity when in the act of diving. Now he seems to clutch the round pebbles for a few seconds and to be employed in extracting something from among them, but the ripple of the current prevents more accurate observation on your part. At last he comes once more to the surface, and, alarmed at your presence, darts along the burn. His flight is as even as that of the partridge, and he presents an easy shot. To satisfy yourself of his guilt or innocence, you—reluctantly—pull the trigger and he floats lifeless on the stream. Now for the trial. You carefully dissect his crop and stomach and examine their contents, and you discover several larvæ of *Phryganea* and *Ephemera*, minute beetles, and other aquatic insects, and several very small freshwater snails,* but you search in vain for the ova of trout. Such an incident as I have just hurriedly described has occurred to myself repeatedly, and the result of my observations induces me to believe not only in the harmlessness of this interesting little bird—whose spring song, by the way, is exceedingly melodious, but that instead of being a destroyer of fish-spawn, he really assists in its preservation, by acting as a check on the increase of various predacious water-beetles, and other aquatic insects whose ravenous grubs or larvæ furnish his favourite food. His persecutors are therefore, in my humble opinion, amenable to the double charge of injustice and ingratitude.'

There can be little doubt that Mr. Knox is right in his view of the dipper's innocence. Though there are, as we know, still some unconverted naturalists, yet we can call into court an incomparable witness, who altogether supports the view above laid down. We are enabled to quote the following passage from Mr. Gould's 'Birds of Great Britain,' now in course of publication:—

'Among fishermen, the water ouzel, or *Cinclus aquaticus*, has a bad character, from their belief that it feeds on the ova of the trout and salmon; hence in some parts of Scotland it is destroyed by every device, but the charge, in my opinion, has not been established, nor have I any reason, after taking considerable pains to investigate the subject, to believe that it is just. During my visit, in November, 1859, to Penoyre, the seat of Colonel Watkins on the River Usk, the water ouzels were very plentiful, and his keeper informed me that they were then feeding on the recently deposited roe of

* I have found sandhoppers (*Talitris locustæ*) in the stomachs of some dippers killed on the banks of large rivers. Digitized by Google

the trout and salmon. By the Colonel's desire five specimens were shot for the purpose of ascertaining by dissection the truth of this assertion, but I found no trace whatever of spawn in any of them. Their hard gizzards were entirely filled with larvæ of *Phryganea* and the water-beetle (*Hydrophilus*). One of them had a small bullhead (*Cottus gobio*) in its throat, which the bird had doubtless taken from under a small stone. I suspect that insects and their larvæ, with small-shelled mollusks, constitute their principal food: and it may be that their labours in this way are rather beneficial than otherwise; for as many aquatic insects will attack the ova and fry, their destruction must be an advantage. I believe, indeed, that birds generally, nay always, do good rather than harm, in the check they give to the undue extension of insect life.'

If we think Mr. Knox clearly right in his natural history as to the harmlessness of the water ouzel, we do not the less agree with him in his view that the interference with the balance of nature which is implied in the killing off of whole species in order to protect the game-preserve is a shortsighted and in the long run a self-defeating policy. We have heard of grouse lands over which the sportsman can scarcely pass; because of the inordinate increase of the viper upon them: that increase of the viper being the consequence of the destruction of its natural enemy, the beautiful peregrine falcon, who, in keeping down the multiplication of the venomous reptile, had, without the knowledge of the keeper, more than repaid his occasional feast upon the weaker grown and diseased grouse.

Here is another instance of the same kind in the case of the noblest of our birds, the golden eagle:—

'In the eyes of the experienced forester the golden eagle appears in a different light from the sea eagle, the persecuted abomination of shepherds from his tendency to vary his fish diet with an occasional lamb. He knows him to be a valuable ally to the deer-stalker as a check upon the inordinate increase of the prolific blue hare, *Lepus variabilis*, which indeed constitutes his favourite prey. Every stalker can call to mind how many a goodly stag has escaped from his rifle, just, perhaps, at the very moment when success seemed almost certain, through one of these animals starting up before him, running towards the nearest hinds and effectually alarming those watchful sentinels, before the desired range was attained. During the autumn of 1862, in the forest of Braemar, I had the pleasure almost every day of observing the golden eagle in his native haunts. I well remember my first view of the noble bird in this forest. He was soaring at a great height, every now and then arresting his career and hovering in the air like a kestrel, apparently watching some victim in the far heather below, and attended by a rabble rout

of lesser birds, which, even allowing for distance, I could hardly believe to be larger than jackdaws. On examining them through my spy-glass, I perceived that they were hooded crows, who kept up their vain but pertinacious annoyance as long as he remained in view.'—Pp. 140–141.

The genuine love of Nature which shows itself throughout these pages is one of their great recommendations. There is not a particle of cant about the beauties of Spey, or any wearisome, long-drawn-out description, such as at once enable the reader to detect the bookmaker and as certainly lead him to grow sick of his details. There is a genuine delight in the scenes round him, drawn forth by Nature's murmur falling upon an attuned ear which is eminently captivating, and sets the whole picture before the reader's ear as completely as Mr. Wolf's beautiful sketches do before his eye. Here is an instance in point:—

'I was again wandering through the woods, with no companion but my spy-glass, in hopes of meeting with my old friends the cross bills, *Loxia curvirostris*, or perhaps the still rarer crested titmouse, *Parus cristatus*. After a fruitless search of some hours I found myself close to Ortegarr, and—on this occasion with the most friendly intentions towards the birds that frequented it—I commenced crawling through the heather in that direction as slowly and cautiously as possible. I was well rewarded for my trouble, and succeeded at last in reaching a slightly elevated mound, but a few yards from the edge, where, through a vista between the fir-trees that fringed the banks, I commanded a view of the greater part of the little sheet of water. It was a beautiful sight. Within twenty yards of me were a roebuck and a rae browsing leisurely on the succulent grasses near the margin. Farther on the left lay a little swampy island densely clothed with wild iris, bulrushes and other aquatic plants of various colours, and on the intermediate water were several mallards, ducks, teal, coots, moorhens, and little grebes swimming about and occasionally disappearing among the rank herbage or emerging from its recesses; while knee deep at the very edge, stood a stately heron, motionless as a statue, intently watching for his prey. This part of the pool was slightly overshadowed by the reflection of the tall trees behind, but farther off the bright sun fell upon the water, lighting up at the same time the interior of the spruce firs and larch groves that clothed the more distant banks. In the very centre of the loch a cormorant was fishing by himself, incessantly diving and remaining a long time beneath, but rarely succeeding in capturing anything but very small eels. Every now and then a shadow, like a little cloud, would pass overhead, and a heron would sail through the still air or flap heavily along the surface of the water until he took up his position among the shallows in the distance. After watching this peaceful scene for some time, I perceived that the roe-

deer were becoming gradually aware of my presence, having evidently "got my wind." First they raised their heads and stared almost incredulously at my place of concealment, as if doubting the possibility of an enemy having approached so near them without discovery. Then suddenly taking alarm, they trotted off rapidly into the depth of the forest. Next the heron rose from the extremity of the little island where he had so long remained motionless, and, extending his legs behind him, flew lazily to the other end of the tarn, rousing the cormorant on his way, who with a more rapid flight quitted the scene altogether and disappeared over the trees in the direction of the river.—Pp. 136-138.

The roedeer, our readers will have noticed, were the first to raise the alarm as the lover of Nature peered with no malicious eye into the paradise of Ortegarr. This wonderful instinct of the deer tribe is often noticed by Mr. Knox. He notes—

'Their power of recognising the sound, or cry, of alarm uttered by various native birds of the forest, and of appreciating the difference between this and the ordinary voice or call-note of the species' (p. 79). 'Their instantaneous appreciation of any sound or movement on the part of the feathered tribes around them, indicating the slightest approach of danger to themselves, appears to be the result of hereditary instinct aided by acute observation' (p. 86).

This is as far as we can go with our author. He is here on the very border-line between instinct and reason. The two differ, we apprehend, in this: instinct, by some innate power, draws from the premises before it the 'therefore' of immediate consequence with an unerring accuracy of conclusion which the most expert logician might envy; but knows not why it does so; never generalises; never admits, because it is never capable of admitting probabilities and their solutions, analogies and their consequences; can construct no lengthened chain of causes or effects; can embrace no theory of the affections nor rationale of gratitude; but owes its infallible certainty to the very simplicity of the single movement with which it acts. Even an observer so accurate as our author seems to us to be led astray from not thoroughly realising these distinctive characteristics of instinct. Thus describing some of his seal-hunting experience in earlier days on the west coast of Ireland, where he served his youthful apprenticeship to every wild sport that the British Isles can afford except deer-stalking, he 'used to vary the salmon and trout fishing, during the summer, by an occasional seal-shooting expedition on the sand-hills and islands outside the river Moy, in Killalla Bay. At low tides, when these banks were left uncovered, great numbers of

seals used to crawl up the slopes of the lesser islets, and indulge in a sound slumber in full enjoyment of the warm sunshine.' (P. 83.) Thus employed, he describes the tactics necessary to circumvent the seals as they dozed on the sand-banks:—

'Watching until the tide had more than half retired, and always before the ebb, I used to conceal myself in a light, shallow, flat-bottomed punt, where I lay on my face, covered with seaweed, a rifle projecting from one end, and a paddle from the other, the occasional use of the latter enabling me, without any noise, to keep the little craft from turning round, although entirely propelled by the receding tide. Occasionally I could succeed in getting within shot, if the slumberers happened to be unattended by a great black-backed gull, *Larus marinus*; but that was a rare event. A bird of this species, and one only at a time, generally stood near them, and no sentinel ever kept more faithful watch. As soon as I used to perceive him, I knew that all chance of bagging a seal was over for that day. He was a capital judge too, of distance, for he would stand patiently, and quite immovable, on one leg, apparently regardless of the object that was gradually nearing the banks, or pretending not to see it, until I was almost within shot, when suddenly he would rise, and flying round and round over the seals, alarm them at once, uttering all the time his loud, taunting laugh. Turning rapidly "right about face" they would hobble down the bank and soon disappear in the water, while their protector, not satisfied with having balked me of my sport, would keep at a safe distance over my head, and, adding insult to injury, continue to repeat his jeering notes, until at last they gradually died away in the distance.

'I have frequently found fragments of salmon and different species of sea-fish on isolated rocks and sand-banks in various parts of the bay; doubtless the remains of many a repast left by the seals, and duly appreciated by their grateful attendant. The number of grilse and salmon taken with the fly—as well as net—exhibiting severe wounds from the paws and teeth of the seals, is well known, but it is insignificant compared with the quantity devoured by them; while many others, again, escape for the moment, only to die ultimately of these injuries before they can ascend the stream; and as, after the commencement of decomposition, their bodies soon float on the surface of the ocean, they furnish a plentiful supply of food for this large gull, who, being unable to dive, is, in fact, nothing better than a marine scavenger. Doubtless he fully appreciates the important services rendered to him by the seals, and it is quite reasonable to suppose that he is not influenced by disinterested motives in acting as their guardian angel.'—Pp. 83-85.

Now we do not believe that the great black-backed gull ever 'appreciated the important services rendered to him by the seals.'

We believe that he never reasoned, or stopped to reason, upon the matter; that he perceived through that wonderful gift of sight which belongs not to vultures only, but to all vulturine birds, with his great empty stomach and craving, ravenous inaw, marine scavenger as he was, the offal for which he longed, and that he haunted the places where it was used to be, and when he found it gorged it. But that he connected his food-finding with the presence of seals lacks, we think, all proof; still more that, from any interested motive, he acted as their guardian angel. If seals have guardian angels, it is not, indeed, to be disputed that they would probably assume the form of black-backed gulls, but that there entered into our black-backed friend's mind any thought of the seals, or what he owed them for the past, or, still more, any of that highly refined gratitude which consists in the expectation of future favours, we cannot in the least admit. The gull uttered his cry of natural terror when he first sighted his great enemy lying in ambush; like the Schretel who, whilst roasting his meat, saw sleeping near him the white bear which the King of Norway was sending to the King of Denmark, and immediately said within himself, What does this creature here! if it should remain with thee, thou mightest easily receive some hurt.* The gull perceived the danger of hurt, and cried out accordingly, as his instinct bade him. The cry of alarm reached the seal, and by the instinct which in him associated danger with all such sudden outcries, he, according to its laws, waddled off into the protecting deep.

But though we cannot here agree with our author's somewhat poetic flight, even on the wings of a black-backed gull, we gladly admit his claims to be a real naturalist. Every branch of natural history has its charm for him; from the jeering laugh of the modern gull up to 'the red sandstone fishes which peopled the waters of the Old World' (p. 113). Perhaps the most enthusiastic passage, indeed, of his whole volume is that in which he describes his chase, not of the 'travelling *Salmo*,' but of the solemnly reposing ichthyolites of the Tynet burn. For a whole day he pecks, and hammers, and wades, and carries home in a fish-bag his nodule spoils, to find out, as before night he examines them, that his nodules were worthless, and his fish-bed exhausted. Nothing, however, cast down, he sets two able-bodied quarry-men to work for two days to clear away the accumulated rubbish, and lay bare some trun-

cated edge of the fish bed. And now, at last, came the well-earned success:—

'Suddenly a nodule of a form rather unusual, and of considerable size, attracted my attention, as it stuck half way out of the marl. With what breathless suspense did I apply the hammer! A vertical blow soon separated it into two parts, and the chisel gradually revealed to my delighted eyes, first the anterior half, then the remaining portion of a beautiful *Osteolepis*. The bones of the head, which are generally found to be dislocated, were nearly in their proper places, while the entire body was covered with scales like a coat of armour, and as brilliant as mother-of-pearl.'—Pp. 124-126.

Still, it is in the observance of actual existing animal life that our author is pre-eminent. Sometimes, indeed, he is compelled to admit certain omissions in his sportsman's life of which this love of observation must bear the blame. Thus, for instance, he is out for deer-shooting in one of the great pine woods which skirt in its immediate vicinity the well-kept garden pleasantries of Gordon Castle. After some of the disappointments of such a day, he has shot his first roe in a discursive drive, and is now to be posted in a vast nest in one of the pine-trees, whilst the dogs are loosed to drive the deer past the sportsmen in their aerial hiding-places—

'a mass of boughs, like a hugh bird's nest, about twelve or fourteen feet overhead, with a rude and frail ladder of fir-sticks fastened to the trunk, leading up to it almost perpendicularly, and suggesting altogether the idea of a so-called gorilla's dormitory, but seeming to evince less architectural talent in its construction than that quadrumane would have exhibited. These hiding-places were arranged in trees about a hundred yards apart from each other, and in due time I found myself concealed in the particular one allotted to me.'

Perched thus on high for the destruction of his own game, he most unpleasantly finds himself the prey of other creatures, who evidently entertain the mistaken impression that he is placed amongst them for their special benefit:—

'The day, like so many that had preceded it of late, was close and sultry, and the persecution that I endured from gnats and midges far beyond anything of the kind I had previously experienced. Their attacks, indeed, as I found on many subsequent occasions, constitute the standard plague of a roedeer drive in these woods.

'For full an hour afterwards did I keep watch, staring at the opposite path, at first anxiously, then listlessly, in the vain hope of seeing a buck pass.

'Nothing had struck me more throughout the day than the perfect stillness of nature, the uninterrupted silence reigning in these fir-

* Norse poem, quoted in 'Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland,' vol. iii. p. 134.

woods. I was especially surprised at the total absence of all kinds of small birds, some of which, such as the great tit, the blue tit, or their congeners, the marsh or the cole tit, I should have expected to see or hear even at this season, or at least to have caught a glimpse of some feathered inhabitants of the forest. This circumstance had just recurred to my memory with redoubled force, as I perceived, by the declining sun, that the evening was approaching, when suddenly a singular, continuous, shrill chirping sound reached my ears, as of several small birds together, but the notes were strange to me. Although well acquainted with the call of most British birds, I could not recognise this one, and the longer I listened the more I was puzzled. Gradually it approached, and seemed to proceed from one of the taller Scotch firs at a little distance. Fixing my eyes on the spot, I soon saw several little birds, something larger than bullfinches, emerging from the foliage, and, flying one by one towards the tree that was nearest to me, alight on the very boughs that hung over my head. I could hardly believe my eyes, as I realised the delightful fact that I was actually within a few yards of a whole family of crossbills, *Loxia curvirostra*, busily engaged at their marvellous employment of splitting the fir-cones and extracting the seeds.

'Need I say that the recollection of previous bad luck, and even my sufferings from the gnats, were obliterated by such an interesting sight, not the less welcome from its being so unexpected. The very plumage of these little creatures added to the charm of their presence. Some were of a beautiful deep crimson colour, others orange or yellow; others, again, were clad in a plain brown livery, and all were busily intent on their occupation of rifling the cones, during which they kept flying about from one twig to another, incessantly uttering their shrill, monotonous notes. After close observation, I noticed that they seldom attempted to operate upon a cone on the exact spot where it grew, but, after snapping one off from a slender terminal twig, each bird would hop or fly to the central part of the branch, and in parrot-like fashion, hold it in his foot, but more frequently *under* it, as a hawk holds a small bird when in the act of devouring it; and, quickly inserting his bill between the scales, split them open by means of that wonderful tool, and extract the seeds with the greatest facility. Occasionally a cone would fall to the ground just as it was snapped off; but, in such a case, a fresh one was instantly selected, no further notice being taken of the one that had dropped. Their powers of climbing appeared fully equal to that of the titmice, as they swung about in all directions and in every imaginable attitude, twisting and twirling, fluttering, and chattering, within a few yards of me, and evidently quite unconscious of my presence. This was too good to last. The loud cries of the beaters, now rapidly approaching, had for some time overpowered the notes of the crossbills, and announced that the *chase* was drawing to a close. Either alarmed at this, or having completed their selection of the most

tempting cones in the fir-tree over my head, some of the little birds were evidently preparing for a move, when suddenly a rushing sound behind me recalled me to consciousness, and, turning about, I had just time to catch a glimpse of a fine roebuck, with a capital head, dash across the vista within twelve yards of my position. My gun, on half-cock, had long reposed in the hollow of my arm, and there it still remained, as useless, under the circumstances, as a walking stick. I will not venture to assert that I felt no mortification at that moment, nor when relating the incident to some of my more successful brother sportsmen afterwards, but I can sincerely say that the disappointment was more than compensated by the rich ornithological treat I had the good fortune to enjoy.'—Pp. 33-36.

Caught napping, it must be allowed; in a real dream of birds of paradise; and yet who would not rather have had that dream than the best headed roebuck of the whole drive? But though once caught unprepared, our readers must not suppose that Mr. Knox really lets his love for natural history interfere with his sportsmanship. The two tastes intermingle delightfully, and give its peculiar charm to his writings. For he is at heart both a naturalist and a sportsman; and, as a sportsman, a keen one. Here is one of his deer-stalking experiences, which gives a good example of the mettle of the man. By half-sliding, half-wriggling, feet foremost, down the hill-side, and then crawling over the stones in the bed of the burn, he gets hopefully in sight of his quarry:—

'We had still the big stag in prospect, and another hour brought us over the ridge and round the hills to the top of the corrie. Here we slowly raised our heads, and noiselessly opening our glasses examined its sides. There was "the muckle hart," still lying down, . . . but with his head turned away from us. Even when thus fore-shortened he looked a giant among the others. . . .

'At this moment a distant croaking sound attracted my attention. . . . Suddenly the deep, hoarse notes, that at first had reached my ear at regular intervals, were followed by a succession of rapidly repeated angry barks in a higher key. These soon became louder and louder, and, turning up my eyes, I saw, to my consternation, just over our heads, a large raven. . . . He evidently perceived us and redoubled his warnings, swooping round and circling directly over us. In a few seconds all was over. Away went the hinds. Last of all uprose the stag himself, slowly and leisurely; . . . then he trotted up the side of the corrie in the track of the fugitive hinds. Presently we saw the whole herd slacken their pace and, one by one, disappear over the hill; until, at last, "the monarch of the glen" himself loomed in dark profile on the sky-line, and then vanished from our sight.

"Bad luck, that, McKay," said I, scarcely

able to restrain the bitterness of my feelings. I could see that my companion fully shared them . . . as I could occasionally detect an imprecation on the head of the "doom'd corbie" that had spoiled our sport and robbed us of the finest stag in the forest.'—Pp. 86–94.

There can be no doubt that it was the 'doom'd corbie' which, as a black informer, spoiled their sport; but, as we have said above, we acquit him of any intentional intermeddling with the fate of the big stag, and believe that he was simply following the instincts of his own natural love of life when he changed the deep hoarse notes of his security for the rapidly repeated angry barks as he saw lurking beneath two very suspicious-looking fellows, who, in his judgment, were quite as distinctly enemies of the corbie as of the stag.

But, though a determined deer-stalker, it is especially as a fisherman that in these pages Mr. Knox's sportsmanship is shown. The Spey is a grand river for testing the thoroughness of the salmon-fisher. Not only does it require the special skill and muscular strength needed to accomplish the 'Spey throw,' but its rapidity of flow, and its tendency, as the result of spates, to vary perpetually its stream-courses and its pools, makes it, comparatively speaking, little fitted for boat operations. To fish the Spey manfully, you must be ready at any moment to wade, and, at some critical moments, to trust to your power of swimming or treading water with all your fisherman's gear about you. Mr. Knox is great in all of these. Indeed, as we examined the print which the expressive pencil of Wolf has enabled him to place as the frontispiece of his volume, standing in his nest in the fir-wood 'Otherwise Engaged,' we could at a glance fix his species. There is the long thigh, the patient meditative posture, the wiry muscular development, which at once proclaim the wader. If Mr. Darwin's theory should ever be established, there can be no doubt that Mr. Knox will be found to have descended, not from any prickle-eared tree-inhabiting monkey, but probably after the fewest interstitial gradations from some grand and venerable heron. The enthusiasm with which he pleads for the true dress of the wader is really delightful, and might almost tempt some genuine lover of dry land to trust himself for once under the equipment of Mr. Macintosh into the running waters of the river:—

'Whatever modifications these waterproof garments may exhibit, according to the taste or ingenuity of the various makers, it will be sufficient for my purpose to class them under two heads, viz. long boots, or stockings, pulled up

separately on each leg and extending above the knee or nearly as high as the hip, and, secondly, complete Macintosh trowsers—or overalls—in one piece, reaching as high as the waist, or, better still, up to the armpits, over a jersey vest, where they are usually tightened by a running string or tape, and kept in position by short braces over the shoulders. . . . Dismissing the Macintosh stockings, . . . let us confine our attention to the long boots and the trowsers. The boots may be made of thick leather, or of thinner waterproof material of the same kind, or—best of all in my opinion—of vulcanised india-rubber externally, down to the ankle, the feet of thick cowhide, and the whole lined throughout with soft, flexible leather.

'The great advantage of these boots consists in their excessive warmth. . . . Fortified in this way, I have repeatedly waded for hours in rapid streams, when the temperature of the water was freezing, from melted snow, without experiencing the slightest chilliness or inconvenience.

'When the sides of a stream or pool, along which it is desirable to wade, are known beforehand, or in ordinary shallows, these boots will answer all purposes, . . . but where it is important to advance into deeper water, with an uncertain footing among slippery conical rocks below, to reach a goodly salmon; . . . and especially if dealing with a strong runaway fish struggling hard to return to the ocean which he has just left, and threatening every moment to break the single gut and tiny hook that constitutes the only connection between you and him, during which exciting process you have probably to cross several rapids . . . then I say that the Macintosh trowsers are to be preferred to the boots. . . .

'The Macintosh overalls, it is true, cannot resist the low temperature of the water so effectually as the vulcanised india-rubber boots, but their great superiority consists in enabling the wearer to wade much farther into the river; in fact, breast high, and even in the event of his being carried off his legs by the force of the stream and getting out of his depth, he will find himself, if he has been used to swim in his clothes, more at home than in any ordinary garments. I am aware that this is contrary to the received opinion, but *experto crede*. I have more than once put it to the proof, and only last year convinced several incredulous friends who accompanied me on purpose to Speyside, by swimming, diving, and floating for nearly a quarter of an hour in a perfect Macintosh equipment, including a pair of heavy brogues on my feet.

'The popular belief is that, if a person gets out of his depth when wearing this waterproof apparatus, the air contained in the legs of the trowsers raises them suddenly to the surface, his head and shoulders instantly sink, and he is quickly drowned; but, assuming that the dress is properly arranged, this can only occur in cases where the fisherman is unable to swim, or where, if he has never practised swimming in his clothes, the startling novelty of his situation causes him to "lose his head,"

or, in other words, his presence of mind. He cries out for help, and in doing so, exhausts the air in his chest, when, naturally, the skull and thorax becoming the heaviest parts of his person, his position is quickly reversed, and every subsequent attempt at inhalation fills his lungs still more with water, and all is soon over. Many fatal instances of this kind have occurred which, of course, have only served to propagate the popular error, but I am inclined to think that the neglect of a very simple precaution, on the importance of which it is impossible to dwell too strongly, has been the chief cause of loss of life in all cases where the sufferers were known to have been previously able to swim.

"I soon found that the running string, or tape, attached to the trowsers for the purpose of tightening them round the chest, was not sufficiently close-fitting to exclude the water from forcing an entrance in the event of total immersion. I therefore tried a leather strap in addition, well buckled up, but it became relaxed when saturated, and after various experiments I found that a strong hempen whip-cord was the very thing required, as it contracted perceptibly when wet, and, with the addition of a second round the waist, rendered everything quite secure. I could then swim for ten minutes at a time without the intrusion of more than about a wineglassful of water, which gradually forced its way through the circumference of the flannel jersey, however tightly compressed by the cords. The well-nailed leather brogues, so far from inconveniently impeding the floating power, acted merely as a slight counterpoise to the partially inflated and buoyant overalls, and the satisfactory result was simply a greater facility in keeping above water than I had often previously experienced when practising swimming in a flannel suit, or light tweed garments especially selected for the occasion."—Pp. 71–77.

We are here, we are afraid, not exactly on debateable ground, or trying to untie an entangled knot even in Mr. Knox's favourite whipcord, but distinctly fishing in troubled waters. For, in contradiction to the experienced advice given in these pages, many of the masters of the noble art of salmon-fishing pronounce these garments dangerous, and the attempt to swim in them fatal. The air which they contain, it is alleged, makes the legs so much lighter than the head and thorax, that as soon as one attempts to swim the head is violently immersed in the water and the man drowned. Mr. Knox replies that this, no doubt, may happen where, either from ignorance or want of presence of mind, the swimmer abandons himself to such a fate, but that if, instead of yielding to the first mechanical impulse, he inflates his thorax and raises his head, there is not the slightest impediment to his swimming. Theoretically, we must, having regard to the

structure of the frame of man and the difference between the specific gravity of its several parts and that of water, pronounce him right; and practically, he proved his point when last year he convinced his incredulous friends of the fact by the most irresistible proofs, when he swam, dived, and floated before them like a high-bred fuligula for nearly a quarter of an hour on the Spey.

Our readers must by this time have made such personal acquaintance with Mr. Knox that they will, we think, read with interest a brief notice of the use to which, in his earlier life, in 1833, he was once able to put this companionship with water on a lonely lough in the midst of the grouse hills in the north-west of the county of Mayo. No boat of any kind had ever been known on its waters; but as it was seen to be full of trout, a small dingy was carried on the shoulders of a number of the mountaineers to the lough. In it his uncle, Colonel Knox, a keen old sportsman, formerly of the 31st Regiment, who had lost his right arm in the Peninsula, our author, and a Scotch keeper of the name of Hamilton, embarked, and were soon hooking trout at every cast. Colonel Knox, in spite of the loss of his arm, was most successful. Several dozen trout had been secured, and the boat had got to the middle of the lough, when suddenly the Colonel lost his balance and fell heavily on the side of the boat. In an instant she capsized, and all were thrown into the water, Mr. Knox with his shooting coat on, pockets full of various articles, and a spy glass slung around his neck. On coming to the surface, he saw the keel of the boat uppermost, with the Colonel's arms over it, and the water, of which he had already swallowed a quantity, just up to his chin. Poor Hamilton was seen to come twice to the surface, still grasping his rod, but being unable to swim he soon sank again. Getting rid with difficulty of his coat, Mr. Knox managed to put two oars under the Colonel's arm, and their buoyancy, though very little, was just sufficient, with the aid of the nearly submerged boat, to keep his chin above the surface. Mr. Knox then pushed the boat towards the shore as best he could, whilst swimming first with one hand and then with the other, but his progress was dangerously slow, till he suddenly recollected that a long iron chain was fastened to the prow of the boat. Taking the end of this in his teeth, he threw himself on his back, and with comparatively little difficulty towed the boat to land. Several native attendants were witnesses of the capsizing of the boat, but all, with the exception of one, ran away in diffe-

rent directions to spread the news over the country. With the assistance of the stout fellow who remained, the boat was dragged ashore, emptied, and set again afloat to search for poor Hamilton. After a long search, and when all hope of recovering the body was just given up, something like a bulrush was noticed, just above the surface of the water, and on a nearer inspection it proved to be the top of his rod. Being pulled slowly up, the hat which he wore tightly pressed on his forehead, which had probably kept the body from sinking to the bottom, next appeared, and at last the body was drawn up, firmly grasping the butt with both hands. Life of course had long been extinct.

We cannot part with our entertaining author, leaving such a Banshec's wail as this in our reader's ear, and we shall therefore conclude with letting him describe the closing scene of a successful struggle with one of the leviathans of the waters of the Spey, premising that it occurred on the 14th October, 1868, and that the feat was accomplished with a single-gut casting-line and a fly of small dimensions:—

'Not a moment was now to be lost. Five minutes' rest would restore all his previous power and activity, but a succession of boulders discharged rapidly and with unerring aim by the hand of Simon, and falling within a foot or two of his position, failed to rouse him from his sulky fit. So winding up quickly and advancing at the same time into the water, rather below my fish, where I found a sound, gravelly bottom, I was enabled to wade within a few yards of the spot and with a short line attempted to lift him, as it were, towards the surface. In the event of a salmon being foul-hooked this manœuvre is generally fruitless, but if the fly is fixed within the jaws, it is seldom a failure, and, to my delight, its effect on the present occasion was instantaneous. Off he went again towards the other side of the river, and then once more faced the stream. Now hurrying out of the water as quickly as possible, and scrambling up the bank, I got well above him, and at last I could feel that his strength was beginning to fail, as notwithstanding the weight I was able to increase the pressure of the rod without opposition, until I had wound up about forty yards of lines spun out during his last run. Now he moved again submissively down stream, but suddenly, when I least expected it, made one final desperate effort, and rushed right over to a shallow at the other side of the pool, where he had not been before, but quickly yielding to the rod, his back fin and the upper part of his tail appeared above the surface, showing, though but for a few seconds his enormous proportions, before he rolled heavily into the deep water, as I gradually but steadily drew him towards the shore. Just at this moment I felt almost sure of success, as he was now comparatively reduced to obedi-

ence, when an unexpected crisis suddenly arrived.

'A little below the fish, but nearer to me, I caught a glimpse of a small stump—a fragment of a submerged tree—projecting above the surface. In a few seconds all would be over unless I could force him to this side before the stream carried the line across it. Then, indeed, I ventured—in Irish parlance—to "show him the butt," winding up and walking backwards at the same instant, with my heart in my mouth during that trying moment. It was "touch and go." The slightest effort on the part of the descending giant would have ensured his immediate escape, but how can I describe my delight as he passed between me and the terrible stump, although but a few inches from the latter. The rest may be briefly told. The double hook, though of Lilliputian proportions and severely tested, had proved faithful, and I felt sufficient confidence in the nature and tenacity of its hold to warrant me in bringing matters to a speedy conclusion. A few more ineffectual efforts to return to the stream, and again I led my captive to the water's edge, where Simon was already cowering under the bank, clip in hand, watching, like a tiger in his lair, for the supreme moment. It came at last. A splash, a plunge, and a fierce struggle succeeded, and throwing down the rod, I assisted him in landing an enormous salmon, in beautiful order and of perfect proportions. Both barbs of the "silver green" were fixed inside the mouth, one of them securely, while the other had been considerably bent backwards, and had nearly lost its hold. Weight, forty-three pounds; length, forty-six inches; girth, twenty-six; and, although believed to be the heaviest that had ever been taken by the rod on Spey, up to that time, yet, in spite of my exultation, I could not but feel, as the tug of war had been confined to a single pool, and the enemy had never shown his colours during the battle, that the incidents of the contest were of a less exciting character than I had often experienced with many a livelier fish of lesser weight and inferior condition.'—Pp. 158-169.

So we part with Mr. Knox, leaving him in the arms of Victory, and hoping that we may meet him at some future time on the breezy moors, or amidst the covert of the deer forest, or beside (or more strictly speaking, in) the rapid currents of the glorious Spey.

ART. V.—*Memoir of Count de Montalembert, Peer of France, Deputy for the Department of Doubs. A Chapter of Recent French History.* By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of 'The Life of Edward Irving,' 'S. Francis of Assisi,' &c. In 2 Volumes. Edinburgh and London, 1872.

WHEN the Count and Countess of Monta-

lombert were in England in 1839—when she was in the bloom of her beauty and he in the fulness of his fame—they breakfasted one morning with Rogers, who, on their leaving the room, turned to one of the remaining guests, and said, 'I envy that young man, not for his youth, nor for his fame, nor even for his handsome wife, but for his faith. He seems to believe in something, and *that* makes a man really happy.' This remark was addressed to Rio, the author of 'Christian Art,' and the conversation having just before turned on a fine specimen of the pre-Raphaelite school deeply imbued with the religious feeling, there can be no doubt as to the description of faith which struck Rogers. It was a faint reflection of that deep impulsive passionate feeling that animated Montalembert through life: faith, uncompromising, unhesitating faith in Christianity as embodied in the Church, the Holy Catholic Church, which sat enthroned on the seven hills and (as he thought) was asserting no more than a rightful claim in eternally parodying the language of Rienzi, when, unsheathing his maiden sword, he thrice brandished it to the three parts of the world, and thrice repeated the extravagant declaration, 'And this, too, is mine.'*

Montalembert believed equally and implicitly in her divine origin and her beneficial influences, in her purity, vitality, durability, and impeccability. She was the same to him in her triumphs and her trials, in her victories and her defeats, in the noonday splendour and the lurid eclipses of her sun. Like the cavalier who was ready to do homage to the crown hanging upon a bush, his reverence for the tiara was in no respect diminished by its falling on an unworthy head—by finding amongst the successors of St. Peter a Farnese or a Borgia, a Gregory, a Sixtus, or a Leo, whose crimes and vices, grasping ambition, scepticism, and immorality, were the scandal of their contemporaries. It was still the true, the blessed and blessing, the *allein seligmachende* (alone bliss-bestowing) Church, whether labouring for evil or for good; whether paving the way for the Reformation or laying the ground for a reactionary movement against the heretics. In his eyes, to elevate the Church was to diffuse Christianity, and to aggrandise the Papacy was to elevate the Church. He could not, or would not, see that the Pope who placed his sandalled foot upon the neck of an Emperor was actuated by the self-same ambition and arrogant lust of power as the Emperor (Napoleon) who

inflicted a series of degrading indignities on a Pope. His whole heart and soul are with St. Columba and the other monks of the West, who first carried the glad tidings of the Gospel to the rugged isles of which this empire is made up. Nor was his glowing imagination less excited by the great deeds and heroic sacrifices of Loyola and his disciples, to whom human happiness and genuine religion were as nought compared with the prosperity of that famous and (*pace* Prince Bismarck and Mr. Arthur Kiunaird) irrepressible Society of Jesus, so aptly compared to a sword with the handle at Rome and the point everywhere.*

It is a moral problem which we shall not attempt to solve, how he kept the dark side of the picture out of sight: how he palliated or disguised to himself the crying and manifold abuses of the spiritual power with which ecclesiastical history is blotted over: how he escaped the strictly logical consequences of his convictions: why, in a word, he did not become a bigot like so many others with heads as clear, hearts as warm, and motives as disinterested as his own. There is Sir Thomas More, for one, who presided at the torture of a heretic, if he did not lend a hand to tighten the rack; and the Comte Joseph de Maistre, for another, a man of the kindest and most loving nature, who, besides proclaiming the hangman the keystone of the social edifice, declared the 'Novum Organum' to be simply worthy of Bedlam, and the 'Essay on the Human Understanding' to be 'all that the absolute want of genius and style can produce most wearisome.' Montalembert was the very personification of candour. He had not a shadow of bigotry: he hated intolerance: he shuddered at persecution: he had none of the arrogance or unbending hardness of the dogmatist: he was singularly indulgent to what he deemed error: the utmost he would accept from the temporal power, from the State, was a fair field and no favour: the Church, he uniformly maintained, far from having any natural affinity with despotism, could only blossom and bear fruit in an atmosphere of freedom; whilst liberty, rational liberty, was never safer than under the protecting shadow of her branches—

* The precise words of M. Dupin in 1825 were, 'Une épée dont la poignée est à Rome et la pointe partout.' But the originality of the phrase, like that of Lord Macaulay's New Zealander, has been impugned, and there is a printed letter of J. B. Rousseau, dated March 25, 1716, in which he says, 'I have seen in a little book, "L'Anti-Coton," that the Society of Jesus is a sword, the blade of which is in France and the handle at Rome.'

* Gibbon, vol. viii. p. 239, Dr. W. Smith's edition.

'Nusquam Libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub rege pio.'

If he waved the consecrated banner of St. Peter with the one hand, he carried *La Charte*, the emblem and guarantee of constitutional government, in the other; and his life and character would be well worth studying, if no higher or more useful moral could be drawn from them than that it is possible to reconcile a dogmatic, damnatory, exclusive system of belief with generosity, liberality, Christian charity, patriotism, and philanthropy.

The materials for his life are, fortunately, ample. Indeed, a memoir might be compiled from his journals, letters, speeches, introductions to his principal works and other self-revealings, which would present most of the essential qualities of an autobiography. There are numerous incidental allusions in contemporary publications; and graceful sketches of his career and character have been contributed by his friends.* Mrs. Oliphant, the author of the work named at the head of this article, was personally acquainted with him: she translated two volumes of his 'Monks of the West:' she wrote with the aid and under the sanction of the surviving members of his family: she had access to the best sources of information, and she has made an excellent use of her opportunities. She treads firmly upon difficult ground: she exercises her own right of judgment with praiseworthy independence; and her language is free, clear, and spirited, although rather rhetorical and diffuse. She has consequently produced a very valuable and most interesting Memoir, to which there is only one marked objection: the almost inevitable result of her own formed habits, her modes of thinking, and her sex. She is the author of some thirteen or fourteen popular novels, besides the two 'Lives' mentioned in her title-page; and the woman, the novelist, the religious biographer, may simultaneously be traced in her treatment of Montalembert: giving an undue preponderance to the romantic, sentimental

* The best is by M. Fossier in the 'Correspondant,' in four parts. See the Numbers for May, June, September, and November 1872.

The Duke d'Aumale's *Eloge* on Montalembert, read in the Academy on the 4th of this month, did not reach us till this article was in the press, or we should gladly have availed ourselves of some of the valuable critical observations and illustrative traits of character with which this remarkable production abounds.

The *catalogue raisonné* of Montalembert's published writings, including his pamphlets and contributions to Reviews, in the 'Revue Bibliographique Universelle,' fills five closely printed pages of small type.

and sensational elements or aspects of character, and placing the clerical enthusiast in broad relief. In the following sketch—our limits forbid it to be more—we shall endeavour to redress the balance by giving the orator, statesman, author, and accomplished man of the world, his due.

A noble French and a noble Scotch race met in the person of Charles Forbes René de Montalembert, who was born in London on the 15th of May, 1810. The Montalemberts can be traced back to the Crusades the proudest boast of an ancient family in France. It was one of the same stock to whom Francis I. alluded in his memorable challenge: 'Here are four of us, gentlemen of La Guyenne: J. Sauzac, Montalembert and La Chasteigneraye, ready to encounter all comers.' The paternal grandfather of our hero was an emigrant; his maternal grandfather a retired Indian merchant and civil servant; and Mrs. Oliphant, after expatiating on 'the beautiful melancholy face replete with tragic associations,' of the ex-patriated noble, exclaims:—

'Thus stands Jean de Montalembert at on side of the portal; and on the other James Forbes, with trim peruke and calm countenance, strong in English order, prosperity, and progress, expecting nothing but good, hearing of nothing but victory, raises with cheerful confidence the curtain of life for the new actor about to step upon that tragic stage. No young beginner could have had predecessor more perfect in their typical character; no new soul could have more perfectly embodied in one those two great currents of the past.'*

The father, Marc René, the son of Jean had served with the British army in India and thus, it would seem, became acquainted with Mr. Forbes. Instead of settling down in England, he and his wife were constantly on the move. By some lucky accident he carried the first news of the abdication of Napoleon to Louis XVIII.; and in due season he was rewarded for his zeal and fidelity by being named a peer of France and minister plenipotentiary to Stuttgart.

We must suppose that the Scotch wife was as much absorbed by political movements and intrigues as her French husband, and was equally ready to throw off the parental cares and duties which might have interfered with the exciting stir and bustle of

* In a letter, dated 26th June, 1869, Montalembert writes to the present Earl of Granard, who had sent him a copy of the *Memoirs* of the family,—'Vous voulez bien, my Lord, me rappeler que je suis issu par ma mère de la même souche que vous. J'ai en effet toujours entendu ma mère, née Forbes, et mon grand-père maternel, s'enorgueillir de leur descendance des comtes de Granard.' Digitized by Google

her life; for, from the time he was fifteen months old, the boy was given over entirely to the keeping of James Forbes, who had already afforded the strongest and strangest manifestation of interest by dedicating to him, when scarcely a year old, the great work ('Oriental Memoirs' in forty-two volumes quarto) by which the name of Forbes was to live for ages to come. He watched over his young charge with the fondest affection; but Charles was eight when it was finally determined, after a painful struggle for both, that he should go to school at Fulham, and the event is thus announced in a letter, dated Albemarle Street, 28th April, 1818, from the grandfather to the mother:—

'The day of our separation arrived last week, to me a trial of no common kind, for except at short intervals, I have never lived alone for fifty-one years until now, and I felt it deeply. I told him I would take him after breakfast, or, if he liked it better, he might dine with me and we would go to the school in the evening. He hesitated a little and then said: "As I am to go, I had rather go at once."'

They set off accordingly, and, when about half-way, the boy suddenly flung his arms round the grandfather's neck and adjured him by the love of truth which he had so sedulously inculcated, to answer one question truly:—

"You know, my dear grandpapa, that I have left my papa and mamma, my brother and sister at Stuttgart, to be your child; and now you and I are everything to each other until we see them again. Tell me therefore—but you must tell me truly—if since we left Paris I have been the boy you expected and wished me to be, and if you love me as much as when we were there all together?" It was almost too much for me; but I could with truth assure him that he had been all, and even more than all, I anticipated. Then said he, "I am the happiest boy in the world, nor shall I drop one tear when you leave me;" nor did he.'

He lost his affectionate grandfather in the course of the following year, and forthwith took up his abode in Paris with his father and mother, who were too much occupied with diplomacy and society to pay much attention to the bringing up of their children: Charles, Arthur (two years younger), and Elise. The first glimpses we get of his mental progress are from the diaries which he began keeping when he was thirteen, and continued with occasional breaks through life. At this early age he anticipated the conclusion to which a grave scholar and statesman was brought by experience—that life would be tolerable but for its amusements; and he appreciated time like a grey-headed philosopher. More than one record of a so-called pleasure party concludes: 'Day

lost, like so many others.' He was already a politician, and a proselytising one; for we find him exacting an oath of eternal fidelity to the Charter from his little brother, who, puzzled and half frightened by his earnestness, recoils with a protest: 'Mais qu'est-ce que c'est que la Charte?' Charles knew very well what it was, for in September, 1824, there is an entry that Louis XVIII. died after a long illness, which he endured with an heroic patience worthy of the august author of the 'Charte Constitutionnelle.'

He was fourteen when the Abbé Nicolle, head of the Collège Sainte-Barbe, induced his parents to place him under a regular course of study, and was at the pains of examining him from time to time to judge of his proficiency. To the entry of one of these examinations, when M. Nicolle expressed himself satisfied, he appends, 'which is more than I am myself.' He is wearied to death by what is called society, regards the theatre as a penance, and is absolutely indignant at the notion that he should be supposed to need distraction or could find enjoyment in undisciplined idleness. It was the sage remark of Falstaff, 'There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof;' but Montalembert was rather a serious and thoughtful than a demure boy. There was a strong dash of romance in his day-dreams and self-communings; and his reading was calculated to foster the imagination as well as to mature the judgment and supply the memory with facts. It appears from the Journal that he had read Shakespeare's best plays carefully and critically. The 'Tempest' he finds 'sublime in some parts, but in others ridiculous:' the 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' '*un peu ennuyeux*;' 'Twelfth Night' 'mediocre;' but 'King Lear,' 'sublime;' 'Hamlet,' 'divine;' and 'Othello,' '*too touching*.'

It is a curious fact that his 'De l'Avenir politique de l'Angleterre' was dimly foreshadowed in a diary of his fifteenth year, when *à propos* of a work on English institutions (De Lolme) he sets down, 'Few works have produced so much impression upon me as this. It has convinced me of what I had long suspected, that England is the first nation in the world.'

A French college has something in common with both an English college and an English public school, without exactly resembling either. Montalembert entered the Collège Sainte-Barbe (now Rollin) at sixteen and left it at nineteen. Amongst the warm and lasting ties he formed there was his friendship for M. Léon Cornudet, who, along with many other interesting memorials of their boyish days, has published (in the 'Contemporain') a solemn league and covenant by

which they pledged themselves to God and each other, to serve their country to the best of their ability, and consecrate their lives to the cause of God and Freedom. This document was suggested and drawn up by Montalembert, who proposed that they should sign it in blood; to which his calmer associate objected, that blood drawn for such a purpose was not exactly the same as blood shed for a great cause on a battle-field; and the two signatures were affixed in ordinary ink. He was seventeen at the date of the signature, and about the same time (April 23, 1827) he wrote down amongst the meditations in his commonplace book,—

‘God and Liberty—these are the two principal motive-powers of my existence. To reconcile these two perfections shall be the aim of my life!’

Going over these memorials of the past in long after years, he has written opposite this entry, in red ink, the word *Déjà!!!* It is certainly a most remarkable anticipation of what was to come; and we should be puzzled to specify another career or character of anything like the same eminence which was so clearly shadowed out at every step of its formation or its growth. We call especial attention to this phenomenon, for it is the best answer to the imputations so frequently levelled at his consistency. His probable liability to them even then dawned upon him: ‘What shall I do? What will become of me? How shall I reconcile my ardent patriotism with religion?’ He would neither have found nor feared any difficulty of the kind if he had meant religion in the broad sense of the term. He was clearly speculating on the difficulty of reconciling love of country with ardent uncompromising devotion to the Catholic Church. In August, 1828, he records a fixed determination to write a great work on the politics and philosophy of Christianity, and, with a view to its completion, to waste no more time on the politics or history of his own time. Three notes of admiration in red ink are set against this entry in the original journal. He attends the debates in the Chamber of Peers, and finds them *d’une médiocrité effrayante*. In fact his thoughts, his plans, his subjects of interest, were those of a matured intellect, of a formed man, who felt ‘cabin’d, cribb’d, confined’ within the walls of a lecture room; and we can well believe that it was a glowing recollection of what he had suffered from want of free expansion for body and mind at Saint-Barbe, in the universitarian barrack as he called it, that made him long after exclaim at Eton: ‘What a difference between this place and the houses where we were educated—true

prisons walled up between two streets in Paris, everywhere surrounded by roofs and chimneys, with two rows of miserable trees in the midst of a paved or gravelled court, and a wretched walk every week or fortnight among the suburban lanes!’

Yet he quitted Saint-Barbe with regret. His pained and softened fancy ranged over and reproduced hours upon hours of consciously improving study or delightful interchange of heart and mind; and he must now look his last of the familiar places and faces, must break away from his books and his loved companions, to be thrown upon the wide world, and become more deeply impressed than ever with ‘the profound uselessness of life.’ ‘*Je me fais vieux*,’ he sets down; giving vent to a sentiment of frequent recurrence in the mouths of young people in their teens. Far from looking forward with fervent expectations of enjoyment to his approaching introduction to society, he foresaw no gratification in mingling undistinguished in the crowd:—

“I can imagine Pitt or Fox coming out of the House of Commons where they had struck their adversaries dumb by their eloquence, and enjoying a dinner-party. I can imagine Grattan amusing himself after fifty years of glory playing hide-and-seek with children. But for an obscure and unknown individual, lost in the crowd of other men, or at the best numbered only among the *élégants* who feel themselves obliged to wander every evening into three or four houses where they are half stifled under pretence of enjoying themselves, I see neither pleasure nor honour in it. I see only a culpable loss of time, and mortal weariness.”

In this mood he starts to join his father, then French ambassador at Stockholm, *via* Belgium and Holland, lingering on the way to see everything worth seeing, and duly recording his impressions as they arise. Received at once into the gay circles of the Swedish capital, he was with difficulty induced to lay aside his stiffness and reserve; his manner naturally enough gave offence to the light-hearted and haply frivolous companions who were forced upon him; he was voted a prig; and it was not till some time after his arrival, when his really gentle and unassuming nature began to be recognised, that one of the leading *belles*, the Comtesse d’Ugglas, ventured to confide to him that she had thought him *pédant et altier*. This was a stunning blow to his self-love, and a valuable lesson which (he intimates) he was not likely to forget. Happen what might, in whatever society, congenial or uncongenial, he might be thrown, he would never merit the description of *pédant et altier* again. He actually consents to take part in a special quadrille, got up for

a ball at the French embassy, 'which,' he says, 'we were to have the absurdity of dancing before the king and queen : ' the ladies initiated him into its mysteries, and (as he confesses with a mixture of shame and complacency) it went off very well. All this time he is studying the institutions of the country, drawing grave political conclusions, and keeping his enthusiasm for great things alive by corresponding with his friends. 'Do not, I beseech you,' he writes to Rio, 'abandon yourself to that political discouragement which Burke justly calls the most fatal of all maladies. Do not despair of the cause which you have adopted, or give up sound principles, because a generation without faith and without soul seem to dishonour them by pretended attachment.'

In another letter to Rio he says, 'I am reading Kant, which I find horribly difficult. M. Cousin recommended me to give myself up to this study; but I shall not follow his advice.' He distrusted Kant's philosophy, as tending to undermine faith, and he lent a ready ear to the Abbé Studach, of whom he says, 'I have made a precious discovery here, that of a Catholic priest, who is at the same time a philosopher, and who believes that faith may be reached by knowledge. His toleration is as great as his knowledge.' The abbé brought him acquainted with a school, boasting numerous disciples in the Bavarian and Austrian universities, which undertook to combine religion with philosophy; but metaphysics were never much to his taste, and he was wont to arrive at conviction by a shorter road than argument. Truths divine did not come to him mended by the tongue of a theologian: they came by insight, by intuition, by inspiration; and they went forth from him with the lightning flash of genius, in spontaneous and irresistible bursts. Burke and Grattan attracted him far more than Kant and Schelling. 'Grattan above all,' says Rio, 'as the unwearied champion of the greatest of causes, acquired rapidly the grandeur of the hero of a crusade to the eyes of his young admirer, whose enthusiasm, heightened day by day by the fame of O'Connell's patriotic orations, led him a little later to make an excursion, full of attraction for him, into the country of that great man.'

Steeped to the lips in Irish oratory, he resolves to write a history of Ireland, which was to be partly founded upon the speeches of Grattan, and to include translations of the most remarkable passages. This plan, including a journey to the Green Isle—this *projet adorable*—was suddenly suspended by a domestic bereavement. The failing health of his only sister, Elise, four or five years younger than himself, to whom, since his pilgrimage

domesticated with her at Stockholm, he had become passionately attached, required a warmer climate, and the duty devolved on him of accompanying her and her mother across Germany to the South. They arrived at Besançon on the evening of the 29th October, 1829. She asked him to sit up with her that night, to which her mother objected, and she was left to the care of her maid; but in the middle of the night he was summoned to what in a few hours was to be her death-bed. The Cardinal de Rohan, Archbishop of Besançon, administered the last sacraments, and offered whatever consolation could be afforded to the brother and mother; but Montalembert left Besançon in the deepest compunction and despondency, heart-broken at the thought that unconscious of her danger, he had reluctantly abandoned his Irish expedition to accompany her.

Many months ensued before he could shake off his melancholy, brace his mind to a fresh effort, or even fix it on a definite object. He was left free to choose a career, but was utterly unable to make a choice. At one time he was disposed to take holy orders: at another he commenced the study of the law; and under a passing impulse he thought of joining the army of Algiers as *simple soldat*. There is a well-known saying of his quoted by M. Fossier, 'Je suis le premier de mon sang qui n'ai guerroyé qu'avec la plume; mais qu'elle devienne un glaive à son tour.' He had no real military ardour, and the pen in his hands was a more trenchant weapon than the sword.

During this interval of suspense he wrote an article on Sweden, which was submitted to M. Guizot, as editor of the 'Revue Française,' for insertion in that periodical. It was accepted on condition that it should be cut down to half its length; and he submitted to this Procrustean process, the most painful act of self-sacrifice that can be imposed on a young writer, with an expression of despair, '*Encore une illusion perdue.*' Finding it still too long, M. Guizot ruthlessly struck out those very passages which Montalembert considered the gems of the composition, especially a spirited sketch of the soldier king of Sweden, Bernadotte, whom he describes as a true Gascon: 'He told my father that he considered himself the natural subject of Charles X., and that, should that monarch ever require his services, he would leave his throne to his son, and hasten, a simple soldier, to offer his sword to his native Sovereign.'

About the same time Montalembert formed his first connection with the 'Correspondant,' contributing to it an article on Ireland, which by no means an unqualified success. The but ma

cess; for he subsequently records of this and the Swedish article that one of his friends found the first wearisome and the second commonplace. His father, however, who happened to be in Paris at this time, was delighted by the article on Ireland, as indicating a talent which he had never suspected in his son; and the literary aspirant was cordially received as a *confrère* by the leading men of letters—Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, and Lamartine.

Had he foreseen the dangers impending over his cherished Charter, it may be doubted whether he would have left Paris on his Irish expedition till the cloud had burst or blown over. But it was at London, where he had just arrived, that he heard the startling news of the Revolution of July, which, at the first blush, he was disposed to hail as 'a sublime victory.' Mortified at not having been present to aid in it, and eager to retrieve the lost opportunity, he immediately returned to Paris, where his ardour rapidly cooled down, after a calm view of the situation in reference to the personal as well as public consequences which it involved. His father was on the eve of resigning his post as ambassador: his brother, one of the royal pages, had escaped through a window at the peril of his life, and was equally without a career. The abolition of the hereditary peerage was threatened, and, with it, the road to distinction on which he had confidently reckoned. The cause of the Church was not likely to be advanced by the change of dynasty, and, as to freedom, he was not many days in arriving at the conclusion that 'it never gains by such violent movements: it lives by slow and successive conquests, perseverance, and patience.' In a word, the glorious Three Days grew less and less glorious as he dwelt upon them: his sympathies, by some law of his nature, were invariably with the losers in the political conflict: *Je n'aime pas les causes victorieuses*, was his frequent avowal:—

'*Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*'

In this state of uncertainty as to the line he should take in French politics, his views reverted to Ireland, and in the August of that momentous year, 1830, he is crossing the mountains of Kerry, on his way to 'interview' the Liberator. He travelled on horseback with a lively and intelligent Irish boy for his guide. The weather and splendid scenery were at their best. His spirits rose, his bosom swelled, his expectations were on tiptoe, when he dismounted from his hired steed at Derrynane. But alas! the picturesque part of the ride—true ended, and the prosaic reality b-

motley frieze-coated throng that besieged the entrance, squabbling and vociferating about their own petty grievances, was not a favourable example of a nation rising in its majesty for the vindication of its rights; and the figure of the great man himself, which had loomed so grandly at a distance through the mist, was reduced to very moderate dimensions by familiarity and proximity. Nor was his enthusiasm revived by seeing O'Connell, soon afterwards, the centre of a numerous and disorderly meeting, at which, adapting his tone to his audience, he exhibited the rude coarseness of the demagogue and indulged in language rather vernacular than high-flown. But his inexperienced critic lived to learn that popular influence is not obtained or retained by pure patriotism or heroic flights, any more than revolutions are made with rose-water; and due reflection brought him back to his original conviction that O'Connell was the heaven-born advocate of the most sacred of causes—a man to whom no impartial historian would refuse the epithet of 'great.'

Mrs. Oliphant thinks that it was this visit to Ireland that decided the future of Montalembert. He had come to see the Liberator and was disappointed, but he had seen the Island of the Saints, the island in which Liberty was making common cause with Faith, in which the standard of patriotism was waved from the altar by the priest; and he came back burning with eagerness to bring about a conjunction of the same kind in France. But if the train was laid in this fashion, it was fired by his being brought into simultaneous contact with two men who more or less influenced all the remainder of his life. These were the Abbé de la Mennais and the Père Lacordaire.

Félicité de la Mennais, born 19th June, 1782, at Saint-Malo, was the son of a ship-owner who had received letters of nobility from Louis XVI., so that he was legally entitled to the noble prefix which, in a fit of democratic equality, he laid aside after 1834. Neglected by his father, whom he had offended by refusing to engage in commerce, he was adopted by an uncle, who left him to himself with the use of a good library. His unguided reading was of the most desultory kind, until he was fifteen, when, resolving to pursue a regular course of study, he took up his abode with his brother in a retired house near Dinan, where, besides amassing an immense amount of classical and general erudition, he mastered the Fathers and historians of the Church. He took the *pédagogie* in 1811, and entered the little seminary of Saint-Malo, founded by his brother, de no further step in the ecclesiastical

profession till 1815, when he was ordained priest by the Bishop of Rennes, having first written to his sister that it most assuredly was not his taste that he indulged in deciding for it. A tract, in which he had assailed Napoleon at the beginning of 1814, compelled him to take refuge in England during the Hundred Days, and for some time after his return and settlement in Paris he was glad to earn his livelihood as an assistant tutor to the Abbé Carron in a school. One fine morning he awoke and found himself famous, or (to use his own words) he found himself invested with the power of Bossuet. The first volume of his '*Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion*' burst upon the religious world like a thunderclap, and gave him European celebrity as much by the opposition it excited as by the admiration it called forth. The second (1820) and the two concluding volumes (1824) were equally successful, and on his first visit to Rome, although half of the conclave were against him, the Pope, Leo XII., declared him the 'last Father of the Church,' offered him a cardinal's hat, and hung up his picture amongst the chosen saints in his cabinet.

'*Le Père Lacordaire*,' by Montalembert, is rather a biographical essay, composed as a vehicle for personal reminiscences, than a biography. Left to discover as we best may when and where Lacordaire was born—he was born at Recey-sur-Ource, Côte-d'Or, the 12th March, 1802—we are told that no adventure, no stroke of fortune, no passion, occurred to trouble the course of his boyhood:—

'Son of a village doctor, brought up by a pious mother, he had, like all the young people of his day, lost the faith at school, and had not recovered it either at the law school or the bar, in which he was enrolled for two years. To all outward seeming, nothing distinguished him from his contemporaries. He was a deist, as all the youth was then; he was, above all, liberal, like the whole of France, but without excess. He has said it again and again: no man or book was the instrument of his conversion. A sudden and secret flash of grace opened his eyes to the nothingness of irreligion. In a single day he became Christian, and the very next day from Christian he wished to be priest. Seminarist at Sulpice in 1824, ordained priest in 1827, convent almoner in 1828, college almoner in 1825, he seemed not to depart on any side from the ordinary course of things and men. There was nothing singular about him but his liberalism. By a then unheard-of phenomenon, this convert, this seminarist, this almoner of nuns, insisted on remaining liberal as in the days when he was only student and advocate.

'He comprehended, then, in his youth and in his solitude, that of which no one around

him seemed to have a glimpse: first, that the Church, after having given liberty to the modern world, had the right and the imperious obligation to invoke it in her turn; secondly, that she could no more invoke it as a privilege, but only as her part in the common patrimony of the new world.

'M. de la Mennais, then the most celebrated and the most venerated of the French priests, starting from the opposite pole, had arrived at the same conclusion. It is that which had all of a sudden brought him into proximity with the obscure almoner of the Collège Henri IV. It was upon this ground that they both planted the banner of the "*Avenir*."

The first number of the '*Avenir*' appeared on October 15, 1830. The Church was then at a low ebb in France: it was not popular with the people, and it was kept in strict subordination to the State. All ecclesiastical dignitaries were appointed by the government. The priests could hardly venture into the streets in the dress of their order for fear of insult, and when the cholera was raging in Paris they had to be smuggled into the hospitals, dressed as laymen, to administer the last Sacraments when required. Then, again, they were practically excluded from any interference in the national education, which was under the control of the University and the Minister of Public Instruction. No school could be opened without a licence, and no licence was given for denominational schools, or for any distinct religious teaching, except in the seminaries, in which none but youths intended for the ecclesiastical calling were received. In fact, the only accessible education for the laity at large was the mixed or 'godless' system which the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Ireland have so indignantly repudiated; with the aggravation, constituting a real grievance, in France, that those who were dissatisfied with it were not permitted to provide a substitute at their own expense.

The triumvirate, therefore, had plenty of useful work cut out for them which they might have performed without hurrying into extremes; without flying in the face of lawful authority on the one hand, or venturing to the utmost verge of intolerance on the other. In most of their grand efforts they contrived to do both. We take, by way of specimen, the first article by Lacordaire which is quoted with commendation by his young admirer. The subject was the refusal of a priest to bury a man who had died without calling in the aid of religion, and the forcible introduction of his remains into a church by the sous-préfet. The form adopted was an apostrophe to the priesthood:—

'One of your brethren has refused to a man

who died out of your communion the Christian service for the dead. *Your brother has done well*; he has acted as a free man, as a priest of the Lord, determined to keep his lips pure from servile benedictions. Woe to him who blesses against conscience, who speaks of God with a venal heart! Woe to the priest who murmurs lies at the edge of a coffin! who conducts souls to the judgment of God through fear of the living or for a vile fee! *Your brother has done well.* Are we the sextons of the human race? Have we made a pact with them to flatter their remains—more wretched than the courtiers to whom the death of the prince gives the right of treating him as he deserved by his life. *Your brother has done well*; but this shadow of a proconsul believed that so much independence was not becoming in a citizen so vile as a Catholic priest. . . . The domicile of the citizen cannot be violated without the intervention of justice. Justice has not been so much as summoned to say to religion, "Veil thy face a moment before my sword."

Precisely the same appeal might be made and the same range of sympathies invoked, should sepulture in a church or churchyard be denied (as it frequently has been) to those who, like players, died in an unhallowed vocation, or, like many of the greatest men in all domains of genius, departed this life without due preparation by a priest. The Archbishop of Paris did well who sought to deny sepulture in holy ground to Molière: the Curé of Saint-Sulpice did well who denied it to Adrienne Lecouvreur; the Dean of Westminster did well who excluded the bust of Byron from Westminster Abbey; and, despite of the church which he erected to God, Voltaire should have been buried like a dog.*

Sir George Beaumont used to tell a story of his asking the Pope to authorize a Protestant burial-place at Rome; and the reply of the Holy Father that he could not bless a locality for such a purpose, but had no objection to curse one, if, in default of *consecrated* ground, the heretics were content to repose in *deseccrated*. The editors of the '*Avenir*' appear to have been moved by the same spirit as this Pope: only they were serious and his Holiness was laughing in his sleeve.

It was the favourite theory of Lacordaire that great causes were to be fought out, as in ancient Rome and England, in legal proceed-

ings before the tribunals in the full light of publicity: he was fond of reverting to his old profession of advocacy in which he shone, and he was never better pleased than when brought into open conflict with the *procureur du roi*. The Government were ready enough to give him the opportunities he sought, and on the 31st January, 1831, he appeared with de la Mennais before the Criminal Court to answer for two articles bitterly assailing the King for exercising the constitutional right of nominating bishops. He made a spirited defence, and they were both acquitted.

"The decision was not given till midnight," says Montalembert. "A numerous crowd surrounded and applauded the victors of the day. When it had dispersed, we returned together alone, in the darkness, along the quays. When we reached his threshold I hailed in him the orator of the future. He was neither intoxicated nor overwhelmed by his triumph. I saw that for him the little vanities of success were less than nothing, mere dust of the darkness. But I saw him at the same time eager to spread the contagion of courage and self-devotion, and charmed by those evidences of mutual faith and disinterested tenderness which shine in young and Christian hearts with a glory purer and more delightful than all victories."

This victory encouraged the party to a fresh and original enterprise. Besides founding the '*Avenir*,' they had formed a society called *Agence de la liberté religieuse*, which publicly announced that, *attendu que la liberté se prend et ne se donne pas*, three of their members would open a school free and gratuitous, at Paris, by way of testing the right. The school was opened on the 7th May, 1831, after due notice to the prefect of police, by three members of the society, Lacordaire, M. de Caux, and Montalembert, who succinctly relates what followed:—

'The Abbé Lacordaire delivered a short and energetic inaugural discourse. We formed each a class for twenty children. The next day a commissary came to summon us to decamp. He first addressed the children: "In the name of the law I summon you to depart." Lacordaire immediately rejoined: "In the name of your parents, whose authority I have, I order you to remain." The children cried out unanimously: "We will remain." Whereupon the police turned out pupils and masters, with the exception of Lacordaire, who protested that the schoolroom hired by him was his domicile, and that he would pass the night in it, unless he was dragged out by force. "Leave me," he said to us, seating himself on a mattress he had brought there, "I remain here alone with the law and my right." He did not give way till the police laid hands upon him; after which the seals were affixed and a prosecution was forthwith commenced against the schoolmasters.'

* The dying words of Voltaire, when spiritual aid was pressed upon him, were, '*Laissez-moi mourir en pair.*' He was buried in haste and surreptitiously in the Abbey of Scellières, of which his nephew, the Abbé Mignot, was Commandator, only a few hours before the arrival of a prohibitory mandate from the bishop of the diocese to the prior. No attempt, according to Mr. Morley, was made to obtain Christian burial for Rousseau.

Soon after the commencement of the proceedings, his father died: he succeeded to the peerage with its privileges, and the trial consequently took place before the Chamber of Peers on the 19th September, 1831, when, after a touching allusion to his great bereavement and an exposition of the reasons which induced him to claim the judgment of his peers, he said:—

“It is sufficiently well known that the career on which I have entered is not of a nature to satisfy an ambition which seeks political honours and places. *The powers of the present age, both in government and in opposition, are, by the grace of Heaven, equally hostile to Catholics.* There is another ambition not less devouring, perhaps not less culpable, which aspires to reputation, and which is content to buy that at any price: that, too, I disavow like the other. No one can be more conscious than I am of the disadvantages with which a precocious publicity surrounds youth, and none can fear them more. But there is still in the world something which is called faith—it is not dead in all minds; it is to this that I have early given my heart and my life. My life—a man’s life—is always, and especially to-day, a poor thing enough; but this poor thing consecrated to a great and holy cause may grow with it; and when a man has made to such a cause the sacrifice of his future, I believe that he ought to shrink from none of its consequences, none of its dangers.

“It is in the strength of this conviction that I appear to-day for the first time in an assembly of men. I know too well that at my age one has neither antecedents nor experience; but at my age, as at every other, one has duties and hopes. I have determined, for my part, to be faithful to both.”

The sentence was a fine of a hundred francs.

He thus, on the most solemn occasion of his life, deliberately took his stand upon the principles to which he persistently adhered to his dying day; and the nobility of thought, the moral courage, the spirit of self-sacrifice which actuated him, are beyond cavil or dispute, whatever may be thought of the prudence or wisdom of his course. He here states that the powers of the present age, both in government and in opposition, were, by the grace of Heaven, equally hostile to Catholicism. Twelve years later, he stated that the press, the public, the learned bodies, the councils of state, were against him on the same subject in the proportion of ninety-nine to a hundred. How did this come to pass in a Catholic country? Or in what sense are such expressions to be understood? What he meant was, that the vast majority of Catholics were opposed to his description of Catholicism: that they agreed with Bossuet rather than with de Maistre or de la Mennais: that they were Gallican, not Ultra-

montane, and were instinctively swayed by the apprehension so sensitively alive in England at this hour; namely, that what his *beau idéal* of a Church meant by liberty was, that she herself should be left free as air, whilst all other freedom of thought or action should be held dependent on her will. ‘When I mention religion,’ said Thwackum, ‘I mean the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England.’ Montalembert went still further, for he identified religion and Christianity with the small section of the Catholic Church which then agreed with him. No wonder, therefore, that more lukewarm or (as we should say) more reasonable Catholics stood aloof.

He became a little more practical when he had to legislate upon the same subject, but in these *Avenir* days he and his clique exulted in their unpopularity. They longed to be persecuted, to be (metaphorically) stoned like St. Stephen or imprisoned like St. Paul. Then the agitation and excitement of the expeditions undertaken for the propagation of their principles, far more than compensated for the discomfort and fatigue. Montalembert took charge of twenty-two departments, which he visited from time to time, when the means of communication were very different from now. ‘There were neither railways nor telegraphs, and in our propagandist journeys we took three days and three nights to go in execrable diligences from Paris to Lyons.’ His English habits of neatness and cleanliness added to the irksomeness, and we find Lacordaire rallying him on *ses toilettes de deux heures*. ‘But what life,’ he continues, after detailing these petty miseries, ‘what life in the soul, what ardour in the intelligence! what disinterested worship of our flag, of our cause! what deep and fruitful furrows sunk in the young hearts of that time by an idea, by a deed of self-devotion, by a great example, by an act of courage or of faith!’ It is the tone of the Frenchwoman regretting the tumultuous sensations of her stormy youth: *Oh, l’heureux temps quand j’étois si malheureuse*, or of the poet recalling the first awakening of his senses or his heart:—

‘Oh, who would not welcome that moment returning,

When passion first wak’d a new life through his frame,

And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,

Gave out all its sweets to love’s exquisite flame?’

‘I shall be pardoned,’ writes Montalembert, ‘for dwelling upon the events of this year,

which were so memorable for us. There is no man, however obscure and little worth his life may have been, who does not at the end of his days feel himself drawn by an irresistible current towards the moment when the first fire of enthusiasm awoke his soul and trembled on his lips: there are none who do not breathe with a sort of intoxication the perfume of their recollections, and who do not feel themselves tempted to boast beyond measure of their charm and brilliancy. Happy and sad days, we say to ourselves—days devoured by work and passion, days such as one sees but once in one's life!

A month after his appearance before the Chamber of Peers, Lacordaire wrote, 'Cruel as Time may be, he will take nothing from the delights (*délices*) of the year which is just over: it will be eternally in my heart, like a virgin who is just dead.'

These halcyon days were now rapidly coming to an end. The circulation of 'L'Avenir' never reached 3000: instead of being self-supporting, it was a drain on the scanty resources of the society; which, having also to sustain the expense of prosecutions and propagandism, broke down. As the little band had contrived to place themselves very much in the position of Ishmael, and the clergy, headed by the episcopacy, were among the fellest of their foes, further appeals to an enlightened public were voted nugatory; and they formed the extraordinary step of submitting the crucial questions in dispute to the Pope. His Holiness was to decide whether 'L'Avenir' was or was not entitled to the support of the Catholic world, and the journal was to be suspended till his sovereign will and pleasure should be made known.

The suggestion came from Lacordaire: 'We will carry our protest, if necessary, to the City of the Apostles, to the steps of the Confessional of St. Peter, and we shall see who will stop the pilgrims of the God of Liberty.' No one thought of stopping them: the more's the pity, for this expedition was a blunder of the first magnitude, conceived in utter ignorance or forgetfulness of that traditional policy of Rome which Lord Macaulay deems a main cause of her durability and strength. 'She thoroughly understood what no other church has ever understood, how to deal with enthusiasts. In some sects, particularly in infant sects, enthusiasm is suffered to be rampant. In other sects, particularly in sects long established and richly endowed, it is regarded with aversion. The Catholic Church neither submits to enthusiasm nor proscribes it, but uses it.' She used Ignatius Loyola and St.

Teresa: she would have used John Bunyan, John Wesley, Joanna Southcott, Selina Countess of Huntingdon, and Mrs. Fry. The founders of 'L'Avenir' were just the sort of enthusiasts she wanted, so long as they could be kept within bounds; so long as they did no more than assert her paramount title to a *veto* on ecclesiastical appointments, and protest against her exclusion from the schools. But it was a very different matter to insist on her resenting the denial of her privileges by shaking off all connexion with the State or by refusing any revenue or mundane advantages at its hands.

Alluding to the prefect who figured in the burial case, Lacordaire told the priests, 'You would have made him turn pale if, with your dishonoured God, staff in hand and hat on head, you had carried Him to some hut built with planks of fir, vowing never to expose Him a second time to the insults of the temples of the State.' This, Montalembert remarks, was tantamount to telling the clergy bluntly that they must renounce the budget of worship, 'sole remaining wreck of their ancient and legitimate patrimony, sole guarantee of their material existence, renounce even the churches of which the State assumed to be the proprietor, to enter in full possession of the invincible forces and inexhaustible resources of modern liberty.' Language of the same tendency has recently been used by a section of the Anglican Church, because they could not force their own peculiar views upon the rest.

Nor did 'L'Avenir' stop here. It contended that no good or sound institution, sacred or profane, had anything to fear from the utmost freedom of inquiry, much less an institution like the Holy See, founded on the eternal rock of truth:

'Moreover, it is not true in any sense that the evil is stronger than the good, and that the truth fights on earth with arms the inequality of which requires to be repaired by the aid of absolute power. If it were so, the truth would be very badly off, for absolute power has never worked but for itself. Is it by the aid of absolute power that Christianity was founded? Is it by the aid of absolute power that the heresies of the Lower Empire have been surmounted? Is it by the aid of absolute power that the Arians of the West were converted? Is it by the aid of absolute power that the philosophy of the eighteenth century has crumbled into dust? Persecuted truth has triumphed everywhere over protected and powerful error. Such is history. And now we are told that, if truth is reduced to combat error with its own weapons, in the open light of day, all is lost.'

If the Pope and his advisers had been equally confident that the Church of Rome

owed no more to absolute power than the primitive Church of Christ, or would rise the higher if cut free from its temporalities, they would have wished nothing better than the support of an organ like 'L'Avenir.' But they would have been unaccountably wanting in the sagacity for which Lord Macaulay gives them credit 'had they not penetrated to the fallacy of such arguments at a glance and drawn a widely different moral from the history. They could not shut their eyes to the fact that spiritual supremacy attained its loftiest pitch in the Dark Ages, and has everywhere declined in proportion to the spread of knowledge. If it owes nothing to absolutism, does it owe anything to democracy? As well say at once that it has gained by the Reformation. The Pope, Leo X., who patronised literature and the arts, simply prepared the way for Luther. Intelligent travellers have declared that in travelling through Central Germany or Switzerland, looking merely to the external aspect of the country and the people, they could tell whether any given principality, canton, or district, was Catholic or Protestant. There was no mistaking the signs of industry, enterprise, and intellectual life in the one nor the dearth of them in the other. Are Spain, Portugal, Naples, Ireland, held in subjection to Rome by liberty? Or is it possible to contend that the Catholics have been worsted in Great Britain and Northern Europe because the fair field of free discussion has been denied to them? What are the chances that a free Church in a free people (the device of 'L'Avenir') would necessarily remain the Catholic Church? Is the habit of passive obedience, or the habit of inquiry, best adapted to prepare the human mind for the doctrine of infallibility?

Lacordaire and de la Mennais arrived at Rome on the last day of 1831. They were speedily rejoined by Montalembert, who had made a short stay at Florence. 'From our arrival,' he says, 'the reserve with which we were everywhere received made it clear that we should not obtain the desired response. After having required of us an explanatory memoir, which was drawn up by Lacordaire, they left us three months without a word. The Cardinal Pacca wrote M. de la Mennais that the Pope, whilst doing justice to his services and his good intentions, had been displeased at seeing us stir up controversies and opinions to say the least dangerous: that, however, he would have our doctrines examined, and that, as this examination might be long, we might return to our own country. The Pope afterwards consented to receive us: he treated us with the familiar kindness which was na-

tural to him: he made us not the semblance of a reproach, but neither did he make the slightest allusion to the business which had brought us to Rome.'

This, although far from a brilliant or flattering solution, was the most favourable they had any ground to hope. Lacordaire was quite prepared for it; and, on the whole, hardly regretted that he had come. It was his first visit to Rome, and he was not only vividly impressed by the genius of the place, but juster and broader views of ecclesiastical policy broke upon him. 'The journalist, the bourgeois of 1830, the Democrat Liberal, had comprehended at the first glance not merely the majesty of the supreme Pontificate, but its difficulties, its long and patient designs, its indispensable *ménagements* for men and things of here below. In this noble heart the faith of the Catholic priest and the sense of duty had instantly got the better of all the fumes of pride, all the seductions of talent, all the intoxication of the struggle: with the penetration bestowed by faith and humility, he anticipated the judgment on our pretensions which has been ratified by time, that grand auxiliary of the Church and of Truth.'

Not so de la Mennais, whose pride was mortified to the quick. His position was widely different from that of his young and comparatively obscure associates. He, 'the last of the Fathers,' to be neglected and snubbed on the scene of his former glories, in the very Vatican where his portrait had been hung by pontifical grace among the Saints! In vain did Lacordaire repeat, 'One of two things: either we should not have come, or we should submit and hold our tongues.' No, de la Mennais would not hear of silence or submission. He replied, 'I will hasten and provoke an immediate decision, and I will await it at Rome; after which I will consider what is to be done.' Lacordaire left Rome for France, saying, 'Silence, next to speech, is the second power of the world.' The Abbé waited four months, and then, losing patience, left Rome, openly announcing his intention to return to France and recommence the publication of 'L'Avenir.' Montalembert had remained, and now left with him. They took Munich on their way, where accidentally (he says, providentially) they fell in again with Lacordaire; and the three were together when they were overtaken by the Encyclical epistle of 15th August, 1832, directly provoked by the parting threats of de la Mennais, and manifestly condemning, without naming, most of his new doctrines. 'Our submission was immediate and unreserved. It was immediately published, and we returned to Paris, "vanquished vic-

tors over ourselves," according to the expression of him amongst us who had so well foreseen and accepted the defeat.' He added, with Montaigne: *Il y a des défaites triomphantes à l'envi des victoires.*

The enforced submission of de la Mennais was hollow and formal. In his inmost soul he had already broken with the Church, and sworn war to the knife against his clerical brethren. Within three years he published his 'Paroles d'un Croyant,'—a complete manual of socialism, a wild diatribe which would have satisfied even the philosopher who longed for the day when the last king would be strangled with the entrails of the last priest. Seven crowned heads are in consultation over a bowl of blood, with a human skull for a drinking-cup, round a throne of human bones, with their feet resting on a reversed crucifix. The question is how most effectively to enslave the minds and bodies of men; and it is carried *nem. con.* that they must begin by abolishing the religion of Christ:—

'Then the seventh having like the others drunk in the skull, spoke thus with his feet upon the crucifix. "No more Christ: there is war to the death, eternal war between him and us. But how to detach the people from him. It is a vain attempt. Then what is to be done. Listen to me: we must gain the priests of Christ with property, honour, and powers. And they will command the people in the name of Christ to be submissive to us in all things, do what we like, ordain what we like. And the people will believe them, and obey by conscience, and our power will be firmer than ever." And all replied: "It is true: let us gain the priests of Christ."'

This publication left Montalembert, who had faithfully stood by de la Mennais through good and evil report, no alternative but to concur with Lacordaire in separating from him.

It would be taking a most erroneous view of Montalembert's character to suppose that the affair of the 'Avenir' or the expedition to Rome exclusively occupied his attention or his time. Like our present Premier, he had the invaluable gift of being able to prevent or relieve any undue strain upon the mind by incidental objects of interest. He could say with Fénelon: *le changement des études est toujours un délassement pour moi.* During the intervals before leaving Paris, in the very heat of the struggle, he kept up his communication with the literary world, mixed in the society of the noble Fauxbourg, attended the debates in the Chamber of Peers (in which he was disqualified from taking part till twenty-five), and was occasionally seen at those places of amusement which formed

the chief attractions of his equals in rank and age. He has a discriminating eye for genius and pretension, ugliness and beauty. He has a marked liking for Victor Hugo, but then Victor Hugo at that time was expecting the regeneration of the world to emanate from the Church of Rome, and dreamt of a confederation of nations under the presidency of the Pope. He sets a black mark against one *salon* by saying that he met in it only 'obscure doctrinaires and ugly women.' 'It is pleasant,' says Mrs. Oliphant, referring to the Journal, 'to find our young champion of the Church betrayed into warm though momentary commendation of Tagliioni, whose modest and poetic grace of movement was so different from the bacchanalian feats of the more recent ballet. He declares with fervour that nobody has danced like her since the epoch of Christianity, and that she is divine.'*

We have said that he lingered at Florence on his way to Rome. He lingered there as well to enjoy the society and co-operate in the pursuits of his learned and accomplished friend, Rio, as to indulge in a newly-formed friendship of that intense, devoted kind of which we read in ancient story but find few examples in our tamer, colder, more matter-of-fact society. 'You know,' he had written to one of his first friends, M. Cornudet, 'you know that friendship is the only movement of the soul in which excess is permissible.' He had not yet tried love, although he yearned for it. This new friendship is recorded, portrayed, and illustrated with grace, refinement, and delicacy of touch, in the 'Récits d'une Sœur,' a romance of real life; in which scenes of pure affection and simple pathos softened by melancholy and elevated by faith, supply the almost total absence of passion, incident and plot. It is the story of Albert de la Ferrounays and his young bride—their courtship, their marriage, and his death in the bloom of youth—

'Manibus date lilia plenis,
Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.'

It is told by his sister, Mrs. Augustus Craven and told inimitably well; but we must warn off the novel readers whose taste has been formed in the sensational school—*procul, oh! procul este, profani.* They must chasten their thoughts, repent their sins, and get ab-

* This goddess of the dance, reduced in circumstances by an unremembered reverse of fortune, is now earning her livelihood as a dancing-mistress in this Metropolis!

solution before they venture upon it, or they will be found soliloquising like Guinevere:—

‘I thought I could not breathe in that pure air,
That pure serenity of perfect light,
I wanted life and colour—’

The main bond of union between Montalembert and Rio was their common view of Art: they were unwearied in their investigations and inquiries; and we suspect that Montalembert was quite as much interested in the establishment of their favourite æsthetic theory, as in the vindication of ‘*L’Avenir*.’ This was, that Art, in all its forms or manifestations, came nearest to perfection in proportion to the amount of Christianity with which it was imbued or permeated; and M. Fossier claims for them the credit of being the first to perceive and prove that there is a Christian art, as there is a Christian literature or a Christian civilisation. But was it ever denied that there is an art which sprang from Christianity, Roman Catholic Christianity, and is marked by the ascetic character of that faith? Henry Heine, accepting it as a recognised fact, says (in 1835) that it was necessary as a wholesome reaction against the gloomy colossal materialism which had unfolded itself in the Roman empire and (he might have added) against the sensual materialism of Greece. ‘The flesh had become so wanton in the Roman world, that the monastic discipline might well be necessary to mortify it. After the feast of a Trinalchion, there was need of a fasting regimen.’ After pointing out the signs of it in poetry, he says, ‘Less favourable was this religion upon the plastic arts. For these two were obliged to represent the victory of spirit over matter. Hence in sculpture and painting those frightful subjects: martyrdoms, crucifixions, dying saints, and mortification of the flesh. Verily, when one goes through many a picture-gallery, and sees nothing represented but scenes of blood and torture, one might believe that the old masters had painted their pictures for the gallery of an executioner.’ But it was in architecture that the influence was most marked:—

‘When we now enter an old cathedral, we hardly feel any longer the exterior sense of its stone-work symbolism. Only the general impression strikes immediately into the soul. We here feel the elevation of the spirit and the prostration of the flesh. The interior of the cathedral is itself a hollow cross, and we there walk in the very instrument of martyrdom. The variegated windows cast their red lights upon us, like drops of blood: funeral hymns are trembling round us; under our feet, tombstones and corruption; and the spirit struggles with the colossal pillars, to-

wards heaven, painfully tearing itself asunder from the body, which drops, like a worn-out garment, to the ground.’

The distinction between sacred music and profane is self-evident. Every one sees the incongruity of playing ‘The Last Rose of Summer’ or ‘Cherry Ripe’ on an organ in a church. And every one will see on reflection the equal incongruity of replacing ‘The Descent from the Cross’ in the cathedral at Antwerp, by one of Titian’s voluptuous beauties or a bacchanalian piece by Rubens. Yet M. Fossier asks as if he was contending against a paradox: ‘Is it true, yes or no, that a church is not a theatre? Given this, is it true, yes or no, that, in the house of prayer, everything ought to incline us to pray,—the painting, the statues, the music,—all like the architecture? Is it true, yes or no, that consequently the Christian subjects ought to be treated with absolutely the same absence of faith as the mythological subjects? Is it true that the image of Jesus Christ ought not to be that of Jupiter, nor the image of the Virgin that of Venus?’ But no one says they ought. Neither ought pictures painted for altar-pieces to be hung up over mantel-pieces in dining-rooms; nor is the enjoyment of a company met for social pleasure in a saloon or ball-room promoted by the representation of bodily suffering—of a saint on a gridiron or a saint without his skin.

Montalembert distinguishes the schools thus: ‘Fra Angelico and the Dispute of the Holy Sacrament, there is Christian Art. The form studied for itself, studied anatomically, as in the ‘Last Judgment’ of Michel Angelo, there is the naturalist school. The Farnarina sitting for the portrait of the Virgin—then the infamous imaginations painted by Julio Romano,—there is the Pagan art.’ Is this quite fair? Are not the master-pieces of Rubens and Titian as much Pagan art as the ‘infamous imaginations’ of Julio Romano? And are these and such as these to be proscribed, along with the Venuses and Apollos, because the contemplation of them does not dispose to prayer? The truth is, he would fain apply to art the same exclusive principle which he applied to education; it must be entirely pervaded by what he calls Christianity, or it is naught. At one of Rogers’s breakfasts, Rio was asked what he thought of the pictures. He had his choice amongst master-pieces of all sorts. He led the inquirer up to two specimens of the pre-Raphaelite school, and said they were the only pictures in the collection that interested him. Montalembert in Overbeck’s studio was animated

by the same feeling: Overbeck, so famed a painter of Christianity that people in the streets pointed him out with: *Tiens, voilà Jésus-Christ*. Besides Fra Angelico, Perugino, Cimabue, Giotto, and Fra Bartolomeo, Montalembert must have held in especial reverence the painter Lorenzo Lott^a, who went to Loretto to die painting the Virgin so as to be occupied with her to the last.

Some thirty years since the lower limbs of several allegorical female figures in St. Peter's were suddenly invested by papal order with robes or petticoats of tin, plastered over so as to resemble marble; and about the same time the King of Naples caused green muslin drawers to be distributed among the *danseuses* at San Carlos, with an especial injunction that they should never appear on the stage without this habiliment. These innovations were popularly attributed to Montalembert, who, on a second visit to Rome, had been received with marked favour by his Holiness. He was certainly guiltless of the green muslin drawers: his recollection of Taglioni would have saved him from such a solecism. But he may have recommended the thin petticoats in St. Peter's, and he would have been right; for without being a devotee of Christian art, a man of taste and feeling might have been scandalised at seeing (what he could hardly help seeing) the Madonna in the guise of a Venus, with Faith, Hope, and Charity in the undress and attitude of the three Graces or the three heathen goddesses contending for the apple.

Coleridge used to say that an old Gothic cathedral always looked to him like a petrified religion. The Gothic is certainly the style of architecture which harmonises best with seriousness and solemnity: St. Peter's, St. Paul's, and the Cathedral of Florence, are rather palatial than ecclesiastical, and there is an Oriental look about the domes. Montalembert's enthusiasm, therefore, took a right direction in the eloquent appeal, entitled, '*Du Vandalisme en France*,'* in which he called on the French to respect their architectural treasures, especially their grand old cathedrals, as preservatives of their faith as well as monuments of their history.

It was during one of the frequent tours he made to inspect mediæval buildings and monuments that he was inspired with the conception of his first sustained and eminently successful effort in literature, the '*History of Saint Elizabeth*.' The opening sentences of the Introduction are these:—

"On the 19th of November, 1838, a traveller arrived at Marbourg, a town in the electo-

* '*Revue des Deux Mondes*, March, 1838.

rate of Hesse, situated upon the beautiful banks of the Lahn. He paused to examine the church, which was celebrated at once for its pure and perfect beauty, and because it was the first in Germany where the pointed arch prevailed over the round in the great renovation of art in the thirteenth century. This church bears the name of St. Elizabeth, and it was on St. Elizabeth's Day that he found himself within its walls. In the church itself, which, like the country, is now devoted to the Lutheran worship, there was no trace of any special solemnity, except that in honour of the day, and contrary to Protestant custom, it was open, and children were at play in it among the tombs. The stranger roamed through its vast, desolate, and devastated aisles, which are still young in their elegance and airy lightness. He saw placed against a pillar the statue of a young woman in the dress of a widow, with a gentle and resigned countenance, holding in one hand the model of a church, and with the other giving alms to a lame man. . . . The lady is then depicted, fairer than in all the other representations, stretched on her bed of death midst weeping priests and nuns; and lastly, bishops exhume a coffin on which an emperor lays his crown. The traveller was told that these were events in the life of St. Elizabeth, queen of that country, who died on that day six hundred years ago in that very town of Marbourg, and lay buried in that very church."

After his first visit to the church, he went to a bookseller and inquired if there was a '*Life of St. Elizabeth*.' The bookseller mounted to his garret and brought down a pamphlet covered with dust. 'Here is a '*Life of her*,' he said, 'if you care about it: it is never asked for here.' Montalembert possessed himself of it as a prize, and found it the cold lifeless composition of a Protestant. But the sympathetic chord was struck, and he set about the study of her career with hourly increasing eagerness, consulting traditions, visiting every place that she had hallowed by her presence, and ransacking all the books, chronicles, and manuscripts in which mention was made of her or which threw light on her contemporaries and her age. And what is really most valuable and most characteristic in the book is that which elucidates her age, especially the Introduction (135 pages royal octavo), in which he seeks to prove that the thirteenth century, in which she flourished, has been shamefully calumniated: that it was not merely the age in which the Papacy attained its culminating point of pride and power, but the age in which Christian literature and art, that is to say, what he deems the best and purest literature and art, approached nearest to perfection than they have ever approached since or are likely to approach again.

He is strong, indeed unassailable, in Gothic architecture; for almost all the finest cathe-

drals in Germany, France, Belgium, Spain, and England, were built or founded in the thirteenth century: strong in painting, for he can point to the early schools of Siena and Florence: strong in poetry, if we allow him Dante, born in 1265, and bear in mind the legendary poets and the 'Niebelungen;' but singularly weak, we think, when he tries to make out that this was also the age of social progress or legislation, and that the successors of St. Peter, who, like Innocent III., aspired to universal empire, were simply doing their duty in that state of life to which God had called them: that, in claiming to hold all the kings of the earth in humiliating vassalage, they had not a spark of mundane ambition and were merely vindicating the sacred liberties of the Church.*

Whilst he was occupied with St. Elizabeth, he joined his friends Albert and Alexandrine, the hero and heroine of 'Le Récit d'une Sœur,' at Pisa, and she writes: 'How he loves this St. Elizabeth! He collects the smallest, the most minute details about her. He told me the other day a story of a knight who wore the colours of a saint who appeared to him in a dream.' There is another letter of hers which pleasantly illustrates the playfulness and versatility of his mind and character:—

"We all went to the Cascine: then (which amused us much) we all went to order a bonnet for me. At dinner Albert suddenly took the resolution of going to a ball which was to be given that evening, but which we had all three declined. I resisted, fearing that it might do him harm; but he insisted, and ending by saying 'Je le veux.' He told my maid to prepare everything, and by degrees I allowed myself to be persuaded into the pleasant annoyance of making myself as pretty as possible ('*je me laissais faire la douce violence*'). This occupied me entirely for two hours. To make the joke complete, we forced Montal to go with us. We had hard work to succeed in this, for he had nothing to put on. Albert lent him almost everything. Then it was necessary to get a shoemaker for him, and a hairdresser to cut his hair. All this amused us immensely; and the end of all, which made us laugh more than all

the rest, was that, recollecting all at once that we had no servant, we took the shoemaker's boy with us in that capacity to go with us to the ball!"

In May 1835 he attained the age (twenty-five) at which a French peer was permitted to join in the debates: the right of voting being suspended till thirty. He broke ground as a debater on the 8th September, 1835, in opposition to a measure for the restriction of the press proposed by the Broglie and Thiers ministry. This was followed by other speeches, all of a liberal tendency, the general effect of which is described by Sainte-Beuve:—

"When he reappeared in the Chamber," says Sainte-Beuve, "he had the right to say anything, to dare anything, so long as he retained that elegance of aspect and diction which never forsook him. He could utter with all freedom the most passionate pleadings for that liberty which was the only excess of his youth. He could develop without interruption those absolute theories which from another mouth would have made the Chamber shiver, but which pleased them from his. He could even give free course to his mordant and incisive wit, and make personal attacks with impunity upon potentates and ministers. In one or two cases the Chancellor called him to order for form's sake; but the favour which attends talent carried everything before it. His bitterness—and he was sometimes bitter—from him seemed almost amenity, the harshness of the meaning being disguised by the elegance of his manner and his perfect good grace."

There is one remarkable quality in which Montalembert's writings, including the earliest, resemble Bolingbroke's. They are rhetorical and declamatory: they might be delivered as speeches, or parts of speeches, with full effect. To become an orator, the writer obviously wants nothing but voice, manner, and readiness, which Montalembert never wanted. We are, therefore, surprised to learn from competent authorities (M. Fossier, confirmed by Mrs. Oliphant) that he began by speaking from copious notes, and did not trust to improvisation till it was forced upon him by the exigencies of debate. When what may be called his oratorical education was complete, he could not only introduce a prepared passage so as not to betray the preparation—which a master of the art, Lord Brougham, pronounces its highest achievement—but turn every passing incident or interruption to account, and reply with telling force upon the instant to all or any who roused his indignation or his scorn. About the end of the debate on the *Droit d'Enseignement* in 1844, which had called out all his powers, he was fairly entitled

* "Pour lui (Innocent) la chrétienté entière n'est qu'une majestueuse unité, qu'un seul royaume, sans frontières intérieures et sans distinction des races, dont il est le défenseur intrépide au dehors, et le juge inébranlable et incorruptible au dedans" (p. xiii). He did this, "quoique sans cesse menacé et attaqué par ses propres sujets, les turbulents habitants de Rome." He was not particular as to means, for "il correspondait même avec les princes musulmans, dans l'intérêt de paix et de leur salut." Of Honorius III. it is said, "Malgré sa douceur, il se vit forcé de mettre l'empereur, une première fois, au ban de l'Eglise, en laissant à Grégoire IX. le soin de continuer le combat." Le pauvre homme!

to take rank amongst the best French orators of his day; none of whom, however, except perhaps Berryer in the Chamber of Deputies and Dupin at the Bar, can be placed in the highest class: the habit of reading speeches (hardly extinct yet), and of speaking from the tribune, having checked the progress of parliamentary oratory in France. Montalembert did not shine by lofty sustained imagery, like Burke and Grattan, the objects of his early admiration; nor by polished rhetoric, flights of fancy, or strokes of humour, like Canning. His strength lay in earnestness, ready command of energetic language, elevation of thought and tone, rapidity, boldness, conviction, passion, heart. His vehemence, his *vis vivida*, was power: when he warmed to his subject, he carried all before him with a rush. He had all, or almost all, that is comprised in the *action* of Demosthenes. Sainte-Beuve says:—

‘He has few gestures, but he possesses the most essential qualities which produce successful action. His voice, pure and sustained (*d’une longue haleine*), is distinct and clear in tone, with a vibration and accent very suitable to mark the generous or ironical meaning of his speeches. The son of an English mother, he has in his voice, through its sweetness, a certain rise and fall of accentuation which answers his purpose well, which lets certain words drop from a greater height and resound further than others. I ask pardon for insisting upon these particulars; but the ancients, our masters in everything, and particularly in eloquence, gave a minute attention to them.’

It was Berryer who said: ‘A man has always the voice of his mind. A mind clear, distinct, firm, generous, a little disdainful, displays all these sentiments in its voice.’ An example of each of Montalembert’s merits might be supplied from his speech on the Liberty of the Church (16th April, 1844), in which he proudly vindicated the position of the small minority whom he represented in the Chamber:—

“Allow me to tell you, gentlemen, there has arisen amongst you a generation of men whom you know not. Call them *néo-Catholiques*, *Sacristans*, *Ultramontanes*, as you like: the name is nothing to the purpose: the thing exists. This generation would willingly take for devise the words with which the manifesto of the generous Poles who resisted Catherine II. in the last century began: ‘We who love liberty more than everything in the world, and the Catholic religion still more than liberty.’

“We are neither conspirators nor flatterers: we are found neither in street tumults nor in ante-chambers: we are strangers to all your coalitions, to all your recriminations, to all your struggles of cabinet, of parties: we have

been neither to Ghent nor to Belgrave Square.* We have made no pilgrimages except to the tombs of apostles, of pontiffs, and of martyrs: we have there learned, with Christian and legitimate respect for established powers, how they are resisted when they fail in their duties, and how they are survived!

* * * * *
“... In this France, which has been wont to produce only men of heart and spirit, we alone, we Catholics—should we consent to be but fools and cowards? Are we to acknowledge ourselves such bastards, so degenerated from the condition of our fathers, that we must give up our reason to rationalism, deliver our conscience to the university, our dignity and our freedom into the hands of law-makers whose hatred for the freedom of the Church is equalled only by their profound ignorance of her rights and her doctrines? What! because we are of those *who confess*, do they suppose that we rise from the feet of our priests ready to hold out our own wrists to the handcuffs of anti-constitutional legalism? What! because the sentiment of faith reigns in our hearts, do they suppose that honour and courage have perished there? Ah, let them undeceive themselves. You are told: *Be implacable*.† Well, be so; do all you will and all you can. The Church answers you by the mouth of Tertullian and the gentle Fénelon, ‘You have nothing to fear from us; but we do not fear you.’ And for me, I add in the name of Catholic laymen like myself, Catholics of the nineteenth century—We will not be helots in the midst of a free people. We are the successors of the martyrs, and we do not tremble before the successors of Julian the Apostate. We are the sons of the Crusaders, and we will not fall back before the sons of Voltaire!”

Estimated by its electrical effects on the audience—the best test of eloquence—his speech on the affairs of Switzerland must be regarded as his masterpiece. A league of cantons, the Sonderbund, formed to resist the Federal Diet, had been put down by an armed force, much as the Southern Confederacy was put down in the United States. It was practically the triumph of the Radicals over the conservatives and Catholics, so that all Montalembert’s warmest sympathies were enlisted for the Sonderbund. The conquerors, moreover, had been guilty of great excesses, and the religious orders had been the chief sufferers. The question arose as one of foreign policy in the debate on the Address, January 11th, 1848, and its real importance lay in its connection with the doctrines which revolutionised the

* M. Guizot joined Louis XVIII. at Ghent during the Hundred Days; and the Legitimists had recently been crossing the Channel in great numbers to do homage to Henri V. whilst occupying a house in Belgrave Square.

† An expression of Dupin’s.

greater part of Europe within the year. This was the aspect in which Montalembert presented it:—

“Believe me, gentlemen, I do not come here to expose a religious or Catholic grievance. Yes, Catholicism has been wounded in Switzerland, as all the world knows; but all the world knows also that the wounds and the defeats of religion are not incurable or irreparable wounds; that at bottom it is her vocation to be wounded, persecuted, oppressed. She suffers from it, but only for a time. She is cured of it, she recovers, she comes out of these trials more radiant and more strong. But do you know what does not recover so easily, what cannot with impunity be exposed to such attacks? It is order, it is peace; it is, above all, liberty, and this is the cause which I come to plead before you, it is this which I come to deplore and vindicate with you.”

* * * * *

“Let no one say, as certain generous but blind spirits have said, that radicalism is the exaggeration of liberalism; no, it is its antipodes, its extreme opposite. Radicalism is nothing more than an exaggeration of despotism: and never has despotism taken a more odious form.”

* * * * *

“No one can have more right than I have to proclaim this distinction, for I defy any man to love liberty more than I have done. And here it must be said, I do not accept, either as a reproach or as praise, the opinion expressed of me by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, that I was exclusively devoted to religious liberty. No, no, gentlemen: that to which I am devoted is liberty in itself, the liberty of all and in everything. This I have always defended, always proclaimed: I who have written so much, spoken so much—too much I acknowledge—I defy any man to find a single word from my pen or from my lips which has not been devoted to the cause of freedom. Freedom: ah! I can say it without phrases (*sans phrase*). She has been the idol of my soul, if I have anything to reproach myself with it is to have loved her too much, to have loved her as one loves when one is young, that is, without measure, without limit. But I neither reproach myself for this, nor do I regret it; I will continue to serve Freedom, to love her always, to believe in her always; and it is my belief that I have never loved her more, never served her better than on this day when I am doing my best to unmask her enemies, who deck themselves out in her colours, who usurp her flag to soil it, to dishonour it!”

According to the contemporary reports, the delivery of this speech was repeatedly interrupted by the enthusiasm of the audience. Half the peers rose to their feet: exclamations were heard from every corner of the Chamber. Pasquier left his place to compliment the orator: the ministers hurried up to him for the same purpose. M. Guizot, speaking for his colleagues, said:—

“I do not share all the ideas of the honourable speaker; I do not accept the reproaches he has addressed to the Government. But he has given expression to too many great, good, and useful truths, and he has spoken with a sentiment too sincere and profound to make it possible to raise any debate with him at this moment. I cannot introduce a purely political and still less a personal question, after what he has just said. I have no reply to make to M. de Montalembert.”

This completes the parallel with the greatest success ever attained in the English Parliament, Sheridan's Begum speech, when Pitt moved the adjournment of the debate, on the ground taken by M. Guizot. In recording this great event in his journal, Montalembert expresses his ineffable satisfaction at having executed justice on *ces scélérats*, the Swiss radicals, with whom he classed their patron and prompter (as he designated him), Lord Palmerston.

We have anticipated a little to classify his oratory. A man like Montalembert cannot be happy or content unless his heart is occupied, as well as his imagination and his intellect: he must have an object of affection as well as of ambition; and even friendship, the truest and warmest, will not suffice. ‘I have never been able to touch a woman's heart,’ is his sorrowful entry in 1834; forgetting to add that he had never tried or never set the right way about it. How could he touch a living woman's heart when his own was with a dead saint? ‘Saint Elizabeth,’ he rapturously exclaims, ‘she is my only friend.’ If saints in heaven are permitted to befriend their worshippers on earth, it may have been she who, by some miraculous influence, brought about his sudden and most auspicious attachment to her descendant, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Count Felix de Merode, whom he met for the first time in the spring of 1836, and married in the following August.*

Immediately after their marriage the young couple started for Italy, by way of Switzerland. They passed the Christmas at Rome, where he had three interviews with the Pope, who quietly talked over the old affair of ‘L'Avenir,’ and expressed his warm approval of the course which Montalembert had subsequently pursued in religious matters. They are back in Paris in May, 1837, and, according to his biographer, ‘there followed a few years of tranquil domestic

* The Belgian family of de Merode is one of the noblest in Europe, and connected with many princely houses. Monsignor de Merode, the honoured counsellor of the Pope, is the brother of Madame de Montalembert.

existence, not without movement and that *bruit* which, from his earliest days, Montalembert had acknowledged himself to love—but still calm, disturbed by no clamour of perpetual publicity, with time in it for much literary work and much family enjoyment.'

In 1849 he came to England to attend the deathbed of his mother, accompanied by his wife and brother-in-law, Count Werner de Merode. The melancholy occasion prevented them from going into society, and we learn from Rio that they accepted only two invitations from London acquaintance—the one being Rogers, with whom they breakfasted;* and the other 'a young member of Parliament destined to the greatest political position of our time,' Mr. Gladstone. In February, 1840, he writes to an English friend, Mr. de Lisle Philipps, that his chief occupation and interest since he left England had been the direction and maintenance of the 'Univers,' the journal which, under M. Veuillot, was eventually to become the bitterest of his assailants and calumniators. The breach between him and the extreme section of the clerical party arose out of the settlement of the education question by the arrangement which he called the 'Concordat d'Enseignement' and they designated as a base compromise of the best interests of the Church. The main object, the liberty of teaching, was undoubtedly attained by it: attained by his unceasing devotion to the cause till it was practically won by effort upon effort, speech upon speech, during the most brilliant phase of his parliamentary career. It was the varied powers he displayed in its advocacy, coupled with the personal sacrifices exacted by it and made without murmuring, that elicited the glowing encomium of Count Molé in 1844: 'What a pity that he has so little ambition! And yet it is fine! If I was but forty, I would desire no other part (*rôle*) than that of M. de Montalembert.' He was mortified, no doubt, at the manner in which he was assailed after the passing of the *Loi Falloux*, which he might be excused for thinking ought to have been the *Loi Montalembert*; but his sympathising biographer is surely hurried into an unconscious exaggeration when she says:—

'He was thus left victorious, yet defeated, upon the ground he had so long and so gallantly held. The victory was won, but the

* This is the breakfast mentioned at the beginning of this article. Rio, in his printed narrative, has given rather a melodramatic turn to the incident and made Rogers talk of 'that immovable and cloudless faith.' Our version, copied from one of Montalembert's letters, gives it as it was related to him at the time.

leader was left alone upon the field of battle. Curiously significant, like the dramatic winding up a tragedy, was this strange success. He won it—but in winning it, came not only to the end of his campaign, but to an end of his power; he had succeeded in the object which he had pursued for twenty years; but his political position was gone, and his power over. Never was there a more singular situation. In conquering he fell.'

His power over the ultras of the clerical party was at an end, but his political position, which did not depend upon them at any time, was rather strengthened by their defection. 'Now,' writes Sainte-Beuve in November, 1849, 'he is followed willingly by men of all parties. Not only the eloquence and brilliancy, but the meaning, of his noble speeches is accepted and acknowledged. He has ceased to see everything from one point of view.' The Chamber of Peers had been abolished, and these noble speeches were addressed to popular assemblies, which (adds the same fine observer), so differently composed and so stormy, suited him marvellously. 'He did not fear interruptions, but liked them: he found in them (he said) great honour and great pleasure.' In a debate on the Irremovability of the Magistrature, April, 1849, after alluding to the assimilation of religion to justice in the expressions 'temple of the law,' 'sanctuary of justice,' 'priesthood of the magistracy,' he continued:—

"Yes, gentlemen, revolutions have passed over the head of the priest without bending it. I ask you so to act as that they may pass over the head of the judge without striking it. Let the stream of progress—if there is progress—let the destinies of the nation, that which is variable, if you like it better, in the destinies of the nation—roll its course between two immovable banks, between the temple of the law and the temple of God—between the sanctuary of justice and the sanctuary of truth—between the priesthood of the priest and the priesthood of the judge."*

In the debate on the Prince President's letter to Edgar Ney, imposing what were deemed insulting conditions on the Pope, he said:—

"You deny it; you deny moral force, you deny faith, you deny the empire of the pontifical authority over souls—that empire which has subdued the proudest emperors. Well; be it so; but there is one thing which you cannot deny, it is the weakness of the Holy See. It is this weakness, understand, that constitutes its insurmountable strength against you. Yes, truly, for there is not in the history of the

* 'Entre le sacerdoce du prêtre et le sacerdoce du juge.' No speakers or writers of the higher class suffer so much in translation as the French.

world a greater or more consolatory spectacle than the embarrassment of strength in conflict with weakness.

"Permit me a familiar comparison. When a man is condemned to struggle against a woman, if that woman is not the most degraded of beings, she may defy him with impunity. She tells him, 'Strike! but you will disgrace yourself, and you will not conquer me.' Well, the Church is not a woman; she is more than a woman, she is a mother. She is a mother—the mother of Europe, of modern society, of modern humanity. It matters not that one is an unnatural son, a rebellious son, an ungrateful son, one always remains son, and there comes a moment in every struggle against the Church when this parricidal struggle becomes insupportable to the human race, and when he who has maintained it falls overpowered, annihilated, be it by defeat, be it by the unanimous reprobation of humanity!"

This impersonation of the Church, which exactly fell in with the feelings of the majority, was followed by a triple salvo of cheers. When he sat down, Berryer hurried up to him and said, 'Your strength lies in this, that you are not absolute but resolute.' Thiers said, 'He is the most eloquent of men, and his speech the finest I have ever heard. I envy him for it, but I hope the envy is no sin, for I love the beautiful, and I love Montalembert.'

What really lowered his political position, and lessened public confidence in his sagacity, was his conduct in reference to the *coup d'état*. Two days after its occurrence, December 4, he wrote to M. Fossier, 'Je n'ai su, ni conseillé, ni approuvé ce qui s'est fait.' But he allowed his name to remain on the Consultative Commission for some days, and was cajoled into the semblance of acquiescence till the confiscation of the Orleans property. His reasons were fully stated in his published letter, dated December 12, recommending the re-election of the President. These may be summed up in his dread of Socialism and his gratitude for services rendered to Catholicism: 'The liberty of instruction guaranteed: *the Pope re-established by French arms*: the Church restored to its councils, its synods, the plenitude of its dignity: the gradual augmentation of its colleges, its communities, its work of salvation and mercy.' He concluded in these words, 'In the mighty struggle between the two powers which divide the world, I believe that in acting thus, I am, as I ever have been, for Catholicism against Revolution.'

The bitter truth soon broke upon him, that he had been acting for Catholicism against liberty; and during the whole remainder of his life he struggled manfully to repair or atone for his mistake. The anti-

imperial feeling of the Academy made his election to it in 1852 doubly welcome as a tribute to his personal integrity, as well as to his literary and oratorical distinction; and his inaugural address (Feb. 5th) was fully equal to his fame. One of the most telling passages was that in which, after showing to what France had been brought by revolutionary excesses, he said:—

'Whether in the end we are to be conquered or conquerors, is the secret of God. The grand point is not to have ourselves prepared the catastrophe to which we succumb, and, after our defeat, not to become the accomplice or the instrument of the victorious foe. I remember, as bearing on this, a fine reply attributed to the most chivalrous of our revolutionists, to M. de la Fayette. He was asked ironically what he had been able to do for the triumph of his liberal doctrines under the First Empire, and he replied, "*Je me suis tenu debout.*" It strikes me, gentlemen, that this proud and haughty expression might serve for the devise and summary of your history. The Académie Française has also the right to say, "*Je suis restée debout.*"' *

In July, 1857, he writes from Vichy that, after twenty-six years of public service, he has been set aside in the recent elections; 'and this, thanks to the Clergy of Franche-Comté, half of whom voted against me, and the other half stayed at home; such has been the result of the influence of the "Univers," and of its calumnies and denunciations for the last seven years against me and my friends.' He was defeated by a Government candidate, and he used to relate an incident showing that other causes than clerical animosity were at work. On the day of election a party of gendarmes were marched into the principal town of the department, and drawn up in the square before the polling-place. 'Why did you not keep your promise?' asked Montalembert of a peasant proprietor, who had promised to vote for him and then voted the other way. 'Oh, Monsieur le Comte, the *gendarmes*!'—'Did they say anything?'—'No, Monsieur le Comte.'—'Did they do anything?'—'No, Monsieur le Comte.'—'Then why did you not vote as you promised?'—'Oh, Monsieur le Comte, *ils étaient toujours là.*'

He called a visit to England 'taking a bath of life,' in allusion to the bracing effect of its social and political atmosphere on one who had been breathing the impure and depressing air of despotism. He took one of these baths in 1855, and made the acquaintance of the *scélérat* Foreign Secretary, of

* When Siéyès was asked what he had done during the Reign of Terror, he replied, 'Ce que j'ai fait? *j'ai vécu.*' (Mignet.)

whom he writes, 'I had yesterday a long conversation with Lord Palmerston, and I must acknowledge that, in spite of the repugnance which I have for his political principles, it would be difficult to find a man more agreeable, more *spirituel* or *younger*, notwithstanding that he is seventy-three.'

He wished to see Woolwich Arsenal, and went down with a friend. They got there during the dinner hour, and whilst waiting for the reopening of the workshops sat down upon one of a range of cannon, with a conical pile of shells in front. He began to talk of England, her grandeur, her resources, her free institutions; and discoursed so eloquently that his companion earnestly pressed him to give body and durability to his observations by making them the basis of a book. 'Gibbon states that the idea of writing his "Decline and Fall" first started to his mind as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol. Why should not the first idea of an Essay on the Future of England first start to the mind of an illustrious foreigner sitting on one of the emblems and materials of her naval and military power?'* He laughed at this grandiloquent parallel, but took the hint, and wrote '*L'Avenir politique de l'Angleterre*,' a book in which he indicates with instinctive sagacity the felicitous concurrence of circumstances, habits, and modes of thoughts that have made the British Empire what it is. He was bitterly assailed on both sides of the Channel, especially for what he said about the Churches; and we have a letter now before us, dated La Roche-en-Breny, January 3rd, 1856, in which he writes, 'This act has been, and deserves to be, looked upon as an act of foolhardiness. I have to contend both in Europe and America with the whole weight of *religious* prejudice against Protestant England, and of *political* prejudice against English freedom or English ambition.'

What turned out an act of still greater foolhardiness was an article in the 'Correspondant' of October, 1858 (published separately in England), entitled '*Un Débat sur l'Inde au Parlement anglais*,' which he made the vehicle of such exasperating allusions to the Imperial régime that it provoked a prosecution. He was defended by Berryer, and gave his own evidence as to the exact meaning of the inculcated passages, which no English judge or jury could have held libellous, but he was found guilty, and the sen-

tence on *him* was six months' imprisonment with a fine of 3000 francs: one month's imprisonment and a fine of 1000 francs on the publisher. The sentence, after being confirmed on appeal, was remitted by the Emperor. This article contained an admirable account of the debate in question—the debate on Mr. Cardwell's motion of censure on Lord Ellenborough's proclamation—with sketches of the several speakers, in his best manner.

The two first volumes of his '*Monks of the West*' (from St. Benedict to St. Bernard) appeared in 1860; the third, in 1865; the fourth and fifth, in 1867. The subject of the three last is the conversion of England by the monks; which is brought down to the death of the Venerable Bede in 735. 'This great monument of history, this great work interrupted by death,' says M. Coelin, 'is gigantic as an uncompleted cathedral.' It is certainly a vast conception, a durable, if unfinished, monument of energy, zeal, literary skill, research, learning, eloquence, and (we must add) credulity. His principal authorities are necessarily monkish chronicles, eked out by legends and traditions as fabulous as those of the Round Table. But he puts implicit faith in all of them: rarely, if at all, applies the test of conflicting evidence or internal improbability: is never staggered by any amount of miracles; and is so ready to give his saints, male and female, credit for supernatural powers that it is fortunate the story of St. Dunstan's conflict with the Devil did not come within his range, for he would most assuredly have adopted it as a fact. His chapter on '*Les Religieuses anglo-saxonnes*' is principally composed of the adventures of Saxon princesses who leave their fathers or husbands and their homes, to lead a kind of life which, without Divine interposition, would be dangerous in the extreme. Thus Frideswilda, founder and patroness of Oxford—'that is to say of one of the most celebrated seats of learning in the universe'—being out on the ramble, is pursued and on the point of being overtaken by a rude suitor, when she prays to St. Cæcilia, who saves her by striking the brute blind, but restores his sight at the subsequent intercession of the intended victim when she is safe. Feeling thirsty, she prays for water, and there instantly bubbles up a spring which continued during six centuries to attract crowds by the fame of its healing qualities:—

* It was as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the "Decline and Fall" first started to my mind.—*Gibbon's Memoirs*.

'But of all the miracles collected after her death none touches us like that which, related during her life, especially contributed to aggrandise her reputation for sanctity. It chanced one day that an unhappy young man

suffering from leprosy met her. As soon as he caught sight of her, he cried out: "I conjure you, Virgin Frideswilda, by the Almighty God, to give me a kiss in the name of Jesus Christ, His only Son." The maiden, subduing the horror inspired by this hideous malady, drew near to him, and after marking him with the sign of the cross, impressed a sisterly kiss on his lips. Very soon afterwards the scales of the leper's skin fell off, and his body became healthy and fresh as that of a child.'

This is one specimen amongst a hundred. The admixture of legendary lore lends additional attraction to the biographical portions, which read like so many prose idylls, except where they are interspersed with sketches of customs or manners, descriptions of scenery, and elaborate dissertations to prove that the monks, through a long succession of ages, have done more for European civilisation than all the economists and calculators, reformers and scientific discoverers, put together. This, indeed, is the moral of the book, which can only be even plausibly deduced by confounding the monks congregated in richly endowed monasteries with the monks errant or missionary monks: these two classes having about as much to do with each other as the Templars settled on the banks of the Thames with the Knights Templar who fought for the Temple, or the modern knights of Malta or St. John with those who formed the bulwark of Christendom against the Turks.

In illustration of the services rendered to agriculture, he says, 'Wherever there is a luxuriant forest, a pure stream, a majestic hill, we may be sure that Religion has left her stamp by the hand of the monk.' Is not this very like saying that they managed to possess themselves of the finest parts of the country? They reclaimed a great deal of waste ground, but their agriculture does not appear to have been of an advanced description, and he commends one religious community for doing the work of oxen by harnessing themselves to the plough. In regard to learning, they kept the lamp burning with a feeble and flickering light; but it was beside the purpose of their institution to cultivate profane literature or to educate the laity; and the little they did in either direction may be inferred from the condition of literature prior to its revival and the want of education in the people. Till the end of the fifteenth century every one who could read—'a mark (says Blackstone) of great learning in those days of ignorance and her sister superstition'—was allowed the benefit of clergy, it being taken for granted that every one who could read must

be a clerk in holy orders.* This is quite decisive on the point. To establish the value of monastic establishments as inexhaustible reservoirs of prayer, Montalembert appeals again to legends and traditions:—

'During a thousand years, and in all Catholic nations, princes were seen emulously recurring to the prayers of the monks, and taking pride in their confidence in them. At the apogee of the feudal epoch, when the fleet of Philip Augustus, sailing towards the Holy Land, is assailed in the sea of Sicily by a terrible tempest, the king reanimates the courage and confidence of the sailors by reminding them what intercessors they had left on their native soil. "It is midnight," he said; "it is the hour when the communists of Clairvaux rise to chant unctions. These holy monks never forget us. They are going to *appease* (sic) Christ: they are going to pray for us; and their prayers are going to rescue us from danger."†

After stating that an analogous trait is related of Charles V.—who, it will be remembered, ordered prayers to be offered up for the release of his own prisoner, the Pope—the author proceeds, 'Like these chiefs, the whole Society of Christendom, during the whole of the middle age, showed itself penetrated with this confidence in the superior and invincible power of monastic prayer; and this is why they endowed to the best of their ability those who interceded the best for them.' The mercenary character of the intercession, therefore, in no respect deducted from its efficacy; and no king or emperor need fear shipwreck if he or some well-advised predecessor has retained a sufficient number of monks to get up in the middle of the night to pray for him.

The fifth volume concludes with a touching and really beautiful allusion to a family incident, which is thus related by his friend, M. Cochin:—

"One day," says M. Cochin, "his charming and beloved child entered that library which all his friends know so well, and said to him, 'I am fond of everything around me. I love pleasure, wit, society and its amusements; I love my family, my studies, my companions, my youth, my life, my country: but I love God

* The distinction between laymen and clergymen as regards benefit of clergy was first drawn by 4 Hen. VII. c. 13:—

'Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.'

Douglas in *Marmion*. Gawain was a bishop.

† The authority is a Latin poem, 'Guillelm. Bretonis Philippidos.' It proceeds:—

'Vix bene finierat, et jam fragor omnis et æstus,
Ventorumque cadit rabies, pulsique tenebris,
Splendefus radiant et luna et sidera luce.'

Why did Montalembert break off at the miracle, which was quite in his way?

better than all, and I desire to give myself to him.' And when he said to her, 'My child, is there something that grieves you?' she went to the book-shelves and sought out one of the volumes in which he had narrated the history of the Monks of the West. 'It is you,' she answered, 'who have taught me that withered hearts and weary souls are not the things which we ought to offer to God.' "

After describing the agony inflicted on both mother and father by this event, Montalembert exclaims, 'How many others have undergone this agony, and gazed with a look of distraction on the last worldly appearance of a dearly beloved daughter or sister.' Yet it never once occurs to this warm-headed, noble-minded man that a system which inflicts such agony on so many innocent sufferers, which condemns to the chill gloom of a cloister what is meant for love and light—which runs counter to the whole course of nature—may be wrong.

During the last eight or ten years of his life he was suffering from the malady of which he died; and on February 10, 1869, he writes to one of his most valued English friends, Mr. Monsell: 'My unfortunate state is just the same as it has been for the last three years. I have no chance, no hope, and I think I may sincerely say, no wish to recover.' His capacity for intellectual exertion was necessarily impaired, but his conversation was never more brilliant than during the afternoons when his health permitted him to hold a sort of reception round his sofa. The only difference was that it had a shade of sadness, and turned by preference on questions in which grave and high interests were involved. In earlier days and happier times, it was sparkling with fancy and humour, as well as replete with thought; he could talk equally well like an Englishman with elliptical breaks, or like a Frenchman with continuity and flow; he told an anecdote with inimitable apropos, and although not a word or gesture belied the inborn courtesy of his race, he would occasionally throw in a dash of irony, which scarce suspected, like the onion atoms in Sydney Smith's salad, * imparted a delicate flavour to his style. There are two contrasted occasions, respectively illustrative of both manners, which vividly recall his image; a dinner at 16, Upper Brook Street, in 1854, when he was gay, glancing, animated, varied, and satirical: an afternoon in his own library in the Rue du Bac in 1867, when, discussing with General Changarnier and an English friend the political situation and the errors which led to it, he said, 'I

formed a wrong estimate of our imperial master's honesty; you, Thiers, Berryer, and other leaders of the party of order, of his capacity.'

It is painful to reflect that his spirit was not suffered to pass away in peace: that his dying hours were troubled by an imperative call to choose his side in a wantonly provoked schism. He died on the 15th March, 1870, and his memorable letter on Papal infallibility is dated February 28, just sixteen days before his death. That letter was declared unsatisfactory at Rome; but, in reply to a visitor, who ventured to catechise him on his death-bed, he is reported to have given in his unconditional adhesion to what confessedly he did not understand. 'And God does not ask me to understand. He asks me to submit my will and intelligence, and *I will do so.*'

Even this was not enough. The highest tribute of ecclesiastical respect which the Church accords to a faithful son was denied to his memory: to the memory of him who had devoted his whole life to her cause, who had dared impossibilities for her sake, who had given up to her what was meant for mankind, and thereby abdicated that place amongst practical statesmen and legislators which, apart from her blighting influence, his birth, his personal gifts, his high and rare quality of intellect, his eloquence, his elevation of purpose, his nobility of mind and character, must have won for him.

ART. VI.—1, 2, 3. *The Oxford, Cambridge, and London University Calendars for the year 1873.*

4. *The Oxford University Gazette.*
5. *The Cambridge University Calendar.*
- 6, 7. *University of London: Minutes of the Senate, and Proceedings of Convocation.*
8. *On a proposed Amendment of the Scheme for Pass Examinations.* By Rev. Henry Latham, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. 1873.
9. *A Letter 'to the Members of the Senate of the University of Cambridge.'* By Robert Potts, Trinity College. 1873.

THE war of the Greeks and Trojans, which raged three centuries and a half ago on the banks, not of Scamander, but of Isis, has broken out anew through the length and breadth of our land. The Greek learning which was finally established in our Universities and Schools by such men as Grocyu

* 'Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole.'
Recipe for a Winter Salad.

and Linacre, More, Erasmus, and Dean Colet,* is attacked—strange to say—in the name of that ‘modern progress’ to which its revival gave the chief impulse. The modern Trojans, like the Brute of our own mythical history, have returned as invaders; and threaten either to storm the citadels of learning by the force of popular ignorance, or to filch away the image of Pallas in the disguise of zeal for knowledge. They have reaped their first success at the latest founded seat of liberal education, which was manfully held by the main body of its defenders, only to be surrendered by its official keepers. The recent decision of the Senate of the University of London, no longer to require Greek as an obligatory subject at the Matriculation Examination, forms the crisis in a controversy, on which we feel it time to speak out with all earnestness in the interests alike of our Universities, and of the whole cause of liberal education as affecting the future character of our people. For this first infraction of the high standard, which has won for the London degrees a reputation second to none, has been made expressly as a concession to a demand for opening the path to Academical Degrees to the pupils of schools in which so-called modern subjects have been preferred to classical culture. The same demand has been formally addressed to the older Universities. Oxford has not yet given a decisive answer. The Senate of Cambridge rejected a similar proposal on a close division in a large congregation, by ninety votes to eighty-one, just a week before the decision taken at Burlington House. In the University of London itself, the body of graduates assembled in Convocation (answering to the Cambridge Senate) rejected, on the 21st of January, by no less than forty-three votes to twenty-four, the change which the Senate adopted on the 12th of February by the bare majority of two (ten votes to eight); a change, it is worth while to observe, which the Senate itself had rejected in 1870 by the same majority (seven votes to five), and eight years earlier by the very decisive vote of sixteen to five.† On the occasion last named, in

1862, the decision turned on the broad question of requiring from students entering on an academic course a knowledge, elementary but accurate, of all those rudiments of liberal culture and useful learning, which form the common foundation of the faculties of Arts and Laws, Science and Medicine, in which special degrees are afterwards given. The report which the Senate then adopted defended the new requirement of scientific culture in words which now bear a strangely prophetic sense:—

‘The teachers of Science and Medicine will come forward . . . and claim for their students an exemption from matriculating in Greek and Latin. . . . And if such an application were made by the teachers of Science and Medicine, the Committee could only reply to it by upholding against them *the imperative necessity of literary culture, as the right arm of a liberal education*; just as they now defend the maintenance and integrity of the other arm—scientific culture, inductive as well as mathematical—against the too exclusive predilections of classical and mathematical instructors.’—*Minutes of the Senate*, May 7th, 1862.

We can scarcely be wrong in referring this report to the pen of the late Vice-Chancellor, who served the University with all his powers up to the last acts done for it in his sick-room, and whose death has been the signal for the change which he had resisted with all his might. Mr. Grote’s authority on this question is not that of the Greek scholar only, for he was no less earnest in maintaining the claims of science, of which he was a learner to the last. His *Life*, which will soon be in our readers’ hands, proves the deep interest which he took in these discussions, and explains his view on this particular point: ‘Although nowise behindhand in sympathy for the advancement of the sciences, he used to say that *they* would be sure to take care of themselves, while the acquisition of Greek and Latin required to be excited and encouraged by motives less obviously associated with material profit than the other subjects of study.’ Had he lived, his authority would probably have still turned the scale, and no stronger proof has been given of his irreparable loss.

Among the majority who adopted the report of 1862, and refused the option between Latin and Greek, we find the names of the Chancellor, Lord Wodehouse (now Lord Kimberley), and Mr. Lowe; and these

languages, Greek, French, and German, so that a candidate needs to pass in only one of the three. The proposal rejected at Cambridge was to make *French and German* (not ‘French or German’) alternative subjects with Greek, at the candidate’s option, at the ‘Previous Examination,’ that is, the first of the examinations for the B.A. degree.

*Colet is memorable in the history of Greek learning for his own attempts to learn the language in his old age, as well as for the direction in his statutes of St. Paul’s School—‘I wolde they (the scolers) were taught always in good literature, bothe Latene and Greeke.’

†It is proper to observe that the division in 1862 took place only incidentally to the main question, which relates to the retention of Chemistry as a compulsory subject. The proposal then rejected was to give an option between *Greek and Latin*; that rejected in 1870 was to give an option between *Greek and English*; that carried in 1873 is an option between the three

distinguished members of the present government formed, with Lord Derby and Lord Acton, half of the majority who have now refused to uphold 'the imperative necessity of literary culture,' so far at least as it is secured by Greek, the true 'right arm of a liberal education.' In citing these names we have a very different purpose from that of taunting them with inconsistency.* As leaders in the political world, their change of side is significant of a current of opinion, to which they have deemed it wise to yield; and the constitution of the University of London, with a Senate nominated chiefly by the Crown, subjects it (whether for good or evil) to a weight of influence, which easily turns the scale against the traditions of academic culture and the views of its own graduates. It is our purpose to trace the growth of the views which have in this case prevailed, and to expose the evils which they threaten to the cause of intellectual and social culture. We believe this to be but one more example of the course, so characteristic of 'modern progress,' which has been well described as drifting into a change prejudged to be a reform; a sample of the counsel which concedes a demand, which is called popular because those who raise it make a loud cry; of the wisdom which removes a buttress because it is said to stand in the way of a new road, without considering whether the new way is wanted, or the reasons which made what is removed an essential support of the ancient fabric. 'The change is inevitable'—'the time for it is come'—such are the modern excuses for yielding to an unintelligent clamour, which firm resistance would prove to be as weak as calm reasoning would show it to be groundless. The time chosen for surrender is often that at which the clamour is subsiding and the tide turning; nor are the signs of reaction wanting in the present case. At the very time when the change is made on the twofold ground of removing an obstacle from the path of scientific students, and of meeting the demand for a more utilitarian education, we find practical men casting away the utilitarian heresy, and at least one large section of the scientific world rallying in defence of Greek as an essential foundation of all high culture. Of the distinguished physicians and surgeons on the Senate of the London University, only one voted in favour of the late resolution; and there was a singular agreement on the other side among the medical graduates in Convocation. The true motive power of the change is to be

found in the 'doctrinaire' spirit of so-called educational reformers, who have had the fortune to obtain for their views the support of that great modern substitute for real public opinion, as the matured fruit of counsel and discussion—the decisions of a Government Commission.

No person who feels an interest in education can remember a time when there was not a controversy between the advocates of culture and utility, of discipline and information; a controversy which it is not our purpose to intrude again upon our readers. With some surrender of extreme views on both sides, the general result has been that the defence has got the better of the attack. The old traditions of English education, modified by some concessions and widened by improvements, have been maintained against the vulgar forms of mere utilitarianism. It has been agreed amongst thinking men, whether their own pursuits be intellectual or practical, that their sons ought to be trained first to be men, and worthy of their place in society, and afterwards for their special business or professions. It has passed into an axiom, that the proper method of such training is to form rather than to fill the mind; and that those studies are the best which give free exercise to all its faculties, training the mind all round, that it may not be the victim of any one-sided view, and enlarging its powers to receive exact and varied knowledge, rather than burthening it with a store of facts or set of opinions, which may be best received and formed as the occasion arises. As in launching a new bark we do not try to direct her head to the point of the compass to which she is to sail, nor to supply her with all that she may want for every future voyage; we look, not to her contents, but to herself, her mould and ribs and planks and bolts and seams; so the wise instructor is content to see the object of his care well balanced, like a fair and stable vessel, on the treacherous waves of life, ready to receive all that is still wanting to prepare it for each special service. Nor does he take a narrow view of what that service may include, remembering the aphorism of Bacon, 'Studies serve for delight, for ornament, for ability'—ability placed last in rank. Paley defines education as including 'every preparation that is made in youth for the sequel of our lives;' and, not to speak at present of the great end of all, what sequel is more wretched than that of him who has been trained only to get on in life, not how to live when getting on has ceased, in the leisure of prosperous old age or in the patience of adversity? While we are daily contending that education should regard the future as

* Lord Derby voted on both occasions against retaining Greek as a compulsory subject.

well as the present life, it is only of less importance to prepare for the sequel of life in this world, not its business and active efforts only, but its social converse and influence, the peace and grace of leisure and retirement. He was a true philosopher who declared one great purpose of study to be τὸ σχολάζειν καλῶς.

Such are the principles which have hitherto governed our great schools and Universities, and, through their influence, the whole course of higher English education. Not that they have been first framed as a theory, and then put in practice by founders, or governments, or commissions. They had a far better and more natural source in that spontaneous search of learning for its own sake, which gave birth to the earliest Universities, not of England only, but of all Europe. The history and essential character of those wonderful institutions has the closest bearing on the subject before us, and has become of special importance at a time when a University question has formed the great battle-ground of politicians, and the wildest absurdities have been uttered about Universities and Colleges. Mr. Lowe, for example, has repeatedly maintained that it is the function of a University to examine and of Colleges to teach. In the recent debate on the Irish University Bill, he undertook, in the dogmatic tone of a high constitutional authority, to correct the common misapprehensions on this subject:—

‘The whole of our discussion turns upon the two words—College and University; and is it possible for any one of us to imagine the different number of senses in which those words have been taken? Now, I submit to the House that a University is a corporate body associated for the purpose of promoting the highest branches of education and possessing the power of giving degrees. A College is a society of adults, associated together for the purpose of teaching and being taught. If these definitions are correct, it follows that the University has one quality which is peculiar to itself, that of giving degrees; and another quality which it shares in common with the College, that of teaching. That is why a University can only be founded by the Crown. It seems to me to be the great excellence of a University that it should give its degrees properly and impartially, and that it should be as judicial in its character as if its function were the distribution of punishment. Teaching, on the other hand, although in itself a high and noble occupation, is subject to the same rules as any other occupation by which money is made, and I think it will result from what I have said, that you cannot have too much competition in teaching, and that you can hardly have too little in the conferring of degrees.’

However well this theory may suit a former College tutor, who has recently joined in commemorating the fiction that the University of Oxford was founded by King Alfred; however fit it may seem to be maintained by the representative of the one solitary University which examines without teaching, or requiring evidence that the candidate has passed through an Academic course; it is a theory contradicted by the history of all the ancient and by the constitution of most of the modern Universities of Europe. At Oxford and Cambridge, as no one knows better than Mr. Lowe, it is by the accidental growth of an abuse that the Colleges have usurped the teaching functions, which, however, the Universities have never surrendered and are now reviving with vigour and success. Their examinations for degrees are not a process instituted for all comers—the work of a ‘graduating machine,’ as the University of London has been called—but the repeated and crowning tests applied to the progress of their own students. Instead of the Universities being founded by royal authority to grant degrees, and the Colleges springing up to teach candidates, in obedience to the commercial law of demand and supply, the Universities had a spontaneous and voluntary origin, and have received very meagre endowments, and the Colleges were created and endowed by royal and other founders, not primarily as schools, but as residences to accommodate the students who already flocked to the Universities, and to encourage larger numbers to resort to these fountains of learning.

The fables which make the East Anglian king Sigebert, the emperor Charles the Great, and King Alfred, the founders of the Universities of Cambridge, Paris, and Oxford, are but perverted records of the pious zeal of those kings in fostering learning and founding schools, which must have been for the most part elementary. The first Universities, in the proper sense, were the spontaneous fruit of the revival of learning, which began in the twelfth century, and gained strength in the thirteenth, the age in England of Robert Grosseteste, Adam Marsh, and Roger Bacon. The Universities of Paris, Bologna, Oxford, and Cambridge—not to mention others of lesser note—all arose in the twelfth century. They all had their origin in the spontaneous lectures of individual teachers, the voluntary concourse of students attracted, not by the prospect of prizes, nor by the necessity of qualifying for professions, nor even by the honourable stimulus of degrees, but by the ardent love of learning and the eminence of the teach-

ers. This concourse of masters and scholars grew, in each case, into a corporate body, that is, in the language of the Civil Law, a University (*Universitas*), or, according to the classic name adopted in Germany, which marked both its character as a place of voluntary study and the kind of studies pursued, an Academy (*Academia*). For it was the genuine purpose of these early Universities, as of the school of Plato himself,

'inter silvas Academi querere verum'—

not the pelf of prizes or the secure indolence of fellowships, nor even the pleasures of idle society and the name of being a University man. It is scarcely necessary now-a-days to correct the vulgar error, derived from the accidental form in which Oxford and Cambridge appear to strangers, that the University is the corporate body whose constituent elements are the Colleges.* Every old University existed long before any of the Colleges that gathered under its wing, and the Universities would continue to exist if all their Colleges were dissolved and their buildings razed or sold by some fanatic for 'competition in teaching;' and the later Universities, of the German type, exist without colleges, and perhaps flourish the more vigorously for their absence. Another notion, that a University is so called from the universal scope of its studies, is simply one of those etymological guesses, the

* The persistence of this error, or at least of the language which tends to perpetuate it, is strangely exemplified by the very first sentence in the 'Cambridge Calendar,' which we quote in full for the information given by them. After correctly defining the University as 'a society of students in all and every of the liberal arts and sciences, incorporated (13 Eliz. c. 29) by the name of "The Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge,"' it adds, 'This commonwealth is a union of seventeen Colleges, or societies, devoted to the study of learning and knowledge, and for the better service of the Church and State. All these Colleges have been founded since the beginning of the reign of King Edward I., and are maintained by the endowments of their several founders and benefactors. Each college is a body corporate, bound by its own statutes; but is likewise controlled by the paramount laws of the University. The present University statutes were confirmed by Queen Victoria by Order in Council, July 31st, 1858.' Who would not suppose from all this, that the several colleges of Cambridge were first founded, from the time of Edward I. and onward, with the objects specified, each being a little University of the olden type; and that their union formed the complete University, which was first incorporated by Elizabeth and afterwards reformed by Victoria?—that University having, in fact, existed from the time of Henry II., if not earlier.

frequency of which affords an argument for linguistic training.*

The right interpretation of the name involves far more than an accurate description of the body corporate of our Universities. It brings out the fact, essential to a right conception of their spirit, that each has always been what Cambridge is expressly called in its 'Calendar,' 'a literary republic,' recognized by, but not owing its existence to, Pope or King or Kaiser; perfectly distinct from the political society around it, and bound to hold forth the pure light of learning over the surging waves of party conflict, uncontaminated by the hues of popular caprice, much less shaded and reduced to suit an ignorant public opinion. Its degrees are the diplomas of a citizenship in the universal republic of letters, a society which, second only to the Christian Church, forms the true international community of all that elevates humanity; and every one who rightly prizes this dignity will resent and resist every attempt to degrade its standard. True, the Crown is the fountain of honour, and the assent of Government has always been needed to confirm academic degrees as the passports to honour and immunities in a State. But the degrees themselves were given long before any such recognition was sought for them; and governments can no more create the true honour of which degrees are the outward sign than they can create the learning and labour of which those degrees are the unique reward. The titles of Master (*Magister*) in Arts, and of Doctor in the other Faculties, were at first quite equivalent, and signified nothing more than an actual teacher. The body of teachers gradually gained the power of admitting or excluding those who might wish to teach. The next step was to regulate this power, so that the licenses to teach were granted as the result of examination; and then the titles became the stamp of learning. Finally, the superior dignity obtained by the Doctors of the special Faculties above the Masters of Arts, and the institution of the preparatory grade of Bachelors, formed an advancing scale of titles, which were therefore called *Gradus*, 'steps,' *Degrees*. These

* We must suppose it to have been rather the tempting facility of an epigram, than real ignorance, which led Mr. Disraeli to criticize the late Bill (rightly enough as to the fact) as 'a proposition to introduce an *University* which is not *universal*?'

All needful information on the history and nature of the old Universities is given in the works of Professor Malden, 'On the Origin of Universities and Academical Degrees,' and of John Henry Newman 'On the Rise and Progress of Universities in his recently collected 'Historical Sketches.'

degrees were always conferred by the Chancellor, who was elected by the Members of the University. Thus the whole process of earning and awarding the Degrees was completed before rights and immunities were granted to their holders by the government of each state or the universal authority of the Pope.

The free constitution of the ancient Universities was fully established from the time when their corporate existence was itself recognized by the superior powers, from whom, in fact, they found protection against the arbitrary acts of their own authorities. Thus, when the Chancellor of Sainte-Geneviève, who was always the Chancellor of the Faculty of Arts at Paris (owing to some ancient but obscure connection of the school with the church), abused his power by exacting a high price for admitting masters to teach, the Third Lateran Council, in 1179, decided 'that every competent person ought to be admitted to teach;' and in the next year Pope Alexander III. decreed 'that whatsoever fit and learned men should be willing to direct institutions for the study of letters, should be permitted to direct schools without any molestations or exactions.' A hundred and thirty years later (July 13th, 1311) the bull, by which Pope Clement V. established the University of Dublin, contained these words, 'I have founded a general school in every science and lawful faculty, to flourish in Dublin for ever, in which masters may freely teach and scholars become auditors of the said faculties.*'

The ordinance which Innocent III. issued in 1215, by his legate, for regulating the University of Paris, is the first public document in which that school was called a University. But the same Pope had used the name a few years earlier in a letter, which clearly defines the constituents of the corporate body: 'Doctoribus et universis scholaribus Parisiensibus . . . universitatem vestram rogamus.' The University itself, in its oldest existing deed, in 1221, uses the style, 'We the University of the Masters and Scholars of Paris.' Oxford is called a University still earlier than Paris, in a deed of King John (1201); and the name is first known as applied to Cambridge in a public document of 1223. The famous Faculty of Laws at Bologna formed two Universities, of the *Citramontanes* and *Ultramontanes*, that is, of Italians and foreigners, in the twelfth century; but it was not till early in the four-

teenth that the older Faculty of Arts obtained public recognition by the name of a University. That name was gradually restricted to those learned bodies which had the power of granting degrees; and this restriction was doubtless a consequence of the privileges conferred on the Universities by Popes and Emperors and Kings.

In all these early associations of teachers and scholars, the first subjects of study were those embraced in the Faculty of Arts or Philosophy. The studies which are specially fitted to train the mind, and to be the organ of all further acquisitions, took precedence, from the first, over those which are special or professional. This was a matter of necessity in an age when elementary knowledge was a rare acquirement, and students had, therefore, to begin at the beginning; but the order at first imposed by necessity has been sanctioned by the experience of ages. The whole range of this general learning was divided into two courses, the *Trivium*, which comprised Grammar, Logic, and Rhetoric—in a word, the use of *Language* as the organ of Thought—and the *Quadrivium*, in which the student advanced to Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy, and Music—the *Science* of that age. So rare was it, however, for a student to go beyond the Trivium, that one of the most famous early scholars, who taught in the University of Paris, is celebrated in a barbarous verse as the prodigy—

'Qui tria, qui septem, omne qui scibile novit.
But it must not be forgotten that the Trivium included the whole range of ancient classic learning, so far as it was then known and valued, and especially that Philosophy which gave a second name to the school of Arts.

The studies of the whole course formed the seven *Liberal Arts*, a name deeply significant of the culture for which they were chiefly valued; and this very name survives to our own day as a standing protest against the corruption of education and the degradation of our Universities. Studies were pursued as *Arts*, in the proper sense of the Latin word, that which gives ability and fitness for learning, thought, and action; not as mere points of knowledge, valued only for the variety and extent which may be the very measure of its uselessness to the possessor; nor was the term applied to each single art, or special branch of study, which required a further training based upon the others. In this distinction between Arts and Art lies the very germ of the existing controversy; and the question raised at our Universities is very much whether our De-

* An instructive sign of modern contempt for 'historical-mindedness' was given in the late debates by the 'laughter from below the gangway,' which greeted Dr. Lyon Playfair's reference to a time so out of date as the age of our Edwards!

grees in Arts shall be replaced by Degrees in an Art. These Arts were further called *Liberal*, as specially suited to cultivate the free thought of a free man; to set the mind free from the bounds within which it is always cramped, not only by the narrow sordid training which is mis-called practical, nor only by too exclusive devotion to professional studies, however high and noble each may be in its own kind, but even by the pursuit of any single science, or group of sciences, in the pure spirit of learning, unbalanced by a due regard to those other habits of thought, observation, and expression, without which the whole intellectual nature becomes one-sided. These arts are sometimes described as the most needful culture of a gentleman, a truth on which it is impossible to insist too strongly; but we prefer the language which suggests no distinction of classes, and which is carried still further in the old name, surviving in our Scottish Universities, which marks a chief branch of classical culture as *Humanity*, and the whole course of Liberal Arts as the *Humanities*. If 'the proper study of mankind is Man,' we must not pursue it in Philosophy alone, which shows us Human Nature as reflected by contemplation; but in Language, which is the organ of all human thought and of man's influence on man; in History, which exhibits Man in action; above all, in Poetry, which makes known to us the spontaneous insight of the highest genius into the springs of all human passion and conduct, the aspirations and sufferings and glories of humanity itself—affording us, in a word, a vision of the mysteries of life by those who are gifted to reveal to us our inmost feelings.

We may freely grant that all this was very imperfectly embodied in the ancient *trivium* and *quadrivium*: how could it be otherwise in the infancy of revived learning? But there is often given to an infant age—and we might appeal to the most sacred authority for the truth—a perception of first principles, which are blurred and distorted by the boasted experience of progress in knowledge. The true *idea* of intellectual culture was there, based on the essential elements of Language, with its Literature of Imagination as well as Fact, and its utterances of Eloquence and Philosophy; of the exact Sciences, the noblest of all the studies of Nature; and the culture of an Art which is a chief source of pleasurable emotion: and this right idea was expressed by the right name. That very name suggests the vast extension of which the ancient culture admits according to the growing culture and new light of each age; while it forms a

standing protest against casting aside the old instruments of liberal culture for those which are not yet proved fit for *this use*, whatever may be their own interest and profit. So far as the experiment has yet gone, we may even cite the subversive tastes of many advocates of what are called 'modern subjects,' as a proof of their want of the culture fostered by the ancient studies. We tell them that they are defeating their own purest aim, whether it be the advance of the study of nature, or the increase of skill in practical science. To use the language of Mr. Grote's report, they are tying up, shall we rather say, cutting off, 'the right arm of liberal culture,' as the means of strengthening the left or using it more freely. For if we tried

'To sink the past beneath our feet, be sure
The future would not stand.'

We adopt this earnest plea against the tendency of those, who are devoted to the newer branches of study, to make way for them by the exclusion or disparagement of the older. We will grant, at least for the argument's sake, that you have done a good work by bringing in these elements of knowledge, and we will not now stay to dispute their value, in their own kind and degree, as a means of culture. But, pray do not forget that their value depends on their being co-ordinate with the older studies in a complete education; and that the moment you get rid of the one, you deprive the other of half its worth. It is much as if you were to remove the abutments of an arch to make room for its voussoirs and key-stone. Rather let all stand together in the firmness and symmetry of mutual interdependence. And, among ancient studies, we claim for the Greek language and literature the twofold place of the foundation and the key-stone of the arch of Knowledge, alike for its utility as the chief basis of all science, philosophy, and art, for its power to keep together every other element in the fabric of mental culture, and for its grace, as the ornament of the whole structure.

In justifying this claim for Greek to be pre-eminent among the means of mental culture, one difficulty meets us on the very threshold. Our case is too strong; the truth of our argument is too familiar to make an impression on the educated men who are perversely ranged on the other side, and who are often found combating classic culture with weapons drawn from its own armoury. Theirs is the common trick of giving the go-by to the whole question, and treating its indisputable principles as irrelevant to the practical issue. 'We know all

this quite well; but there is much to be said on the other side: the time has come when a change is necessary,' and so goes on the process of pulling down what is established, in open contempt of the reasons for its existence—reasons which should cause it to be established, even if it had not yet been so. Our arguments for the maintenance of high literary culture are treated as commonplace, as if the general confession of their truth made them the less cogent. Your arguments, we reply, are still more commonplace and worn threadbare by reiteration. But there is all the difference between arguments which are common and right, and those which are common and wrong. Ours, urged through a long controversy, have commanded the assent of thinking men; yours, produced again and again, have been as often refuted. But there is always a reserve of popular ignorance, or, as now, of more dangerous taste for new experiments, to quicken dead fallacies to new life, and that in quarters the least expected.

The necessity which has now arisen for once more, and, so far as our most earnest effort can effect it, once for all, gathering into one view the arguments which have perhaps lost force by being brought forward too much apart from one another—the necessity, we say, thus compelling us, arises from the peculiar form which the attack has now assumed. In this age of universal reform, or at least unsettlement, of all old foundations, the Endowed Schools of England have been subjected to an enquiry which we are far from pronouncing unnecessary, nor have we now to discuss its process and results. One of those results was the decision to apply many of the endowments, which were thought to be wasted on decayed grammar-schools, to the encouragement of a more modern style of education, meeting the wants of a wider class; while the still flourishing schools, which kept up the ancient studies in full vigour, were to be reformed by an infusion of more modern studies—a process, be it remarked in passing, already spontaneously begun. The Royal Commission appointed to carry out the measure, with so eminent a scholar as Lord Lytton at its head (aided by the usual staff of Assistant Commissioners, whose spirit is sure to become more intensely official than that of their chiefs) determined on a large experiment in the way of providing different kinds and degrees of education for the wants of different classes: those intended for business or professions; those who can pursue a school course up to the usual age for proceeding to the Universities, or those who have to leave school at a comparatively

early age. Without being drawn into the whole discussion, we may observe that it is one thing to confess the hard necessity of giving the greater number of children an imperfect education, and to leave parents to decide whether that necessity is incumbent on them and their children; it is quite another to set to work deliberately to provide, *and that by endowments left for another purpose*, for a wide and perpetual distinction of training, not only between different classes in the social scale, but such a distinction as will create different intellectual classes in each order of society, up to the highest.

The aim of our ancient schools was the very opposite of this, to raise the poor from his low estate, to break down, by the force of intellect, instead of perpetuating, all class distinctions, and to make culture a new bond of perfectness; and among the examples of its working, the case of Wolsey, whom his biographer calls 'an honest poor man's son,' might be matched 'by many others down to our day. George Grote was marked for a banker by a father indifferent to intellectual culture, who denied his son a University course, and took him from school at that early age at which, according to our modern theorists, he could have acquired no real interest in Greek studies, nor any useful knowledge of the language! But fortunately his school was the Charterhouse, and we are distinctly told that the whole foundation of his taste for Greek studies was laid there. Of course he *ought* to have been sent to a 'modern school,' had the happy invention been then made; he would have been none the better banker or political economist, for he shone as both; and the world would only have lost the historian of Greece, the expounder of Plato and Aristotle, the living exemplar of the dignity and grace with which scholarship invests a thoroughly practical life, and the faithful champion of the same standard in modern University education.

The remarkable expression quoted in the late debates, 'that the greatest misfortune which could overtake a nation would be the separation of the youth of the country into two classes,' applies almost as strongly to different kinds of culture as to different creeds. The infinite variety of knowledge and ability, acquired by the cultivation of special powers and tastes to the very utmost, takes its only proper start from a certain common ground of culture, wanting which a man will always be at a disadvantage among his fellows. Who is not familiar with cases in which men the most distinguished and successful in their own pursuits have confessed this disadvantage, lamenting, above most other defects, their ignorance of Greek?

Yet this is the study, of all others, the exclusion of which is to characterize the new class of 'Modern Schools' of the 'Second Grade,' and the 'Modern Sides' of 'First Grade Schools'—for such are the artificial distinctions which the Commission sets up. The 'grades' are divided by the ages up to which boys are expected to be able to remain at school, and this is to determine the kind of education provided for them. But for the full trial of the experiment—remember, all along, that it is confessedly an *experiment*, at the cost, not of money only, but of its doubtful result for life to the boys on whom it is tried—there are to be also 'Modern First Grade Schools' (that is, 'schools retaining their scholars to the age of 18 or 19'), the nature of which is thus described by Lord Lyttelton, in a Letter addressed to the Universities in 1870:—

'We have determined to venture on the *experiment* of employing some of the Educational Endowments best adapted for the purpose in establishing, among other schools of the first grade, some which may by way of distinction be called *Modern*: that is, schools in which *Greek* shall be excluded, in order to provide adequate test and encouragement for the study of *Modern Languages* and *Natural Science*.'

Here, then, is the case clearly stated; and we cannot but admire the definition of the favourite catch-word 'modern,' as denoting simply an education from which *Greek* is excluded to make more room for Modern Languages and Natural Science. *Why* Greek, of all other subjects?—for that little word *why* is the sure test, which exposes an assumed necessity for change, when some one has the courage to put it, like the touch of Ithuriel's spear. We had thought that the real investigation of 'Natural Science' involved some large study of antiquity, especially of Greek language and thought and philosophic literature. We had supposed that 'Modern Languages' could only be studied with that thoroughness, which can alone justify their being made one chief staple of education up to the age of 18 or 19, in the light of those philological principles of which (Greek next to Sanscrit) is the chief key; and that one large class of modern languages (including the one which is deemed indispensable) had its roots in an ancient language. But we suppose that Latin, for which Lord Lyttelton makes an elaborate defence, has been transformed by the talismanic power of a Royal Commission into 'modern' learning. The definition is indeed thus far correct—and we thank Lord Lyttelton for the tacit implication—that an education from which Greek is excluded, loses thereby all that is *ancient*, in the proper sense; for what is left of antiquity is depriv-

ed of all its meaning, all its best lessons, all its true spirit, all its highest use, when Greek is taken out. For as the body without the spirit is dead, even so Latin without Greek is dead also.

In what sense the schools that are to give such an education can be called 'first grade'—a term already appropriated to those in which ancient culture is retained—would be a truly 'bewildering' question, had not Lord Lyttelton favoured us with the definition, that 'schools of the first grade' are 'schools retaining their scholars to the age of 18 or 19.' We should rather call them schools degraded from the standard of high culture; but the only fault that their inventors can discover is the want of similarly degraded Universities, to give their schools full encouragement, and to carry on their experiment into the final stage of a liberal education. For Lord Lyttelton, writing in the name of the Commission, goes on to say:—

'When, however, we propose to establish such schools, we are met by the objection that the Universities will be closed to the pupils, however competent, unless they will spend money and time in requiring that quantum of Greek which is exacted from all who go there. . . . The broad result is that, as long as Greek is made a *sine quâ non* at the Universities, those schools of the new type which it is proposed to establish will labour under the serious disadvantage of being cut off from direct connexion with the Universities, through a want of agreement in their course of studies with University requirements, while if the schools flourish, the Universities will in some degree lose their control over a portion of the higher culture of the nation.'

On this ground the Universities were invited, for the sake of this class of schools and for the sake of preserving their own influence, to relax the control which they now have over the higher culture of the nation; and the one safeguard against the twofold evil, so movingly described, is to be the omission of Greek from the preliminary examinations which have to be passed equally by candidates for degrees in all the faculties. The request is sustained by an argument upon the place of Greek in education, which we have presently to notice.

'*Hic fons, hoc principium est movendi*'—in reference to the existing agitation: for we will not say of Lord Lyttelton, '*is fons mali hujusce fuit*.' His pleading against Greek has been often urged before, only hitherto to be rejected; and his letter is the organ of a demand which we have no desire to underrate: for the more we recognize its weight, the more complete do we feel the preponderance of the principles which outweigh the most respectable authorities.

And yet, if we are not misinformed, the change has been advocated chiefly on the ground on which, in fact, Lord Lyttelton puts it, that the whole principle at issue should be subordinated to a certain weight of authority, which is itself drifting unwillingly down a supposed current of opinion. It is scarcely credible that such a radical change in the foundations of our higher culture should be rested on this as its main argument:—

'We do not propose here to discuss the question, whether the Greek and Latin languages are the finest and most efficient organs of mental training. We merely rest upon the fact that many competent judges say that they are not; and that very large numbers of the middle classes in England view with suspicion, if not with aversion, the predominance of these subjects in the ordinary school course. This suspicion or aversion may not be very intelligent, or founded on clearly assignable reasons; but it is instinctive'—[fancy the old traditions of English education being subverted at the cry of a 'not very intelligent' instinct!—]'it is widely spread, . . . and the fact of its existence is a reason for endeavouring to establish other and additional modes of training, more acceptable to at least a large number of people.'

This is no unfair summary of the whole line of argument in which Lord Lyttelton has been followed by the advocates of the change in the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London. In the two ancient Universities, as lately reconstituted, all legislative matters of moment are openly discussed and decided (though only when the initiative has been taken by a select council, which is a purely academic body) by the whole body of the graduates, who prove their interest in their University by keeping their names upon its registers, meeting in the *House of Convocation* at Oxford, and the *Senate* at Cambridge. The University of London, not being a teaching institution at all, has neither professors nor students nor residents. Its only home is a public office; its members are those who have received its degrees after examination, together with the Senate, composed for the most part of nominees of the Crown, in whose hands rests the whole government and legislative power of the University. Of the private deliberations of this august body, we of course know nothing; but the arguments most urged upon the graduates in Convocation were precisely those of Lord Lyttelton. Special stress was laid upon the decision of a conference of the Head Masters of several chief Public Schools, who are seeking for their pupils a 'leaving certificate,' to be granted upon examination by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. A scheme, making

Greek only a voluntary subject at this examination, expressly for the sake of the 'modern schools,' and the 'modern sides' which have been established in some of the great schools, has been adopted by 22 votes to 16; but the opposition of so considerable a minority is the more significant from the confession of a leading supporter of the change, that 'there was something of a reactionary feeling.*' In other words, the more the question is discussed the less disposed are parents to make, or schoolmasters to approve, the demand that their children shall be deprived of a culture which they only undervalued from never having fairly considered its worth. As often happens when a concession is granted to a mere cry, the surrender is made after the tide has turned, and the 'not very intelligent suspicion or aversion' to Greek is taken up by the teachers just as the parents are growing wiser.

The question now rests with the Universities, who have been entrusted with great powers and privileges, as the guardians of high intellectual culture and its fruits, whether they will lower their standard of learning to encourage and reward a lowered standard of elementary training; whether they will meet the demand of 'second grade schools' to be received into degraded Universities, and form not only a degraded class of graduates themselves, but degrade the whole meaning of a degree for future time. The University of London has already sacrificed the high position it formerly held; but we are thankful that Oxford and Cambridge have not yet consented to become 'second grade' Universities.

We have felt obliged to discuss the subject from the point of view of the schools, in order to show the origin of the agitation, and its effect on them. But, if the whole case in favour of modern schools, as one department of secondary education, were fully granted, the question would still remain, whether those marks of the highest kind of culture, which stamp their wearer as having passed at least some adequate test in all the common subjects of polite learning, shall be set upon the man of one-sided training and merely special knowledge. The cultivators of each special science (and we join in the protest against restricting that name to any branch of knowledge) are rewarded with appropriate degrees in their several Faculties; but the principle has been established, from the time of the ancient *Trivium* to the modern revival of genuine examinations,

* The quotation is from a letter read publicly in the debate of Convocation.

that the roads to all these shrines of special learning must branch off from one common portal, the passport to which is a knowledge—not, as some now seek to make it, *thorough*, for the stage for this is as yet too early—but an *accurate elementary* knowledge of those studies which common consent has made the necessary foundation of a thorough education. As the Faculty of Arts was the most ancient and (to use Mr. Disraeli's recent happy phrase) the most generous of all the faculties, as it embraces the subjects most needful for all as the common basis of further acquirements, so all who seek the honours of a University have had to take their initial step in Arts; in substance, if not technically, all must matriculate in Arts, in whatever faculty they may graduate.

The essence of the change now proposed is the removal of Greek, at least as a *necessary* subject, from the first examination at each of the three Universities. It is a matter of some consequence to observe that the examination does not forbid the *entrance* of any student on a course of University study, as the case is put by Lord Lyttelton and the schoolmasters. It is a question, not of study, but of degrees and honours, with their emoluments and privileges. *Matriculation* at the London University—a curious misnomer, due to the anomalous constitution of the University—is not the act by which the Alma Mater receives her Alumni to be fostered in learning, for she herself imparts none. In the sterner character, we will not say, of a *stepmother*, whose examinations Mr. Lowe likens to a punishment, but of whatever impersonation may be proper for an examining Board, she calls up all who choose to come, to take each step in academic honours, and neither offers facilities nor imposes restrictions on the method of study they may pursue. At Oxford and Cambridge students matriculate in the proper sense, but this is done without any examination,* and there is nothing to prevent their attending the lectures of the Professors as freely as in the early days when scholars flocked in thousands to sit at the feet of famous teachers for the sake of knowledge only. Still less, of course, are they debarred from those private studies with eminent tutors which have to a great extent superseded both University lectures and College teaching. It is not true that the Universities, as *places of study*, are, as Lord Lyttelton and the schoolmasters affirm, '*closed to the pupils*,' who

do not possess that quantum of Greek which is 'not' 'exacted from *all who go there*;' nor that 'Greek is an essential in *passing through* the University course.* From such language we might infer that behind the Chiron who is content with his 'obolus' for passing the freshman across the Isis or the Cam, there stood some Minos or Rhadamanthus barring the gate of entrance to all who could not answer in their Greek tongue, and a Cerberus ready to devour the trembling supplicant for admittance unless he be furnished with the new device for lulling at least one of his three heads to sleep. The *gate of honour* is guarded, and long may it be kept faithfully; but the *gate of entrance* (well called at one college the *gate of humanity*) stands open to all comers—one of the best traditions left from the Universities is old.

If they rejoin, like the Cambridge Professor whom we once heard at a meeting inviting small contributions on the plea that 'four-and-twenty farthings make a shilling'—'well, you know what we mean!' we reply, Yes! perhaps better than you do yourself, if you suppose the distinction that lurks under your inaccurate expression to be unimportant. What you really ask is to receive the sterling coin from the mint of academic honour in exchange for just half its old established value, which you offer in the χαλκία πονηρά, the καινὰ νομίσματα the brass farthings of your own modern coinage. The open admission to *study* is now a more important privilege than for many a long year past, since the old Professorships have been inspired with new life by teachers like Jowett and by new requirements for certain classes of honour. And if those who enter from 'modern schools' feel, as they must, the disadvantage under which they have been perversely placed, the remedy is in their own hands. Lord Lyttelton himself has suggested it: let them quietly sit down and 'spend the money and time' (not much of either is needed) for 'acquiring that quantum of Greek which is exacted' at the London Matriculation, the

* Some of the *Colleges* insist on an examination at matriculation; but this is far from being the general rule, and both Universities now admit 'Students Unattached,' who belong to no College or Hall.

* At the recent Conference, the Master of Christ's Hospital clearly defined the object of the Head Masters to be 'that, in order to facilitate the passage of boys from second grade schools to the Universities, Greek should not be an essential in passing through the University course.' Let our readers observe the implied purpose of obtaining the recognition of the proposed 'learning certificate' as a substitute for the preliminary examinations for degrees, a proposal which has in fact been made at Cambridge. Thus it is designed that the School and University courses should interpenetrate one another by lowering the standard of both.

Oxford Responsions, and the Cambridge Previous Examination; the quantum, we add as a worthier motive, which, thus acquired by their own industry, would be the beginning of a loving study of the language, a well-earned compensation for the loss inflicted on them by their foolish tutors and governors. This has been done again and again by boys and men, in Greek and modern languages and every branch of knowledge. We appeal with confidence to every teacher and most learners, who have been truly such, to confirm and multiply the examples we have ourselves seen; boys coming from 'a modern school' to one truly 'first grade,' above fifteen years old, and acquiring in one half-year the 'quantum' of Greek required for the London Matriculation, *not* by 'cram,' but by industry and intelligent reception of the teaching which they were seen to be worth. We have seen other boys voluntarily learning a modern language in their play-hours by the help of a master who had learnt it likewise in his own schoolboy days; and students, and teachers too, while effectively pursuing or imparting the common range of literary and scientific study, seeking further instruction in German or Anglo-Saxon. We have seen an aged and deeply-learned divine poring over a German grammar in the intervals of a hard day's work of examining, like old Cato learning Greek. We beseech those, who wish thus to repair old defects or satisfy new wants, to turn a deaf ear to the suggestion that 'such knowledge would be of little value for the purpose of mental training, and the exertion spent in acquiring it would be almost pure waste in a life which may have little to spare;' a specimen, we presume, of the modern wisdom which is to replace his who said, 'In all labour there is profit.'

The plea on which the language we have quoted will be justified is one of the most glaring assumptions in the whole case of our opponents. 'The *quantum* itself'—we suppose the very word is meant for a sarcasm—'is not great, and *might doubtless* be acquired *perfunctorily*, and according to the common phrase by "cram:"' and this mere claptrap has been rattled about our ears through the whole discussion, together with a second assumption, that the little Greek acquired for the purpose of the examination is *sure to be forgotten*, and must of *course* be worthless for mental culture. A classic like Lord Lyttelton should not forget—

'Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem

Testa diu.'

As for 'cram' no attempt has been made to

prove that this common objection to all subjects prepared expressly for examination applies to Greek above all the rest, nor to meet our rejoinder, that Greek is just the subject to which it applies least. Examination is a necessary method of testing knowledge, and the system has been the chief means of rousing our Universities and great Schools from the lethargy, into which they had fallen from the decline of the nobler impulse of disinterested love of learning. But every system has its own peculiar vices; and the stimulus which examination gives of necessity to 'cram' is shown worst where examination is severed from teaching, and where a large proportion of the knowledge required consists in bare facts and dates or technical names. The real process implied in the word 'cram' seems to be forgotten by many who talk of it most. It applies to a candidate put under the care of an operator—for the demand has made the calling a profession—like a Strasburg goose in its pen, to be stuffed with minced morsels of knowledge, from which all is rejected that 'will not tell' (generally the best parts), not for use or nourishment, but to make the silly bird 'cut up for' as much as possible. How easy is the method of thus getting up 'modern' subjects, and how nicely those subjects have been prepared for it in cram-books, whose name is legion, is known to all familiar with the system; and one example happens to lie before us in an advertisement of 'History in an Hour: by a Cambridge Coach.' The fact, that this is Greek history, only makes our case the stronger, for it gives a sample of that sort of knowledge of antiquity which, we are told, may still be acquired, after it has been divorced from the living medium of the language and literature. It is answered that, by cutting off Greek, we can insist on a 'thoroughness' in the other subjects, which will defeat the crammer. Perhaps he is not so easy to defeat, and a more 'thorough examination may only stimulate a more 'thorough' cram. But the truth is that an elementary examination (for of such is the whole question) cannot be made searching beyond a certain point, without breaking down under the odium of 'a massacre of the innocents.' As a matter of fact, candidates for he most part learn their Greek at school, and not by hasty 'cram'; they learn it, not 'perfunctorily,' but with an interest confessed by the strange objection of Lord Lyttelton, strange above all for its inconsistency with that we have been combating, that 'from its *difficulty*, and also its *attractiveness*, it must be expected to receive a large share of the student's time and attention, if it is to answer any sufficient purpose.'

We urge upon the Universities to keep this study, so definite in its nature, so wholesome a discipline in its moderate 'difficulty' (though less difficult and more definite than Latin), so fit to interest and elevate the mind by its 'attractiveness,' in that position which shall still encourage, we do not shrink from adding, compel (as the question is of compulsory subjects), all schools and persons that aspire to University honours, to teach and learn it in such a way that it may 'answer its sufficient purpose.' The studies that are said to be more 'necessary' will take care of themselves; and for that very reason they are not the fittest objects of honour and reward in the republic of learning. If science, for example, is to be pursued, as Professor Huxley told the Liverpool Philomathic Society, as the means of 'getting on in life,' much more if parents and schoolmasters and school commissioners adapt their whole course of education to *that* end, let them be content with the sort of success at which they aim—'Verily they have their reward': do not let them claim those rewards which have belonged to another kind of merit, in the estimation of all ages and countries, from the time when the degrees of every University were made the valid tests and passports of high culture throughout the world.

There remains but one issue on which the exclusion of Greek from its present place can be pleaded, the bold denial of its claims to 'answer any sufficient purpose.' This is the real issue, which many evade, but some venture to meet with a negative; and nothing short of proving that negative can justify the change. Lord Lyttelton is content to act on the not very intelligent '*suspicion*' that Greek is not 'the finest and most efficient organ of mental training.' The 'candid friends' of classical culture profess, and doubtless many believe the fond delusion, that Greek learning will be better cultivated by its true votaries, if it is preserved from the presumptuous meddling of those who cannot pursue it to the end. We must respect the feeling of disgust at the bad teaching and imperfect knowledge which the system of examination partly reveals and in some part creates, felt, as it is, the more keenly where the thing spoilt is the best. Every subject might be surrendered on this ground; but do not make the best the first victim. Rather let us keep up the standard, improve the methods of teaching, and trust that the little but sound knowledge we insist on, will be the germ and stimulus of more. Of no subject can we better hope this than of the truly 'attractive language and literature of Greece'; and when we hear this above all

disparaged, on the ground of Pope's shallow maxim, we are tempted to exclaim,

Νήπιοι, οὐκ ἴσασιν ὅσον πλεονέημιον παντός.

We must have the half before we can grasp the whole; and to forbid a taste of 'the Pindaric spring' to those who, it is simply affirmed and assumed, will never drink it more deeply, is akin to the wisdom of a famous *σχολαστικός*—only our modern 'scholastics' are sacrificing the future safety of a generation to the vow, that they *shall* not touch the water till they can swim to perfection. The cry of 'thoroughness' in the *early stage* of education is either a play on words or a false principle.

Besides, it is quite certain that the change will not stop at the first step, even in the Faculty of Arts. At Cambridge it has been already proposed (though happily without success) to make Greek optional for the pass B.A. Degree; and, at Oxford, after the Michaelmas Term, 1874, it will be no longer necessary to offer either Greek or Latin for an ordinary degree. The requirement of Greek at the preliminary steps of the Responsions and Moderations remains, therefore, the only barrier to the absurdity of a Degree in Arts being taken without a knowledge of Greek. Remove this and to Latin there will be left only, as to Ulysses in the cave of Cyclops, the melancholy privilege of being the last devoured by the one-eyed fanatics for 'modern studies.'

There are left, then, the bold deniers of the value of classic learning in general, and of Greek in particular, as a means of mental and social culture, and—for we join issue on no lower ground—its chief foundation, its most useful organ, its crowning ornament. The fallacy of the *cui bono* cry in general (a cry which itself illustrates the want of classic culture in its misuse of the very sense of the legal maxim quoted by Cicero) has been exposed often enough, and notably by Sir John Herschel, who was but one of many examples of the truth, that the greatest masters of science were those who also possessed high literary culture.* But when we are

* We trust that it is superfluous to do more than refer to the late lamented Professor Sedgwick's 'Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge'; but we regret that we have no space left to illustrate the argument from the evidence given before a committee of the Senate of the University of London, by the very leaders of the scientific world, when the institution of Degrees in Science was under consideration in 1858. Had the Senate studied again such evidence as that of the present Justice Grove (himself a conspicuous example of the help which high literary culture gives to science), or had

asked of Greek, above all other studies, 'What is it good for?' we throw back the challenge, 'Tell me what it is not good for!'

One answer meets us in a strangely paradoxical form. A chief use of Greek appears to be to help its opponents to attack it with weapons stolen from its own inexhaustible armoury of knowledge and eloquence, of pointed allusion and poetic illustration, of thoughts and associations which are ever the current coin by which intellect deals with intellect. We seldom see an argument of any power against the place of Greek in education, which does not bristle with words and phrases and allusions derived from Greek itself; and among its chief disparagers are not a few who owe to it and kindred studies their own best training, but who do not scruple to kick away the ladder by which they have risen, and, as if to show the mere vanity of skill in mischief, to aim at the soaring eagle a shaft feathered from his own wing. Not to cite eminent examples of some who lived to repent their youthful errors, one just now most conspicuous is forced upon our notice by the Right Honourable Member who, on this subject at least, misrepresents the graduates of the University of London. And he furnishes another example of the use of Greek as the current coin of thought, for we must resort to the Greek word *δαιμόνιος* to describe that peculiar sort of cleverness which, but for a classical training, would have placed Mr. Lowe on the same intellectual level as Mr. Ayrton. At the pseudo-millenary of University College, Oxford, he condensed the whole essence of the 'modern' theory of education into the dictum that we must not look at the thousand years past, but at the thousand years to come; and a somewhat grotesque picture was drawn of our progress to a millennium of science, as much in advance of Mr. Lowe as Mr. Lowe has advanced beyond King Alfred. Of his own shortcomings, Mr. Lowe discoursed a year earlier, before the Institute of Civil Engineers:—

'My own education, and I had the happiness of receiving it at one of our public schools and Universities, was directed mainly to learning something of the literature and the language of a people who have long since passed away—people who knew very little of nature, very little of the world in which they lived, very little, indeed, of anything except the squabbles and quarrels in which they engaged with one another, and which they carried on upon a scale the most

minute. When I think of the celebrated battle of Marathon and all our school-boy enthusiasm about the 192 persons who perished on that occasion on the side of the victorious, and compare it with the grand drama which has been enacted in another part of Europe within the last seven or eight months, I cannot help feeling how small were the matters to which our early attention was directed. Why, a good colliery accident under the auspices of those professional gentlemen whom I see around me, would throw one of these great events of ancient times completely into the shade. Well, I turn from these pursuits of our youth, beautiful and attractive as they are, but narrow and small and unsuited as they are, too, to fit a man to take part in the great drama of life, to the education that ought to be required and that will be required in future days in the case of a civil engineer. What is that education?'

Instead of following the answer through the old fallacy, that the course of elementary education should be governed by a youth's intended profession, his very destination to which may prove to be a mistake, we pause to admire the use which Mr. Lowe makes of his Greek lore. He could not disparage the ancients, even in joke, and glorify the engineers, without recurring to Marathon and his schoolboy enthusiasm for the beautiful and attractive pursuits of his youth. He would probably be the first to laugh at being taken seriously if we, in turn, compared the little peninsula of Greece with a narrow strip of the Syrian shore, or a small island of the ocean, and asked whether Palestine and Britain, with their wars on so 'minute' a scale, divide his contempt with Greece; or whether the petty loss of three knights, one esquire, and a few nameless yeomen makes Creçy unworthy of our enthusiasm. But there is a serious aspect to this buffoonery; and it was set forth by another ex-tutor a hundred years before:—'Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent over any ground that has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, and virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plain of Marathon.' The greatest actions and most worthy to be remembered, the noblest triumphs of intellect and art, the freest working out of social and political life, have been exhibited on the narrowest scenes, as if the better to invite the concentrated attention of all ages to their study; and we refuse to 'turn away' our youth from these studies, that they may learn how to destroy their hundreds in a mine.

But distance of time, it seems, makes great

they remembered the grounds on which they then refused to surrender the literary side of their first examination, in order that Students of Science might pass it on their own ground, they could hardly have deprived their present and future scientific graduates of the full honour and full culture which their degrees now attest.

thoughts and deeds as unworthy of study as the minuteness of their scene; and perhaps the thoughts of most objectors are summed up in Mr. Lowe's allusion to 'the literature and the language of a people *who have long since passed away*';—passed away, as we suppose also have the literature of Isaiah and the language of Moses! And these are the words of an old Oxford tutor, who could not discuss a reform bill without mounting the Trojan horse, or refrain from carrying his engineers to Marathon! He becomes himself an organ of the true immortality of fame, which by its hundred tongues denies, and ever will deny, that the people whose deeds still speak louder than the praise of them from Homer to Byron, have 'passed away.' The apostrophe of their own orator is true for all time, 'It is impossible that ye have passed away; * no! by those who bore the brunt at Marathon, and Salamis, and Artemisium!' Many a living ruler and politician, aye, and many a principle of 'modern progress,' will have passed away into the depths of oblivion, while Themistocles and Pericles, with all the 'minute' conflicts of Athenian polity, come nearer and nearer to ourselves. We need not, however, renew the thrice-fought battle, or 'slay the slain;' but one word we will add of the closest practical application to schools and Universities. Not without good reason did Mr. Lowe recal his 'school-boy enthusiasm' for Greek history and literature; and for this very reason Greek will ever stand supreme among truly *useful* studies. Many votaries of physical science and 'general knowledge' seem to carry the 'ascidian' theory into practical education, and to hold that the child is still 'a leather bottle,' only made to be filled with knowledge. Others, who seem to have forgotten their own boyhood, talk with contempt of any culture being derived from the 'modicum' of Greek that can be learnt at school. But the boy's own imagination and heart and taste are not to be bound by the theorist's 'ropes of sifted sand;' the heroic legends of Greek poetry, and the heroic characters of Greek history, form a study as congenial as they are interesting to boys. Withhold them, and we know to what sort of food the imagination turns.

And so it is through the life of the individual and the community. Without adopting the remark made to us by a practical man of business, on reading the decision of the London Senate—'a society untrained in Greek would be a society of snobs;'—we may venture to apply what Confucius said to a

pupil of the old classical books of China:—'If you do not know these poems, you will not be fit to converse with.' Modern literature alone can never replace the ancient, any more than the tree can flourish when severed from its roots. The first lines of the 'Paradise Lost' transport us to the Grecian muse and the Aonian Mount; and there is scarcely a subsequent page that does not presuppose Greek knowledge; and the illustration might be multiplied ten thousand fold from the dawn of Latin literature to the latest works of every modern nation. It is the peculiar glory of Greece thus to stand at the head of all literary culture, and to form the first steps in the historic study of all science and philosophy. To it belong the first and best of those masterpieces of the human mind, which have been achieved once for all, never to be surpassed or equalled, and always to be studied with veneration. The maxim remains true for education in every age:—

ὥραιοι μάλ' ἐστιν Ομήρου,

Ὅφρα κεν εἰς δαείας μέτρον ἔχῃς σοφ' ἥς.

Greek has the peculiar necessity, as well as attractiveness, expressed in M. Renan's happy phrase 'La charme des origines;' and therefore it is that ancient and modern literature and science must stand or fall together. We do not want our practical men brought down to the level of Goldsmith's Lofty:—'We men of business despise the moderns, and as for the ancients, we have no time to read them. Poetry is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters, but not for us. Why, now, here I stand, that know nothing of books; and yet, I believe, upon a land-carriage fishery, a stamp-act, or a jag-hire, I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them.' The type, unhappily, is not extinct, even in high places; and we can imagine nothing more wretched than the social position of such a class, placed between the culture of the older generation and that which will soon spring up, we trust, as the fruit of a reaction from the 'modern' craze.

Nor has the Greek 'language' passed away any more than the 'literature' and the 'people.' We have heard with some amazement from a politician, who writes under a Greek title, that it is too much to require of boys of sixteen the knowledge of 'two dead languages.' We answer that they are not properly called *two*, and *neither of them is dead*, or, assuredly, 'being dead, they yet speak.' But, first, why keep *one* of them? Perhaps the most marvellous feature of the whole agitation has been the cool assumption that Latin must be kept, as a *necessity*, while Greek may be left as the luxury of the scholar, or the professional study of the

* Even the word *ἡμαρτήκατε* may well be transferred to this meaning.

schoolmaster and professor, though these will of course have no need for it when their 'occupation's gone.' Even for all other professions (the clergy included!) it is pronounced needless. 'That Latin should be in the main retained' (whatever the qualification may mean) 'we do not question'—say the Endowed School Commissioners. 'No *ecclesiastic*'—does Lord Lyttelton think the Greek fathers less worth reading than the Latin, or disbelieve in the Greek Testament?—'no lawyer'—is law best studied apart from political history?—'no antiquarian' (comment is superfluous)—'or physician' (who requires Celsus, but *not* Hippocrates and Galen), 'can dispense with all knowledge of it.' We should think not, any more than with the higher knowledge of Greek as the very source and spirit of all that these professions can learn from Latin. But if 'Greek has none of these uses' (!!), by a simple *reductio ad absurdum ab absurdiore*, Latin has them less. 'If modern languages are to be studied, Latin lies at the base of Italian, Spanish and French, and enters largely into English. Its *practical use in life is appreciable*;'—we thought this had been pretty well worked out of modern practice, but an explanation is at hand—'until within the last four centuries Latin was the language in which the business of Western Europe was recorded, and almost the whole of its literature was written.' So our boys must learn Latin for *practical use* in the age of Victoria because it was still used down to the time of the Wars of the Roses—for we do stop to criticize the accurate 'modern learning' displayed in the date. As for the literature—hear it, ye shades of Alfred and Chaucer, Dante and Petrarca! Far be it from us to despise the Latin literature of the middle ages: we would rather remind Lord Lyttelton that Eastern Europe had a Greek literature not less worthy of study; and, for both, we protest against the fallacy of severing the unbroken cord of language and literature and history, which reaches in two inseparable strands from the Hellespont to the 'modern' age, which has derived its best life from the revival of Greek learning. If in language, history, and civilisation, modern Europe rests largely on Rome, Rome rests still more on Greece. To read Latin literature alone is to make it truly 'dead.' How is Virgil to be understood apart from Homer? Horace without the fragments of Sappho and Alcæus? Cicero without the Attic Orators and Greek philosophers? or how can a mere Latin scholar read his letters, the finest points of which are often in the Greek phrases that occur at every turn? How is Roman history

to be learned without Polybius, Diodorus, Plutarch, and Dion Cassius, and many other Greek authorities? To the study of Latin apart from Greek we may well apply the apostrophe of Cæsar to Terence, 'O dimidiate Menander!'—it is classical learning cut in half, and the worse half chosen. The very languages are one. Neither can be properly studied without the other; and, of the two dialects, the Greek is that which best illustrates their common structure, and which links them most closely to the study of language as a whole—one of the highest and worthiest of modern sciences. If a knowledge of the Romance languages needs Latin, their proper study, therefore, must need Greek; and, most assuredly, if they are to be made (as we are told, but greatly doubt) an instrument of culture comparable with the classic languages, the existing grammars must be reformed on the principles which scholars have worked out for Greek. But is this likely to be done; or will such a standard be set up or satisfied at the elementary examinations in question? This is easy in Greek and Latin; for the system is established of old, and boys are trained to it. But fancy the breakdown of a really philological examination in French or Italian or Spanish, languages never yet philologically treated! Or, to take a higher type, fancy the requirement of a German examination on the basis of Becker and Grimm! The alternative given at London, we have been told, is but 'the exchange of a language for a language!' But how will it work? A cunning magician once captivated a silly woman with the cry of 'new lamps for old.' The old lamp was tarnished and thrown aside, and the new glittered in the splendour of burnished brass. But with the old there was lost the very talisman that had created all its owner's wealth and splendour. We have not a word to say against modern lights; we rejoice to see them set up in many places where they were much wanted; but those who give up the old lights to buy them will soon find the new wax dimmer and dimmer, and sorrowfully exclaim, 'the old were better.'

For it is as the common light of all, not as the luxury of the few, that we plead for Greek. It is the light of religion itself. By what infatuation is the Greek Testament left out of the question? Is it because the clergy will study it *of course*? Even a bishop is said to have held the doctrine of Lord Lyttelton, that 'it has no use for an ecclesiastic.' Refutation of this is now superfluous; but it is not superfluous to remind both clergy and laity that the right, and—what is far more—the *duty* of every believer to study Scripture for himself, can never be

truly exercised without a knowledge of its original tongues. English religion owes a deep debt of gratitude to Greek learning. The freedom which our Church preserved so largely through the worst times of Papal superstition began from the influence of that *Greek* Archbishop, the countryman of Saul of Tarsus, who also impressed the mark of Greek culture on our very earliest literature.*

The work of Theodore in the seventh century was renewed on a wider and more successful scale in the fifteenth and sixteenth; and the history of our Universities and of the Reformation proves how much we owe the best features of 'modern progress' to the revival of Greek. In our present ecclesiastic position, the warning of Dr. Potts is well timed:—

"Our security for the Future depends upon our connexion with the Past." Let it not be forgotten by Cambridge men, that by the study of the first printed Greek Testament of Erasmus, the minds of Bilney, Latimer, and other Students of Cambridge, were first enlightened to see and to understand the gross errors and corruptions of the Roman form of Christianity.

To cultivate Latin to the neglect of Greek will be the most retrograde step that could be taken in the interest of religion as well as of literature and science; a backward movement to the Latin type of thought and civilization. Those are the real friends of modern freedom and advancement, who maintain its connection with the fountain-head. The true beginning of our modern life, is from that wondrous advent, which took place at the epoch prepared by God through the union of the civilised world under the *Roman rule* and the *Greek tongue*! and those two elements must ever be the most needful for our study. The language which then prevailed enshrines the facts and doctrine of our faith, which none can learn as he ought who trusts to a translation or a clerical teacher. We have no space left to illustrate this indisputable proposition; but we would be content to base the universal place of Greek in education, for all to whom it is not absolutely impossible, on the necessity of every thinking man to be able to judge for himself what the Scripture really says.

* Bede testifies to a certain knowledge of Greek among the English clergy of then seventh and eighth centuries; and all the best learning of that age may be traced to the schools of Theodore and Adrian. We have just been struck by lighting upon a Greek word in the oldest English, *unariomedliche* for 'numberless,' in one of the earliest entries of the (to call it by its true name) 'English Chronicle.'

Whatever the schools may do, our last words to the highest seats of learning shall be in the spirit of Luther:—Hold fast to Greek, as the very *articulus stantis aut labentis Universitatis*.*

ART. VII.—1. *Library Edition of Lord Lytton's Novels and Romances*. 44 vols. Edinburgh and London, 1872.

2. *The Coming Race*. Seventh Edition. Edinburgh and London, 1872.

3. *Kenelm Chillingly. His Adventures and Opinions*. By the Author of 'The Caxtons,' &c. 3 vols. Edinburgh and London, 1873.

ALL contemporary criticism is difficult and specially liable to error. It is an easier task to review a play of Aristophanes than the last work of George Eliot. Nor is the reason far to seek. Books, like wine, require a certain time before we can properly appreciate their flavour or test their soundness. Sometimes it happens that an author is born a century too soon, and either escapes the notice or provokes the ridicule of his contemporaries. In all the voluminous works of Bacon there is not a single certain reference to Shakespeare, nor does Jeremy Taylor once allude to the existence of Milton. Or, as is more often the case, we may be dazzled by the glamour of a new author. Living in the same society, and exposed to the same influences as ourselves, he may easily, if endowed with a susceptible nature and a moderate power of expressing his thoughts with force and clearness, though gifted with little or no true genius, catch the spirit of the age, so that as we read him we recognize in him an idealized image of ourselves, and fondly admire what we all felt, but were not able to express. How much harder does the critic's work become, when

* We have chosen to argue the subject on its merits, with little reference to authority; but, at the moment of going to press, we are indebted to Dr. Robert Potts, whose resistance to the innovation at Cambridge deserves all honour, for a testimony from the very land of 'modern progress.' Dr. B. S. Ewell, the President of the College of William and Mary, in Virginia, writes:—'I have received and read with much pleasure your protest against making Greek an optional study at Cambridge. I fully agree with you. The classical languages have done more to develop mind than all other studies put together. To comply with the demands of those who contend for what they call practical education would be destructive of what ages have proved to be sound learning. I say this, though I teach the Physical Sciences.'

but a few weeks ago he stood by the open grave of the author whom he admired and honoured when living! Indeed if it were necessary wholly to forget the man and consider only the author, the task would be impossible. Fortunately in the present case this is not the critic's duty; for, notwithstanding the versatility and many-sidedness of Lord Lytton's writings, no writer of the present day has impressed so deeply on all he wrote the stamp of his own personality. There is not a single work of Lord Lytton's, not even his satires or his translations, which does not show his unflagging industry, his passion for literature, his hearty appreciation of rising genius, his kindness, his geniality, his humanity. We cannot here pause to dwell on his life and character, except in so far as they illustrate his writings. May we venture to express a hope that his accomplished son, who has already given proof of his talent as a biographer, may some day see fit to give to the public a life of his father, for which we imagine he must possess ample materials? But before passing on to his works, we cannot refrain from adverting to two notices of Lord Lytton to which our attention has recently been drawn. The first is from the life of an even more popular novelist than himself. 'That we men of letters,' writes Charles Dickens, 'are, or have been, invariably or inseparably attached to each other, it may not be possible to say formerly or now; but there cannot now be, as there cannot ever have been, among the followers of literature a man so entirely without the grudging little jealousies that too often disparage its brightness, as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.' The second notice is specially valuable as coming from a man who is in the habit of weighing every word he speaks or writes. In the funeral sermon on Lord Lytton and Dr. Lushington, preached in Westminster Abbey, Feb. 3rd, Professor Jowett said, 'To have served his own generation, whether in a higher or lower sphere, is a glorious description of any man's life. This Lord Lytton has done. He has laboured hard and is now at rest. His life has been a solid good to the world. There is one person now the less to carry out the will of God in the world—to impart to us newer, and higher, and more forcible thoughts than would have occurred to ourselves.'

It is a very tempting, though, perhaps, not very profitable speculation, which of our popular authors and which of their works are most likely to survive. The egregious blunders of past critics ought to warn us sufficiently against dogmatism. But it has always seemed to us that there is one test,

which, though not wholly satisfactory, is by far the most satisfactory that we can apply to contemporary authors—the reputation in which their works are held abroad. A foreigner is to a great extent removed from those immediate influences which distort the judgment of the author's fellow-countrymen. Passing allusions, local peculiarities, tricks of style, in a word, all those meretricious attractions which tickle the ears of the groundlings, are lost upon him; and, therefore, a work to be widely popular abroad must contain new thoughts, else appeal to universal sympathies, and a book which does not accomplish this is not likely to last. It is true that this is only a negative test, and it would be manifestly unfair to condemn a living author as ephemeral because he is not read in France or Germany; but when an author like Lord Lytton has been translated into every language of civilized Europe, and holds the same rank abroad among English novelists that Byron does among English poets, we may without rashness predict that his works will outlive that mass of light literature which our circulating libraries pour out year by year, and with which some of our contemporaries have been inclined to class Lord Lytton's novels.

Nearly half a century has passed since the literary world was surprised by the appearance of a new and original work. It rarely happens that an author strikes the true vein of his genius with the first shaft that he sinks. Few great writers, who have begun their literary career at the same age as Lord Lytton, have not withdrawn, or at least repented of, their first venture in the world of letters. Nor was Lord Lytton altogether an exception. 'Pelham' was preceded by 'Falkland,' a work of marvellous promise for a boy, showing precocious knowledge of the world, but tinged with morbid sentimentality of the German rather than the Byronic type, and full of faults of taste, of which no one was more conscious than the author. The book was subsequently recalled, and in after years he spoke of it as his 'Werther' and like Goethe rejoiced at having 'rid his bosom of its perilous stuff.' 'Pelham' was a far higher flight; and, though he was only twenty-three when it appeared, in brilliancy of epigram and wit he never surpassed his first acknowledged work. 'Pelham' belongs to a past generation, and describes a society whose fashion and language are growing strange, but it still lies on every railway bookstall, and will be fresh in the memories of most of our readers. Of how many novels of the same date could we say the same?

But before proceeding further, we must

face a difficulty which we can hope only partially to overcome. How is it possible, in the space of a few pages, adequately to criticise forty-four volumes, or give our readers a just estimate of the writer? No critic, indeed, ought to be repelled by the number or bulk. Easy writing often makes hard reading, according to the old saying, but generally very easy criticism. When writers produce novels as regularly as hens lay eggs, there is generally, as with eggs, a marvellous similarity in their productions. Even when they are such *œufs de Pâques* as Mr. Anthony Trollope's, it is not difficult for the critic to analyse their contents and show the proportions of yolk and tasteless albumen, and he may even hope to discover the grain or two of pure gold which has been beaten out to form the tinsel shell. But this is wholly impossible in the case of Lord Lytton. There have been more prolific writers. Sir Walter Scott, the English Calderon, produced more novels, and that in an incomparably shorter space of time. But for versatility Lord Lytton is first in the race, and the rest of the field are not placed. To what school shall we assign him? Is he a classicist or a romanticist? He is both, and neither. Who are his masters? Le Sage and Fielding, Scott and Chateaubriand, Gray and Goldsmith, Goethe and Jean Paul—each and all may, in greater or less degree, claim him as their disciple. And as for his followers, it would require a Homeric catalogue to chronicle all their names. He is a fashionable novelist, an historical novelist, a sensationalist, a sentimentalist, a humourist, and even then we shall find it hard to class all his novels under these heads. In short, as a novelist there was nothing he did not handle, and (lest we should be accused of exaggeration if we assigned to him the rest of the epitaph), we may truly add, very few things he did not adorn.

Such being the problem which we have to solve, perhaps our best way of forming an estimate of Lord Lytton's varied genius will be to select a single novel, choosing in each case the one which in our judgment is either absolutely the best, or else the most typical of its class, only glancing at the rest as they help to illustrate or explain the work round which we propose to group them.

On the novels which followed 'Pelham' in quick succession we cannot pause to dwell. In the later edition of his works, published under his own supervision, he has classed them under the head of novels of life and manners—a title which would better suit the Caxton series. For our present purpose, we prefer to divide them into novels of sentiment and novels of crime. This classification may seem to some unjustly to

stigmatize the works in question, and we are free to acknowledge that they appear to us the least satisfactory portion of Lord Lytton's writings. The stigma, if any, which attaches to these titles is in a great measure due to the host of inferior imitators who followed in Lord Lytton's wake, reaping rich harvest in the new fields which he discovered, and quitted as soon as discovered. Certainly, if an author is to be held responsible for his followers, Lord Lytton has a great deal to answer for. As when a virgin forest is felled, if the soil be left unoccupied, 'subit aspera silva, lappæque tribulique,' so then there sprang up a crop of flimsy tissues of affected sentimentality and of Bow-street romance, in which the hero has never less than two wives, unless he happens to have murdered the first one. It is given to few authors to see the tendency of their works, and Lord Lytton must have regretted as bitterly as Schiller, after writing his 'Robbers,' the false direction which English fiction continued to pursue, while he himself was following far higher and nobler paths.

Nothing so easily lends itself to ridicule as romance. Either the romancist carries us completely away with him, or else we sneer at him. One false note is enough to break the charm and change our tears to mocking laughter; and it cannot be denied that Lord Lytton once and again passed the narrow line which divides the romantic from the ridiculous. The critics were not slow at finding out his weakness. His capital letters, his abstract qualities—the Good, the True, the Beautiful—his rhapsodies on Genius, his Eros with the silver bow, have been sneered at and parodied *ad nauseam*. But it was in no spirit of satire (or if it was, the satire fell pointless) that the Bulwer of our youth was styled the Lord of young Romance. By his sympathy with the glow and thrill of life—his enthusiasm, his susceptibility to all that is generous and lovable—he held us all enthralled, and these works are full of those 'sweet and wholesome thoughts which nourish the human soul, and refresh it when it is weary.'

Passing by the English series, we select 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine' as exhibiting all these qualities, without any of the corresponding defects. In all Lord Lytton's later works there is an undertone of subdued melancholy; though of 'hearse-like airs' there are few or none, yet his 'carols' are all set in a minor key. 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine' is an exception. It is well named in the preface a garland of wild flowers cast upon a grave. Yet even here there is nothing morbid or maudlin, no gloating over painful details; it recalls to our minds Shel-

ley's Alastor or fair Fidele's grave; it is a tale to make us half in love with death. And though a dream, it is not all a dream, like Longfellow's Hyperion. To borrow Lord Lytton's favourite antithesis, the Real is never lost in the Ideal. The story of Lucille and St. Amand is thoroughly realistic in its treatment, though its pathetic tenderness makes it harmonize with the rest. Gertrude's father, too, the hard but not unkindly man of practical understanding, who has outgrown illusions, keeps us reminded of the world which lies beyond this quiet hermitage. In the tale of the German student, who by passing the day in absolute quietude and brooding intensely over his visions of the night, creates for himself from the world of dreams an ideal life, satisfying his thirst for the love and glory denied him in reality, we see the germs of that craving to explore the deepest mysteries of human nature, which afterwards bore fruit in 'Zanoni' and 'A Strange Story.'

Of the second class, the novels of crime, 'Eugene Aram' is, if not the best, by far the most instructive study. 'Paul Clifford' is rather a protest against society, and a caricature of its most prominent members. 'Lucretia' is perhaps the sole work of Lord Lytton's we could wish had never been written. The hostility which 'Eugene Aram' provoked may doubtless have led the author to over-estimate its merits. It seems to us a strange perversion of judgment, when, as late as 1851, after 'The Caxtons' and all his historical novels had appeared, he writes, 'In point of composition, "Eugene Aram" is, I think, entitled to rank amongst the best of my fictions.' But however much we may dissent from this estimate of the work, we must allow that it is a powerful statement of a very interesting moral problem. Without stirring the moot question how far a novel whose interest centres on a great crime is a legitimate work of art, we may draw one broad distinction. Some novels, like the 'Mysteries of London,' (to take the worst example that occurs to us, though we could name others hardly less objectionable which are to be found on many drawing-room tables) are nothing but elaborate chapters of the 'Newgate Calendar,' with the details filled in and arbitrary circumstances interwoven. Others, like 'Eugene Aram,' are studies of human nature, morbid anatomies, it is true, but in which the particulars of the crime are told as simply and briefly as is consistent with the clear statement of the problem to be solved. How far such stories are innocent or profitable, is a question to which no general answer can be given. Everything depends

on the treatment. No one was ever made a murderer by reading 'Hamlet.' Many a boy, as the Police reports tell us, has taken to thieving from reading 'Jack Sheppard.' In 'Eugene Aram,' the problem to be solved was briefly this. Given a scholar with high aspirations and great attainments, humane and tender-hearted, leading a blameless life, how can such a man have been brought to commit a murder for the sake of gain? Whether Lord Lytton's is a satisfactory solution is a wholly different question. That the Eugene Aram of the novel should have committed a murder is just credible; that he should have associated with such an unredeemed villain as Houseman, is to us inconceivable. The only murder possible to such a man must have been the result of a momentary impulse, and he can have had no accomplices.

It is worth while turning to the mouldy pages of the 'Annual Register' of 1759 to observe how Lord Lytton has dealt with his materials. Eugene Aram is one of Lord Lytton's universal geniuses, and has been often ridiculed on that score. But the Register tells us in quaint language, that after mastering all mathematics, 'he soon became enamoured of the *belles-lettres*, whose charms destroyed all the heavier beauties of numbers and lines. He after got acquainted with heraldry and botany' (strange combination!), 'and knew the name and quality of every herb of the field. Being a profound Hebrew scholar, he ventured upon Chaldaic and Arabic; not satisfied with this universal application, he resolved to study his own language, and in order thereto began with the Celtic.' Then follows a specimen of his 'Outline of a new Lexicon,' which seems to have been a precocious attempt at a Dictionary of Comparative Philology. So far Lord Lytton speaks by the card, the rest is mostly fiction. Madeline, we need hardly say, is a pure invention. Aram was a married man, and if the Register is to be believed, ill-treated, and had thought of murdering his wife. But the strongest discrepancy occurs in the death-scene. Aram's defence is transcribed almost verbatim, but the half-penitent, half-sophistical confession with which the novel closes has not one point in common with the genuine last testament written in prison the night before his execution. He ends thus: 'My life was not polluted, my morals irreproachable, and my opinions orthodox.' Then follow some verses, of which one couplet will suffice:—

'Calm and composed my soul her journey takes,
No guilt that humbles, and no heart that aches.'

And yet this puling hypocrite had the day before confessed his guilt to the two prison chaplains. All this Lord Lytton had, of course, a perfect right to suppress. If he had adhered to facts there would have been no riddle to solve. It needs no teacher to tell us that high intellectual endowments (though never, we are inclined to think, the highest) are compatible with a perverted conscience, or, what is more common, with an utter absence of conscience. He has treated the story as freely as a Greek tragedian did a legend of Thebes or Pelops' line. And we may continue the parallel further. Most novels of crime and sentiment owe their attraction to proximity and to surprise. In 'Eugene Aram' there are no such factitious sources of interest; the end is known from the beginning; the motive of the novel is to explain and prepare us for the catastrophe. But after all has been said, we cannot deny that there is in 'Eugene Aram' the same vein of high-flown sentiment, the same unpruned luxuriance, the same artificial beauty, which is the common feature of the novels of this period. If Mr. Thackeray's satire was unmerciful and almost brutal, we have no right to complain, for it had the effect of turning Lord Lytton's genius into a wider and healthier channel. No man better understood the golden rule, '*reculer pour mieux sauter*.' In the same year as 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine,' and two years later than 'Eugene Aram,' there appeared his first Historical Romance, 'The Last Days of Pompeii.'

The Historical Novel is the handmaid of History; but like the Egyptian bondswoman is regarded with jealous eyes by the true wife. Some, like Sismondi, have attempted to solve the difficulty by keeping the two apart, and devoting themselves to each by turns, but these have hitherto failed to satisfy either. Others, like Plutarch and most of the ancient historians, have tried to give to their histories the interest of a romance. In the main events they have adhered strictly to fact, but in the minor details, the looks, the speeches of the heroes, they have not scrupled to give free play to their fancy. But the critical spirit of modern times has disallowed such liberty, and hence our histories, while they gain in correctness, often cease to be works of art. If we had a perfect historian, no doubt the novelist's occupation would be gone; but till one arises who shall combine the picturesqueness of a Macaulay with the judicial fairness of a Hallam, there is still room for the Historical Novel. In order to form a just conception of what such a novel should be, it is worth while to deduce from Lord Lytton's works the principles which guided him in this, which he justly

considered the most difficult province of his art, 'requiring the hand of a master genius.* His is, in truth, no easy course to steer. If he avoid the Charybdis of dulness, he is like to fall into the Scylla of inaccuracy. No one would go to Becker's 'Gallus' for amusement, or study English History in Victor Hugo's 'L'homme qui rit.' And yet we believe there is a middle way. Others by 'a divine chance,' or rather with the intuition of genius, have hit on it, but no one has so systematically pursued it himself, and mapped it out for others, as Lord Lytton.

First of all, then, the Novelist must take his post on some 'specular mount,' commanding not necessarily an extensive, but a clear prospect, and, above all, one that can be embraced at a single view. It must be a picture, not a panorama. It follows that he must choose some well-defined epoch, some cardinal period, or else some commanding personage whose presence will serve to give unity to the whole. It is strange that this very point should have been seized upon by one of our contemporaries as a demerit in Lord Lytton's novels. 'The "Last Days of Pompeii,"' exclaims a recent critic, 'the "Last of the Tribunes," the "Last of the Saxon Kings," the "Last of the Barons," anything for a violent catastrophe; it being well understood that the events of the world are determined by battles, earthquakes, and the change of dynasties.' Surely this is to confound two distinct provinces. It may be perfectly true, as the reviewer says, that the world's history is not determined by cataclysms and revolutions, but it is no less true that those gradual developments of institutions, those subtle changes of national character, which it is the business of the publicist, the sociologist, and the historian to investigate, afford no field for the poet or the novelist. Even Shakespeare, who, as Schlegel has well remarked, intended to present his countrymen with a great and unbroken national Epopee, passes over the long reign of Henry VII. and the two centuries which separate King John from Richard II. These two centuries are perhaps the most important of all in the constitutional history of England, yet Shakespeare justly decided that they were unsuceptible of dramatic interest. There is, however, another province of history in which the historian and the novelist meet on common ground. The life and manners of our forefathers, their social habits, their looks, their dress, their furniture, their meals, their sports, the hundred trifling details which help to animate the picture and

* Preface to 'Last Days of Pompeii.'

renew 'the eternal landscape of the past'—all this, which the historian must touch on in passing, or relegate to a supplementary chapter, may form the warp and woof of the Historical Romance.

In this last province Sir Walter Scott is supreme. Lord Lytton, if next in the race, is next at a long interval. But though the great Master stands on an eminence below which we must place the best of his successors, Lord Lytton appears to us to have formed a true conception of the ideal novel of history. Lord Lytton's aim and object is to present a vivid picture of the principal actors of the time. The hero is in each case (except in 'The Last Days of Pompeii') an historical personage. 'Harold,' without the character of Harold, 'The Last of the Barons' without Warwick, 'Rienzi,' without Rienzi, would be as dull as 'Hamlet' without Hamlet. Scott, on the other hand, generally touches lightly on the historical events; his hero mostly bears a name for which we should search in vain in the pages of Hume or Robertson; his principal object is to show us the effect which great events had on private persons in the middle ranks of life. The lesson we learn from him is, that the world jogs on much as usual in the midst of wars and revolutions. There is a vast conservative force in human nature, which is capable of resisting long years of oppression and bad government; moreover, the effects of great historical events are slower and more indirect in their action than is generally supposed. It has been stated on good authority that during the late revolution in Paris, there were workmen and workwomen going about their daily business who had never heard that there was such a thing as a Commune. This is one side of the shield. Lord Lytton has chosen the other, the gold side, as we believe. We may abjure the heresy of hero-worship, and yet allow that it is a higher and more ennobling task to transport the reader from the world of commonplace around him, by showing him the great men, and not the little men, of past times; by reporting the debate in the Council-Chamber, not the tittle-tattle of the stairs; by expounding the policy of the Commander, not the oaths his troopers swore.

Of the four great historical novels that Lord Lytton has given us, it is hard to select the best. Of the two English ones, we prefer 'Harold.' The execution, it is true, is hardly equal to the conception. In its learned disquisitions, its grave reflections, admirable in a history but distracting in a novel, it bears the marks of rapid composition. On the other hand, a period could hardly

have been chosen which satisfies as perfectly the canons we laid down at starting. It is full of adventurous chances, striking contrasts, fierce wars and faithful loves, and has for its climax an event unparalleled in its influence on the destinies of England. The character of Harold himself is finely conceived—a born ruler of men, a nation's choice, 'higher than the rest of the people from his shoulders and upwards,' the goodliest of all, a king after Carlyle's own heart, and yet with a 'touch of weakness and irresolution which suffices to turn the scale in favour of his equally brave but warier Norman rival. Of the last great battle we need say nothing, but there are other scenes in the book little inferior to it in power. One in particular, the memorable trial of Sweyn before the Witana-gemot, in the great Hall of Westminster, has elicited the hearty admiration of the latest historian of the Norman Conquest. In 'The Last of the Barons,' Lord Lytton was not so happy in his choice of subject. The Wars of the Roses produced no such striking hero as Wallenstein, and even in Schiller's masterpiece, we feel that he has not fully mastered his materials, and that the main interest of the plays lies not in the history, but the loves of Thekla and Max Piccolomini. In the great King-maker there are not the same lights and shadows of character that lend interest to Wallenstein, and the episode of Adam Warner is somewhat tedious. In 'Rienzi' Lord Lytton accomplished the feat of modifying the generally received estimate of a great historical personage. The death of Rienzi is as eloquently told as that of Harold. The chief blot in the novel is the long interval that elapses between the early chapters and the closing scene.

On the whole, considering the difficulty of the subject, and the number of eminent men who have tried their hand on the classical novel and failed, we are inclined to assign the palm to 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' It goes far towards satisfying our two requirements, it is learned and it is interesting. Schoolboys read it with avidity, and German scholars quote it. Lord Lytton used in his later years, with honest pride, to boast that while the native *cicerone* pointed out to each traveller the house of Diomed, and the impression in the sandstone of the neck and bosom of Julia, more than thirty years of antiquarian research had detected scarce one inaccuracy in his work. This success was owing partly to the fidelity of the descriptions which were written on the spot, partly to the strict limits of time and space which it observes. It was a wise resolve of Lord Lytton's to resist the attractions of the Imperial city, and confine

himself to the narrow but vivid stage of the small Campanian town. Rome was at that date to the rest of Italy what Paris is (or but lately was) to French provincials. It was the social far more even than the political capital of the world. The Italian towns under Titus and the early Emperors enjoyed considerable municipal liberties. They could elect their own senate, their own *duumvirs* and *ædiles*. But in fashions, in tastes, in literature, Rome reigned supreme. No one willingly quitted Rome except as governor of some rich province, and to Rome flocked each adventurer from the provinces who had talents and ambition to rise, each pleasure-seeker who had money to spend. Pompeii was a Rome in miniature, Rome with its rival factions of the circus, its Oriental superstitions, its veneering of Greek art, its vice and luxury, and its Christian martyrs. This aspect of provincial life has never been lost sight of throughout the novel. Every road we see leads to Rome, but we are kept spell-bound within the magic circle of Pompeii.

Unlike 'Harold' or 'Rienzi,' the interest here is one of situation and action rather than of character. The scenes which linger on our memories longest are the noonday excursion on the Campanian seas, the temple of Isis with its hidden machinery, the funeral pomp and dirge of the murdered Apæcides, Lydon perishing in the unequal struggle, the price of which was to have paid for a father's liberty; and lastly the grand catastrophe, a subject which called forth all Lord Lytton's brilliant powers. The black cloud hanging like a solid firmament over the devoted city, the vivid lightning flash which ever and anon makes darkness visible, the dense downpour of ashes mixed with fragment of rock, the trembling earth, the tortured sea, and, more awful than the lava torrent, the flood of human passion let loose and raging in the wildest anarchy and impotence,—all this has, since Pliny's day, been a twice-told tale; but never told so well as in the pages of 'The Last Days of Pompeii.'

The one figure that stands out in bold relief from this dark background is that of Nydia, the blind flower-girl. Her love for Glaucus, changing insensibly from childish gratitude to a woman's passion, recalls the Mignon of Wilhelm Meister; but her blindness gives her an individuality of her own, and the only fault we have to find with the character is that the sentiment is too refined, too modern.

Where there is so much to admire, it may seem ungracious to descend to minute criticism. But there is one serious error of taste, which in such a master of his craft as Lord

Lytton, we cannot pass over in silence. The feelings of most readers must have been shocked by finding introduced among the characters the son of the widow of Nain. Setting aside the extreme improbability, there are certain scenes and certain persons so sacred that we dare not allow our fancy to play about them. Mr. Browning, in his 'Epistle of Karshish,' the Arab physician, has trodden on dangerous ground. But we can pardon much to the striking originality of the conception, and there is all the difference in the world between reported speech and the living person, even when both are creations of fiction:—

'Behold a man raised up by Christ !
The rest remaineth unreveal'd ;
He told it not ; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.'

We need hardly add that this is no fault of irreverence or levity, but arose rather from the desire of heightening the vividness of the picture. Lord Lytton scarcely touches on sacred subjects, but when he does it is in a spirit of humble reverence. There are parts of 'Tristram Shandy' he could never have written, but, if he had written them, he would never have sent them forth bound up with a volume of sermons.

But the historical novel — that illicit species of composition, as Carlyle has somewhere called it—must, however ably executed, still remain more or less a *tour de force*. It is by his description of English scenes in modern times that Lord Lytton will be best remembered, and of all his works we venture to predict that the Caxton series will live the longest, and best perpetuate his fame. Here alone he found a field for the display of all his varied powers, his wide sympathies, his large experience, and his practical knowledge of life. Compare him in this respect with the two foremost novelists of his time; we shall find that though each of them surpassed him on their own ground, yet it was a narrower and more contracted sphere in which they moved. Thackeray wrote for 'the town.' Like Socrates, 'the fields and the trees would teach him nothing;' like Dr. Johnson, 'he hated the country.' Dickens, it is true, wrote of the country as well as the town; but he wrote like a cockney. Fleet Street was to him what the earth was to Antæus; and amid the palaces and orange-groves of Genoa, he pined for the din and stir and smoke of London. Look again at the classes of society they describe; we shall find in each case the same limitation. To say that there is not a peasant in Thackeray, nor a gentleman in Dickens, would be, perhaps a paradox; but

it will be admitted that Thackeray never describes the lower ranks of life save as they affect the upper. He can give us a Jeames Yellowplush to perfection; but a Peggotty (to take the first of Dickens's characters that occurs to us) is utterly beyond him. So, too, Dickens can draw one of nature's gentlemen; but that indefinable combination, the result of birth, breeding, and society, with which we associate the word in its narrower sense—in a word, a Colonel Newcome—is as far beyond his reach as a Peggotty is beyond Thackeray's. Lord Lytton can greet the lover of the country and the lover of the town alike; he is equally at home in the cottage and the Pall Mall Club; and though perhaps he fails in his descriptions of middle-class society, he can pain with equal ease the honest rustic and the loose vagabond, the country squire and the London politician. But what to our mind constitutes the peculiar merit of the Caxton series is the true vein of poetry which runs through them all, giving life and colour to each scene and character, and blending together the various elements so as to form one harmonious whole. We do not pretend to admire Lord Lytton when, as was sometimes his wont, though rarely in his maturer work, he mounts his Pegasus and determines to be poetical. When he begins to talk of stars and moonlight, we frankly confess that we feel inclined to turn over the page. Then he is often eloquent, rarely poetical; for to quote Mr. Mill's admirable distinction, eloquence is heard, poetry *overheard*. Lord Lytton's poetry is rather that quality at which Schiller hinted when he said that the romancist is half-brother to the poet, not 'the vision and the faculty divine,' but the sensibility and picturesqueness which lends pathos and vividness to the story. In fact Mr. Ruskin's definition of poetry, a very imperfect one in our judgment, would here be found appropriate—'the suggestion by the image of noble grounds for noble emotion.'

Of the first novel of the series, 'The Caxtons,' we shall say nothing, having noticed it at some length in a former number of this Review.* It is able enough to have made the reputation of a second-rate author, but it serves only as a prelude to that great work which marks the culminating point of Lord Lytton's genius, the work to which, with a rare estimate of his own powers, he has given the singularly appropriate title of 'My Novel.' The introductory chapters by which he seeks to connect it with 'The Caxtons' are poor, and he himself soon saw fit to abandon the scheme of a novel within a

novel. Pisistratus, as we know him, could no more have written 'My Novel' than 'Paradise Lost.' But if we except one or two melodramatic scenes, it is throughout an admirable work. It professes to have no hero, but we think we shall discover one before we have done. The plot is complex, but it is unfolded with marvellous directness and ingenuity, and, notwithstanding the digressions, the interest never for a moment flags. It is no bad test by which to judge of the value of a work of the imagination to ask ourselves how many new acquaintances we have made. With a play of Shakespeare they would be almost as many as there are *dramatis personæ*. With most novels when we have eliminated the walking gentlemen, the women with no character at all, the dwarfs and giants, the embodied virtues and vices, together with all the crowd of eccentricities and oddities, whom we only remember by some trick of the voice or some constantly recurring catch-word, we are lucky if we find remaining one or two creatures of flesh and blood, men and women of like passions with ourselves. Let us apply this touchstone to 'My Novel.' What a motley crowd our memory summons up; no long line of ghastly phantoms, but living men and women, each of whom we have known or might have known ourselves. There is the bluff old country squire as he existed before the days of steam-ploughs and laborers' strikes, an embodiment of the virtues of a feudal age, as Squire Western is of the vices. There is his wife, fit to ride pillion behind her lord. There is the old-fashioned parson, such a parson as Goldsmith depicted in his 'Deserted Village' and his immortal vicar, a parson in whom George Herbert would have recognised a kindred soul. There is Dick Avenel, the Americanized Englishman, not such as we know him from the broad farce of 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' or the caricatures of 'Punch,' but (allowing for personal idiosyncrasies) the true Yankee, big, blustering, sharp as a needle, but honest, warm-hearted, and generous withal; the exposer of humbugs; the freetrader, 'who likes competition to a certain extent, but thinks there may be too much of it;' the social radical, whose crowning ambition is to be knighted; the good-natured friend we all know, 'who is always wounding you in some delicate little fibre, not from malice, but from the absence of all delicate little fibres of his own.' There is Leonard Fairfield, who, like the youth in Alphonse Karr's 'Fort en Thèmes,' makes his first start in life as the prize boy of his village; but, unlike Karr's hero, more than fulfils his early promise, and who 'breaks his birth's invidious bar,' and

* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cxvii.

from a bookseller's drudge becomes by the force of patient genius a great author.* There are the two critics, one slightly sketched, the shrewd man of business, who has won success by honest industry and plain common-sense; the other, a finished portrait, so real that we cannot help believing that it is taken from life, poor, honest, reckless, ne'er-do-well John Burley, a very Falstaff among authors—never sober, never solvent, but always genial, always witty, preserving through a wild and dissipated life something of the innocence and freshness of his childhood, and on his death-bed, like Falstaff, babbling of green fields. And, lastly, there is our old friend Dr. Riccabocca, for though we recognize him chiefly by his pipe, his red umbrella, and his Machiavellian proverbs, still, when we strip him of all his theatrical properties, there still remains a true man, a soft-hearted cynic, a simple sage, a philosopher prepared for either fate. We might add more, and doubtless many admirers of 'My Novel' will consider that we have done bare justice to the characters, but we prefer to err on the side of omission, and of the characters we have above described, we may safely assert that there is not one which is not an original creation, or which fails to satisfy the requirements with which we started. Of the two heroines we have said nothing, as on their merits opinions are likely to differ. Women are confessedly harder to draw than men, not for the satirist's reason, but because they are distinguished by finer shades of character, and are generally centres of action, rarely actors themselves. And undoubtedly Lord Lytton is not so happy in his delineation of women. Helen interests us chiefly as she affects Leonard. The child lovers are a Paul and Virginia transplanted to an English soil, and if we miss the ideal charm and the gorgeous tropical scenery which have immortalized Saint-Pierre's *chef d'œuvre*, we have instead the inimitable description of their struggles with

poverty in a London lodging and the garden scene at Ivy Cottage.

But of the two we confess we prefer Violante. To the unconscious grace and the innate nobility, which rightly or wrongly we associate with high birth and a long line of ancestors, she adds something of the energy and modest boldness of the Viola in 'Twelfth Night,' and possibly Lord Lytton may, with the name, have borrowed from Shakespeare the hint for her relations with L'Estrange.

We have purposely omitted the two principal characters, for they require to be treated of separately, being the point on which the action of the novel turns. Audley Egerton and Harley L'Estrange begin life as 'chums' at Eton. Egerton is the older, stronger, and more energetic of the two; and between him and the shy, dreamy, delicate Lord L'Estrange there springs up one of those romantic friendships which are common among schoolboys, often silly and demoralizing, but sometimes ennobling and beautifying two lives. When we next see them, L'Estrange has fallen in love with a girl wholly beneath him in rank, the daughter of retired tradespeople and the *portégée* of his lady mother. But Nora Avenel is represented as one of Nature's ladies, exquisitely beautiful and a poetess of no mean powers. Lady Lansmere hastens to send her where she will be out of her son's way, and she, who feels no warmer sentiment than affection and admiration for L'Estrange, willingly departs. Harley flies to Egerton for consolation, and induces him to act as his advocate with Nora, whom he is allowed to visit as being *l'ami de la maison*. He begins by honestly pleading his friend's cause, and at this point it is that the moral interest of the plot begins. For insensibly, as he urges his friend's hopeless suit, he finds himself fascinated by the sweetness, the modesty, and the genius of Nora. But he battles like an honest man against his growing passion, determined to crush it in the bud, and he would doubtless have succeeded had he not in an unlucky hour discovered by an accident that, while pleading for his friend, he had won her heart himself. It is a hard struggle between love and duty to resign those we love, but it is still harder to fly from those who love us. Even if Audley had adopted the other alternative and at once informed Harley, he might have lost his friend, but no one who knew the facts of the case could have blamed him. As it is, he cannot bring himself to sacrifice either his love or his friendship, and from this weakness arises the whole dramatic interest of the novel: He whom in every other relation of

* We may notice in passing the consummate skill with which Lord Lytton has overcome the difficulty of introducing into a novel a great author. It is obvious that he cannot give us a summary of his works or extracts from them, for then he had better have written the works themselves. Most novelists show us the author in private life, and content themselves with assuring us, on their word of honor, that he is a great author. Lord Lytton conveys to our imagination an adequate idea of Fairfield's genius by portraying the effects which his book produces on each of the characters in the novel. The cold-blooded Randal, the impressionable Marchesa, the prosaic Mrs. Dale, are all fascinated by it; and Mr. Dale thinks it might have been written by his oracle, Professor Moss.

life we know as the soul of honour, for once stoops to dissimulation. He waits for a convenient season to tell his secret, and that season never comes. Harley lives on still feeding on empty hopes, and, when at last he learns that Nora is dead, he flings aside as blasphemy to her memory Audley's first hints that she had loved another, and continues to cling to the dead love as desperately as he had to the living. The desire of his eyes is taken from him, the bloom of his life is gone, and the gallant soldier, the consummate orator, the darling of society, finds everywhere nothing but vanity and *ennui*. With Egerton, too, concealment is like 'the worm i' the bud' cankering the growth and development of a naturally reserved but generous disposition. He flings himself for relief into the world of politics, and attains the height of his ambition, but the one deceit clings to him like a coat of Nessus and eats the heart out of the strong man. At last the discovery comes. With marvellous skill the various threads of the story are gathered up, and we wait with hushed breath for the catastrophe. How the final blow is averted and revenge turned to pity we need not stay to tell. In the closing scenes Lord Lytton puts forth all his dramatic power, and we know of no passage fuller of simple and genuine pathos than that which describes the final reconciliation: but while we admire Harley's magnanimity, it is with Egerton, humbled, stricken, and dying, that our sympathies finally rest, and we may now pronounce with confidence that the hero of 'My Novel' is Audley Egerton. It is not only pity for the great man struggling with adversity that moves our sympathy, but the consciousness that his character is fashioned from the heart outwards. In Egerton we see the workings of the heart laid bare, and discover the ultimate springs of human action. Harley, genuine as he is, is more theatrical.

In painting 'the varieties of English life' Lord Lytton enjoyed one great advantage over his brother-artists. As we must again refer to his two great contemporaries, it may be as well to premise that our purpose is to illustrate a particular merit, not to provoke a general comparison, which Lord Lytton himself would have been the first to deprecate. We need hardly add that it is no disparagement of the genius of Thackeray or Dickens to remark that they were neither of them, in any sense of the word, politicians. Of the politics of Queen Anne's reign and the Georges, or rather of the cabals and intrigues into which the politics of those days resolved themselves, Thackeray knew more than most men. But there he stopped

short. With that admirable appreciation of his own powers, which marks his genius, he was never tempted to transgress the limits of his own experience; and in all his novels there is not a single political character. Dickens, too, though a social reformer, was, for so great a man, singularly ignorant of the history and traditions of English politics, and with equal wisdom refused either to be or to paint a British legislator. Lord Lytton, on the other hand, mixed from his earliest youth in the world of politics, and he turned his political experience to the same account as a novelist that Gibbon did his service in the Militia as an historian. Let us not for a moment be supposed to be depreciating Lord Lytton's services as a statesman, or his success as an orator. What we mean to say is that literature was never to Lord Lytton what it has often been, and is at the present moment, to our greatest statesmen—the relaxation of their leisure hours, the solace of their old age, but rather the pursuit and devotion of his life. Doubtless he might have won a still higher place in politics if he had consented to sacrifice his favourite studies, and like Egerton, to throw himself into the vortex of public life. As it was, even though for some time a prominent actor on the stage, he always remained the calm observer, and in 'My Novel' he has gathered up the richest and ripest fruits of his observation. Hitherto, in reviewing such well-known works, we have avoided quotations. But, before taking leave of 'My Novel,' we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transferring to our pages a leaf from, perhaps, the most graphic scene in all Lord Lytton's writings, certain as we are that our readers will thank us for the opportunity of reviving their recollections of the Lansmere election:—

'These preparatory orations over, a dead silence succeeded, and Audley Egerton arose.

'At the first few sentences, all felt they were in the presence of one accustomed to command attention, and to give to opinions the weight of recognised authority. The slowness of the measured accents, the composure of the manly aspect, the decorum of the simple gestures—all bespoke and all became the minister of a great empire, who had less agitated assemblies by impassioned eloquence than compelled their silent respect to the views of sagacity and experience. But what might have been formal and didactic in another, was relieved in Egerton by that air, tone, bearing of a *gentleman*, which have a charm for the most plebeian audience. He had eminently these attributes in private life, but they became far more conspicuous whenever he had to appear in public. The *senatorius decor* seemed a phrase coined for him.

'Audley commenced with notice of his ad-

versaries in that language of high courtesy which is so becoming to superior station, and which augurs better for victory than the most pointed diatribes of hostile declamation. Inclining his head towards Avenel, he expressed regret that he should be opposed by a gentleman whose birth naturally endeared him to the town, of which he was a distinguished native, and whose honourable ambition was in itself a proof of the admirable nature of that Constitution, which admitted the lowliest to rise to its distinctions, while it compelled the loftiest to labour and compete for those honours which were the most coveted, because they were derived from the trust of their countrymen, and dignified by the duties which the sense of responsibility entailed. He paid a passing but generous compliment to the reputed abilities of Leonard Fairfield; and, alluding with appropriate grace to the interest he had ever taken in the success of youth striving for place in the van of the new generation that marched on to replace the old, he implied that he did not consider Leonard as opposed to himself, but rather as an emulous competitor for a worthy prize with his "own young and valued friend, Mr. Ranald Leslie." "They are happy at their years!" said the statesman with a certain pathos. "In the future they see nothing to fear, in the past they have nothing to defend. It is not so with me." And then, passing on to the vague insinuations or bolder charges against himself and his policy proffered by the preceding speakers, Audley gathered himself up and paused, for his eyes here rested on the reporters seated around the table just below him; and he recognised faces not unfamiliar to his recollection when metropolitan assemblies had hung on the words which fell from lips then privileged to advise a king. And involuntarily it occurred to the ex-minister to escape altogether from this contracted audience—this election, with all its associations of pain—and address himself wholly to that vast and invisible public to which these reporters would transmit his ideas. At this thought his whole manner gradually changed. His eye became fixed on the farthest verge of the crowd; his tones grew more solemn in their deep and sonorous swell. He began to review and to vindicate his whole political life. He spoke of the measures he had aided to pass—of his part in the laws which now ruled the land. He touched lightly, but with pride, on the services he had rendered to the opinions he had represented. He alluded to his neglect of his own private fortunes; but in what detail, however minute, in the public business committed to his charge, could even an enemy accuse him of neglect? The allusion was, no doubt, intended to prepare the public for the news, that the wealth of Audley Egerton was gone. Finally, he came to the questions that then agitated the day; and made a general but masterly exposition of the policy which, under the changes he foresaw, he should recommend his party to adopt.

'Spoken to the motley assembly in that Town-hall, Audley's speech extended to a circle of interests too wide for their sympathy. But that assembly he heeded not—he forgot

it. The reporters understood him, as their flying pens followed words which they presumed neither to correct nor to abridge. Audley's speech was addressed to the nation; the speech of a man in whom the nation yet recognised a chief—desiring to clear all misrepresentation from his past career—calculating, if life were spared to him, on destinies higher than he had yet fulfilled—issuing a manifesto of principles to be carried later into power, and planting a banner round which the divided sections of a broken host might yet rally for battle and for conquest. Or, perhaps, in the depths of his heart (not even comprehended by reporters, nor to be divined by the public), the uncertainty of life was more felt than the hope of ambition; and the statesman desired to leave behind him one full vindication of that *public* integrity and honour on which, at least, his conscience acknowledged not a stain. "For more than twenty years," said Audley, in conclusion, "I have known no day in which I have not lived for my country. I may at times have opposed the wish of the people—I may oppose it now—but, so far as I can form a judgment, only because I prefer their welfare to their wish. And if—as I believe—there have been occasions on which, as one amongst men more renowned, I have amended the laws of England—confirmed her safety, extended her commerce, upheld her honour—I leave the rest to the censure of my enemies, and (his voice trembled) to the charity of my friends."

The third novel of the Trilogy we must dismiss much more briefly that it deserves. For so prolific a writer it is marvellous how little Lord Lytton repeats himself. Still, in many of the characters and in the plot of 'What will he do with it?' we are reminded of 'My Novel.' It is not a replica by a painter, but rather variations on the same theme by a musician. Guy Darrell has many of the features of Egerton, with much of Harley's imaginative nature added: Lionel is Leonard minus the poet: the plot, too, different as it is, produces the same sort of effect that we procure by a turn of the kaleidoscope, only, as in Mr. Browning's secondary lunar rainbow, the colours are 'fainter, flushier, flightier;' or, to take another less fanciful comparison, 'My Novel' seems to us to reproduce the strength and vigour of full manhood, 'What will he do with it?' the mellow beauty of old age. But Gentleman Waife is a perfectly new character, drawn with all the tender delicacy of a Sophocles—the old man, who, for the sake of screening a dissolute and criminal son, consents to undergo transportation, and for years to bear the imputation of a felon; struggling against poverty for the support of his grandchild, with the same shift and calm philosophy as Dr. Riccabocca; dreading success more than failure because it brings notoriety, refusing each proffer of

friendship, and loving darkness because his deeds are good and his son's evil. Almost as powerfully told is the story of a woman's devotion to the same villain, a '*monstrum nulla virtute redemptum*.' We cannot help contrasting the treatment of a similar situation by the greatest of living French novelists. In Leone Leoni there is a strange fascination, but it is 'a fascination of corruption.'* Like Coleridge's Wedding guest, we are compelled to listen against our will, but no one would peruse the book a second time; it leaves a bad taste in the mouth, or, as a French critic has said of the impression produced by reading Balzac, 'On a envie de se brosser les habits et de se nettoyer les dents.' In the story of Arabella Crane and Loosely there is not less passion than in Leoni, but the physical side is just hinted at and passed over, and the spiritual element emphasized and expanded.

As no criticism of Lord Lytton's works could pretend to completeness without some notice of his excellencies as a painter of scenery, and one of the chief beauties of 'What will he do with it?' consists in its descriptions of English landscape, we choose this place for the few remarks we have to make. Mr. Ruskin, in commenting on the false sentiment and deadness to art of the eighteenth century, asserts that in all the novels of Smollett, Fielding, and Sterne, there is not a single expression of true delight in sublime nature; and if we give proper emphasis to the word 'sublime,' this is, perhaps, no exaggeration. Sir Walter Scott was the first English novelist who taught the art of elaborating the background from which his figures stand out—an art which, in some of his novels, he has carried so far that our interest depends as much on the scenery as on the characters. Lord Lytton, indeed, has none of this sublimity which Mr. Ruskin desiderates in Fielding, and of which Scott is so great a master. He is a dweller in the plain, and of the grandeur and mystery of mountains he knows nothing. When, as in the scene at the Devil's Crag in 'Eugene Aram,' he attempts the wilder aspects of nature, he does attain to a certain weird picturesqueness; but it recalls the 'Freischütz' and 'Fra Diavolo,' rather than the 'heath near Forres,' or Dirk Hatteraick's cave, the 'antres vast' of Salvator Rosa rather than the forest backgrounds of Titian. Far more life-like is his drawing of the Cambridgeshire fens in his earliest novel, the stormy ride from Newmarket, and the scene of Sir John Tyrrell's† murder, the

swollen dykes, the dripping hedgerows, the one gnarled giant-like tree, and the sullen pool with the ghastly object at its margin. But it is with the scenery of the Home Counties that Lord Lytton was most familiar. Like Charles Lamb, he loved 'the pretty pastoral walks of hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire,' and he lingers over each familiar feature with all the faithful fondness of an old lover. His landscapes belong to the English pastoral school, not the false school of Pope and Gay, but the pastoral of Cowper and Tennyson; at times he even reminds us of poets of an older day, of 'meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers,' of 'the shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old;' of the hills and vales of Arcady. The lordly park with dell and dingle, lake and islet, the deep-sunk lane with mossy banks and creeping woodbine, overarching elms and peeps of blue sky beyond, the shallow trout-stream winding round osier-beds, where the deer come to drink, and the silver minnows flash in the sun; the ride through the forest, the row down the Thames, the picnic by the brook: all these he paints as only an artist and a lover of nature can. And there is another rare merit in his sketches which he shares with an older generation of novelists, with Cervantes, Fielding, and Le Sage, the scenery is seldom introduced merely for effect, never to fill a gap in the canvas; the figures always occupy the foreground; the novelist is never merged in the artist.

Of the remaining group, the novels of mystery, it behoves us to speak more diffidently. None have provoked so much or such divergent criticism. Some have classed them with those romances of the last century, which inspired our ancestors with awe and seem so childish to us, with Horace Walpole's 'Castle of Otranto' and Mrs. Radcliffe's 'Mysteries of Udolpho.' Others have considered them the most remarkable and genuine of all Lord Lytton's works. Without endorsing either of these extreme opinions, we may, for our own part, admire the originality of the conceptions, while admitting that the execution is imperfect, and in part even bungling. How far the supernatural lies within the novelist's province is a question well worth discussing at length. It will be enough for us to indicate its main bearings. In the preface to 'A Strange Story,' Lord Lytton asserts his right as a novelist to avail himself of marvellous agencies, a right, he adds, which has been claimed by all imaginative writers. He quotes as

* Mr. Pater's happy phrase for the effect produced by Leonardo's Head of Medusa.

† The name is a curious and probably un-

conscious plagiarism from Godwin's once famous 'Caleb Williams,' where a Mr. Tyrrel is the murdered man.

his authorities Epic poetry, in which a supernatural machinery has been deemed indispensable, and the Drama of Shakespeare and Goethe in which it plays so large a part. But this analogy will not stand. Doubtless the novel has long outgrown Johnson's famous definition—'a small tale, generally of love'—but its distinguishing characteristic has not changed, 'its end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.' This definition, if allowed, might seem at first sight, at least in a sceptical age like the present, wholly to exclude the supernatural element from the novel; but a closer consideration will show that though its limits are narrowly circumscribed, it still must have a place. Beyond this world of sense, of marrying and giving in marriage, there lies about us another world, which the most prosaic, the most positivist of us, cannot wholly exclude, the world of dreams, of shadows, of unrealities, of magic. The Eastern vampire, the Irish banshee, the Scotch wraith, the English haunted house, the very horseshoe we hang on our door, the salt we throw over our shoulder, are all the dead or dying *eidola* of this world, and belong, therefore, rather to the antiquarian who revivifies the past than to the novelist who paints the present. But there is another region of ideas which must have a special charm for the author who attempts to translate the thought of the present day into the language of fiction. We may call it the preternatural as distinguished from the above, the supernatural. The guesses of science, its yet unverified hypotheses, the speculations of visionaries which science refuses to listen to, nay even the delusions and quackeries which science has exposed, so long as they still keep their hold on the popular imagination,—mesmerism, clairvoyance, table-turning, spirit-rapping,—are all the legitimate property of the novelist. 'Utopia,' the 'New Atlantis,' and we may now add the 'Coming Race,' are indeed romances, not novels; but a very slight recasting, an addition of probable circumstances, a biographical substratum, would suffice to turn all three into admirable novels.

It is with this latter, and far more interesting, class of mysteries that Lord Lytton concerns himself. Great writers, as a rule, are more attracted by the problems of the present than the past, and depict mostly the age in which they live. And undoubtedly in selecting this topic, Lord Lytton has expressed one of the most marked characteristics of the nineteenth century. The present generation has witnessed the rise and triumphs of science, the extent and marvels of

which Bacon's fancy never conceived, simultaneously with superstitions grosser than any which Bacon's age believed. The one is, in fact, the natural reaction from the other. The more science seeks to exclude the miraculous and reduce all nature, animate and inanimate, to an invariable law of sequences, the more does the natural instinct of man rebel and seek an outlet for those obstinate questionings, those 'blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized,' taking refuge in delusions as degrading as any of the so-called Dark Ages. If we needed a proof of this we need only turn to America. That continent which we associate with shrewd hard matter-of-fact common sense, which has invented the steam printing-press, the sewing-machine, the reaping-machine, which has evolved that form of government to which Mr. Carlyle and De Tocqueville believe the whole civilized world is tending, has also been the cradle of Spiritualism and Mormonism. That America, of which her greatest living writer has said that 'she is the most common-schooled and least cultivated people in the world,' which her greatest deceased writer describes as 'a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, nor anything but common-place prosperity,' has struck out for herself one, and only one, original line in literature—these tales of shadow and mystery.

It was this revolt from the materialistic tendencies of the age which inspired 'Zanoni' and 'A Strange Story.' 'Zanoni' is the contemplation of our positive life through a spiritual medium. 'A Strange Story' is written to show that without some gleams of the supernatural man is not man nor nature nature. Both works illustrate and supplement each other, and we cannot, as we have done heretofore, consider one apart. Applying to them the first and most obvious test which any work that deals with the supernatural is bound to satisfy, they both of them, but the 'Strange Story' in a far higher degree, produce Terror, a sense of a vast Unknown, a world of which we are not denizens, a universal life around us. It is a power which few writers of the Romance races have possessed, it is not uncommon among those of German origin. Coleridge has it pre-eminently. Christabel chills our blood long after we have reached the years which bring the philosophic mind. The 'Ancient Mariner' still holds us with his glittering eye,—

'Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.'

There is a story of Tieck's, the 'Runnenberg,' which affords a good example of what we mean. A young hunter, deep in the heart of the mountains, unthinkingly pulls a straggling root from the ground, and on the instant hears with affright a stifled moan underground dying downwards in doleful tones, and shudders as if he had unawares touched the wound of which the dying frame of nature was expiring in its agony. Not unworthy to be placed beside these is the scene in 'Zanoni,' where Glyndon is for the second time in Mejnour's chamber in the ruined Castle among the Apennines. The magician's paraphernalia, vials, herbs, and books, have all disappeared, there is nothing but the four blank walls. Inspired by the elixir he has drunk in the same chamber the night before with an inspiration of art, he seizes a bit of charcoal, and on the blank plaster paints a weird picture, the judgment of the dead by the living, 'and lo! the figures start from the wall, those pale accusing figures, the shapes he himself had raised, frowned at him and gibbered.' But there is a scene in the 'Strange Story' more subtly awe-inspiring, that in the Museum on the night of the mayor's ball when Dr. Fenwick is mesmerized (or was it not mesmerism?) by Sir Philip Derval sitting under the huge anacanda with the stuffed baboons round him.

The second, and by far the highest use of the supernatural in fiction, is the evolution of human qualities under extraordinary conditions. Just as the mathematician by expanding to infinity some function is enabled to solve problems otherwise beyond his grasp, so the moralist by indefinitely enlarging some one quality or attribute of human nature may arrive at fresh results and elucidate some of the mysteries of our being. Thus in the 'Coming Race' Lord Lytton has postulated the infinite extension of *force*. How would the social polity of a nation be affected by the discovery of a force so simple that any child can employ it, so powerful that it can, like a flash of lightning, rend mountains or destroy whole armies, or, if differently employed, renovate life and remove disease? Such is the *Vril* force (what an onomatopœic ring the name has!) possessed by the 'Coming Race.' Those who are curious to know the answer we must refer to the book itself. The problem, as far as we are aware, has never been even suggested before in fiction. In 'Zanoni,' on the other hand, and in 'A Strange Story,' the originality consists not in the assumption but in the working out of the problem. The possibility of an indefinite prolongation of life is one which no mortal can avoid entertaining. The stern realism of the Hebrews

went no farther than the conception of a race of giants in years as in stature. The Greek, with his passionate love of youth and beauty, associated it with the miseries of decrepitude, and pictured immortal age withering beside immortal youth. Mediævalism embodied the idea in a hundred fanciful and mostly mournful legends, 'The Seven Sleepers,' 'The Flying Dutchman,' 'The Wild Huntsman,' 'Barbarossa Sleeping in the Heart of the Salzburg Mountains,' but most perfectly in that marvellous legend of the 'Wandering Jew,' which not even Eugene Sue has been able wholly to vulgarize. With the ground so preoccupied originality would seem impossible: yet none will deny that Lord Lytton's rendering of the old world theme is strikingly original. In the first place he lays the scene in the very thick of modern life. The introductory chapters of 'A Strange Story'—Mrs. Colonel Poyntz and the *coterie* of the Hill—are among the happiest of his sketches of provincial English society. Of all preceding novels the one which has perhaps the closest affinity to these is 'St. Léon,' but Godwin has placed his characters in a remote age, and the fortunes of his hero have no very close connection with his supernatural endowments. But what stamps these works as a new creation in art, is the attempt to show the different effects which the elixir of life has on different natures, on Mejnour the man of science, on Zanoni the Idealist not exempt from passion, on Margrave the soulless, the natural man, passionless because the love of life has swallowed up every other passion. Such is the scope of 'Zanoni' and 'A Strange Story,' and neither the improbability of the machinery, nor the somewhat hackneyed *diablerie* of the former, can mar the grandeur of the conception. For thrilling interest, bold and original speculation, and profound analysis of character, both novels are worthy to rank among the masterpieces of imaginative writing. They fail only, as all novels written with a purpose—be that purpose either moral or metaphysical—must fail. It is evident that the prefaces were written before the novels; that is to say, the problem first presented itself to the author in its abstract form, and was afterwards clothed upon with the many-coloured robe of fiction. They are not allegories, but they are not pure forms of ideal art. As in an Egyptian sphinx or a towered Cybele, art is struggling with symbolism.

Among the many characters in his novels with which Lord Lytton has been identified, we may safely assert that no critic has yet fixed on Mejnour. There would not seem to be one trait in common between the wizened

passionless hermit and the brilliant novelist of society, who retained to his dying day the warm-hearted glow of youth. Yet there is in 'Zanoni' a description of Mejnour which seems to us so aptly to describe the peculiar fascination of Lord Lytton's genius, that we cannot forbear a short quotation:—

'Mejnour poured forth to his pupil the stores of a knowledge that seemed inexhaustible and boundless. He gave accounts the most curious, graphic, and minute, of the various races (their characters, habits, creeds, and manners) by which that fair land had been successively overcome. It is true that the descriptions could not be found in books, and were unsupported by learned authorities; but he possessed the true charm of the tale-teller, and spoke of all with the animated confidence of an eye-witness. Sometimes, too, he would converse upon the more durable and loftier mysteries of nature, with an eloquence and research which invested them with all the colours rather of poetry than of science.'

Here we had ended; but since writing the above we have received the posthumous work, the proof-sheets of which Lord Lytton was correcting only a few days before his death, and we are thus enabled to give our readers a foretaste of the pleasure we can promise them in reading the last legacy of this great novelist.

'Kenelm Chillingly' will support, though we fear it will not raise, Lord Lytton's fame. He has written better novels, but it is unlike any of his former works. Strange as it may sound, it most reminds us of 'Pelham,' but it is only by way of contrast to his earliest novel. 'Pelham' has been called the impersonation of success; 'Kenelm Chillingly' is the impersonation of failure. The key to his character may be found in the name which Lady Glenalvon—the Lady Roseville of Pelham—gives him, 'my old young friend Kenelm.' He is *le Hamlet de nos jours*. Before his beard has grown he finds how 'weary, stale, flat and unprofitable' are the uses of the world. 'Man delights him not, nor woman neither.' The motives for Hamlet's satiety lie on the surface. He looks on himself as a microcosm, and from his own misfortunes concludes that the time is out of joint. His mother has been false, and he exclaims that woman's name is frailty. Kenelm's *ennui* is wholly unmotivated, or rather its motive is to be looked for solely in the age in which he lives.

The story we will not attempt to tell. In its simplicity and the absence of any elaborate construction, it is unique among Lord Lytton's novels; but it overflows with humour, it is lit up with flashes of wit as brilliant and as innocent as summer lightning, it has some-

thing even of that boisterous joviality which distinguishes Fielding, but at bottom it is the saddest of all Lord Lytton's stories.

Kenelm is at once the product of his age and a standing protest against the age; and Lord Lytton in his person is never tired of railing at the age. Much of his satire is well merited, on politics as usual he is especially happy, to some of his criticisms on art and poetry we should demur, and above all we cannot help wishing that he had not revived his ancient feud with the critics.

Let us, in conclusion, illustrate one or two points by a few quotations. Of the age:—

'But there is a more conceited fool than either of us, and that is the Age in which we have the misfortune to be born—an Age of Progress 'Mr.' Saunderson, junior—an Age of Prigs!'

'When I hear a "gentleman" say that he has no option but to think one thing and say another, at whatever risk to his country, I feel as if in the progress of the age the class of gentlemen was about to be superseded by some finer development of species.'

On politics:—

'"He said to me the other day, with a sang-froid worthy of the iciest Chillingly, 'I mean to be Prime Minister of England—it is only a question of time.' Now, if Chillingly Gordon is to be Prime Minister, it will be because the increasing cold of our moral and social atmosphere will exactly suit the development of his talents.'

'"He is the man above all others to argue down the declaimers of old-fashioned sentimentalities, love of country, care for its position among nations, zeal for its honour, pride in its renown (oh, if you could hear him philosophically and logically sneer away the word 'prestige'). Such notions are fast being classified as 'bosh.' And when that classification is complete—when England has no colonies to defend, no navy to pay for, no interest in the affairs of other nations, and has attained to the happy condition of Holland,—then Chillingly Gordon will be her Prime Minister."

Again, of a Prime Minister:—

'"He was born before the new ideas came into practical force; but in proportion as they have done so, his beliefs have necessarily disappeared. I don't suppose that he believes in much now, except the two propositions: firstly, that if he accept the new ideas, he will have power and keep it, and if he does not accept them, power is out of the question; and secondly, that if the new ideas are to prevail, he is the best man to direct them safely—beliefs quite enough for a Minister. No wise Minister should have more."

The next is a conversation between Lord Thetford, a Liberal M. P., who is convinced that his party are going too far and too fast,

'but with that party he goes on light-heartedly, and would continue to do so if they went to Erebus.' He is persuading Kenelm to enter Parliament. Kenelm answers:—

"I might if I were an ultra-Radical, a Republican, a Communist, a Socialist, and wished to upset everything existing, for then the strife would at least be a very earnest one!"

"But could not you be equally in earnest against those revolutionary gentlemen?"

"Are you and your leaders in earnest against them? They don't appear to me so."

'Thelford was silent for a minute. "Well, if you doubt the principles of my side, go with the other side. For my part, I and many of our party would be glad to see the Conservatives stronger."

"I have no doubt they would. No sensible man likes to be carried off his legs by the rush of the crowd behind him; and a crowd is less headlong when it sees a strong force arrayed against it in front. But it seems to me that, at present, Conservatism can but be what it now is—a party that may combine for resistance, and will not combine for inventive construction. We are living in an age in which the process of unsettlement is going blindly at work, as if impelled by a Nemesis as blind as itself. New ideas come beating in surf and surge against those which former reasoners had considered as fixed banks and breakwaters; and the new ideas are so mutable, so fickle, that those which were considered novel ten years ago are deemed obsolete to-day, and the new ones of to-day will in their turn be obsolete to-morrow. And, in a sort of fatalism, you see statesmen yielding way to these successive mockeries of experiment—for they are experiments against experience—and saying to each other with a shrug of the shoulders, 'Bismillah, it must be so; the country will have it, even though it sends the country to the dogs.' I don't feel sure that the country will not go there the sooner, if you can only strengthen the Conservative element enough to set it up in office, with the certainty of knocking it down again."

Kenelm is asked whether he is intended for any of the learned professions.

"The learned professions," replied Kenelm "is an invidious form of speech that we are doing our best to eradicate from the language. All professions nowadays are to have much about the same amount of learning. The learning of the military profession is to be levelled upwards—the learning of the scholastic to be levelled downwards. Cabinet Ministers sneer at the uses of Greek and Latin."

As specimens of criticism take the following palpable but not ill-natured hit at Mr. Darwin:—

"I cannot conceive that even that unrivalled romance-writer can so bewitch our understandings as to make us believe, that, when some lofty orator, a Pitt or a Gladstone, rebuts with a polished smile which reveals his canine teeth, the rude assault of an opponent, he be-

trays his descent from a 'semi-human progenitor' who was accustomed to snap at his enemy. . . . Surely—surely some early chroniclers must depose that they saw, saw with their own eyes, the great gorillas who scratched off their hairy coverings to please the eyes of the young ladies of their species, and that they noted the gradual metamorphosis of one animal into another. For, if you tell me that this illustrious romance-writer is but a cautious man of science, and that we must accept his inventions according to the sober laws of evidence and fact, there is not the most incredible ghost story which does not better satisfy the common sense of a sceptic."

'Kenelm Chillingly' is the work of a man who has suffered much, and who lays bare all his store of sad experience. But it has the same genial humanity, the same sympathy with infinite varieties of men, the same glow for all that is noble in thought and heroic in character, which distinguishes all Lord Lytton wrote, and which we have endeavoured to point out in one portion of his manifold works. Of his poems, his plays, his essays, his translations, it is not within our limits now to speak. But we have no hesitation in affirming that, in the last years of his life, Lord Lytton was not only the foremost novelist, but the most eminent living writer in English literature.

ART. VIII.—1. *History of Bokhara, from the Earliest Period down to the Present.*

By Arminius Vámbéry. London, 1873.

2. *A Journey to the Source of the River Oxus.* By Captain John Wood, Indian Navy. New Edition, edited by his Son. With an *Essay on the Geography of the Valley of the Oxus.* By Colonel Henry Yule, C.B. 1872.

3. *Correspondence with Russia respecting Central Asia.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. 1873. Nos. 1 and 2. (Quoted below as A and B.)

4. *Die Russen in Centralasien.* Von F. v. Hellwald. Wien, 1869.

5. *A General Report on the Yusufzais.* By H. W. Bellew, Assistant Surgeon, Corps of Guides. Lahore, 1864.

6. *Report on Peshawar District.* By Major H. James, C.B. Lahore, 1871.

7. *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.* Vol. XXVIII.: *Notes on Kafiristan*; and Vol. XXXI.: *Account of Suwat, &c.* By Captain H. G. Raverty.

THE first two works on our list were issued before the late revival of excitement about Central Asian questions. The publication

must, in each case, have been inspired by a happy prescience, or guided by singular good fortune.

Of Professor Vámbéry's book, we cannot speak at such length as it might justly claim. It is the only history of Bokhara in existence; the narrative is maintained with surprising spirit; and the proportions assigned to each period are adjusted with great judgment, and free from prolixity. The author uses a variety of new Oriental sources, and introduces us to dynasties now named in an European book for the first time. These, indeed, as might be expected, are not the dynasties whose history affords the most attractive episodes. The attention must flag over the barren wars and bigotries of the later Uzbek rule, till that rule reaches a climax of degradation in Nasrullah Khan, best identified to English readers as the unpunished murderer of Conolly and Stoddart, father of the present Amír Mozaffar, on whose unhappy head, as Professor Vámbéry remarks, the ancient Hebrew proverb, that 'the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge,' has found a rare and rapid completeness of verification. In the base reign of Nasrullah a new and vast power rises luridly on the horizon of Bokhara.

Bokhara seems not to have been of much antiquity at the Mahommedan conquest. Moslem writers, cited by Vámbéry as asserting that the city's name meant in the language of the idolaters 'a place of study,' indicate its true origin. The site is said to have been a hollow covered with marshy jungle. Here, then, amid the reeds and wild-fowl, some pious Buddhist ascetics established their *Vihāra*, just as the early monks of our own land sat down amidst the fens of Ely or Glastonbury. It is interesting thus to trace in the name of Holy Bokhara a flood-mark, in the extreme north-west, of that strange influence of Hindu religion which has spread in an opposite quarter to far Japan and the Moluccas.

We had selected for extract passages treating of the accession of the Amír Maasum (1784), and his invasion of Merv, because they touch characteristics of Central Asia; the Pharisaic Islamism of Bokhara; the slaving raids, which are the scourge of the whole Khorasan frontier; the processes by which tracts of Asia, once fertile and populous, become the irretrievable prey of barrenness. But space affords but one extract, which we take from a letter addressed to the Amír, by Aga Mahommed Shah in 1797, and which contains a remarkable recognition of the national unity of the Turkish races:—

'Dost thou perchance wish to renew the old wars between Iran and Turan? For such a task thou art verily not sufficient. To play with the tail of the lion, to tickle the tiger in the ear, is not the part of the prudent man. Yet all men are descended from Adam and Eve, and if thou art proud of thy relationship to Turanian princes, know that my descent is also from the same. . . . We all of us owe thanks to God, the Almighty, that he hath given the dominion over Turan and Iran, over Rúm, Rúš, China, and India, to the exalted family of Turk. Let each be content. . . . I also will dwell in peace within the ancient boundaries of Iran, and none of us will pass over the Oxus' —P. 355.

It is indeed a notable fact that for more than eight centuries at least, unless the anarchy that followed the death of Nadir Shah show a kind of exception, no dynasty of other than Turanian blood has reigned in Iran; nor, during that time, has any dynasty of Iranian blood held high power anywhere in Asia.

The English of Vámbéry's work is far above the ordinary run of anonymous translations. There are some odd mistakes in it, but they evidently spring from the translator's want of familiarity with Oriental subjects, and not from defective knowledge of either German or English. Dr. Vámbéry gives us incidentally many curious etymologies. We are glad to believe him when he tells us that *Mankbarni*, the cognomen of Jaláluddín, the gallant king of Chorasmia, meaning 'the Sniveller,' is an error for *Mangbardi*, 'the Heaven-sent.' Still the meanings which he assigns to the names of the Tartar tribes are trivial enough. He considers the name of the great tribe of *Kerai* to have been a corruption of *Kiri*, 'Grey Dog.' *Manghit*, the tribe to which the reigning house of Bokhara belongs, he interprets as 'Sick Dog'! *Kungrat*, the race from which the khans of Cathay used to select their handmaidens, according to that strange system of competitive marks described by Marco Polo, and still surviving as an Uzbek clan, is 'Chestnut Horse;' and *Oirat*, another tribe of great fame in the Mongol wars, is 'Grey Horse.' We hesitate when our author asserts the surname of Timour, *Gurgán*, as commonly written to be properly *Köreken*, meaning 'handsome,' and to be merely the name of the particular family from which the conqueror was sprung. We have always understood the title *Gurgán* to be a Mongol term, meaning 'Son-in-law,' which was applied formally to chiefs espoused to ladies of the Great Khan family, and which was bestowed on Timour because one of his wives was a daughter of the last Mongol emperor at Cambaluc. Hence he

is called by the Chinese Timour *Fuma*, a term having the same application.

We bow to Professor Vámbéry's *Ozbeg*, without adopting a symbol that only puzzles an English reader; and we doubt not he has reasons for writing Belkh and Bedakhshan (though why in the name of consistency not *Bedekhsan*?), but in an English book we protest against these disguises of the familiar Balkh and Badakhshan; whilst we hardly recognise the Lion of the Panjáb under the form of *Rendjit*, or Naoshera (more strictly Nohshaira), the scene of his triumph over the Afghans, under that of *Nutcherov*.

The last chapter of the 'History of Bokhara' is headed '*Emir Mozaffar-eddin and the House of Romanoff*.' This gives a spirited sketch of Russian progress in Turkestan. Vámbéry, it need not be said, is no friend to Russian aggrandisement, but in this history he writes impartially and does full justice to Russian valour and enterprise.

In General Duhamel's memorandum on a diversion against British India, recently published by the '*Allgemeine Zeitung*,' on nothing is so much stress laid as on the necessity of Afghan alliance. And it was a just perception of this that led to our fatal enterprise of 1838. The importance attached to the Russian agency in that quarter was perfectly well founded, however disastrous the shape that our rulers gave to their consequent action. The third part of a century—the measure of a generation—has passed since then, and great indeed has been the approximation of the two empires. The advance has not been all on the Russian side. In 1838 our frontier posts were on the left bank of the Sutlej, and of these Ferozpor alone was within 300 miles of the Indus. In 1873 the Indus and all its Indian tributaries are within our frontier, which practically extends to the foot of the Bolan Pass leading to Southern Afghanistan, as well as to the jaws of the Khyber leading to Kábul. Russia was then at Orenburg; she is now at Samarkand; and her troops have been at Shahr Sabz. Roundly speaking, the direct interval between Ferozpor and Orenburg was more than 1800 miles, that between Peshawar and Samarkand is less than 500.

The history of the Russian advance from the old frontier has been sketched in former numbers of this Review by the hand of a master.* The last of these brought the narrative to the battle of Irjár and the capture of Khojand.

* See 'Quarterly Review' for October, 1865, and October, 1866.

The battle of Irjár, fought May 20th 1866, at a spot near the left bank of the Jaxartes between Tashkand and Khojand, was won by the Russians at very small cost; their friendly historian von Hellwald says, 'Some dozens of wounded were the loss spoken of; * but it was an important day in the history of Central Asia.

The Amír of Bokhara there first came into personal contact with Russian discipline, courage, and artillery; he had to flee for his life, leaving his whole camp equipage, guns, and material. It was difficult to maintain illusions when Russian round-shot were bowling by him, and Cossack spears pressing upon his crupper; and, for the first time, the hard shell of arrogance and ignorance was pierced by some perception of his own inefable weakness before the power that he had provoked. Vámbéry calls Irjár the Cannæ of Turkestan, but perhaps *Plassey* would be a happier parallel, not only in the results of the victory, but in the disparity of the victor's force and the insignificance of his losses. Khojand was stormed a fortnight later (6th June). The half of Khokand, with two out of its three most important cities, had now passed into the Russian empire, and the Khan held what was left him at the pleasure of the Czar; the Russians, therefore, had nothing to dread in rear of their advance to Bokhara. The Amír looked far and near for help in vain.

Count Dashkoff, who had succeeded to the command, advanced. The fortress of Uratippa was stormed on the 2nd October, 1866; and Jizzakh on the 18th. A pause followed, during which an imperial ukase [16th (28th) July, 1867] reconstructed the Russian administration in Central Asia, placing under one general government of Turkestan the whole of the territory from the Aral to the Thianshan and the Zungarian frontier. General Kaufmann was selected for the new government. The Amír in this interval made some half-hearted and futile attempts at negotiation, followed by renewed hostilities. In May, 1868, the Russian advanced posts were at Tash-Koprük, or 'the Stone Bridge,' on one of the branches of the Zarafshán, or River of Samarkand. On the 13th the force (about 8000 men and 16 guns) went forward. A vain attempt was made to stop them by a pretence of negotia-

* Yet this Austrian writer speaks of the 'murderous fire' of the Amír's artillery, and says he was provided through English aid with excellent rifled cannon and Minié small-arms. It is strange that so intelligent a writer can be so credulous. He is surpassed, however, by the Petersburg *Mir*, which states that England is organising Chinese troops in Western China to use against the Russians!—*Times*, March 29th.

tion; but General Kaufmann paid no attention, and the Zarafshán was crossed in the face of the Uzbek batteries. The Amír's troops, amounting to some 40,000 men, and posted most favourably, left their guns and ran as soon as the Russians drew near. The gates of Samarkand were closed against the fugitives, but opened to the enemy.

The Amír's last attempt at resistance against the invaders was made (June 14) at Sirpúl, about sixty miles on the Bokhara side of Samarkand, ending, as usual, in the complete rout and dispersion of the Amír's forces and capture of their guns, and was followed by the peace which transferred to Russia all the Bokhara territory from Katta-Kurghán eastward, accompanied by a war indemnity and the fullest concession of commercial privileges.*

Simultaneously an episode occurred at Samarkand which reads like a repetition of events in India. Major von Stempel had been left behind in the old citadel with detachments amounting to 658 men, including sick. A force brought by Jura and Baba Beg, the chiefs of Kitáb and Shahr Sabz, to the aid of Bokhara, and consisting of many thousands, after an attempt to decoy the garrison to a distance from the walls, with the treacherous connivance of the native officials, entered the city, and for eight days continued their assaults, by day and night, upon the very imperfect defences of the citadel. These were maintained in the most heroic and indefatigable manner, with heavy loss indeed (221 killed and wounded), but without parting with an inch of ground; and on the 20th June the return of General Kaufmann brought relief to this illustrious garrison.

We may mistrust the objects of the conquering Russian, or feel that his interest and ours are hard to reconcile; but it is impossible to feel much compassion for the conquered Uzbek. The memory of Conolly and Stoddart is enough to bar that. Nor surely can any Englishman read the details of Russian feats like this defence of Samarkand without a glow of sympathy, and the remembrance of many a parallel story on Indian soil.

Not long afterwards the Amír had to seal his humiliation by calling in Russian aid to put down a rebellion which his heir, Abdul Malik Mirza, had raised, with the assistance of the chiefs of Shahr Sabz on the south of the Aksai mountains, which bound the valley of the Zarafshán. Karshi (November 1868), and, on a renewed occasion two years later,

Shahr Sabz itself, the cradle of Timour,[†] were occupied by General Abramoff, but faithfully made over to the Amír of Bokhara.

Evidently, however, it rests with Russia to advance her boundary to the Oxus when she thinks it for her advantage. And in the recent correspondence between Lord Granville and Prince Gortchakoff the probability of that advance seems almost frankly implied.

That correspondence and the discussions on it have brought up many names destined perhaps to be better known, but heretofore little familiar. Nor has this sudden revival of the Central Asian question in a new phase found some of our most potent authorities of the press well up in their geography. To quote examples would be invidious, though it would be the best justification of our desire to devote the remainder of this paper to an attempt, aided by free use of the works before us, to sketch some of the main facts of the geography of the countries between the two empires, and especially of the tracts named in the recent correspondence.

We must limit our field, and do not intend to touch on the three great northern Khanates. Their fate seems fixed as that of the three sinners whom Dante beheld in the jaws of Dis. Bokhara, already more than half devoured,

'Che 'l capo ha dentro e fuor le gambe mena;'
Khokand, mutilated and still, but his head yet spared,

'Vedi come si storce, e non fa motto.'

Khiva, 'che par sì membruto,' the most bloated sinner of the three, even as he feels the 'maciulla,' the heckle of the mighty grinders closing upon him, calls up a show of the old insolence.

There is one particular name which haunts the geographical utterances of some of our daily teachers, as the case of King Charles I. haunted the memorials of one of Mr. Dickens's eccentrics—it is the *Bolor Dagh*. At one time conviction dawns of the fact that this Bolor Dagh belongs, like *phlogiston* or the *primum mobile*, to an obsolete system. But it is only for a moment; a few days pass, and we find our old friend the Bolor Dagh revived, like the 'De'il that was dead' in the old Scotch rhyme, and playing as important a part as ever.

The reality represented in some measure by this name of Bolor Dagh, condemned to geographical oblivion by the error and fiction

* We nowhere find a trustworthy statement of the terms.

[†] This is the *Sherri Yebst* taken possession of by the Russians according to B. p. 51. One fancies at first that they had secured a butt of some famous dry vintage.

with which it has got inextricably connected, is the mountain mass on which lies the great plateau of Pamir. M. Severtzoff and some other geographers give this mass the name of Tsung-ling, applied to it by the Chinese from time immemorial, and which has perhaps as fair a claim to adoption as those of Kuen-lun and Thian-shan, which have long acquired all the rights of citizenship. But we shall adhere to the name of Pamir as less outlandish. This seems to be the 'Mountain Parnassus' of Aristotle, 'the greatest of all that exist towards the winter sunrise,' from which flowed down Indus, Bactrus, Choaspes, Araxes, and other rivers of the largest size. To this the old Parsi traditions seem to point as the origin and nucleus of the Aryan migrations. And to this day it is a centre round which cluster in a very remarkable manner fragments of old Aryan nations. On this central boss of Asia the oldest Mahommedan invaders would seem, by their identification with Gihon and Phison of the great rivers which descend from its sides, to have believed that the terrestrial paradise was to be sought. This is the northern Imaus of Ptolemy, over which caravans passed to Serica for silk. And our most modern geographers concur with Ptolemy in regarding this great physical and political watershed as but a prolongation of the great Himalya. To this day, thirty-five years after Captain Wood's winter journey to one of the chief sources of the Oxus on the Pamir plateau, no second European has stood upon that upper story of the world; and though native explorers have rounded his data and extended route-measurements across the whole breadth of the great watershed, it is still to that officer that we are indebted for the core and spine of our geography of the Upper Oxus. We regret that Captain Alexander Wood, in republishing his father's narrative, did not give us a regular biography of the author.* The slight sketch that he does present of his history, the charm of character which shines from the narrative itself, and the high importance and interest of his exploration mark him as one entitled to a permanent place among English worthies.

If we look to the Pamir plateau, properly so called, the whole drainage of its surface flows by various branches either to the Oxus, or to that great central drain of Eastern Turkestan which our maps call Tarim Gol, terminating in Lake Lob, a basin without outlet, of which we know but the name.

* And surely a portrait of him in the good old fashion would have formed an apter and more valuable frontispiece than the horrid crocodiles that usurp that place.

The old tradition of the Chinese, based perhaps upon the apparent disproportion of this recipient to the vast amount of drainage directed towards it, has always regarded the Tarim as the veritable origin of the Hoang-ho, which was supposed to dive underground like a colossal Arethusa, and to reappear near the Chinese frontier. Neither Indus nor Jaxartes draws any supplies from the proper surface of the plateau, though the former is fed from its southern spurs, and the latter also may be regarded as receiving contributions from its northern counterforts in the upper valleys of Khokand.

Strictly speaking, however, Pamir is divided from the Khokand mountains by another and lower plateau, called the Steppe of Alai. A vast sierra runs like a barrier wall from east to west between these two Steppes, rising in some glorious peaks to 25,000 feet above the sea. To this the eminent traveller Fedchenko, who first descried it from the north, has given from the Russian standpoint the name of *Trans-Alai*. To us, looking from India, it would be *Cis-Alai* or *Trans-Pamir*, and it seems better to retain the neutral name which our Indian travellers had already given it of *Kizil Yart*.

Taking this sierra as the northern limit, the Pamir Steppe may be reckoned to have a length of about 180 miles from north to south, with a breadth of about half. It rises at the highest part to 15,600 feet above the sea, and seems to consist in the main of stretches of tolerably level ground, broken and divided by low rounded hills, and in many places whitened with salts, but interspersed with patches of willow and thorny shrubs, and in summer with tracts of luxuriant grass, the fattening properties of which have been extolled by various travellers from Marco Polo downwards. Many lakes, apparently shallow and varying in extent with the season, are scattered over the surface. Deer (or some animal so called by native travellers) are numerous near the waters, and the great sheep to which Mr. Blyth gave the name of *Ovis Poli*, after the traveller who first mentioned it, seems to be found all over the plateau. According to one native traveller the wild yak, a characteristic animal of the higher Himalya, is also found on Pamir.

To the eastward some of the offshoots of Pamir rise high into the regions of eternal snow before dropping into the plains of Kashgar or the valleys of the Yarkand river and its tributaries. On these upper waters a small secluded State, spoken of already as ancient in the seventh century, had maintained itself in essential independence from time immemorial. Latterly it bore the name

of Sarikol, or of Tashkurhán ('Stone Fort') from the wall of massive stone that girds its old capital. Much interest attaches to it as having been till the other day the one surviving community of Aryan race to the eastward of Imaus. In 1869 it was annexed by the present ruler of Kashgar; the representative of its ancient Tajik lords was driven out,* and the whole of his people were swept away to be replaced by Kirghiz herdsmen.

Below this is Eastern Turkestan, a country which till very recently had been for centuries rigidly inaccessible. It forms a great elevated basin, encircled, except on the east, where the Great Gobi shuts it in, by mountains among the highest in the world. The southern and western parts of the basin, where the cities of Khotan, Yarkand, and Kashgar, have existed from unknown dates, stand at a level of upwards of 4000 feet above the sea, and its lowest part, where Lake Lob lies, is supposed to stand about 1200. The populated country consists of a chain of oases forming an open necklace of rich cultivation, girdling a central desert—the Taklá Makán—which is, in fact, a great inlet of the Gobi. A constant tradition in the country, confirmed by notices in Chinese works, alleges the great encroachments of this desert, and speaks of cities buried in its sands, of which the sites are known. That treasure is reputed to be found in these is a matter of course, but that *tea* is found, in one of them at least, is a more uncommon circumstance, and appears to be a matter of fact. The climate is very dry; there is little rain; cultivation depends on irrigation from the rivers, which are utilised by an infinity of canals and watercourses. Mr. Shaw, the first Englishman to penetrate this region, and, fortunately for us, as intelligent as he is enterprising, was strongly impressed by the cultivated and settled aspect of the country, and by the prosperous, brisk, and intelligent aspect of the people. He believes that though they have long been Turks in language, there is in the race a deep basis of Aryan blood. The long faces, well-formed noses, and full beards of the peasantry testify to this.

From the second century before Christ this region has again and again come under Chinese dominion. It did so on the last occasion in 1759, and they held it, not without frequent and serious revolts, till 1863. The spirit of insurrection which had for eight or nine years been rife among the Mahomedan subjects of China then spread to these regions; the eagles gathered from all sides to

the prey, and the mastery of the country was eventually attained, through alternate valour and treachery, by Mahommed Yakúb Kushbegi. This man is said to be by descent a Tajik of Shaghnan, but born at Pishpek, on the Chû river (now in the Russian territory of Fort Vernoë), and, according to some accounts, commanded the Khokand garrison of Ak-masjid, on the Jaxartes, when they repelled the first tentative attack of the Russians in 1852. For the last six years he has reigned over the whole basin of Eastern Turkestan with the title of Atalik Ghâzi; and his power now reaches from Pamir eastward to Komul, a distance of some 1100 miles. Should Russia covet this territory, she would probably not find the first conquest difficult, now that Khokand is practically a tributary. It is, indeed, alleged that the chief pass between Khokand and Kashgar has been already made practicable for artillery. But it is not probable that the Russian Government will at any early date be desirous so far to extend its cares; nor, if it did, would the occupation be so serious to us as the establishment of Russian power on the Oxus.

During the period of the Chinese rule, up to the murder of Adolphus Schlagintweit at Kashgar in 1857, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that as little rumour of what passed in Eastern Turkestan reached India across the high Tibetan tracts as there reached Europe in the middle ages of what was passing among the Aztecs. Many Englishmen now living must have spent thirty years in the upper provinces of India without ever having heard a word of events in Kashgar or Khotan. About the years 1834-35 some obstacles in the route usually followed by pilgrims from Chinese Turkestan, bound for the holy places of Arabia, led them to adopt the practice of travelling to Bombay for shipment to Jedda. Mr. Wathen, then Secretary to the Bombay Government, having taken advantage of this circumstance to collect from them a number of particulars regarding the modern history and geography of their country, the publication of these was regarded as a contribution to knowledge of extreme novelty and value.* And justly so, seeing how completely closed to modern exploration the country was. This entire absence of communication was due, no doubt, in some considerable degree, to the old Chinese custom of hermetically sealing a frontier.† But,

* See 'Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal,' vol. iv. p. 653.

† The unchanged conservative custom of the ancient Seres: 'Mites quidem sed et ipsi feris persimiles, cœtum reliquorum mortalium fugiunt.'—Pliny, vi. 20.

* He appears, from an allusion in the Russian papers, to have found his way to Tashkand.

in a great degree also, it was owing to the nature of the routes between the two countries. A few figures will best show what that is.

Amritsar, the commercial centre of the Panjáb, lies about 60 miles from the foot of the mountains, and its distance in a straight line to Yarkand is, roundly speaking, 460 miles. But the actual distance as travelled by the principal routes is—

1. By Kashmir, Ladák, Karakorum Passes, and Shadulla, to Yarkand, 70 marches, or 945 miles;

2. By the more easterly routes, via Kúlú, Ladák, Changchenmo, and Shadulla, to Yarkand, 77 marches, or 1069 miles.

On the first of these two lines, and in the section between Ladák and Shadulla, the frontier station of the Kashgar government, an interval which occupies 20 marches, four passes have to be crossed that are higher than 17,500 feet above the sea, and for ten successive marches the halting-ground is never below 15,000 feet, say the height of Mont Blanc.

On the second route, the interval between Ladák and Shadulla occupies 25 marches. On this also four passes have to be crossed that are higher than 17,500 feet, and three of the four are over 18,350 feet. Moreover during these 25 marches the encampment is never below 11,000 feet; three times only it is below 12,000, and in eleven cases it is at 15,000 feet and upwards. This surely is the true Roof of the World! Pamir is but an entresol.

The intervention of such a region as these figures characterize not only renders serious menace on that side impracticable, but it is such a barrier to communication, and such a deadener of the sense of neighbourhood, that the presence even of a Russian force upon the plain of Yarkand would not be realised with anything like the vivid impressions that would be produced by its advent on the Oxus opposite Balkh or Kunduz.

Great as these obstacles are, they are not enough to prevent trade. The year after our Government persuaded the Maharaja of Kashmir to abolish transit duties on the trade with the Kashgar territories, it increased sevenfold. The demand, by that well-to-do population of which Mr. Shaw has told us, for our Indian teas, and for our English woollens and piece goods, is great. Shawl-wool, silk, and gold are to be had in return. And yet we have all but let these advantages slip through our fingers:—

* The trade of the new Russian province of Tashkend was in 1868 about 5,000,000^l.* in

* This figure has naturally given rise to ques-

value, but was said to be capable of vast increase if the Eastern Turkestan market could be secured. Since then Russia has made a commercial treaty with the Atalik Gházi, Mohammed Yakúb, for the purpose of securing access to this market, but it is quite open to us at present to do the same. The moment, however, is critical. Russia, in the exercise of her undoubted rights, has chosen to protect her own manufacturers by establishing a prohibitive tariff against English goods in her newly conquered provinces. Even in the semi-independent State of Bokhara, her influence has secured the imposition of crushing differential duties to the detriment of English trade. We thus see what we have to expect in the vastly more important market of Eastern Turkestan, now that she has once put her foot there. And surely we shall not be able to blame the native ruler if he grants to Russia exclusively those commercial advantages which we do not take the trouble to ask for a share in.*

The chain of lofty Himalyan peaks striking off from the south-east point of Pamir, to which our maps give the Turki names of Múztágh and Karakorum, divides the highest valleys of Sarikol and the Yarkand river from the basin of the Indus, which draws, from those mountains and the southern buttresses of Pamir, the tribute of the River of Gilghit and its confluents. This Gilghit valley, with the valley-states ramifying from it of Hunza or Kanjút, Nagri, and Yasin, and others to the south-west, of which we barely know the names, constitute Dardistán, the country of the Daradas of old Sanskrit literature, the *Daradræ* and *Dardæ* of Ptolemy and Pliny, still bearing the same generic name as *Dardus*. Of the Gilghit valleys we know little yet, and from the Gilghit confluence, for a course of many miles down the main stream, no European has ever passed. The Raja of Kashmir is gradually annexing the Dard valleys. In Yasin, one of the highest of them, poor Hayward was so cruelly murdered two years ago, when about to ascend to Pamir by the Pass of Darkot.† His last letters give a few particulars regarding the people, and speak of their brown hair, occasional hazel and blue eyes, and the (comparatively) English aspect of the women. Though the people of all the districts we have named are reckoned as Dardus, at least two languages are

tion, but the amount is not essential to the object urged.

* Letter of Mr. R. B. Shaw in the 'Times,' Jan. 25, 1873.—We are glad to see by recent accounts from Calcutta that an envoy has arrived from Kashgar, that a commercial treaty is likely to be concluded, and that Mr. Forsyth will conduct a return mission.

† We have a report of this pass by one Ibrahim Khan. It runs for about six miles over snow, and a glacier has to be crossed.

spoken among them, having absolutely nothing in common. The *Khajuna*, spoken by the people of Hunza and Nagri, at the foot of the great Múztágh glaciers (the greatest glaciers in the world out of the Polar circles), is a non-Aryan tongue, whose relationship has not yet been traced to any language. Little has been told us of these people. The Kanjútis of Hunza are described as 'tall skeletons;' they are by habit and repute desperate brigands and man-stealers, and are the terror of the northern valleys. The *Shind*, again, or language of the south-western Dards, is evidently a dialect of Sanskrit kin.*

Most, if not all, of the Dard tribes now profess Mahommedanism, but, like others of the rude converts around Pamir, they have not abandoned their love of the grape-juice, which abounds in these purlieus of the Ny-sæan Mount.† And Islam having but recently penetrated those regions, there is naturally a lack of those venerable shrines of ancient saints in which Mahommedan devotees rejoice. Hence, it is alleged, the Dardu Moslem, when they catch a promising saint, are apt to make a martyr of him, in order to have a holy shrine at hand, as an aid in 'making their souls.'

In that unknown tract of the Indus valley to the south, the Dard comes in contact with tribes of Afghan race, or, at least, of tribes *Afghanised* by long contact and subjection, and these extend down to our own Afghan province of Pesháwar. The name of *Yághisátn*, applied to the tract, exactly describes the *malandrinresco* character which the people have borne ever since the region was colonised by the turbulent Afghan. A large part of the country derives a more courteous name from the great Afghan clan of Yúsufzai, who are its predominant occupants, and who also inhabit the northern half of our Pesháwar plain. But the less complimentary name is thoroughly deserved. Their polity is, probably, the nearest approach to the realisation of the French *Commune*, in its most modern sense, that exists on earth. Each petty tribe forms an independent commonwealth, and each such community is the rival, if not the foe, of every other. When undisturbed by a common external enemy, the several tribes are always opposed; feuds, estrangements, and affrays are of constant occurrence; the public roads and private property are alike insecure. The traveller inva-

riably conceals and misrepresents the time and direction of his journey. *Vendetta*, unsurpassed by anything in Corsican story, is a law imbibed by children with the mother's milk; and the women are often the first to urge their men to deeds of blood. The men, though wearing arms as regularly as other men wear clothes, seldom or never venture from their own lands, unless disguised as priests or beggars. On the Pesháwar plain, previous to the British occupation, men ploughed with rifle slung and sword girt; growing crops and grazing cattle were watched by armed pickets. All this is changed now *within* the red line; and the Yúsufzai plain, of which great part was dreary waste, is becoming rapidly covered with cultivation. But the plain alone is within our boundary, and the old characteristics prevail beyond it.

Of our Pesháwar valley itself some parts have an aspect of savage sterility; but from the slight elevation on which the British camp stands, the impression, especially in spring, is very different. A vast sheet of luxuriant wheat is at your feet, broken by groves of fruit-trees rich in blossom; the clear bold outline of the mountains encircles you on all sides; snowy peaks, the outliers of Hindu Kúsh, rise to the north-west; to the south-west open the dark jaws of Khyber, breathing painful memories; far to the north-east you almost certainly behold Aornos, if you but knew which of those heights it crowned! Yonder cairn of tumbled stones on the plain was once a great Buddhist dagoba, rising in golden splendour to a height of 700 feet (so say the Chinese travellers), the work of the great Scythian conqueror Kanishka. The valley was studded with the cities and temples of an Indian people. But after the Mahommedan invasions began, and the Mongol raids that followed them, year after year, the fertile and prosperous plain became desolate; man almost disappeared, and the rhinoceros haunted the marshy thickets of the valley. Then came the Afghan immigration. The marshy thickets exist no longer, and the very memory of the rhinoceros, which Sultan Baber hunted here little more than 350 years ago, has perished as utterly as the mammoth's on the banks of the Dordogne; nor does the animal exist within a thousand miles of Pesháwar.

In the Yúsufzai country, near our border, there has existed for many years the seat of a fanatical Mahommedan zealotry, founded originally some fifty years ago, and which has long derived recruits and remittances from the bigoted and malcontent in India. The troubles stirred by this nest of sedition and fanaticism led to the somewhat serious

* A work now being published by Dr. Leitner, of Lahore, may be expected to give information of high interest on Dardistan.

† Nothing seems clear as to the position of that city and Mount of Bacchus, which was visited by Alexander, except that it was somewhere in the angle between the Kábul river and the Indus.

operations of 1863 known as the Sitána or Ambeyla Campaign. A name often mentioned in connection with those troubles was that of the Akhund of Swát. This personage, Abdul Ghafír, was originally a herdsman, whose austerities and hermit life gradually won him an immense reputation for sanctity and miraculous power. His history is singularly like that of some of the ascetic saints in the Roman Calendar. Though not a man of literary or theological education, he became a potent authority in all religious questions, and issued his rescripts to the surrounding regions. It was commonly believed that he daily entertained hundreds of visitors, cured them of all diseases, granted their diversity of desires, and fed them as his guests, without the aid of visible means. Probably the Akhund was by no means himself the active and indefatigable intriguer that the Anglo-Indian press conceived, but he and his name were used as tools by the Sitána gang.

Swát is the greatest of the Yúsufzai valleys. In old times, when yet an Indian country, it was known as *Udyána*, or 'The Garden.' Its river, Suvastú, appears by that name (*Soastus*) in the Greek writers, and the remains of old Indian cities and Buddhist temples still exist in the valley. It has never been entered by any European, nor is that easy for any stranger, even a Mahomedan. The valley, 70 miles in length, is crowded with villages, hidden among groves of plane and other stately trees; the cultivation runs in an almost unbroken chain of terraces beside the noisy and sparkling river; and the mountains above are crowned with forests of the edible pine, the Deodar cedar, and the wild olive. But this secluded paradise has its drawbacks. It is frightfully unhealthy; the filth and vermin of the dwellings are even beyond other Afghan wont; and feuds are at such a pitch in the upper valley that hardly any intercourse takes place between village and village. Some of the Swát customs are very peculiar. Among others is that of a periodical redistribution of lands by lot, after intervals varying from ten to thirty years. Another is that when two proprietors fall out, both are expelled from the community (like the 'rogue elephants' of Ceylon) with the loss of all civil and domestic rights, until they can make it up again. The women have great freedom, and go out on visiting excursions 30 or 40 miles from home, in bevis of fifteen or twenty together, with no male escort. The Swátis also, strange in Mahomedans, are said, after a few years, to drive the plough through their own cemeteries, prefacing the operation merely by an apostrophe to their

dead kith and kin, 'Look out! tuck up your legs! the plough is coming.*' The men are dark and lean, having little resemblance to the typical Afghan, and it is probable that a strong mixture of aboriginal blood, as well as seclusion, has tended to fashion their peculiarities.

Near Jalálábád—a name still heard with pride by an Englishman,—the Kábul river is joined by a large tributary, descending from the lofty mountain country to the north, and generally called in our maps by the local names of Kúner or Kámer. It is the *Choaspes*, and perhaps the *Malamantus*, of the ancients. As far as the first lofty chain of heights through which the river breaks, the country is inhabited by *Afghanised* tribes; after a rugged ascent the upper valley is reached, extending, it is said, in comparatively easy slope to the borders of Pamir, and forming the kingdom called Chitrál, or as often Káshkár. Klaproth, whose knowledge was large, but not the omniscience which he supposed, decided that the mention of a Kashkar in this quarter was a blunder of Elphinstone's; but he was rash and wrong.†

Our knowledge of this country is scanty. The people make an ignorant profession of Shiah Mahomedanism. Their language, from the vocabularies that have been published, is evidently of Sanskrit affinity. A telegram from Russia recently announced that the Mír of Badakhshán had 'concluded an offensive and defensive treaty with the Badshah of Chitrál.' The chief of Káshkár does in fact give himself the high-sounding title of *Bádsháh*, but it is about as appropriate as that of the quondam Emperor Soulouque. The country is said to be fertile and well peopled; but at heights varying from 6000 to 12,000 feet, these are relative terms; and probably 80,000 souls would be a liberal guess-estimate at the population of his territory. The country is said to produce some silk and shawl-wool, with abundance of fruit, including fine grapes, from which wine is made, and used freely. Man-selling is very rife in Chitrál. The usual victims are the neighbouring Kafir tribes; but, failing them, the King is said to seize on slight pretence and sell his own subjects. Badakh-

* Captain Raverty, in B. A. S. Journal, xxxi. p. 265.

† . . . 'Un amas d'absurdités reçues à bras ouverts par les compilateurs, et entre lesquelles le double Kachghar occupe le premier rang. Le voyageur anglais, M. Elphinstone, ayant entendu parler de la ville de Kachghar. . . et du pays du même nom . . . n'a pas su combiner ces notions, que de supposer deux Kachghar. Il est cependant bien clair,' &c.—*Mémoires relatifs à l'Asie*, ii. 293.

shán is the usual mart. The Chief of Upper Káshkár, which recently formed a separate State, is alleged to have sent an annual tribute of slaves to the Prince of Badakhshán.*

The road by Chitrál to Wakhan and Pamir (and so to Yarkand or Kashgar) is said to present less natural difficulty than any other from India; but this is not saying a great deal. The usual route leads from Pesháwar to Dír, in the north-west part of the Yúsufzai hill-country, through the Bajaur highlands, between the Kúner and the Panj-kora rivers, that is to say the tract between the *Choaspes* and the *Guraus*, which Alexander traversed, and in which he captured the city *Arigaum*. Dír is mentioned by Marco Polo as on the route taken by Mongol banditti in an inroad on Kashmir and the Panjáb, from the side of Badakhshán. From Dír the road northward crosses the mountains which form the western wall of the Chitrál Valley, by a pass having a probable height of 12,000 or 13,000 feet. In winter this pass is impracticable on account of the snow, and in summer it is much beset by Kafir robbers, who keep up an incessant fire upon travellers. Many are killed in the pass, and the graves of those who have fallen are marked by cairns and flags, and designated 'The tombs of the martyrs.' Hundreds of these dismal memorials line the road and damp the traveller's spirits on the way between Dír and Chitrál. Besides the pass at the head of the Chitrál Valley, leading to Pamir, there are more direct but more difficult passes from Chitrál direct across the Hindu Kúsh to Badakhshán. On that called *Nuksán*, glaciers and large beds of snow are passed. In descending towards Chitrál the traveller is girt with a leathern kilt, and slides down the snow slope. Ponies have their feet tied together and are rolled down. 'By these processes,' says the native authority, 'both men and beasts generally reach the base of the pass safely.'

The learned but errant Wilford, in the latter part of last century, sent one Moghul Beg, a forerunner of Major Montgomerie's 'Pundits,' to explore these regions, and was informed by him that Chitrál was then 'in great measure tributary to the Emperor of China.' This is a very curious circumstance, and, combined with other information, collected by our eminent traveller, Mr. Shaw, identifies Chitrál with that *Bolor* of the modern Chinese Tables which has been ren-

dered, by a combination of accidents, such a Will-o'-the-Wisp in geography.

The people of Káshkár are said to be very handsome, like their immediate neighbours to the westward, the Kafirs or Pagans; indeed, they are in all probability merely converted section of the same race.

The land of the independent Kafirs—land of lofty mountains, dizzy paths, an narrow bridges swinging over roaring to rents, of narrow, terraced valleys, of umbrageous forest trees, of wine and milk and honey, remains, as when Elphinstone first collected particulars regarding the people untrodden by any European foot. The best chance that has ever occurred of exploring this country presented itself during the British occupation of Kábul, and was, in a melancholy manner, despised and neglected. The story is thus told by Captain Raverty in the words of an officer who witnessed the circumstances:—

'In the end of 1839 . . . when the Shah (Shújáh) and Sir W. Macnaghten had gone down to Jelalabad for winter quarters, a deputation of the Siahposh Kafirs came in from Nurgil to pay their respects, and, as it appeared, to welcome us as their relatives. If I recollect right there were some thirty or forty of them, and they made their entry into our lines with bagpipes playing. An Afghan Peon, sitting outside Edward Conolly's tent, on seeing these savages, rushed into his master's presence, exclaiming, 'Here they are, Sir! They are all come! Here are all your relations.' Conolly, amazed, looked up from his writing, and asked what on earth he meant; when the Peon, with a very innocent face, pointed out the skin-clad men of the mountains, saying, 'There! don't you see them? Your relatives the Kafirs!' . . . The Kafirs themselves certainly claimed relationship; but I fear their reception by poor Sir William was not such as pleased them; and they returned to the hills regarding us as a set of purse-proud people, ashamed to own our country cousins. During the remainder of our sojourn in Afghanistan nothing more was seen or heard of this singular race . . . and I cannot but regard it as most unfortunate that when so favourable an opportunity presented itself of becoming acquainted with these tribes, and the country they inhabit, they should have been allowed to depart unconciliated, and no advantage have been taken of their visit.*

The narrator himself does not say what manner of men our supposed cousins were, except that they were 'skin-clad.' But unless they were *fair*, we scarcely see how the story of their kinship to us should have arisen. Burnes, Atkinson, Wood, and Masson, all speak of their blue eyes, nearly all of their brown hair. Bellew describes *Paramors*

* The same charge of selling his subjects was formerly alleged against the Mir of Badakhshán. See Timkowski's 'Travels,' i. 423.

* 'Journal of Asiatic Society of Bengal,' vol. xxviii. p. 345.

Khan, an officer of Kafir birth in Afghan service, as of fair, almost florid complexion, and light brown hair, hardly to be distinguished from an Englishman. Elphinstone, who saw so accurately through a telescope what others have missed with the objects under their eyes,* says that the Kafirs are remarkable for the fairness and beauty of their complexions. All these indications point to European complexion at least, but we are called to abandon this as delusion by Dr. Trumpp, a learned German missionary, who made acquaintance with three Kafirs at Peshawar. He declares them to have been in all respects like natives of the Upper Provinces of India, of swarthy colour, with dark hair and dark eyes; only with a ruddiness due to wine. Further, Dr. Trumpp asserts that the Kafir words given by Burnes 'are not Kafir words at all, but belong to one of the numerous dialects which are spoken in the Kohistan of Kábul.' But in fact, all the scanty vocabularies professing to represent the languages of the Kafirs, Kohistánis, Pashais, and other pre-Afghan tribes of that mountain country, show a good deal in common with a good deal of divergence. After all, Kafir is as vague a term as liberal theologian; and even among the Kafirs of that ilk—the Kafirs of Kafiristan, whose typical fairness we cannot doubt—there are eighteen tribes, and, may be, varieties of dialect. Hear again the accurate Elphinstone:—'There are several languages [dialects?] among the Kafirs, but they have all many words in common, and all have a near connection with the Shanskrit. They have all one peculiarity, which is, that they count by scores instead of hundreds, and that their thousand (which they call by the Persian or Pushtoo name) consists of 400, or 20 score.' The reckoning by scores instead of hundreds appears in the grammar of a Kafir dialect collected by Dr. Trumpp.

Among the notable customs of the people, besides their large and constant use of wine (which they boil, says Sultan Baber, a connoisseur in that matter), they always sit on chairs or stools, and find it as difficult as we do to adopt the cramped postures usual among Asiatics; they use slips of pine for candles; they employ with dexterity leaping poles for crossing the smaller streams; the dead are placed in coffins, and, after much wailing, are carried to some lofty spot, and there deposited, but not buried. Their winter is severe, and arable land scanty; hence they depend much on dairy produce.

* The Afghans believed that he had a telescope with which he could see what passed on the other side of a mountain. As a parable it was true.

Their houses are lofty, at least on the downward side of the hill, and much embellished with wood-carving.

Surrounded by people professing Mahomedanism they are natural objects of kidnapping forays, and these they retort on their neighbours by sallies from their mountain fastnesses to plunder and kill. Wood, in 1838, found the valley of the Upper Kokcha in Badakhshán deserted on account of the Kafir incursions. Raverty mentions a savage invasion of Kafiristan, made twenty years ago from the south-east side by the chief of Bajaur, in which villages were sacked and burned, and the people carried off and sold. Faiz Bakhsh speaks of a like invasion from the north in 1870 by the reigning Mir of Badakhshán, which penetrated through the Dozakh Darah, or Hell-glen, to Kalar, which he calls 'the capital of Kafiristan,' bringing back a large number of captives, whom he saw at Fyzabad. Whatever difficulty from *within* the Kafir country exists as to its exploration is due apparently to this atrocious treatment at the hands of their Mahomedan neighbours.

It is pretty certain that the Afghans were not wrong in calling them our cousins, though more than 'once removed.' Perhaps when we come really to know them we shall find in them the nearest existing type of what the Aryan Hindu was when he first entered that sacred land of the *Haptu Hendu*, or Seven Rivers, from which he has acquired a name, and when the blue-eyed Brahmans drove their white oxen a-field in the forests of Gandhara.

The *Kamoz* tribe of Kafirs are fairly supposed to be the surviving representatives of the *Kambojas* of primeval Indian literature, a name with which scholars have connected that of Cambyes, and from which was borrowed, by a practice frequent among Buddhist colonists, or converts, the name of that region in the far East in whose forest depths such weird and stupendous masses of architecture have lately come to light. In two other Kafir tribes—the *Ashpins* and *Ashkins*—one is tempted to trace remnants of the *Aspasii* and *Assaceni* of Alexander's historians.

Passing westward from Kafiristan we find the valleys of Tagao, Nijrao, and Panjshir, scarcely better known, and largely inhabited by a people—the Pashais—who appear to be of kindred race to the Kafirs. It is much to be desired that the improvement of our maps of northern Afghanistan should be seriously taken in hand by our official Indian geographers. It is not merely north of Hindu Kúsh where our rulers have been discussing the limits of Afghan dominion,

that we need additional light; it is even more seriously wanted on the south of the mountains. Our maps agree in presenting blanks greatly to be lamented, and they disagree in other respects to a startling extent; especially in that important field that intervenes between Kábul and the passes of the Hindu Kúsh. The most diligent surveyor during our occupation of Kábul was the gallant Sturt, of the Bengal Engineers, the son-in-law of Sir Robert and Lady Sale, and whose name is worthy to be remembered with their own. It seems probable that his work perished with him in the fatal passes, for no trace of it has been found by recent search, either at Calcutta or at Westminster; and the only professed record of all his precious labours that is known to survive is a meagre map in a very poor book,* stated therein to have been 'chiefly derived' from a map by Sturt, who was the author's companion on a journey into the Oxus valley.

We can dwell no longer on the tracts south of Hindu Kúsh, but before passing beyond it to the ground dealt with in Lord Granville's late correspondence with Prince Gortschakoff, it may be well to recall the chief facts regarding the dominion of the Afghans north of the Indian Caucasus.

The Russian Minister speaks of Dost Mahommed as the founder of the Afghan State; but this is not accurate.

The modern Afghan State was formed from a fragment of the Empire of Nadir Shah, that last specimen of the typical Asiatic conqueror on a great scale. Among the many Afghans in his army was a young soldier of distinction, Ahmed Khan Abdali, who, on the assassination of his leader (1747), hastened to snatch the government of his native province. This he shortly afterwards converted into kingly authority, assuming the style of *Dur-i-Dúrán*—'The Pearl of the Age'—and bestowing that of *Duráni* upon his tribe, the Abdalis. During the twenty-six restless years that he survived he carried his victorious expeditions far and wide. Westward they extended nearly to the shore of the Caspian; eastward he repeatedly entered Delhi as a conqueror; and at his death he bequeathed to his son Timour an empire which embraced, not only Afghanistan to its utmost limits, but Sind, the Panjáb, Kashmir, and the territory north of Hindu Kúsh to the Oxus. This, we apprehend, is the *original* foundation of the Afghan claim to the provinces north of the mountains.

Badakhshán also was overrun by the arms

of Ahmed Shah about the year 1765. The pretext of that invasion was to obtain possession of a certain holy relic,—the Shirt of the Prophet. It was carried off in triumph, and sent by Ahmed Shah to Kandahar. We know not if it be there still, but if so Kandahar may make the unique boast of possessing the Shirt of Mahommed and the Begging-pot of Sakya Muni.*

It is needless to enter into the barbarous dissensions among the grandsons of Ahmed Shah, which brought to the ground the short-lived *Duráni* empire, and ended (1818-1826) in the division of all Afghanistan, except Herat, among the many brothers of the ambitious and able Fattah Khan Barakzai, who had been the Vazir of one of the rivals, and whom his master Mahmúd Shah, with odious cruelty, treachery, and ingratitude, had first blinded and then murdered. Dost Mahommed was one of those Barakzai brothers, and to him Kábul fell. We need not dwell upon the history of our dealings with him, our re-establishment of the *Duránis* in the person of Shah Shújáh, and the dark days of 1841. Those of us who had then come to man's estate, or near it, cannot forget; the later generation, it is to be hoped, read the tragic story in Sir John Kaye's book, once justly characterized in striking words by Lord Strangford in the pages of this Review.†

During their fratricide wars the *Duránis* lost all their external conquests, and among them the Oxus provinces, which fell back under the independent rule of various Uzbek families. Among these were the Kataghan Uzbeks ruling at Kunduz. Murád Beg Kataghan, who* succeeded in 1815, greatly aggrandized his dominion, and in 1838 it extended from near Balkh to the highlands of Pamir. This chief was ruling when Moorcroft, Burnes, and Wood, successively visited the Oxus valley.

In the middle of the last century, when the army of the Manchu Emperor had conquered Kashgar, two of the Khojas, as the chiefs were called, who had for some generations been ruling that region with both spiritual and temporal authority, sought shelter in the lofty wilds of Pamir. The Chinese generals pursued them even thither, and when the Khojas escaped again into Badakhshán territory they descended into that kingdom and demanded the refugees. The King of Badakhshán quailed before the Great Khan of Cathay; one of the fugitives was dead,

* See Sir H. Rawlinson's remark in the 'Jour. Roy. As. Soc.,' vol. xi. p. 127.

† 'A work as awful, as simply artistic, and as clear and lofty in its moral as an Æschylean trilogy.'

* Burslem's 'Peep into Turkestan,' 1846.

but a paltry pretext was found for the execution of the other; and eventually his head was given up for transmission to Peking. As the story was told to Captain Wood on the spot, the treacherous inhospitality of Sultan Shah was ascribed not to fear of China, but to the attractions of wealth and beauty which had accompanied the fugitive in his flight.

'He sued for life, but in vain; on which the holy man cursed Badakhshan, and prayed that it might be three times depopulated,—that not even a dog might be left in it alive. Already has the country been twice bereft of inhabitants; first by Kokan Beg of Kunduz, forty years ago, and again by Murad Beg in 1829.'—Wood, p. 162.

The march of the Chinese into Badakhshan is notable as marking the highest flood-tide of Chinese advance to the West in these later ages—the last such flood-mark, one is tempted to say, in the world's history. But who can venture to predict the history of a nation of 400,000,000? It is difficult to ascertain what was the real extent or duration of their intervention in Badakhshan. The most distinct record of the movement (in the '*Lettres édifiantes*') makes no mention of a military *occupation*, though such an occupation is assumed in the apocryphal German Baron's travels. It is certainly the case that Wilford, in a passage already referred to, states the Chinese to have been then (in the latter part of last century) in *possession* of Badakhshan. Yet if the subjection were more than acknowledgment of vassalage, surely some memory of the fact would have come to light in the writings of Elphinstone or Wood.

Ere Murád's death (some time before 1845) his power had waned, and it then passed not to his son but to the Uzbek chief of Khulm, who for some years exercised considerable power in that region. About the time of General Ferrier's visit (1845) he had got embroiled with the Afghans, and the latter began to make conquests north of the *passes*. In the end of 1849, after the episode of Dost Mahommed's infelicitous attempt, ostensibly to assist the Sikhs against us, but really to recover Pesháwar, the advance into Turkestan was renewed, and in February 1850 Balkh was taken. In the end of the same year another of the Afghan princes succeeded in taking Khulm, and early in 1851 marched westward against Akcha, which, after a sanguinary resistance, fell and was given up to plunder. Siripúl surrendered soon after; Shibrghán, Maimana, and Andkhoi, in 1855. Kunduz was conquered after some fighting, in 1859, by Mahommed

Afzal Khan, who was then proceeding to carry out the annexation of Badakhshan, when the Mír, who seems to have recovered his territory at the death of Murád Beg, after some parley agreed to submit and pay an annual tribute to the Afghans of 2 rupees for every house in his province.

In 1863 (9th June) old Dost Mahommed died, and was succeeded by Sher Ali Khan. When the latter, after many vicissitudes, was firmly seated on the Kabul throne, Jahan-dár Shah, the Mír of Badakhshan, who had been in intimate relations with his rivals, could no longer hold his ground, and was superseded by Mír Madmúd Shah, another of the royal family, supported by the Afghans. The Afghan refugee, Prince Abdarrahman, seems to have informed General Kaufmann that Mahmúd Shah, and his brother, who is in possession of the district of Rusták, pay to Sher Ali Khan, a tribute of only 15,000 rupees. Faiz Bakhsh, however, states the amount to be 60,000 rupees, including 10,000 for Rusták, and 800 for Wakhán. And another account, by one of Major Montgomerie's emissaries, and probably representing the bazaar-talk of Fyzabad, says that he paid in the first year 80,000 rupees and 500 horses.

Very recent accounts mention that Jahan-dár Shah was getting together a force of all kinds for a new attempt to recover his throne. We now turn again to our geographical review.

On the establishment of Ahmed Shah as King of Afghanistan, the province of Balkh with the small Khanates of Siripúl, Maimana, Andkhoi and Shibrghán, commonly known as the *Chihár Viláyat*, or Four Domains, were formed by that prince into a government in favour of an Uzbek comrade, Hajji Khan. In the beginning of the century this territory fell to pieces, and was generally under Uzbek chiefs, whose allegiance wavered, according to the force applied or their own immediate objects, between Bokhara and Afghanistan. Of their conquest by the latter we have just spoken.

The ancient fame and productive soil of Balkh, as well as its position, preserve to it the headship of the Afghan provinces north of the mountains. If we except the bricks with cuneiform letters seen by Ferrier, no trace has been recovered of the ancient splendours of Bactra. The remains that exist are scattered over some twenty miles of circuit, but consist mainly of sun-dried brick. Balkh seems never to have thoroughly recovered from the horrors of its destruction by Chinghiz Khan. Though often partially re-established, it has almost ever since been a frontier city exposed to Tartar ravages; and

the account given of its ruins by Ibn Batuta, in the first half of the fourteenth century, is very much like that given by Burnes five hundred years later. Indeed Vámbéry mentions in his history that the citadel of Balkh, between its erection in the fifteenth century and its restoration one hundred and fifty years later, had been destroyed *twenty-two times*. The seat of Afghan government, and the chief collection of population, is now at Takhtapúl, some eight miles east of the old city. A little further, on the road to Khulm, is Mazár Sharíf or 'the Noble Shrine,' where a whimsical fiction has located the body of Ali the son-in-law of the Prophet. Vámbéry himself has visited Mazár, and mentions the roses, matchless for colour and fragrance, that grow upon the pretended tomb.

Kunduz is the heart of the region called in old days Tokháristán, from those Tochari, whoever they really were, whose movements overthrew the Greek dominion in Bactria. The province embraces a great variety of climate, from the secluded valley of Andaráb, close under the snows of Hindu Kúsh, once famous for the silver that was mined hard by, to the hot swamp, not more than 500 feet above the sea-level, in which the paltry capital of the Kataghans stands. So low is the country round Kunduz that the roads approaching the town have to pass over piles amid the swampy vegetation. The plain adjacent is in the main richly cultivated and thickly peopled, but it is interspersed with extensive tracts of jungly grass, and is extremely and proverbially unhealthy. The people of the upper country call it 'the Badakhshi's grave.'

Fifty miles east of Kunduz is the boundary of Badakhshán. This is a country that seems always to have impressed the Oriental mind as one possessing some peculiar and charming quality. It is a kind of monarchical Switzerland, consisting of an aggregation of *Darabs* or glens, forming a number of small principalities, generally divided by mountain barriers of considerable height, but bound together by a kind of feudal allegiance to the Mír living at Fyzabad, who rules immediately over the central provinces of Fyzabad and Jerm. These may be regarded as constituting Badakhshán Proper. Some of the other provinces most under the Mír's influence are also held by members of his family; the others are under their own hereditary rulers. All these alike bear the title of *Mír* as well as the king of Badakhshán himself. Their tenure, according to Pandit Manphúl, a Hindu gentleman, who resided some time at Fyzabad as the agent of the Panjáb government, and who is as yet our best authority on the subject, is one purely of fidelity and military aid in time of

need, and involves little or no tribute to the king.

Unfortunately our means of forming correct ideas of Badakhshán are very limited. Captain Wood remains the only European who has visited it, but his visit was in winter; and it was only as he was departing that the land began to doff her mantle of snow. Still we can gather that the chief elements of its charms are to be found in soft green sward, and the music of sparkling brooks, strong in contrast alike to the sterile and dreary plains which expand to the westward, and to the rugged aridity of the mountains on the south, which often look like the outposts of Pandemonium. Add fertile bottoms, rich orchards nestling in the dells, walnut-trees, stately planes, and poplars festooned with vines, slopes gay with a wealth of almond and pistachio blossom, and snowy peaks that form the background to every picture, and send cool breezes down the gorges to freshen the summer nights. Nor are there wanting vast plateaus of highland pasture, where the air revives the fevered frame and exhilarates like wine. Even the staid and reticent Marco Polo, as his latest editor notices, is moved to unwonted enthusiasm when he recalls the charms of those glorious uplands of 'Balashan.' Sultan Baber, a keener lover of nature, great as was his affection for Kábul, contrasts the barren and stony highlands, and sparse herbage of Afghanistan with the pine-clad heights, the soft turf covering hill and vale alike, and the abundant springs of Badakhshán and Khost:—

'Burnes relates how natives and foreigners alike spoke with rapture of the vales of that country; its rivulets, romantic scenes, and glens; its fruits, flowers, and nightingales. The brief notices of Manphúl and Wood's few words on descending into the lower valley of the Kokcha, where the snow had disappeared, delightfully corroborate these charms.'—*Introductory Essay to Wood's Journey*, p. lxxx.

This is the beautiful country which that petty chinghiz, Murad Beg, had ground beneath his brutal Uzbek heel, sweeping away thousands of families from their pleasant vales to be sold into slavery, or set down to perish among the pestilent swamps of Kunduz.

Fyzabad, the capital, which Wood, in 1838, found desert and almost annihilated, has now for a good many years been reoccupied, and shows reviving life; though, unfortunately, one chief business carried on is that of the slave market.

This business of kidnapping and man-selling has indeed for a long time been the great scourge of the whole line of frontiers from the Caspian to Kashmir; Turkmen

selling Persians, Uzbeks selling Hazáras, Hazáras selling Herátis, Badakhshis selling Chitrális or Káfirs, Chitrális selling each other, people of Wakhán selling those of Shaghán, and *vice versa*, Kanjútis stealing and selling all men on whom they can lay their hands. It is to be hoped that the abomination is drawing to a close. The Atalik Gházi, according to Mr. Shaw, has already shut the market in Eastern Turkestan. And it must be acknowledged that the day which sees Khiva under Russian power will do more towards the blessed consummation than any other measure.

Badakhshán is believed to have much mineral wealth, especially in the districts of the Upper Kokcha, known by the old name of Yangán, which the popular etymology interprets as 'All-Mines.' Here are said to be copper, lead, alum, sal-ammoniac, and sulphur, though few of them are worked. Here, too, in the high valley-district of Korán, are the famous mines of *lájwurd*, or lapis-lazuli, which were visited by Captain Wood. Koran is a wild glen near the border of Kafir-land, coupled in a local rhyme with the jaws of hell, but which once constituted a quasi-independent state, which in the eighth century was of substance enough to send a mission of homage and tribute to the court of the Chinese emperor. The disproportionate pretensions of such a district may have depended on the quarries of lazuli, the trade in which is probably of great antiquity. It is most likely the *sapphire* of the Periplus, mentioned among exports from the ports of the Indus delta in the early years of the Christian era. Iron is obtained a little to the eastward of Fyzabad, and rock-salt is mined largely now, as it was in Marco Polo's time, on the western border of Badakhshán.

As regards the population of Badakhshán, we have no basis for an estimate. In Wood's time, after the Uzbek raids, it was at a very low ebb, but it has since doubtless revived to some extent. The only facts in the least resembling data on this point that we know of are a Chinese report of last century, that it contained 100,000 families; and the amount of the tribute settled to be paid by the Mir to Kábul, which was put at 50,000 rupees, and said to be at the rate of 3 rupees for each house. This last reckoning would give only 25,000 houses. But we are ignorant what definite extent of territory was included in either estimate, whilst Wood's account of the manner in which families cluster together shows that the very word *house* is of ambiguous meaning. Fyzabad, the capital, in 1866-67, did not contain more than 400 houses. Mashhad, the

largest town in the province of Kishm (Marco Polo's 'very great province of Casem'), once the residence of Humáyún, the son and father of two great kings, had at the same time only 150 houses. Jern, which did duty for capital in Captain Wood's time, had then at the outside 1500 inhabitants.

One of the most famous among the high-land fiefs of Badakhshán is Wakhán, a state lying along the highest waters of the Panja, as this main branch of the Oxus is termed. The inhabited part of Wakhán is about 140 miles in length; the lowest part is about 8000 feet above the sea, and the highest *kishlak* or village about 11,000 or 11,500. The climate, as may be guessed, is rough, and the bitter blasts that blow from Pamir down the valley, and across the higher tracts of Badakhshán, are recognised with a shudder as the 'wind-o'-Wakhán'—the *Borra* of the Upper Oxus. A few willow and poplar trees alone can stand against it.

At Panja, the chief place of Wakhán, the river bearing that name is formed by the confluence of two streams; the more northerly descending through a wild untenanted valley from the lake which Wood discovered (Lake Sarikol or Victoria), lying at 15,600 feet above the sea, in a hollow of Great Pamir; the other, issuing from a smaller lake on Little Pamir, at an altitude some 2000 feet lower, flows through the valley called that of the Wakhán *Sarhad* or *Marches*, bordering on Chitral; and here the hamlets appear to be more thickly scattered than elsewhere in the principality. Even at such a height the people have some agriculture, but their chief wealth is in livestock, sheep, goats, kine, ponies, and *yaks*; for here we are bordering on Tibetan ground. The houses are built contiguous (as commonly in a Scotch *clachan*), of stone and mud, flat-roofed, and warmed by large stoves of masonry. The vent-hole in the roof serves as a sun-dial. The housewife recognises the dinner hour when a particular spot is gilded by the sun's rays shining through that orifice, and an analogous observation determines the seed-time.

The Wakhis are by profession Shiáhs; but when a slave-raid upon brother Shiáhs is in hand, they are ready to curse Ali and all his belongings.

At the lower end of Wakhán the Panja turns sharp to the north, and quits the field of anything like precise knowledge. Just here, on the right bank, and in the fief of Ishkashm, are the mines of those rubies which under the form of *Balas* made the name of Badakhshán a household word in the far West, in the days of Dante and

Chancer. They have not been worked for many years.

The river next reaches Shaghnan (or Shighnán*) and Roshán, two other secluded states owning allegiance, at least nominally, to the Mír of Badakhshán. The Shighnis grow crops of wheat and barley, and abundant stone-fruit, and have flocks and herds and two-humped shaggy camels. It is not unlikely that the district preserves in its name a memory of the ancient *Sacæ*, as it undoubtedly forms a part of the region that they once occupied. Next comes Darwáz, a kingdom lying still in deep obscurity. No European has been near it; nor has Badakhshán apparently ever claimed its allegiance.† The name calls up imaginations of dark gorges, perilous rocky paths over abysses, the roar of white Oxus surging up faintly from a thousand yards below; and, back through the ages, of the Seric caravans picking their toilsome way upward to Pamir along the wild valley of the Comedæ; in later days, of Moslem warriors raising a barrier across the glen to bar the Turk forays; whence the valley got the name of *Al-báb*, Persianised to *Darah-i-Darwáz*, the 'Glen of the Gateway.'

Darwáz stretches well to the north, and there borders on Karátégín—the *Karataguinea* of the Russian despatches; another country shrouded in obscurity which just begins to break. It forms a valley-state on the great northern tributary of the Oxus, the Surkháb or Redwater, which comes down from the Alai Steppe north of Pamir, visited recently for the first time by M. Fedchenko; nor before him had any European seen the stream in any part of its course. Russian enquiry begins to afford us a little information about Karátégín, and their rough estimates of population give it 100,000 souls, likely enough to be in excess of the truth. The people are a Persian-speaking race, called *Galchas*, living secluded, without foreign traffic, under a Khán or Mír, who, like his neighbours, claims, or used to claim, descent from Alexander. They practise some slender tillage, with cattle- and horse-breeding, gold-washing, salt-mining, and a manufacture of excellent iron.

In Karátégín, or immediately below it, must have been the country of Wakhsh, famous in old Arabian geographies, and in the name of which we trace that form of the great river's name which the Greeks made *Oxos*. Here some of those old geographers

represent the river as plunging underground, like 'Alph the Sacred River,' and in terms a good deal resembling those which Polybius uses in speaking of the Oxus in a lower part of its course.* The Arab story is more conceivable than that of Polybius; for great are the changes indicated in the lower course of Oxus, it is difficult to imagine such a subterranean passage of its waters in the Turkman Desert.

Below Karátégín and Wakhsh we have Kúláb, extending to the Oxus, a province that was subject to Kunduz in Murad Beg's time, but has never, that we know of, been invaded by the Afghans. At present the local chief seems to call himself, when hard pressed, a liegeman of Bokhara. Kúláb is nearly coincident with the region which was known from the earliest Mahommedan times, and earlier, as *Khotl* or *Khotlán*, a name even now not entirely obsolete. As regards this and the adjoining province of Hissár, also owning spasmodical allegiance to Bokhara, we stand grievously in want of information. Chagháníán, Hissár, Kobadíán, Termedh, the Iron-gate, are all names once famous in Eastern history, and all, we believe, still surviving, but that is nearly as much as we can venture to say. The famous pass of the Iron-gate—the second so called, another, still more celebrated, being Derbend on the Caspian—has been seen by no European that we wot of since Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijo passed through it in 1403 on his way to the court of the great Timour as one of the envoys from Henry III. of Castile.†

These states of the Oxus basin north of the great river are cut off from the Russian territory in the valley of Zarafshán by a lofty and rugged chain of mountains, known as the Karatau, Fantau, and what not, rising far into the region of perpetual snow, and presenting great difficulties to passage. Young Sultan Baber had once, when in evil fortune, to make the transit from Hissár into the valley above Samarkand, and this is what he says of it:—

'Having entered the valley of Kamrud, we went up the river. In these roads, which are extremely dangerous, often overhanging precipices, and in the steep and narrow hill-passes and straits which we were obliged to ascend, numbers of our horses and camels failed, and were unable to proceed. After four or five days' march we reached the mountain pass Sir-e-ták. It is a pass, and such a pass! Never did I see one so narrow and steep; never were paths so narrow and precipitous traversed by me. We

* Written *Chougnan* in the Russian Correspondence.

† Some Russian documents have spoken of Darwáz as owing allegiance to Khokand. If this is true, it is recent; but we doubt its accuracy.

* x. 48.

† The translation by Mr. Markham forms one of the most interesting volumes of the Hakluyt Society's series.

travelled on with incredible fatigue and difficulty, amid dangerous narrows and tremendous gulfs. Having, after a hundred sufferings and losses, at length surmounted these murderous steep and narrow defiles, we came down on the confines of Fan. Among the mountains of Fan there is a large lake.—*Autobiography*, p. 85.

It would seem to be of the same route that Fedchenko tells us:—

'The road from the lake (Iskander Kúl) to Hissár is described as being very difficult; the natives affirm that the watershed can only be traversed on foot, for which reason travellers dispose of their horses in the villages at the foot of the mountains, and procure fresh animals on the other side.'—*Jour. Royal Geog. Soc.* xl. p. 450.

We need inflict no more geography upon our readers. Our object has been the humble one of elucidating the late correspondence with Russia, and not of adding to the mass of military and political speculation regarding the possible collision of the two empires; so our closing remarks shall be very brief.

First, a few words as to objections raised by some members of both Houses, in connection with the boundary of Wakhán. Here, we have no doubt, the Government had reason on its side.

Wakhán is, indeed, a valley; and though the usual road through it happens to lie on the south of the Oxus, and therefore only to pass through villages on that side, a valley, like a frigate or a soup-tureen, must have two sides, and the Oxus, which runs through the middle of Wakhán, cannot be its boundary. The true boundary of Wakhán is, no doubt, the watershed which divides it from the next great valley to the north, i.e. from Shaghnan. But Shaghnan is a dependency of Badakhshan, at least in theory, as much as Wakhán. We ought, therefore, to take the northern boundary of Shaghnan. What that is, who can tell? Probably for the best approximation to a definition we should have to go to Ptolemy and the Chinese pilgrims—say, e.g., a line drawn from the Oxus 50 *schœni* up the *φάρυγξ* of the Comedæ to the *Turris Lapidea*, and thence to the Dragon-Lake and the middle point between Heaven and Earth! The thing is a kind of *reductio ad absurdum*. Mr. Gladstone in a few words put the matter on its right basis. But some of his colleagues in both Houses, by seeming to evade the real point, had provoked suspicion of some conscious error. In certain cases we believe this was simply because high officials had not taken the trouble to understand the questions involved. We cannot, indeed, doubt that the Under Secretary for India understood the matter thoroughly; but his

recommendation to members interested to study Lord Strangford's writings, though excellent in the abstract, was a little beside the purpose. No one can drink too copiously from that well of patriotic wit and wisdom, filled from a source too early sealed, so sorely missed. But in reference to the point at issue, it was like advising a friend exercised by Mr. Fergusson's theories about the Dome of the Rock to read 'Robertson's Sermons.'

The tribute to Kábul for Wakhán we saw lately was reckoned at only 800 rupees, or 80*l.* a year! Surely the goddess, whose rites are celebrated at No. 1 Savile Row, plays strange freaks in her distribution of fame. Wakhán was estimated by Wood in 1838 actually to contain 1000 souls, excluding temporary nomad immigrants, and he judged it might be capable of supporting 5000!* Yet this barren and inaccessible upland, with its scanty handful of wild people, finds a place in Eastern history and geography from an early period, and has now become the subject of serious correspondence between two great European Governments, and its name, for a few weeks at least, a household word in London.

Indeed this is a striking accident of the course of modern history. We see the Slav and the Englishman—representatives of two great branches of the Aryan race, but divided by such vast intervals of space and time from the original common starting-point of their migration—thus brought back to the lap of Pamir, to which so many quivering lines point as the centre of their earliest seats, there by common consent to lay down limits to mutual encroachment.

All this matter of Wakhán is, however, trivial, and beside the real question, which has been lost sight of in the special pleading about the Afghan frontier. The importance of that particular affair has been overrated in England, and the recent correspondence has produced an unfortunate and utterly unfounded feeling, not here only, but to some extent in Russia, that we have somehow got an advantage over the latter.†

* A paragraph quoted in the 'Times' of 29th March, from the 'Cologne Gazette,' as giving *new particulars* about these regions, furnished by Herr Schlagentweit, says that Panja (therein miscalled *Punya*) has a garrison of 2000 men. This is nonsense. When Ibrahim Khan was there in 1870, there were in Panja 'ten or twelve horsemen.' It is perhaps a misprint for 200, the estimate (probably in excess) of Major Montgomerie's Mirza, from whose report all these 'new particulars' seem to be derived.

† Sir H. Rawlinson, in his discourse at the Royal Geographical Society, on the 24th February, suggested that Prince Gortchakoff's objections to the inclusion of Wakhán within the

The best encouragement to be derived from the correspondence is the sense it gives us that our Ministers have not partaken of the ordinary apathy of the country in prospect of very serious, though contingent, dangers. We have entire faith in the moderate views and sincerity of the Emperor Alexander; we recognise that Russia has had justification for some, though not for all, of her forward movements. Though we cannot, with the late beloved and venerated patriarch of English geography, see only flowers of Order and Science spring beneath her advancing steps, we admit the benefit to the world of her displacement of the barbarous Uzbeg tyrannies, the suppression of chronic outrage, and the opening of Central Asia to the research at least of her own scientific servants. But facts remain, stronger than the individual will of any passing mortal however exalted, too strong for cosmopolitan logic and sympathies. We should gladly recognise that it were otherwise, but, as things are still, both in policy and commerce there exist standing menaces of discord between Russia's interests and ours. The vessel of Russian power in Asia has shoals ahead, no doubt, but at present she has all the prestige and momentum of advance, whilst ours rides at anchor and refits, as all our words and acts are proclaiming. Our position in India, strong as it is, and capable of crushing any direct attack, may, under certain contingencies not hard to suggest,—contingencies which draw our eyes to the Caspian and the Atrek rather than to the Oxus—become a very costly and harassing one.* Spasmodic excitements like this last are mischievous, only less mischievous; as being more genuine, than that sham optimism which so surely leads to them. We do need in lieu of both

Afghan boundary were connected with wrong impressions of its position, derived from the fictitious geography which it has been so difficult to extirpate. This becomes certain from the expressions of Mr. Stremoukoff, now published (see B. pp. 12 and 64). And Prince Gortchakoff might not unnaturally see in the map which accompanies Trench's 'Russo-Indian Question,' an expression of English acceptance of that geography. It is surprising to find an English map published so recently (1869) adhere to these errors.

* In India some alarm seems to be expressed at the concessions granted recently by the King of Persia to parties of whom Baron Reuter is the representative. We know too little of the matter as yet to say more than a word on the subject. But whatever enriches and strengthens Persia is likely to be advantageous to England; and that can only be attained by inducements to foreign capital to turn to account her natural resources, as yet the most neglected on the face of the earth.

a well-informed and steadfast public opinion, recognising the danger, far from provoking it, but determined to meet it; and which would not embarrass the Government, as these hot and cold fits do, but would back and help it in developing a policy of vigilant defence as steadfast, and as capable of action when need arises, as Russia's instinct of advance.

As regards the establishment of an 'intermediary zone,' there is something to recommend it. It is undoubtedly most desirable to keep our dominions as long as possible from the strain and restlessness that would be the inevitable consequence of actual or approximate contact with those of Russia. Such a zone might be of service in preventing those impulsive movements of Russian generals which have on several occasions involved their government in premature annexations. And as long as the formal advance of the Russian boundaries or Russian predominance (as now in Bokhara)—in spite of all assurances of moderation given to Lord Clarendon and Mr. Forsyth by Prince Gortchakoff and his colleagues—means the advance of a barrier of monopoly and prohibitory tariffs, every measure seems desirable that keeps a portion of Central Asia longer outside that barrier. And had both parties been equally and sincerely desirous for the establishment of such a zone on equitable terms, nature presents one admirably fitted for the purpose in the Oxus basin itself, as defined on the north and north-west by that scarcely penetrable barrier constituted by the Karatau and the mountains of the Iron-gate, and on the south by the Hindu Kûsh. For it is almost impossible that Russia should experience provocation from the native States south of the Karatau barrier,* or for us to experience it from those north of the Hindu Kûsh; and any movement by one or the other beyond those barriers must be of the nature of a voluntary aggression.

We cannot discover from the published correspondence who really suggested Afghanistan as the 'intermediate zone.' For though Prince Gortchakoff ascribes the suggestion to Lord Clarendon (B. p. 4), this derives no confirmation from the papers, whilst Lord Clarendon distinctly says, in the earliest of the published letters, that he was not sufficiently informed to express an opinion whether Afghanistan would answer, and, at his Heidelberg interview with the Prince, it is for the Oxus *as a line*, not for Afghanistan or any other territory *as a zone*, that he

* The authority of Bokhara over the provinces south of that barrier is of a very unsubstantial nature, as Mr. Stremoukoff recognises (see B. p. 29).

argues (p. 10). The Indian Government and the Council at Westminster reject or ignore the notion of adopting Afghanistan or any other zone (see pp. 4 and 46). On the other hand, it is the Prince himself and his colleagues, MM. Miliutine and Stremoukoff, who hold so tenaciously to the adoption of the Afghan zone,—and no wonder.

On the secondary question as to certain details of the northern boundary of Afghan dominion, the whole of the more recent correspondence turns. And on these details alone has any serious remark yet been made in Parliament. In fact, the nature of that part of the correspondence which alone was first published seems in a measure to have confused the minds of public men, and to have distracted their attention from the essential question involved.

Wild officers of the Panjáb frontier have been found, during the late discussions, to urge on England a new and prompt advance to Kábul. There is no fear of that. But wiser men have thought that under certain contingencies we should be ready to push forward outworks to our empire 'in advance of our present territorial border, and on the most accessible line of attack.'*

But if the whole of Afghanistan is constituted an 'intermediary zone' in the sense pointed out by Prince Gortchakoff, it seems to follow as a corollary that Russia may advance to the Oxus, may cover it with her steamers and line it with her arsenals, whilst we have no right to take umbrage or to make a single counter-step in advance of our present frontier—at least none beyond Quetta—without ourselves assuming the onus of breaking the agreement. We tie our hands; we set hers free even from remonstrance. This, most assuredly, was never intended nor assented to by any Governor-General of India. Is it possible that it is this which Lord Granville has conceded? Is it this that has passed without a serious word in Parliament, whilst questions on trivial incidents of detail have been pressed eagerly? It is hard to believe it; and yet this is the sense that lies upon the surface of the published correspondence; it has been read (we see) in this sense at St. Petersburg; and surely, at the least, there is a doubt obvious enough to have been worthy of a question, serious enough to be worthy of being set at rest at once and for ever.

Here we must close; but we cannot do so without pressing on the Government the necessity of giving distinct and strong en-

couragement to the study of the Russian language.

A few years ago an Englishman requiring, whilst in Italy, the aid of a Russian translator, found that on the staff of one college at Naples there were *three* Italian gentlemen well acquainted with Russian. We will not ask if any college in any city of Great Britain could present a parallel—but are there three teachers in all England, being Englishmen, of whom the same could be said? Practically, at present, the English people, who have such deep reason to be interested in the movements of Russia, are dependent for the whole of their information regarding these on the Berlin letters in the 'Times,' and on the papers translated at long intervals by the Messrs. Michell. The spirit of linguistic study is at a low ebb in England, and needs direct and palpable stimulus. Why should not an exceptionally high number of marks be assigned to Russian in examination for the Indian Civil Service? Why should not the same stimulus be applied to the study of the Afghan and Oriental Turkish languages? There would be a difficulty about examiners at first, but in a few years the demand would produce them.

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- ART. IX.—1. *Speech on moving for leave to bring in a Bill relating to University Education in Ireland.* By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., First Lord of the Treasury. London, 1873.
2. *Speech delivered by the Right Hon. John T. Ball, M.P., in the Debate on the motion for the Second Reading of the University Education (Ireland) Bill, on the 10th March, 1873.* (Corrected and revised.) London, 1873.
3. *University Education (Ireland) Bill, 1873.*
4. *The Ministerial Explanation. House of Commons, March 20, 1873.*

'We have had a fall, and we have had a recovery, and we are not ashamed of either one or the other. We fell in the attempt to emancipate a great historic University in a sister country, now in servitude to a single though distinguished College, connected by long tradition with a particular persuasion, and we had sought to make that University the proud and noble inheritance of every son of Ireland, without the smallest reference to his politics, to his party, or to his religious persuasion. Though we may have suffered in that enterprise, I believe, my Lord Mayor, that the

* See 'Quarterly Review' for October, 1865, p. 580.

principle upon which we have proceeded is indestructible, and will yet make itself felt in the history of this country.'

So spoke the Prime Minister at a Lord Mayor's dinner within a week of his reluctant return to office. Such words were well calculated, if anything could do so, to rally the drooping spirits of his supporters; but considered as a narrative of facts, or an explanation of the true character of the University Education (Ireland) Bill, they offer an amazing instance of the misuse of language. Either Mr. Gladstone has persuaded himself into a totally wrong appreciation of the state of the facts, or else he has been scandalously ill-treated and misunderstood; for in this estimate of the real meaning of the measure of which he was at least the godfather, he stands, we believe, absolutely alone. The Bill was so thoroughly bad, was so unanimously condemned, and had been so utterly abandoned by everybody else, that it would have hardly been worth while to devote time to a careful consideration of its principles if we had not this emphatic assurance that the Prime Minister still believes in its merits, and clings to the hope that he may yet have an opportunity of recommending it for the approval of the English people.

The edifice of University education which Mr. Gladstone planned and put together with so much laborious zeal and secret labour has fallen to pieces; but it is useful to grope amongst the ruins that we may see what were the materials with which this clever architect tried to work, and that we may know them again if we should find them hereafter employed in any similar building.

Before entering into an analysis of the measure, it is important to observe the strange sense of uneasiness that pervaded the Liberal party as soon as their leader announced his intention of paying off the third and last instalment of his Irish policy, and to note the extraordinary precautions that were taken to ensure the success of the operation. It was no doubt desirable that Parliament should at its convenience deal with the University of Dublin, in order to bring its constitution more into harmony with the altered circumstances of Ireland. The legislation of 1869 having secularized the property which had belonged to the Protestant Church, it seemed inevitable that the same policy must be carried out to its bitter end in the University founded in connection with that Establishment. But the friends of the threatened institution had already recognised the necessities of their altered position, and had, in fact, in the previous session obtained a second reading for a Bill which dealt with this subject. For a Minister who commanded a majority

of 88 in the House of Commons this task seemed easy and almost insignificant; yet it was thought necessary to put forward the University Education (Ireland) Bill as the most important Ministerial measure of the Session, and in an ostentatious manner to stake upon its success the existence as well as the honour of the Government.

Whence arose this misgiving? Why was the victorious leader of the campaigns against the Irish Church and the Irish landlords credited beforehand with the destiny of breaking up his party in the attempt to deal with the subject of Irish University Education? There was no lack of time for consideration, there was no lack of warning from candid friends, as to the danger of the task. His more sanguine admirers boasted, and boasted with truth, that he had a larger experience and a more intimate knowledge of this particular class of subjects than any other living statesman. He had taken a leading part in the reforms of Oxford and Cambridge. He had also an Irish University experience less fortunate. He had served under Earl Russell in 1866, when the Liberal Government, through Sir George Grey, negotiated with the Roman Catholic bishops, and afterwards endeavored to break through their difficulties by promulgating the notorious Supplemental Charter—probably one of the most high-handed exercises of the prerogative and undoubtedly one of the least creditable manoeuvres that has in modern times been attempted by any Ministry. Yet these painful recollections of his own embarrassments had not mitigated his indignation or lessened his reproaches when, in 1868, Lord Mayo had attempted a different solution of the problem. In office and out of office he had watched the difficulties and the dangers of the task. Since 1868 he had been constantly employed in foiling the attempts of the University of Dublin to set its house in order. He had again and again met Mr. Fawcett's proposals by assurances that he was himself engaged in preparing, if he had not already matured, a large and comprehensive measure which would finally set at rest the angry controversy in a spirit of justice and enlightenment, and satisfy every party. Nevertheless, with all his advantages of delay, experience, and special knowledge, Mr. Gladstone's promises had not secured the full confidence of either the Roman Catholic or the Dissenting elements of his supporters.

The distrust of the English Radicals was said to spring from the previous conduct of the Prime Minister and many of his colleagues in 1866. Jealous Dissenters watched closely his later dealings with Mr. Fawcett's

Bill; they coupled his extreme reluctance to disclose his own policy with his reiterated pledges to treat the question in such an exceptional manner as to remove the special grievance of the Roman Catholics, and they drew sinister auguries as to the probable result of the enterprise. At the same time the Irish Prelates, knowing that what they wanted—namely a State-endowed University under their exclusive control—was just the one thing which their English allies could never be induced to concede, looked forward to the introduction of the Government measure with mingled feelings. They had perfect confidence, it is true, in the friendly intentions of Mr. Gladstone, but grave misgivings whether his ingenuity and resource would prove equal to the task which he had undertaken.

Such were the hopes and fears of these two sections of the Prime Minister's incongruous party; such were the inherent difficulties of his position as their leader when the time came for him to lay his long expected explanation before the country. Holding power by the consent of both he could not on this point (vital in their several programmes) safely disappoint either. The Dissenting conscience and the Catholic conscience being at a dead-lock, and compromise being impossible in matters of conscience, he would have done wisely to avoid the subject. The more we look into the facts the more we see that for him, beyond all other statesmen, the problem was insoluble. Thus, while we recognise the difficulty of the Premier's peculiar position reflected in the inconsistencies of the Ministerial measure, and the sacrifice of higher education in Ireland to the clamorous demands of faction, we cannot but wonder at the reckless daring and admire the matchless ingenuity displayed in the Minister's effort to secure success for his last disastrous venture.

The original plan of the measure seems to have been to establish an Examining Board, usurping the name and as far as possible the prestige of the University of Dublin, but in no other respect resembling or continuing the old institution. Such a simple proposal would have calmed the suspicions and averted the wrath of the Dissenters, since it would not have established, at least formally, a place of denominational teaching, while the Roman Catholic Bishops might perhaps have accepted it as a small instalment of their demands, and without prejudice to the further prosecution of their alleged grievance. The students of their strictly religious Colleges could have thus obtained Degrees recognised by the State, and if the control of the examinations and the examiners were entrusted to a Council to be nominated by the Govern-

ment, they might count upon securing at no distant date preponderance in the University, and eventually its entire management.

But to a scheme seemingly so simple there were grave objections: Trinity College would still have had the advantage of a national endowment, to which the Bishops and their Colleges could indulge no hope of access. Besides, it was certain that the whole body of University Reformers and others interested in higher education throughout the country, would have risen in revolt against such a bald and undisguised attempt to establish the principle of a single central Examining Board for a whole country. This principle, if admitted in the case of Ireland, might soon be introduced into England, as it had already been pressed upon Scotland. Hence probably arose the very ingenious device of adding to the proposed Examining Board a large number of handsomely endowed Professorships, and valuable Fellowships, Scholarships, and Bursaries, open to the competition of all comers. The reproach that the new University was designed to be a mere Examining Board would thus have been avoided, though, as we shall see, the real mischief in this respect would have remained unabated. As to the Endowments (amounting to some 50,000*l.* a year), it was obvious that the majority in the Council would control the Professors and their teaching, and further, that the share of the prizes won by the *élèves* of sectarian Colleges would be as complete a gift to these places of education as if they had been originally and honestly assigned upon a plan of Denominational Endowment. It is plain that this was the intention as well as the necessary result of these proposals. Mr. Gladstone described the wealth of the existing University of Dublin as ample. Referring to the cost to the State of each graduate of the Queen's Colleges, he spoke of these graduates as good but expensive articles. But if the places of mixed education were already adequately endowed, for whose use was the 25,000*l.* a year required which he proposed to take out of the plunder of the Disestablished Church? Whether the policy of endowing Denominational Colleges in Ireland is good or bad is a question upon which differences of opinion may naturally exist; but, if the thing is to be done at all, it would be more wise, as well as more honest, to do it in an open and straightforward manner.

And here we cannot help being struck by the complacency with which some English Liberalists strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. If a proposal were made to give a moderate sum to enable provision to be made for the religious instruction of Roman Catho-

lic students in the existing University of Dublin, the feeling of the English Nonconformists, whether Irish Protestants agreed to it or not, would prevent that proposal being entertained. If a Tory Ministry had suggested that a complete provision should be made out of the surplus of the Disestablished Church for a Roman Catholic University, the worst that could happen in a financial point of view, would be the waste of some money for which nobody has yet been able to find a use. No injury would have been done to the general cause of education. The Roman Catholic University would have had only such pupils as it might be able to attract. But the liberal party—always so ready with the *shibboleth* of Concurrent Endowment, and so horrified at the notion of Roman Catholics receiving directly a small share of the educational funds of the country—was nothing loth to support a proposal which would have placed those endowments where it was foreseen and even intended that Roman Catholics should get absolute control over them: a machinery being invented to enable them to obtain command of the Council, and instruments provided whereby all freedom of thought which they should judge dangerous might be suppressed. One is reminded of the device by which Quaker shopkeepers satisfied their conscientious scruple against paying tithes. They would on no account hand the cash to the collector, but they submitted quietly while he went to the till and helped himself. In the present case, if we were to give anything, we would prefer to do it with our eyes open. It would be hardly fair to tempt the virtue or wise to trust to the moderation of those whom Mr. Gladstone proposed to lead to the till.

It was plain that the success of such a compromise must depend entirely upon the materials of which the governing Council of the new University should be composed. If it had not the confidence of the Roman Catholic Bishops, it could not be worked; on this Council everything was staked. And here we arrive at the pivot, the real secret, the great ingenuity of this scheme. It may be well to recall again in a few words the difficulty with which the government had to deal.

There have been in Ireland for nearly a quarter of a century past two conflicting theories of University Education. The one advocates the union of Protestants and Catholics in their student life; the other demands their separation. The former throws open to the student the whole field of learning without reserve, and encourages him to explore it; the latter tells him he must learn only under certain conditions and restric-

tions. The one refuses to admit that in the teaching of secular subjects ecclesiastics as such should have any special influence, the other insists that the power and principles of an Infallible Church should be felt through every channel and at every point of education. In fact, as it has been well put by the Rector of Lincoln, 'the Catholic authorities demand a separate University, not that they may conduct education in it, but that they may stop education at a certain stage. These are obviously two different ideals which cannot both prevail in the same University and which admit of no compromise. Up to the present time the former has alone been recognised by the English Government in the State Universities of Ireland. The latter is resolutely demanded by the Roman Catholic Bishops. The whole force of Mr. Gladstone's English supporters below the gangway are irrevocably pledged to maintain the one; the body of Members forming the Irish contingent as positively insist upon the other. The Bill of this session proposed to combine these opposing theories in a new University of Dublin. It was plain that to raise such a controversy in the Commons would have been to rend the Liberal party in twain; but in the settlement of all these questions could have been transferred from the floor of the House to the Council room in Dublin, from the debates and division lobbies of Parliament to the debates and division lobbies of the new University, it might have been arranged quietly and safely enough.

Here arose a grave difficulty. The Prime Minister, in his introductory speech, had justified the appointment of twenty-eight nominees of the House of Commons as the governing Body of the new University during the first ten years of its existence, on the plea that, if they had been chosen on purely academical grounds by the Senate of the existing University of Dublin, the influence of Trinity College would have been too strong, and it must therefore be 'balanced'—no doubt by the introduction of a sufficient force on behalf of competing influences. He had explained that those whose assistance in the Council he intended to invite should be chosen from among all those persons in Ireland 'who from their special knowledge, experience, ability, character, and influence, might be best qualified at once to guard and promote the work of academic education.'

Fair words! But where were the men to be found in Ireland whose political opinions were of neutral tint, and whose influence might moderate the fury of contending factions? It is one of the curses of Ireland that nearly all her distinguished men are politicians almost from their cradles, and in Ire-

land this very controversy has long been a 'burning question' of party politics. It would, we believe, be difficult to point out eight men—not to say eight-and-twenty—having any pretensions to sit in a high academic Council whose opinions were not already perfectly well known, and their politics earmarked by the fact that they had already marshalled themselves on one side or the other of the battles which once were fought in the Senate of the Queen's University, and which still rage at the Board of National Education in Dublin. The extent to which jobbery, and the jealousy of contending cliques have prevailed in these two bodies was well exposed in the course of the debate by Mr. Bouverie and Dr. Ball, and it is easy to see how naturally the Council of the New University would have followed in the same inevitable course.

The Dublin Officials, owing their professional appointments to the favour of Clerics who enjoy a certain electioneering influence, would have supplied a goodly contingent, quite as available for the work of the Bishops as any direct nominees of theirs could have been. These guardians of the Cardinal's interests would, no doubt, have been carefully chosen from a class of men always residing in Dublin, and, therefore, able to make it their business to be present at all meetings of the Council, while the interests of the modern system of education might have been represented by persons of great social eminence, but whose habits and occupations would have prevented their constant attendance. The acting contingent would have contrived to monopolise the working of the whole system, by a judicious manipulation of the machinery of sub-committees, by the grafting of general resolutions, and by timely adjournments. The officers of the Council would have become their officers, and there would have been no difficulty in modifying courses of study so as to exclude one book after another, or in preparing pitfalls for obnoxious Professors. From time to time some new demand would have been made, some more stringent rule regarding the appointment of teachers, which would practically have conceded to the Bishops that veto upon the appointment and tenure of their offices by Professors in the National University of Ireland, which, in 1868, they had demanded and failed to exact for their own University from Lord Mayo. Later the Council might come to argue, when further proposals should be made to them, as the Board of National Education seem to have argued in the case of Mr. O'Keefe. 'We do not like this business, but we have no choice. Were we to disobey, the Bishops

might withdraw from us their confidence and Colleges. They would lay an interdict on our work, they would empty our halls, and the whole system would then collapse. It is our business to keep that system going rather than to enter on a great educational struggle, which, however it might end, would first of all paralyse our University.'

Mr. Gladstone disclaimed all intention of choosing the 'ordinary members' of the Council as the representatives of religious bodies. This was a wise as well as a Christian resolve, because, even for its fatal purpose, such a principle of selection would have proved illusory. For as there are in Ireland distinguished Roman Catholics more bitterly opposed to Ultramontane usurpation than any Protestant, so there are many Protestants of high social position and private character who seem to make it a point of loyalty to their political party to be the obedient servants of Cardinal Cullen and the humble instruments for working out his plans. However chosen, the Council was to be 'balanced,' though it was not stated to which side or in what direction—were it but by a casting vote—the balance should incline. It was obvious that whichever party could obtain the preponderance must soon become paramount.* The decision of the contro-

* It would have been impossible, even for the shortest period, to preserve a political equipoise in such a Council. But if it had been possible, what would have been the result? The men who had been thus selected would understand perfectly why they had been selected. They would understand that they were intended to guard the interests of Education in the second place—to guard the interests of their respective parties in the first place. When the members of such a Council came together the result would be not a united effort for a common purpose, but a struggle between advocates, a struggle between men who knew why they had been sent there, and felt it to be their main duty to defend loyally their clients. At first violent altercations would have broken out, obstructing progress and destroying discipline amongst the students. After a time perhaps some tacit compact would have been adopted, according to which the members of different churches would have been practically governed by different rules, each class being placed under the representatives of their respective creeds. Thus, for example, by an extensive application of the principle of selection among the subjects and books prescribed for a degree examination, it might be possible to examine Roman Catholics and Protestants in wholly different courses, while professing to subject them to a common test. If this were the object, it would have been effected more consistently and more easily by two Universities than by the double-headed monster which the single University would necessarily become. It must be carefully observed that this disunion does not result from the mere presence in the Council of men of different religions, but from their presence as representatives and therefore as advocates. Men

versy became thus less a question of the policy of the measure than of the men who were to carry that policy into practice ; but in the Bill, when it was submitted for a second reading, the schedule which should have contained the names of these men was a blank. Thus the fate of all pending disputes was adjourned from the House of Commons to the Council of the new university, and the nomination of the members of the Council was postponed until the House had pledged itself to all the principles of the Bill.

Parliament was merely to set the stone rolling, and conclusions which Nonconformists could not bear to look upon, and which Roman Catholic Prelates so earnestly desired, might be brought about without any trouble. One part of the design was skilfully hidden behind the other parts. After the adoption of the principle of the Bill was to come the constitution of the Council, and after the Council was to come, as we shall next see, the affiliation of Colleges. In this last act were to be wholly effected the objects of the Cardinal and Bishops ; but a certain interval of time must be first supposed to elapse, and the scene was to be laid in Ireland. It was possible that, before the Bill left Parliament, the schedule containing the names of the twenty-eight ordinary members of the Council might have been filled up, so that not more than one-half would have been Ultramontane partisans. But means were provided for turning this equality, should it exist, into a decisive majority. Besides the 'ordinary members' nominated by the Crown in the first instance, there were also 'collegiate members' of the Council, the basis of whose position was to be, as the Prime Minister explained, that 'any college of the University which had fifty of its matriculated students being *in statu pupillari* matriculated also as members of the University might send one member to the Council ; and if it had one hundred and fifty students, two members'—and that was to be the *maximum*. Surely this seems a whimsical principle on which to regulate the representation of collegiate influences ! With what other object can it have been designed than to increase the numbers and magnify the influence upon the Council of the representatives of provincial seminaries as contrasted with those of Trinity and the other flourishing State Colleges ? Some

of these Colleges were to be named in a schedule to the Bill, others to be afterwards admitted on the same terms by the Council. It might have been expected that at first, on each proposal to affiliate a new College, such a contest would take place as used to be waged in America before the Civil War, when it was proposed to take a new State into the Union, and when it was eagerly examined whether the new State would vote on the side of freedom or of slavery. But as if to render it impossible to refuse affiliation to any Roman Catholic seminary, the Government, in naming Magee College as eligible for affiliation, selected an institution whose merits were entirely theological, but which was so limited in the number of its students, and so obscure as a place of secular instruction, that it would have been impossible after admitting such a precedent, to deny the rights of affiliation and representation to any Roman Catholic Diocesan seminary. As the debate on the second reading proceeded, it became evident that Magee College was so far down on the scale that it could not be admitted at all to representation in the Council ; but its original selection showed that it was intended to reach to a low level. Mr. Gladstone, no doubt, again and again explained that he did not intend or expect that these collegiate members should be equal in point of numbers to the ordinary members. But it is now pretty certain that if the Act had passed through Parliament in its original form, this expectation might have been very easily disappointed.

Trinity College, with its 1000 students, would return two members to the Council ; but Maynooth, with its 500, would return two others to pair with them for all time. The 'Catholic University' College, on one side of Stephen's Green, would send a man to 'face' the representative from the 'College of Science' on the other. The two delegates from the Roman Catholic Missionary College of All Hallows, at Drumcondra, with its 200 students, would neutralize the votes of the two from Queen's College, Belfast. The Colleges of St. Patrick at Carlow and at Thurles would take care to preserve upon their books, the *minimum* number of matriculated students which would entitle them to vote down the Councillors from Queen's College, Cork ; and the enemy being up to this point evenly matched, man for man, there would remain a reserve battalion to be raised, recruited, and drilled in such academies as those of Tuam, Clongowes Wood, and Tullamore.

Mr. Gladstone was careful to disclaim the idea that these Collegiate representatives were in any case to have the power by mutual

who had gained their position simply as the reward of intellectual merit might feel it to be their duty to regard Protestants and Catholics with strict impartiality, men sent to the Council as representatives would feel as advocates and would act as such.

combination of overbearing the other elements in the Council; but if the Act had been drawn expressly for that purpose, it could not more certainly have secured such a result. What was there in the Bill to prevent every candidate studying for the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland from passing the matriculation examination? In the solitary University of Ireland the standard of knowledge required for matriculation must have been rudimentary. Thus the ordinary student of a Diocesan seminary would easily have been put forward as one of fifty who, taken together, would have entitled it as of right to send a representative to the Council. He might not have the most remote intention of proceeding to a Degree, he might never again in any way come in contact with the new University of Dublin; he might the next day sail for America or Australia, as hundreds of young priests do yearly, there to minister to the spiritual wants of the Irish emigrants; but if he had been on a certain day, together with forty-nine others who had their names on the books of his 'College,' a matriculated student of the new University of Dublin, he would have completed and made indefeasible the claim of that seminary to return a member to the Council for seven years. How far this process might have been carried is a mere question of arithmetic; but from the figures we have already quoted, it is plain that it would have been easy at once to treble the six representatives of Trinity and the Queen's Colleges, and thus swamp the Council. As these Collegiate members were to be returned by the governing body of each College, and these governing bodies are in almost every instance Bishops, Priors, Abbots, or members of the Society of Jesus, or of some other religious order, there can be no doubt that the representatives returned would have been generally Roman Catholic Ecclesiastics. How vain, then, seems the care with which it was proposed nicely to balance the ordinary members of the Council so as to prevent the undue preponderance of any party! For after the defenders of the existing University system had been equally matched against its assailants one by one, these captains of fifty would have been admitted through the postern-gate of affiliation to overpower the garrison and decide the struggle. We cannot doubt that Mr. Chichester Fortescue was fully justified in pointing out to the Roman Catholic party that the measure gave them 'an opportunity, which, if vigorously made use of, would in a few years' time permit them to do almost all they wanted to do.'

It was to a Council thus organized and influenced that absolute power both to elect and

to dismiss all the Professors and to regulate the course of study was to have been committed. It was thus that the University of Dublin was to be liberated from the oppression of Trinity College! It is true that the arrangements for providing the ordinary members of the Council was put forward only as a provisional arrangement. At the end of ten years the Government nominees were to retire by a ingenious system of rotation, by which it would take seven years more before the original twenty-eight nominees had been exhausted, and their places supplied by others who might claim to be representatives of academical interests. But a period of ten years, which in the slow development of the ordinary life of a University produces but few changes, would, under the rule of the Council, have fully effected the purpose—the foregone conclusion—of the framers of the Bill.

We turn now to the other clauses, which were intended from the outset to 'balance' the influence of modern ideas and mitigate the evils of modern thought in the new University of Dublin,—clauses which, as Lord Hartington bluntly admitted, 'were put forward as an inducement to the Roman Catholics to accept the scheme.' We confess that we think those Liberal members of the House of Commons, who voted for the second reading of the Bill, and thus sanctioned its principle, were rather hard and unjust in their criticisms upon what they called its excrescences. One after another Whigs and Radicals of the most enlightened schools denounced the 'gagging clauses,'—those which proposed to send Modern History and Philosophy to Coventry,—as ridiculous and shameful, and certain, if carried into practice, to make the Degree of Mr. Gladstone's University the scorn of Europe. To us it seems that these peculiarities were rather the natural first-fruit than the exceptional blemishes of the measure. Its radical vice was that it attempted to reconcile the irreconcilable, to combine in the same educational system two antagonistic theories, two incompatible schemes, of teaching. Those who had to administer its system could have but few objects in common, while from the very law of their natures, if not from higher motives of conscience, they would be engaged in a continuous struggle to thwart and overthrow each the plans of the others. It might have been possible, by the exclusion of Philosophy and Modern History, to avert collisions over these particular subjects; but why should not a *casus belli* arise at once with regard to Political Economy, Natural History, the sciences of Biology and Geology, and even the practice of Surgery? And it

must be remembered that every such dispute would have been as much a matter of conscience, and, therefore, as incapable of compromise, as the most famous controversies of Theology.

Such were the proposals in their political aspect. As regards the interests of education, they were still more to be deprecated, and still more likely to prove disastrous.

Perhaps the strangest feature of the whole case was the conviction which Mr. Gladstone seems to have created in his own mind that this ingenious compromise, which seemed to afford an escape from his political difficulties, would really be beneficial to the interests of higher education in Ireland. In the Speech from the Throne, at the opening of the session, the promised University Bill was described as one which, while it was framed to protect the rights of conscience, would be also for the 'advancement of learning' in Ireland. Even to this hour the Prime Minister seems to cling to the belief that it was the object, and would have been the effect, of his Bill to liberate the University of Dublin from the oppression of Trinity College. The notion that it is his mission 'to emancipate a great historic University now in servitude to a single College' is evidently his *idée fixe*; and so far as he is ever likely again to meddle in this weary controversy, it is sure to recur, and to exercise an important influence in any plan in which they may take part. It is therefore worth while to examine thoroughly the meaning of these words. If their fallacy be once exposed, they will never be worth much again, and the question will be disembarrassed of at least some of the confusion with which it has been surrounded.

It has always been one of the elements in Mr. Gladstone's great successes that he can rapidly bring himself to believe with enthusiasm in the cause which for any reason he undertakes to advocate. He forthwith proceeds to identify with it high-minded sentiments, and to clothe it in shining raiment of lofty eloquence. Rhetorical sentences appear to assume substance and reality, and the brilliant metaphor of to-day passes into the heroic legislation of to-morrow. The 'emancipation of a University from subordination to Colleges' was a catch-phrase used in the controversies which were waged in the English Universities before the reform Bill of twenty years ago. Even for the purposes of that bygone argument it was but an inaccurate oratorical expression, but when it is foisted into the discussion of the Irish educational difficulty, it is altogether misleading. The phrase, no doubt, had a very sub-

stantial significance in the mouth of the Prime Minister so long as the scheme of the affiliated Colleges could be considered as of the essence of the Bill. So long as he regarded the University of Dublin as a kind of *congeries* of Colleges, most of which should be of mediæval type, it would have been obviously anomalous—however advantageous to the real interests of higher education—that its policy should have been swayed, and its character decided, by the towering influence of Trinity College—a place of united education where all the modern theories of learning and teaching were carried out in their full development. Such a rule would have been eminently beneficial, but might have seemed oppressive to those who did not like it. But Mr. Gladstone still clings to his determination of emancipating the University, though all the conditions that gave a substantial meaning to such language have vanished. The proposal to merge the Queen's University and its Colleges in the older foundation of Dublin was never very seriously pressed by the Minister, and, having been rejected by those mainly interested, may be left out of the question. Cardinal Cullen and the Roman Catholic Bishops contemptuously refused to admit their Colleges into the system, even under the favourable terms offered by Mr. Gladstone, and it is certain that he will never again be able to propose conditions more attractive; so that it is impossible to consider the affiliated Colleges as being now in any sense a practicable suggestion. But if it be impossible so to rearrange the University of Dublin as to induce the Roman Catholic Prelates to permit their Colleges to be grafted into it, is there anything practically oppressive or anomalous, or even inconvenient, in the relations of Trinity College to the University of Dublin as they exist at present? To an Oxford or Cambridge man who has not looked at the question in its wider aspect, a single College clothed with University powers may no doubt at first appear a strange anomaly. It may seem to him almost a law of nature that there should be several Colleges in the same University, but such a plurality of Colleges is really peculiar to England. In the original growth of the system the University came first; it consisted of a staff of eminent teachers. The Colleges were places of residence where Students who flocked to enjoy the instruction of the University Professors were lodged and supervised. Afterwards the Colleges came to provide special instructions for the students who resided within them. Colleges are therefore to be considered in a twofold aspect as places of residence and places of

special instruction. Now, from the latter point of view, it is far from an advantage to have in the same University several staffs of instructors, each going over the same ground. The multiplication of branches of study, and the extension which the study of each branch has in modern times received, makes it absolutely necessary that the instructors should avail themselves of the principle of the division of labour. In Trinity College, Dublin, for example, some fifty years ago, the Students were distributed among different Tutors, each of whom was responsible for the instruction of his own pupils. The new life of the College dates from the time when this arrangement was abandoned for one in which the Tutors threw their earnings into a common stock, and the whole body of Tutors made itself collectively responsible for the instruction of the whole body of Students. Each Tutor was enabled to devote himself exclusively to the department in which he most excelled; a classification of the Students in each subject according to their degree of proficiency became possible, the more advanced were no longer kept back by being joined with the backward, and by thus using this principle of the division of labour the efficiency of the College lectures was multiplied tenfold. Thus the Lecturers in Trinity College do not correspond to the Lecturers in a single College in Oxford or Cambridge, but rather to the Professors in a University.

Considered as a place of residence, it is not true that Trinity College monopolizes the Dublin University. Trinity College being situated in a large town, it naturally happened that there were a number of parents desirous that their sons should have the benefit of University teaching, but who had no need of College discipline for them, preferring to keep them in their own houses. Consequently, of the Students attending lectures in Trinity College, not half reside within the walls; the remainder may be said to be the very class of 'unattached Students of the University' whom Mr. Gladstone is anxious to introduce.

Glancing, again, at the religious grievance of the Roman Catholics, it is worth while to notice the terms on which a Student of Trinity College belonging to that religion can proceed to a Degree. If a native of Dublin, he may reside in his own home; if he come from the Provinces, he may dwell wherever his father may choose to place him. He may take up his abode in the Catholic University itself, and receive all the religious instruction it can give for him. He may attend the lectures provided for him in Trinity College, with a certainty that no

word will be spoken on the subject of religion, and that no attempt will be made to undermine his faith. If, however, his parents think it dangerous that he should come into contact with an heretical Lecturer on secular subjects, or with heretical fellow-Students, he may receive his secular instruction also, if he pleases, at the Catholic University, and it will suffice that he should pass two Examinations annually during his four years' course at Trinity College. And though these Examinations do range over certain subjects supposed to be dangerous, such as Logic and Metaphysics, Mr. Gladstone's provision (if we gather its meaning aright from the 'less accurate language' of the Bill) is strictly complied with, and a candidate examined in such a book, for instance, as Locke's 'Essay' is only expected to be able to tell what Locke's opinions were, and is not bound to profess any agreement with them on his own part. By attending such Examinations a Roman Catholic Student can proceed to the highest honours of the University. Every prize or place of emolument may be won by him except Fellowships, and these will be open also if Mr. Fawcett's Bill should become law. It is obvious how slight is the connection of such Students with the College (in the English meaning of the word), and how easily the rules might have been re-arranged so as to remove any just cause of complaint on this account. Here then is a peculiar, but admittedly a very successful system of Collegiate and University arrangements. We maintain that it was a mischievous and officious suggestion on the part of the Prime Minister, that the principles, upon which we had reformed the very different relations of the Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, should be forced upon the reluctant University of Dublin.

The best Universities that the world has seen have been of slow growth, and have attained their perfect development as the people who designed them gradually moulded them to suit the peculiar educational wants, and the special social circumstances of their country; and when it is found that a nation has succeeded in adopting academic arrangements suited to its wants, it is a daring and dangerous experiment to endeavour to substitute for it another system—however admirable—transplanted from a different soil.

The busy and successful Universities of Scotland have taken their stand midway between the High School and the finishing College, and have thus supplied the wants of a country where, though the general level of education is high, individual youths are

more aided by their ambition than their wealth, and the system of teaching is mainly pointed at the practical purposes of a struggling man's life. The Queen's College of Ireland, and especially the Belfast College, though unlike them in their arrangements for giving Degrees, resemble in many respects the Scotch models. The German Universities are managed on wholly different principles. The genius of the people is studious, and learning is really loved and cultivated for its own sake. There is a freedom from anything like compulsory instruction at the German Universities, which would seem strangely lax to the Dons of our own Colleges. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are the most singular of all, and are evidently the outcome of a peculiar social condition shared by no other country. Trinity College, Dublin, founded nearly three centuries ago on the model of her namesake of Cambridge, has during the interval in many respects travelled in a somewhat different groove from her prototype. Each of these systems has its admirers; in each country those who have had experience of University life are proud of the arrangements which they have found suitable to their national wants and circumstances, and are unwilling to exchange the associations of their own Alma Mater for those of any other. But certainly amongst the institutions of Ireland Dublin University has acquired a position of solitary eminence. It seems to have secured the confidence and the affection of the people, and though Protestants are on political grounds assailed for having so long enjoyed the lion's share of its advantages, it is admitted that they have made it a great success.

Twice in modern times has a Government attempted to provide for its people a ready-made Academical system. The University of London was established mainly as a nucleus for outlying affiliated Colleges; but this project was found not to work, the University advanced into a different path, and now supplies most happily a national want in a manner not at first intended. As a mere Examining Board conferring Degrees on a limited number of persons who find it impossible or inconvenient to attend the progressive studies of teaching Universities, it is an admirable and useful institution. Another example is to be found in the University of France, which Napoleon created brand-new, and attempted to set up in the beginning of the present century. It is the only national University which is decidedly unpopular in its own country; yet, strangely enough, it was after the model of the University of France more than that of any

other that Mr. Gladstone proposed to reform the University of Dublin, against the will of its own Teachers, Graduates, and Students, and of all classes of Irishmen. This single University, unchecked by competition, must have taken one of two shapes: either the scheme of affiliated Colleges would have become a reality, or the clause dispensing with attendance on lectures or any other course of instruction would have supplied the main characteristic of the system. In the first case, there would have resulted a University similar to that of France, where a central *bureau* determines the work of a vast body of cramming establishments scattered over the country. In the other, the new University would have become a simple Examining Board on the model of the University of London.

In France, in 1808, a single University was established by political action in lieu of the twenty-three Universities of the Regal period. It is governed by a Minister of State and a Central Board sitting in Paris, and determining the Examinations and the course of study for all France. Such general supervision would have been the function of the Council of the new University at Dublin. It must have framed a curriculum, so as to make the attainment of Degrees practicable for a certain proportion of the Students of the various Colleges; whilst, on the other hand, it would have become the business of the Seminaries scattered over the country, no less than of the Dublin Colleges, to devote their whole energies to preparing their pupils for these Examinations. A monopolist University cannot maintain a high standard, as the University of London does, working as an auxiliary to the older institutions of this country. It must get a certain number of candidates through its Examinations, and must see that the Colleges devote themselves to drilling the Students for this end. It thus becomes the duty of these institutions not so much to give the Students mental training, as to prepare them for the central Examinations. It is to such a system as this that every French writer of eminence attributes the intellectual degradation of his country in later years. The Students are worked very hard, but always along a beaten track, leading up to the Examination appointed by the central authority. It is to such a system that the University of Dublin would have been degraded if the elaborate machinery provided in the Government measure for the affiliation of scattered Colleges had worked, and had been the only important change introduced by the Bill.

But we have not yet exhausted the mischievous principles of this meddling Bill.

The language in which it dealt with the scheme of the affiliated Colleges filled many clauses and covered several pages. There was also this provision contained in two lines and a half (Clause 25, Subsection 5): 'Students of the University shall not be obliged to attend lectures, or any other course of instruction given by the University.' These words, clear, simple, and unequivocal, are probably the contribution of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Their effect would have been to introduce into the New University of Dublin all the worst evils of the system of a mere Examining Board.

In the January number of the 'Quarterly Review' we prepared our readers for some such disclosure as the almost inevitable result of the addition of Mr. Lowe to the Cabinet, composed, in the main, of the same men, and governed by the same influences, that produced the Supplemental Charter of 1866. To most of those who were opposed to such a notion, Mr. Gladstone's introductory speech gave great satisfaction, because it seemed to propose a University which should teach as well as examine. Yet, when his scheme came to be looked into, it was apparent that the Teachers were a mere excrescence from the plan, and that the University which he founded was, in truth, no more than an Examining Board. The scheme would have been altered only in name, and not in fact, if it had announced the formation of a fourth Queen's College in Dublin, together with a University whose only function should be to examine. For there was not to be the slightest connexion between the work of these University Professors and that of the Examiners, not one of the Professors being necessarily an Examiner, not one of the candidates for Examination being necessarily a hearer of the Professors. Why these teachers were introduced, except to give the University the appearance of being a teaching body, it is not easy to say. For they were only to do the work that was being already done in Trinity College, in a manner with which no one had any fault to find. One could understand the scheme if it undertook to deal with the prohibited subjects, and proposed to supplement the Protestant teaching, say of modern history, in Trinity College, by the lectures of a University Professor, who should give the Roman Catholic version of that science. But the plan did not comprehend any subject on which any student could object to avail himself of the Trinity College Lectures. Thus, for example, when already a set of men were lecturing in Trinity College on Conic Sections and the Differential Calculus

as competent as can be found anywhere, what need to apply for a grant of public money to pay other men for teaching in Dublin the same subjects? Unless, indeed, the real intention was that, since Parliament could not be induced to make a grant directly to the Catholic University, that institution should be indirectly provided for by having its staff endowed under the name of University Professors.

Whatever may have been the intention, there can be no doubt that the effect of thus giving a Student the option of obtaining his Degree in the University of Dublin, without requiring any guarantee that he has gone through a regular course of Collegiate training, was to deal a deadly blow not only at the distinguished teaching Colleges then in existence, but also at the cause of systematic education in general. The Diocesan Seminaries and the other Colleges for the Romish Priesthood would, no doubt, have retained the Students who resort to those places in obedience to the discipline of their Church, and some few provincial youths might as laymen have shared the Collegiate training there provided. But who would have filled the lecture-rooms and kept up the vigorous, social life of Trinity and the Queen's Colleges? Not the sons of wealthy Irishmen. Many of these even now prefer the more congenial habits of Oxford and Cambridge, having spent their boyhood at English public schools; such of them as still do attend the University of Dublin and exercise an important influence there, would no longer remain in order to win the spurious Degree of the 'balanced' University of Dublin. Not the humbler men who form the bulk of University Students in Ireland, and who struggle to the portal of their professional life at an age which in England would be considered immature. As their object is to obtain their Arts Degree on the easiest conditions, whilst they devote themselves almost exclusively to their professional studies, it is inevitable that they should prefer to read with a 'coach;' he would undertake in a few months, and at small expense, to get them through the Examination, to prepare for which in the Colleges would require a larger outlay of money and the sacrifice of several years devoted to regular and continuous study. It is well known that, in such a competition for Students, the College Tutor has no chance against the professional crammer. In this way the finishing stroke would have been given to the old creations of Elizabeth and the later foundations of Sir Robert Peel. No Students would have continued to attend their halls

except those who were attracted by the hope of winning prizes; and, long before the third period indicated by Mr. Gladstone in his introductory speech had been reached, the existing Universities of Ireland would have experienced the fulfilment of his promises, as to the advancement of learning, in deserted halls and degraded Degrees.

In estimating the conduct of the Ministers, it is worth considering what might have happened had the Bishops taken the course which it was clearly expected by the Ministry they would take, and which there was every reason to believe they were themselves at first disposed to take. We will suppose that the Bill was passed with a simple protest on the part of the Bishops, and that they had then come in to make what they could of it—they might clearly have dealt with the University as they have dealt with the National Board, where they did not start with anything like the same advantages; they might, as we have already seen, have gradually acquired possession of the whole system, overborne their opponents, and made the University their own. It is true that such an institution is not so easily controlled by an external power, but the Bishops would have entered on the struggle with the advantage of having a governing body nominated on political, instead of academical, grounds; appointed, in fact, for the express purpose of balancing the independence which is to be expected in a full-grown University, and, in addition, they would have had as a reserve force the representatives of affiliated Colleges capable of being indefinitely increased. As the clerical preponderance became established, its existence would have been made an excuse for continuing and extending it. The Professors, having gradually lost all power of resistance, would degenerate into sycophants of the Bishops. The standard of the Degree having been lowered, and the number of Protestants having dwindled, a growing proportion of Students would come from the Bishops' Colleges until the priestly power would underlie every portion of the system.

If, on the other hand, the Council should at some time arouse itself to a sudden assertion of self-respect, the Bishops, after such lengthened engrossment of power, would not hesitate about their course of action, they would have lost nothing in the interval. In ten years they would have trained a couple of generations of University Students to a sense of their predominance in the work of education. They would have moulded the public opinion of the country to be accustomed to the assertion

of their authority, and if at last they had decided to secede from the University, they might appeal to the public as its rightful owners, as the people for whom it was created, who, after long service in its work, were being ousted by revolutionary violence. If the Ultramontanes should thus renew the struggle of the present time, what would be the condition of that fragment of independent men who, having still clung to the University, might be called on to take up the challenge in defence of the cause of education? The vigorous young life of the Queen's University, the matured strength and popularity which in three hundred years of useful work the old foundation of Elizabeth has earned, would have ceased to exist, and their colleges would be represented by smart professional men produced principally by cramming for Examinations, and wanting in that intellectual sympathy, that healthy mental activity, which grows from true academic life.

All such speculations have now only an historical interest. Unless the Bishops came in to work in the scheme cordially, it had obviously no *raison d'être*. When the Bishops had denounced it in unmeasured terms, it would have been a gratuitous piece of folly to press it further. Even had a second reading been obtained for it in order to save the existence of the Ministry, the Bill must have been immediately abandoned. It is now more interesting to analyse, or rather to speculate upon, the hidden motives of this treason, which at the critical moment of the battle transferred the whole Roman cohort from Mr. Gladstone's camp to that of his political antagonists. The change of front was effected with perfect order and discipline. As one man, five-and-thirty Irish Members marched into the lines of the enemy and fraternised with the foe.

Perhaps the secret of this disappointment will never be accurately known. No publication of posthumous correspondence is likely to reveal it. If there were any written pledges or interchanges of opinion, they were not official. If there was any private correspondence, the working of the Roman Catholic discipline will not leave behind any traces. The Prime Minister assured Parliament that he had not had the advantage of holding direct communication beforehand with the Ultramontane party because—the reason does not seem quite logical—he did not deem it respectful to the University of Dublin to approach them on the subject of his own policy after they had identified themselves with the rival project of Mr. Fawcett. No doubt there were also other reasons. Mr. Gladstone had already

'burnt his fingers,' and the Parliamentary paper, which contains the correspondence between Sir George Grey and the Roman Catholic Bishops in 1865-66, lay like a wreck to warn him away from that dangerous shoal. But although Mr. Gladstone was in a position to state that he had not consulted these influential persons officially or directly, does any one doubt that the Episcopal mind was carefully gauged as to all the important provisions which should command the confidence of those without whose hearty support it was impossible to work the measure? It is absurd to suppose that on such a question every possible means should not have been exhausted to secure success. We are sure that we do no injustice, and offer no offence to the present distinguished Lord Chancellor of Ireland or to the Postmaster-General, when we say that they possess the confidence, and are honoured by the intimacy, of Cardinal Cullen and other dignitaries of the Irish Roman Catholic Church.

To say that the valuable services of such men were not used in this difficult and delicate matter, is to say that the present Government declined to avail themselves of advantages of which as a political party they have a monopoly. The Irish Liberal Members were the friends of Mr. Gladstone. The Bishops have been his allies for years. They have shown willingness to suit his convenience, and not to embarrass him either by direct demands or, what might have proved more dangerous, by their direct approval. Contrary to their ordinary custom observed for many years, they abstained during the autumn and winter of 1872 from issuing their annual manifestoes on the subject of education. Up to the last, everything seemed to be well understood and likely to run smoothly. But as to the extent to which such diplomacy was carried, and the causes of its failure, we can but guess. Was it that over-zealous go-betweens exaggerated on one side the extent of the concessions to be hoped for, and on the other the moderation of the Episcopal expectations? Was it that the Bill, however perfect as it was laid upon the table of the House of Commons, became worthless so soon as scrutinizing eyes had read between the lines, and sighted beyond the screen of the 'balanced' Council, the serried ranks of monastic seminaries capable of easy affiliation? Was it that astute churchmen foresaw that the Bill, which issued from the Cabinet a weapon well fitted to their hands, would, if it ever received the Royal Assent, be received in a state so altered that it might make only more power-

ful than ever the system of Education which they dreaded? Was it that Dr. M'Hale, the sturdy old Lion of St. Jarlath's, and others who had not been consulted or could not be conciliated, were not loth to take advantage of these embarrassments, to rouse the spirit of the Nationalist party, and overthrow the temporizing and tortuous policy of their brother Bishops? Certainly, the debate on the second reading had proceeded far before Cardinal Cullen abandoned his policy of qualified disapproval. It had then become manifest that the inherent difficulties of his position would oblige Mr. Gladstone to make many concessions in a sense directly contrary to the interests of the Ultramontanes; and when, on the night preceding the last of the debate, Mr. Cardwell threw over all their most cherished clauses as not being 'of the essence of the Bill,' they probably felt that they must either strike at once a decisive blow, or admit that as a political party their power was effaced.

Perhaps, after all, it would have been better for the English Minister to have taken from the outset a bold and straightforward line, and to have spoken in plain and unexaggerated language, dealing openly and officially with all parties interested in the question. The Ultramontane Hierarchy would not then have been buoyed up with vain hopes impossible of fulfilment. There might even have been a chance of some settlement of this weary controversy. But whether he had succeeded or not in this, he would have had the hearty support of the English people, and, we believe, of the best part of the Irish people, in resisting unreasonable demands. The catastrophe that has happened tends directly to magnify the mystery and seeming power of the Romish system. Foreigners, looking on at the sudden overthrow of the strongest English Government of modern times, wrote in their newspapers sensational announcements that the Pope, though imprisoned in the Vatican, had proved his power in England—had issued his secret orders, and decided the fate of the Government. There is probably not a grain of truth in such stories. It is very unlikely that his Holiness exercised any direct or immediate influence upon the ultimate resolve of the Irish Bishops, that those whose conduct they could influence in the House of Commons should vote against the Government. It would be nearer the fact to say that the peculiar policy and position of the Prime Minister on this subject compelled him, while endeavouring to make large concessions to the demands of the Irish Bishops, to seem to do so as little as possible at their dictation. He was therefore obliged to put himself to

some extent in their power, depending probably on hints and messages and slippery informal agreements. He knew that without their co-operation his elaborate proposals could not practicably be carried out, but he went on his way as if confident of finding on their part a degree of moderation for which previous experience had given no warrant. These Ecclesiastics own loyalty to no political party, and sacrificed him readily for the sake of their system.

It is probable that the more cool and farsighted amongst the Roman Catholic Bishops now bitterly regret the results of their hasty and overbearing decision. They must by this time see plainly that no future Minister is likely to offer them a measure nearly so well arranged for the promotion of their policy. It is true that Mr. Gladstone has shown no resentment at their desertion. Since his return to office, he seems still to consider that the Ultramontane members are under his personal patronage; and he availed himself of the earliest public opportunity of declaring that the principle of his policy on the Irish University question is indestructible, and will still make itself felt in the history of this country. That principle, if we have read the measure aright, was to be carried out by giving to Ultramontane Colleges power, and ultimately endowments, through the machinery of a professedly un-denominational University. The plan was very cleverly contrived, but it has been found out, and so thoroughly exposed that no kindred project is likely to be floated for many a day to come.

So, in disappointment and disaster, the famous drama of 'Irish ideas' draws to its close. In this, as in other departments of their policy, the Liberal party seem to have exhausted their programme, and the public are heartily tired of the whole affair. It was upon the promise that by measures of generous concession they would pacify Ireland that they obtained their vast majority. The Fenian panic had stirred the English Liberal into an intense desire to be just. The united demands of the Irish Roman Catholics and English Disestablishers had found an echo and encouragement in the heroic speeches of the Prime Minister, leading his party directly to office. The measures he proposed, though they fell far short of the expectations he had aroused in Ireland, were so bold and so elaborate in their scope and management, that they dazzled and amazed his followers. As no one immediately suffered except the helpless Irish Protestants, who neither would nor could become disloyal, there was nothing to break the continued

chorus of praise and gratitude with which the Liberal journals accompanied each fresh act of spoliation. How scornfully they denounced the bigotry of the Irish Loyalists, how gently they reproached their own tardy interference, thanking God, with Pharisaical cant, that now, at least, they were not as other men, and especially their fathers, who were abettors of oppression, while, with gushing enthusiasm, they proceeded to reward the violence of the enemies of England by the wholesale sacrifice of the interests of her most faithful friends!

Little more than three years have elapsed since the triumph of the great Liberal party over the Protestant Church of Ireland was completed, and what reward has been reaped? It was indeed impossible at that time to point out what substantial advantage anyone would gain from the measure; but we were told that we should have patience—that we were clearing the ground, and that when the old institutions were out of the way we should see a harvest of content and gratitude spreading over the land. The ground has been cleared with a vengeance; but what is the change of scene? In considerable portions of Ireland the Constitution is suspended—the press is conducted under a *surveillance* of a rigorous and exceptional character. Yet, in spite of such restrictions, journals of every shade of politics in Ireland continually denounce the English Government, and to day the old weary clamour for Repeal of the Union rings more loudly in our ears than we have heard it since the evil days that preceded and accompanied the great famine. By a singular coincidence, as a general election is about to take place under the Ballot, we find that the Roman Catholic priesthood, balked of their dearest ambition, are left in a condition of soreness, disappointment, and hopelessness. Will they not now heartily throw in their lot with the advocates of Home Rule? Can Mr. Gladstone blame them if they do? He has assured them that their treatment as regards education is 'scandalously bad.' But they have learned that he has no means of giving them the only redress in the matter that they are willing to accept. It is thus that all the reckless concessions that the Liberal party has made within a few years to Irish sentiment—all the exceptional legislation it has carried for that part of the kingdom, have fallen far short of their mark. Wild exaggeration of the real grievances, bombastic promises of redress, have in every instance been discounted beforehand for more than the full value of any benefit that it was in the power of England to confer. We have spent two whole sessions and the best part

of a third over these Irish Bills, and at the end we are left in apparently a worse position in Ireland than we were before we began.

The Irish University Bill had been declared by Mr. Gladstone to be vital to the honour and existence of his Cabinet. Its rejection was of course followed by the immediate resignation of their offices by him and his colleagues. Was Mr. Disraeli justified in thus displacing the existing Government and in immediately afterwards refusing to undertake the formation of a Ministry?

If the measure proposed by Mr. Gladstone for the solution of this awkward problem had been a good one, or could have been made a good one, it would have been clearly the interest, as well as the duty, of the Conservative party to give it a candid and generous support, and thus achieve the happy settlement of a most troublesome question. But when it turned out to be, as we have seen, insincere in its pretensions, false in its principles, fatal in its consequences, and intolerable to every party in Ireland, it became the bounden duty of the Opposition to resist it to the utmost of their power. It has been said that the large concessions promised by Mr. Cardwell should have been accepted, and that the Bill should have been read a second time, with a view to subsequent alterations. But if this course had been adopted in order to avert one Ministerial crisis, what guarantee was there that the threat of another would not have been repeated at each subsequent stage, when an injurious clause came under the consideration of the Committee? If all the constructive clauses of the Bill had been rejected, nothing would have remained but those which destroyed the valuable Universities now existing in Ireland. It was therefore the duty of Mr. Disraeli as leader of the Opposition to resist, with all the force at his command, this mischievous measure, without any regard to the consequences to his party.

On sound principles of party Government, as well as in the interests of his political followers, Mr. Disraeli was also fully justified in declining to be forced into office. The explanations made on the 20th of March, by the leader of the present Government and by the leader of the Opposition, in the House of Commons, will long offer a curious and instructive lesson to the student of constitutional law and history. They afford, also, conclusive proof that the Conservatives have chosen on this occasion the line of conduct which was best in the interest of their party as well as in that of the country. We need not repeat the reasons urged by Mr. Disraeli in vindication of the course he adopted: they have been sanctioned by the

approval of public opinion. The wisdom of his conduct receives still more striking confirmation from the admissions of Mr. Gladstone. The arguments by which the latter endeavoured to fix upon the Conservative party the duty of assuming office are the most weak and frivolous that have perhaps ever been used on an important occasion by a distinguished public man. But the force of the reasons which he gave for his own unwillingness to become again Prime Minister cannot be denied:—

‘I do not think,’ he said, ‘that, as a general rule, the experience we have had in former years of what may be called returning or resuming Governments has been very favourable in its character.’

And he added—

‘I think that the subsequent fortunes of such Governments lead to the belief that, upon the whole, though such a return may be the lesser of two evils, yet it is not a thing in itself to be desired. It reminds me of that which was described by the Roman general, according to a noble ode of Horace:—

“Neque amissos colores
Lana refert, medicata fuco;
Nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus.”

Nothing can exceed the pathos and truth of this description of the return to office of a defeated and discredited Administration. Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet has been reprieved from immediate execution, but the day of its fate is not distant, and meantime the Ministers are living in the ‘condemned cell.’ We fully believe that many of the leaders of the Liberal party would gladly terminate this melancholy and humiliating existence. But they dare not dissolve. The Ministerial mourners go about the streets, and the veteran chiefs of the Whigs wag their heads with responding augury. An attempt has been made to take advantage of a year of unexampled financial prosperity by the production of what is called a popular budget; but no appreciable effect has been produced by the effort in rallying the confidence of the public, while the sacrifice of consistency on the part of the Ministers, who, for this purpose, were obliged to abandon the most cherished and boasted principles of their financial policy, is in itself a striking confession of weakness. In the short period of the session that has already elapsed the Liberals have been guilty of a series of acts which, if committed by a Conservative Government, they would have denounced with all the scorn of indignant political virtue. There are many questions still before them of the utmost difficulty and danger. The waterlogged ship of their Administration

can hardly float in the tranquil weather which they now enjoy: let the least breeze be stirred, at home or abroad, and it must immediately founder.

How long the many distinguished men who are connected with the present Government will consent to serve in it, whilst they see their party every day disintegrating in the House of Commons and becoming more unpopular in the country, it is not for us to say. We believe it is not the true policy of the Conservatives in any way to precipitate a crisis; and we trust that the leaders of the party will remain firm in their present resolution not to take office, under any circumstances, unless they have a majority in their favour in the House of Commons. It is impossible that Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet can in any appreciable degree recover the prestige that has departed from it. Whether an appeal to the constituencies, which cannot now be long delayed, will give the Conservatives a majority, we do not pretend to predict; but it is hardly denied by anyone that the Parliament, which was returned in the great political excitement that marked the autumn of 1868, does not truly reflect the opinions and wishes of the people as they are found to exist in 1873. Mr. Glad-

stone still reluctantly holds the reins of office; but his Government is really only a provisional Administration pending the return of a new House of Commons.

NOTE TO THE ARTICLE ON 'Baron Stockmar' in No. 266, p. 218.

'Reasonable as the King's stipulations were, there were not wanting cavillers, headed by a certain Sir Samuel Whalley, a retired mad-doctor, who tried to get up a Parliamentary inquiry on the subject.'

We have received a letter from Sir Samuel Whalley, saying that this is the revival of an election-squib, that he was never in the medical profession, and that he had at the time only just taken his degree at the University of Cambridge. We willingly give insertion to Sir Samuel Whalley's contradiction of the story, though in justice to ourselves we may add, that we did not make the statement upon our own authority, but were only copying from a letter of Lord Palmerston written to Baron Stockmar.

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ART. I.—*Our Living Poets.* By H. Buxton Forman. London, 1872.

THE condition of poetry is a matter of public concern. Above the other arts, poetry stands pre-eminent in its power to influence the mind of society; for while, like the rest of them, it seeks to give an outward form to the inner experience of our nature, it expresses itself not in marble, colour, or sound, but in language, which, of all means of communicating human thought and feeling, is the most rationally intelligible. No more subtle power can be conceived for the direction of those feelings and perceptions which we call taste, whether it invigorate them, by giving a living body to manly thought, or corrupt them, by throwing the lustre of fancy over objects that are by nature debasing and unsound. The poetry of an age is the monument of its character; the virtues and the weaknesses of our ancestors are perpetuated in their verse; and in the same manner we shall ourselves be exposed to the clear judgment of posterity. Over language also the poets exercise a great modifying power, and as they have strengthened it in its infancy, and directed its growth, so in its maturity it should be their endeavour to preserve it from decay.

For all these reasons it is of importance that society should have a settled opinion of what poetry ought to be, and that the critic should not content himself with simply appreciating the intention of a poem, but should determine whether the motive of its composition be just and the language pure. Half a century ago, when the taste of society was fixed by a fairly definite standard, the general principles from which a critic started

were commonly understood. But in the present day we have no such agreement of opinion. Modern poetry is certainly not wanting in character; it displays strong and well-defined tendencies of thought and language, which cannot fail to exercise a powerful effect for good or ill upon the public taste. Unfortunately these characteristics are of a kind to excite the most opposite feelings; and while one party hails them as the dawn of a new era in poetry, another regards them as the mere trickery of charlatans. Both sides are equally positive; neither seeks to refer the decision to principles beyond their own private taste. For instance, the critic, whose book we have placed at the head of our article, embraces with ardour the cause of the modern poets. It is enough for him that they exist, and are men of marked genius; he does not venture to define their prerogative. 'By close holding to real' (that is, modern) 'poetry,' he makes himself master of its peculiarities; and then, by aid of what he calls 'the logic of admiration,' invents principles to explain them. It is plain that, with such preliminaries, argument is out of the question, in the event of a difference of opinion. If, for example, it is objected to a poem that is unintelligible, the retort from a person of Mr. Forman's persuasion immediately is, 'I understand and admire; you do not understand.' The question thus becomes purely personal; hard names are called on each side, and the most violent animosities are of course excited. Fervid panegyric is met by flat contempt, while the basest motives are imputed to explain an adverse opinion on a poem, even when the criticism is delivered with strict moderation. This state of things

is in every way mischievous. So far from invigorating taste, it produces nothing but anarchy and scepticism. Now for ourselves we do not pretend to be able to judge with perfect coolness of anything so intimately connected with our own feelings as modern poetry. We have decided opinions on this subject, and we shall do our best to defend them. Wherever the practice of our living poets seems to us prejudicial to the healthiness of taste and the purity of language, we shall not be deterred by genius or reputation from condemning it in the plainest terms, more especially in the case of anything that strikes us as literary imposture. But we shall examine the subject by principles which we shall endeavour to make as plain as possible, and which, whether true or false, have at least the advantage of placing the controversy in a position which is open to argument.

Poetry is the art of producing pleasure for the imagination, the reason, and the feelings, by means of metrical language. The faculties to which the poet appeals are of common constitution. Language, the material of his art, is the common vehicle of thought for his reader as well as for himself. All sound and enduring poetry must therefore be able to submit to the test of four canons relating to conception and expression:—

(1) It must be representative; that is, it must deal with intelligible subjects in a manner that can be commonly understood.

(2) The subject selected for representation must be suitable to verse.

(3) The form of poetry employed must be such as to represent the true nature of the subject.

(4) The language must be of a kind to heighten and vivify the thought without attracting undue attention to itself.

By these principles every surviving poem may be examined, and, so far as it satisfies the test, it will continue to afford men pleasure, so long as they care to read. Nor, unless he is prepared to maintain that the constitution of the human mind has altered, and poetry is therefore bound to seek out a new track, can any critic claim for a modern poet exemption from the general law. We shall therefore endeavour, in a rapid survey, to consider the principles of contemporary poetry by means of the test which we have proposed.

Such a survey is rendered comparatively easy by the tendency of our modern poets to separate themselves into certain well-defined groups. The names, for instance, of Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Mr. Swinburne, at once suggest particular subjects of poetry,

as well as particular manners of writing, each differing alike from the other, and from the forms of expression in general use. Round each of these master-poets, again, a number of imitators have grouped themselves, so that the entire surface of modern poetry is broken up into a variety of styles, distinguished by technical differences, almost as marked as those which separated the schools of painting in Italy. In the eyes of Mr. Forman, these divisions appear a sign of richness and vigour, and he tells us that the prospects of English poetry are mainly dependent on the existence of three 'schools,' which he calls 'the Idyllic,' 'the Psychological,' 'the Preraphaelite.' We leave these marvellous names to speak for themselves; the grouping which they denote we follow as a classification convenient for a review of the subject.

By far the most popular form of modern poetry is the Idyll, for, unlike the generality of contemporary poems, it treats of subjects which are readily appreciated by the public mind. The Idyll is a short poem containing a picture of life, and the subjects chiefly selected for representation in the present day are of two classes, the modern and the romantic. Now, with regard to the former, the poet who treats of contemporary themes has, at the outset, to face a considerable difficulty. Poetry will not tolerate anything trite or mean, yet from its very familiarity the ordinary aspect of life presents little to excite the imagination. There have doubtless been idyllic poets peculiarly fortunate in their outward circumstances. The name which at once occurs as that of the great representative of this kind of composition is Theocritus. The Sicilian poet found his subjects ready-made. Everything in his verse is purely representative. The out-of-door pastoral images of his idylls, goats and cattle, corn, honey, and wine, shepherds and fishermen, rustic humour and bucolic love, however refined of their rudeness to suit polite taste, are peculiar to a dry, fertile, and sunny climate, and are even now suggested to the fancy by the shores of the Mediterranean. Theocritus spoke with the voice of nature. But his literary imitators, even Virgil himself, have not been equally happy; and in England every poet, who has tried to play on the Doric pipe, has sounded a false note. There is nothing in our damp island atmosphere, or in our own character, to favour that easy, contented, grasshopper life which still marks the peoples of the South.

England has, however, a rustic poetry of its own, which has been expressed by one who deserves far more admiration from his countrymen than in the present day he is

likely to obtain. It is but seldom we hear any mention of the name of Crabbe, yet it was once familiar to every reader of taste and reflection. Born in a low station, and familiar with every form of humble English life, in town and country, this true poet has not hesitated to represent its sordidness and its vices, together with its humours and its virtues. His style, though full of native strength, is entirely without grace or ornament. He is often careless, frequently prosaic, and sometimes even offensively mean. These are grave defects, but they are balanced by greater virtues. Crabbe's genius did not love the level because it was unable to rise, and, when the occasion requires, he lifts his subject into greatness by his astonishing delineation of those passions whose effects are the same in all conditions of life. He can pass from homely shrewdness to heights of tragedy; he seems to have been acquainted with every motive, and to have fathomed the deepest affections of the heart. We know of no writer who, with such apparently common materials, can exercise such power over the feelings; and if we were required to name the most tragic English poem outside the drama, we should at once name 'Resentment.'

The modern idyll of rustic life which approaches most closely to Crabbe in the great virtue of truthfulness is 'Enoch Arden.' The characters in this poem are natural, the incidents are stirring, the story is told very pathetically, and for the most part without affectation. Throughout it, in spite of the different styles of the two poets, we are reminded of Crabbe's 'Parting Hour.' Mr. Tennyson is superior to Crabbe in the dramatic construction of his tale; he is inferior to him in power, and in knowledge of character. Again, in the 'Northern Farmer' and 'The Grandmother,' Mr. Tennyson has caught with great felicity, and has embodied in admirably representative verse, natural traits of English humour and feeling.

There is, however, in modern idyllic poetry a wide-spread tendency to emulate the manner of Theocritus, and to reflect the mere surface of English society. 'The aim of the idyllic school,' Mr. Forman tells us, 'is to make *exquisite narrative pictures* of our middle-class life.' Now a Dutch painting may, doubtless, be valuable as a work of art. But it is plain that poems composed on the principle described above will, if they are really representative, deal with subjects which are unsuitable for verse. There is nothing to excite the imagination in the well-fed, humdrum, respectable existence of the English middle classes. When, therefore, Miss Ingelow, to take for instance one

of the most popular of contemporary poets, describes the conversation which took place at a supper in a mill, or at afternoon tea in a country parsonage, she is attempting to make that poetical which is by nature prosaic. Attempts of this kind infallibly lead to misrepresentation. The associations of our landscape have a powerful influence on our imagination, and the poet, in describing external nature, is tempted to people it with inhabitants, not such as we actually find there, but such as seem best to harmonize with the delightful ideas which the scenery excites. Thus when, after the beautiful description of the cathedral town in 'The Gardener's Daughter'—a description in which the fidelity of the landscape painter is joined to the skill of a great master of words—we are introduced to the subject of the poem, we find her a nymph no more like life than one of the shepherdesses, in those 'mechanic echoes of the Mantuan line,' which used to entertain the court ladies in the last century. The episode is described as one of real life. A gardener's daughter should, therefore, be represented as what she is, honest bucolic flesh and blood, especially as she is known occasionally to condescend to

'fruits and cream,
Served in the weeping elm.'

But as it is, she is evidently an idea arising out of the poet's contemplation of the town, with its low-lying meadows, its grazing cattle, and its chiming clocks. This is the representation of a painter, not of a poet. The imagination is directed to the external form, rather than to the human life that lies beneath.

Much in the same spirit Miss Ingelow represents a discontented 'scholar' taking a morning walk in the country, and feeling himself out of tune with the beauties of nature. The sound of running streams, the green of the leaves, the singing of the birds, and the movements of the wild animals, are all described with much grace and amiability. As the climax and epitome of these natural beauties, the scholar at last lights on a melodiously moral carpenter, who, after rehearsing a chapter of his own biography, advises him

'to wage no useless strife
With feelings blithe and debonair.'

We venture to say there is nothing in the bucolics of the last century more unlike nature than this; yet a thousand kindred instances might be quoted to exemplify the spread of a new phase of Arcadianism, which appears to us far more disastrous, in its effects upon taste, than the pastoral affec-

tations of earlier times. No sane person ever supposed the Strephons and Delias of Pope to resemble nature. But the exaltation of common objects into a position which they have no right to occupy is actually mischievous, because, under the fidelity with which the poet paints external circumstances, he disguises a misrepresentation of human life. We turn with relief from the sickly pastoralism of 'the Titianic Flora' to that true and manly genius which cares not to look for 'the exquisite' where it knows it will never be found, but which discovers real poetry under the sordid crust of life, and beneath the mean names of 'Roger Cuff,' and 'Peter Grimes.'

Precisely the same tendency to reduce the representation of poetry to that of painting is visible in our idylls professedly dealing with romantic themes. We are far from desiring to confine the imagination of the poet to contemporary subjects. Let him, if he can, tell us of knights, dragons, anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders; all we demand of him is, that he make us believe for the while in the truth of his fictions. The true poet is he who can make the most of the means which the general state of fancy and belief affords.

'Tis he can give my heart a thousand pains,
Can make me feel the passion that he feigns.
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror rend my heart,
And snatch me through the earth or in the
air,
To Thebes or Athens, when he will and
where.'

A poet of this sort may use the utmost liberty with his readers. It matters little to us that Shakespeare's Romans speak with an unmistakable English accent; it is enough that they are true men. Scott's moss-troopers may not, perhaps, be acceptable to the historian, but so faithful are they to nature, and to the general spirit of rude times, that we gladly surrender our imagination to the guidance of the poet. But a purely fanciful representation must not offend against our fixed habits of conception. If a poet represent a knight, we require the latter to be a man of those qualities which his name implies,

'Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.'

We shall not be satisfied with a philosopher in armour. A painter might of course take a philosopher for his model of a knight, and the spectators would be none the wiser, as a picture presents to us nothing but the outward form. But in the domain of language the union of the two objects produces an in-

evitable confusion of ideas. When, therefore, in 'The Princess,' Mr. Tennyson works out the essentially modern problem of the Rights of Women by the help of knightly actors, he misrepresents character, and obscures the issue. Except that the ordinary associations with his subject are vulgar, while the knight is a picturesque figure, we see no reason why the tale should be thrown back into bygone times. On the other hand, there are very good reasons why it should not. The story is incredible, for had Ida chartered her university in the extremely masculine times which are supposed, she would have met with very different lovers from a prince apparently born for petticoats, being whisked off in the saddle in front of a De Bracy or a Bois Guilbert, who would have been too rude to understand her logic, and too determined to melt at her prayers. The problem, again, proposed in the poem is left unsolved, for all actual modern difficulties are ignored, and how can we be serious and believing in the midst of a palpable masquerade?

The same result follows in the remarkable cycle of poems, 'The Idylls of the King.' The actors in these idylls are knights of romance, figures with which the reader has absolutely no vital associations. It was not, indeed, always so. The fabled paladin was once an object of affection and belief to the majority of readers in Europe. It is related that a Spanish gentleman of the sixteenth century, going out to hunt, left his wife and daughters engaged in reading a romance. When he returned, he found them in tears, and on his enquiring the cause of their grief, 'Sir,' they replied, 'Amadis is dead.' They had read so far in the story. Such were the images that turned the brain of Don Quixote. Such are the characters who afford the reader so much merriment and melancholy in the bright cantos of Ariosto—heroes who love the fight, the chase, and the banquet, equally well, win enchanted spears, deliver fair ladies from foul monsters, and soar over the whole face of the world on docile hippogriffs. Such, again, are the knights of Malory, whose 'History of King Arthur' forms the basis of 'The Idylls of the King.' Tedious as Malory's narrative becomes from its monotonous prolixity, it is full of quaintness, humour, and marvel, and not without touches of greatness. It is, in fact, a fragment of the literary architecture of another age, and that this should fall into the hands of a modern restorer is to our mind as bad as the late painting and gilding of Temple Bar.

But how is the romantic life of an ancient dreamland made interesting to the modern reader? Little change is perceptible in the outward form of the narrative. The various

episodes in 'The Idylls of the King' are almost all to be found in the original history. But, treated as the select subjects of separate poems, their entire complexion is altered. The wild religious legends of the 'History' merely serve to increase the atmosphere of marvel proper to a romantic story; in the general scheme of adventure the incidents of love form but a variation on the feats of arms. Under the romantic surface of the modern poems, on the other hand, the interest lies in questions of the relation between the sexes, in subtleties arising out of the present condition of religious feeling, and in problems connected with morals and politics. Hence, while in Mallory's romance we always feel the air open, sylvan, and free, in 'The Idylls of the King' we are continually in the close atmosphere of a secret casuistry resembling that of Euripides. What is prominent in Mallory's representation of Arthur is his adventures, as lord of a company of knights; what is chiefly of interest to Mr. Tennyson is the state of the king's marriage relations with Guinevere. To the romance-writer this was little; but so much is it to the poet that he does not scruple for his own purpose to alter the original story. A single significant sentence from the 'History' will show the gulf between the two representations. When the queen's adultery is discovered, Mallory makes no mention of any meeting between her and Arthur. She is carried off by Lancelot to his castle, an act on which the king comments in the following refreshingly plain speech: 'Much more am I sorrier for my good knights' loss than for the loss of my queen, for queens might I have enough, but such a fellowship of good knights shall never be together in no company.' Merlin, again, in the original, with his frequent disappearances and his strange disguises, makes an imposing and romantic figure, nor do we see any reason for transmuting him into an aged casuist, who surrenders the secret of his power out of complaisance to the blandishments of a courtesan.

All this poetical alchemy has its inevitable effect upon the character of the Arthuri-an cycle of poems. Throughout 'The Idylls of the King' a double motive seems to have been operating in the mind of the poet, and the result is a violation of Horace's excellent rule, 'sit quidvis simplex duntaxat et unum.' The part of these poems which impresses the imagination is the external form. In all his pictures of the knight, his armour, his horse, the romantic scenery through which he rides, and the Gothic halls in which he feasts, Mr. Tennyson as usual displays the genius of a great painter. But the inner life, the human interest, whatever in the

idylls appeals to our intellect and our feelings, comes, as we have said, from questions that are purely modern. We do not say that these questions cannot be treated in poetry; we only maintain that to associate them with the life of a rude age produces the same effect as to combine 'a human head, a horse's neck, a woman's body, and a fish's tail.' 'King Arthur is a modern gentleman.' Possibly, but at any rate he is not the least in the world like our conception of a true knight. Equally remote is the true knight, the offspring of romantic honour and personal prowess, from the ordinary representative of the 'modern gentleman,' whose wildest deeds of daring are done on the Stock Exchange, and whose most deadly quarrels are settled in the Queen's Bench. The ideas associated with the two states of society are incompatible; allegory is therefore out of the question, and the romantic idyll is open to the charge which we have brought against the pastoral idyll, of misrepresenting the true nature of its subject.

The principles of conception followed by our modern idyllic poets have had a remarkable and interesting influence on their style. As it is their aim to impress the mind by the representation rather of external forms than of human nature, they not unnaturally employ language much in the same way as a painter employs colour. The true use of language is clearly to convey thought, and the poet should therefore use it to express in the plainest and noblest manner the conception of his mind. Words however have, by their mere sound, a subtle influence upon the imagination. The word 'forlorn,' which appeared so full of meaning to Keats, the word 'nevermore,' which suggested to Edgar Poe the poem of 'The Raven,' both exemplify the results that can be produced by that purely sensuous side of poetry which is related to music. Nothing is more remarkable in modern English poetry than those curiosities of language, and novelties of metre, which attest the progress of this principle of composition. We doubt whether any poet has ever so thoroughly comprehended the value of words in metrical writing as Mr. Tennyson. His earliest poems, such as 'Mariana,' 'Recollections of the Arabian Knights,' 'The Lotos Eaters,' 'The Palace of Art,' and many others, are excellent examples of 'word-painting' in poetry. They resemble cabinet pictures full of delicacy, feeling, and finish. The pleasure which they afford arises from the distinctness of form, and the glow of colour, with which remote objects are brought before the imagination. The required effect is produced, partly because the subjects of these poems

are small, partly because they are purely fanciful. Habit has, however, grown upon Mr. Tennyson, and has led him to introduce the same principle into subjects of larger range, while in themes dealing with human life and passion he often, as we have shown, selects his subject, not so much with a view to its inherent elements of poetry, as to the capacity it possesses of taking a picturesque form and colour. Whatever the nature of his theme, he determines to raise it by mere distinction of style, and he therefore frequently makes the most familiar objects pass through a coloured medium of language which gives them a perfectly novel appearance to the general mind.

In this purpose Mr. Tennyson has been greatly aided by his powers of metrical construction. He can compel the stubborn English into the most ingenious imitation of the quantitative classical metres. He has reproduced the trochaic in its classical form, and he was the first to make that familiar use of the anapæst which has since been so much extended by Mr. Swinburne. We should be the last to depreciate these great accomplishments. But it is impossible not to perceive that, in the exercise of his technical skill, Mr. Tennyson constantly violates the old and sound principle that art lies in concealing art. His style is frequently too good for his subject. Nowhere is this fault more apparent than in a poem which is in many respects the most remarkable that its author has produced; we allude to 'Maud.' The versification in this piece is admirable, and were 'Maud' nothing but the study of a madman or a hypochondriac in love, it would be impossible, whatever we might think of the selection of the subject, to deny the propriety of the anapæst as a representative measure. Though they are not exactly objects which we expect to find in lyric verse, we might even admire the skill with which the burglar's tool, the adulterator of food, and the linendraper's drudge, are made to assume colossal proportions in a distempered brain. But by a flagrant defect of judgment, and a curious deficiency of humour, the morbid and querulous recluse, with whom, as the speaker throughout the poem, we are evidently intended to sympathize, is made to be the critic of a national policy. We shall not be suspected of being in the pay of Manchester, but we confess that, when we come to the vigorous anapæsts in which the recluse denounces those terrible curses of peace, 'the grind of the villainous centre-bit,' the wretch who 'pestles his poisoned poison,' and above all 'the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue,' with his 'cheating yardwand,' we are afflicted with an intole-

rable desire to laugh. The reason is plain, for the elevation of trivial objects into heroic importance is the very essence of burlesque.

It is, however, with blank verse, as the metre in which almost all modern idylls are written, that we desire particularly to deal. And by way of premise we take it for granted, in spite of all that metaphysicians may say as to the essence of poetry, and in spite of all such loose phrases as 'prose-poetry,' that the vehicle of poetry, and that which distinguishes it from prose-writing, is metre. The basis of ancient metre was quantity; that of modern metre is accent and rhyme. Rhyme may be the product of barbarism, yet it seems at any rate to be the method by which, in all European countries, the ear is most capable of deriving pleasure. Of the rhymed measures of England the national metre *par excellence* is the heroic couplet. Blank verse in its original is merely this measure with the rhyme cut off. As used by its inventor, Surrey, it differs from prose only in the accentuation, and the syllabic division of the lines, and so far it is a process of decomposition. It is clearly the best vehicle of expression for the stage, where the actors ought to speak in the manner most like life that is possible in metre. It possesses again an advantage over the couplet in its greater liberty. It would, for instance, be impossible to conceive of a subject, with the vastness and sublimity of 'Paradise Lost,' fitly expressed in a metre where the periods are always checked, and often terminated, at the end of the second line. On the other hand there are few themes which could bear the mingled grandeur, complexity, and strangeness of Milton's peculiar style. The couplet, by its natural constitution, can be bitter, dignified, humorous, or pathetic, according to the mood which is desired. Blank verse, on the contrary, depends for its effect entirely upon the individual artifice of the poet, and hence the chief danger in employing it is, lest the writer, wishing to separate his style sharply from the region of prose, should fall into mannerism.

Now the blank verse of our time, at any rate as used by the group of poets whom we are discussing, is the creation of Mr. Tennyson. It has entirely superseded the heroic couplet. It has acquired a prestige which may be compared to the influence exercised by the verse of Pope. We cannot open a magazine or a volume of poetry without encountering the well-known manner. We propose, therefore, to select typical passages of blank verse from Mr. Tennyson's poems, to try how far the style con-

forms to the fourth canon on which our criticism is based. The first shall be taken from the modern idyll, 'Enoch Arden.' In this poem the author has justly felt that it is his business to be simple, and simple, and even colloquial, he accordingly is. But, in consequence of the absence of rhyme, his style differs imperceptibly from that of a good novelist. The ear discerns (and this is partly by the assistance of the eye) no more than that the story is being told in well-connected periods of a particular accentuation. Take, for instance, the following printed as a paragraph :—

'For more than once, in days of difficulty and pressure, had she sold her wares for less than what she gave in buying what she sold. She failed, and saddened knowing it, and so, expectant of a day that never came, gained for her own a scanty sustenance, and lived a life of silent melancholy.'

It would be difficult here to recover the 'disjecta membra poetæ.' The passage is in fact mere prose, and not good prose, for the involved construction in the first two lines merely means that she sold at a loss. But such is the result of that art, which, in a conscious effort to reach extreme simplicity, overshoots itself and falls into mannerism. The most successful passage in the poem appears to us the dramatic climax in which Enoch discovers himself to Miriam Lane :—

'Then Enoch, rolling his gray eyes upon her :
"Did you know Enoch Arden of this town ?"
"Know him," she said, "I knew him far
away ;
Held his head high, and cared for no man,
he."
Slowly and sadly Enoch answered her :
"His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I am the man."'

There is artifice here ; but the moment is one of highly wrought expectation, and the artifice serves to heighten the feeling, without attracting attention to itself. This is true art.

In 'Aylmer's Field,' on the contrary, we are constantly pained by the disproportion between the language and the thought. Is there any lover of vigorous sense and of his native language who is not offended by the gross mannerism of the following representative passage ?

'He, like an Aylmer in his Aylmerism,
Would care no more for Leolin's walking
with her,
Than for his old Newfoundland's, when they
ran
To loose him at the stables ; for he rose
Two-footed at the limit of his chain,

Roaring to make a third ; and how should
Love,
Whom the cross-lightnings of four chance-
met eyes
Flash into fiery life from nothing, follow
Such dear familiarities of dawn ?
Seldom, but when he does, Master of All.'

Here is the same thought in Crabbe :—

'To either parent not a day appeared
When with this love they might have inter-
fered.
Childish at first, they cared not to restrain,
And strong at last, they saw restriction vain ;
Nor knew they how that passion to reprove,
Now idle fondness, now resistless love.'

These lines are not very memorable ; and they might, we think, have been better finished. But between the two passages there appears to us all the difference that lies between good English and the most celestial Chinese.

In the romantic idylls there is, of course, not the same painful discrepancy between subject and style. But whether it be the remoteness of the theme, or the extreme elaboration of the verse, our attention is constantly drawn to the poet's peculiar manner. The style is so full of curious and careful selection that, as in modern architecture, the mind is rather attracted to the separate details, than to the general thought which these ought to express. The language is more distant than dignified, more choice than pure. Mr. Tennyson's aim seems to be to make as sharp a distinction as possible between his own and the vulgar tongue. Instead of good English, we seem to be listening to a translation from the Greek. He delights in the use of obsolete words, which send the reader to his dictionary, too frequently in vain. Old words may, doubtless, obtain a fresh currency after long disuse, but on what terms ?

'Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadent-
que
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet
uons,
Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma lo-
quendi.'

Again, there is an issue of new coinage which is not pure. Compound epithets are modelled after the Greek, or revived from the uncritical Elizabethan era. Thus, where we should naturally say, 'the bee is cradled in the lily,' Mr. Tennyson writes, 'the bee is lily-cradled.' When a man's nose is broken at the bridge, or a lady's turns up at the tip, the one is said to be 'a nose bridge-broken ;' and the other (with much gallantry) to be 'tip-tilted, like the petal of a flower.' This is clearly, we think, false

English. We shall hear next of a 'knee-broken horse,' or a 'head-shock boy.*'

The movement of the metre again is very peculiar. Discarding Milton's long and complex periods, Mr. Tennyson has restored blank verse to an apparently simple rhythm. But this simplicity is in fact the result of artifice, and, under every variety of movement, the ear detects the recurrence of a set type. One of the poet's favourite devices is to pause on a monosyllable at the beginning of a line, and this effect is repeated so often as to remind the reader of Euripides and his unhappy 'oil-flask' in 'The Frogs.' The following instances occur within two or three pages:—

'Sin against Arthur and the Table Round,
And the strange sound of an adulterous race,
Against the iron grating of her cell
Beat.'

'A sound
As of a silver horn across the hills
Blown.
And then the music faded, and the grail
Passed.
His eyes became so like her own they seemed
Hers.'

Artifices like these, no doubt, render Mr. Tennyson's blank verse striking and easy of imitation; but we regard them as fatal to the purity of the language. The double-distilled exquisiteness of the style is oppressive to liberty and fresh English air; its insidious fetters cramp the free play of English verse. In all that is said of the masterly workmanship (using the word in a goldsmith's sense) of modern blank verse we concur, but where any longer is

'the varying line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine,'
which was once thought to be the crown of our language? We challenge any votary of the modern muse to produce a passage of contemporary blank verse which for nobility, swiftness, and strength can match the following specimen of the old heroic style:—

'With Palamon, above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace,
Black was his beard and manly was his
face.'

* We take it that an English compound is only admissible when the first of the two words joined qualifies the second, as 'star-bright,' 'rose-red,' 'shock-headed.' We should not object to the compound 'lily-cradle;' but in the phrase we have quoted the second part of the compound is clearly the more important, as it contains the essential predicate of the sentence. We might as well say, 'The Queen is feather-bedded,' instead of, 'The Queen is sleeping in a feather-bed.'

The balls of his broad eyes rolled in his head,
And glared betwixt a yellow and a red.
He looked a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair.
Big-boned, and large of limb, with sinews
strong,

Broad-shouldered, and his arms were round
and long.

Four milk-white bulls, the Thracian use of
old,

Were yoked to draw his car of burnished
gold.

Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlooked the
field.

His ample forehead bore a coronet,
With sparkling diamonds and with rubies set.
His surcoat was a bearskin on his back;
His hair hung down behind of glossy raven
black.

Ten brace and more of greyhounds, snowy
fair,

And tall as stags, ran loose and coursed
about his chair,

A match for pards in fight, in grappling for
the bear.

To sum up our indictment against the modern idyll concisely, we find in it an attempt to confound the 'representation' of poetry with the 'representation' of painting, and, in pursuance of this design, a tendency to treat language, which ought to be the living vehicle of thought, as the mere inanimate material of style.

We turn now to the 'school' of writers whom Mr. Forman distinguishes by the terrible name 'Psychological.' The poetical drama in England has long ceased to flourish. Great actors played, and excellent prose-comedies were written, down to a comparatively recent date; but since the development of the stage in the period broadly called Elizabethan, no tragedy has been produced of a higher stamp than 'Cato,' and no poetical comedy at all. We still however read the productions of that great age with pleasure, and hence poets have fallen into the error of supposing that dramas may be written to be read, which it would be quite impossible to play. The works of these poets, as they are never meant to be seen in action, are almost always either coldly conceived, or unnaturally and spasmodically expressed. Hence it is that writers of a more ardent and original genius, perceiving this defect, yet desiring to preserve the dramatic form of expression, have sought to invent some new species of poetry, which, though unfitted for the stage, may still afford pleasure to the reader. The aim of the group of poets headed by Mr. Browning appears to be to represent character apart from action. If vigour, ingenuity,

and a determination to overcome difficulties by sheer force of intellect, could achieve this object, Mr. Browning would have been fully successful. It is impossible to speak without respect of such qualities; but it is equally impossible for us not to perceive that Mr. Browning's aim is chimerical, and that by his practice he has helped to confuse the sound popular notions of the nature of poetry. He has not, it is true, obtained entire mastery over the public ear. In the prologue to 'The Ring and the Book,' he addresses the 'British public' as 'ye who like me not,' in the half resentful, half contemptuous tone of one who knows his worth, and finds it unappreciated. At the same time he has that kind of power which subdues critics like Mr. Forman, who are ready to surrender their judgment at the first summons from anything that strikes them as original or profound.

Now, as part of the British public, we are naturally anxious to clear ourselves from the charge of obtuseness which Mr. Browning brings against us. We hold, for our part, that his manner of conceiving character is not poetical, and his manner of expressing his conceptions is not dramatic. And, first, what is his method of conceiving character? We cannot answer this question better than by an extract from Mr. Browning's last work, 'Fifine at the Fair,' which we take to be a kind of poetical pamphlet, containing the author's views of life and composition. We have no space to consider at length this curious and rambling production, which rather reminds us of the philosopher who constructed a system by following out the natural sequence of his thoughts on a flea. The following, however, is the passage, which appears to us to illustrate the poet's mode of estimating character:—

'And the delight wherewith I watch this crowd must be
Akin to that which crowns the chemist, when he winds
Thread up and up, till clue be be fairly clutch-
ed, unbinds
The composite, ties fast the simple to his mate,
And tracing each effect back to its cause, elate,
Constructs in fancy from the fewest primitives
The complex and complete, all diverse life that lives
Not only in beast, bird, fish, insect, reptile, but
The very plants, and earths, and ores. Just so I glut
My hunger both to be, and know the thing I am,
By contrast with the thing I am not; so through sham

And outside, I arrive at inmost real, probe,
And prove how the nude form obtained the chequered robe.'

This is a very apt illustration of Mr. Browning's place in poetry. He is a dramatic chemist. He aims at showing the inward realities of character, not its outward effects; his method therefore is not fictitious representation, but mental analysis. We need hardly say this principle exactly reverses the ordinary conception of the dramatic art. 'The purpose of playing,' says Shakespeare, 'both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.' The drama was, according to his view, to deal with fictions representing the experience of life; his characters are therefore always seen in action, and their conduct is judged by those principles of right and wrong which are universally received. Mr. Browning, on the other hand, professes, not to people the fancy with fictitious personages, but to reveal to the reader the actual life of the soul, to which the poet's eye can penetrate, through all 'the sham and outside,' wherewith custom and society have overlaid it. His characters are all real types, and are presented to us merely for the sake of exhibiting the working of their minds. Thus we are shown the mental processes of a rude savage, a Roman Catholic bishop, or a painter of the middle ages; and, instead of having our fancy enriched with life-like fictions, we are promised for once a peep-show of things as they are.

Now, if Mr. Browning can really do what he says, and if words are to retain their meaning, it is manifest that imagination must be excluded from his method; and he is working in a sphere, not of Poetry, but of Science. But how are these positive results to be achieved, and what is this mystical power of analysis, which enables the poet to reduce the human heart to its first elements, as a chemist resolves water into gas? Not a process of observation, but a mere freak of the fancy.

'Fancy with fact is just one fact the more,'"

says Mr. Browning, explaining to the reader, in the prologue to 'The Ring and the Book,' how he was enabled to recover all that was said and thought about an action that had fallen out of men's memories for two centuries. Amazing scepticism, prodigious dogmatism! For this is as much as to say that there is no real fact but in thought, and therefore that whatever Mr. Browning thinks concerning things and persons must be true. With

such reasoning it is idle to deal seriously; but, as far as dramatic representation is concerned, we think that on this principle two things are plain. First, Mr. Browning's revelations of character will really begin and end with himself; and, secondly, they will depend for their effect, not on the amount of their truthfulness, but of their paradox.

His 'dramatis personæ' are all odd specimens or extinct species: they remind us more of what might be than of what is, more of ideas than of men. Take, for instance, the character of Bishop Blougram. The motives assigned to this speaker are no doubt intelligible in themselves, but it is extremely unlikely that a man of the world would have openly avowed them; the character, in fact, seems rather to have been thought out of a theory than to be a portrait drawn from life. The Bishop is not a representative man. Take, again, the monologue of Fra Lippo Lippi. Vasari, in his gossiping manner, relates several anecdotes of this painter to prove the grossness of his morals. Mr. Browning's object is not to question the accuracy of the biographer's facts, but to give them a new colour. From the instances he quotes, Vasari not unnaturally concludes that Lippi was a man of violent animal passions ('spinto di furore amoroso anzi bestiale'). 'A judgment based on "sham and outside,"' says Mr. Browning; 'you must get back to the "fewest primitives," and interpret the man's actions by the "spirit" you find in his works.' Accordingly, he plants himself in front of one of Lippi's pictures, and following the advice of Socrates in 'The Clouds,' he lets his fancy fly out like a cockchafer on a string, and presently comes back with quite a new portrait of the monk, after the manner of the German philosopher, who evolved the anatomy of a camel out of his own consciousness. Lippi's moral principles, we are to believe, as well as his artistic style, were based on a robust feeling for material beauty. 'For me,' says the metaphysical ne'er-do-well, showing the 'inmost real' of his character,

'For me I think I speak as I am taught;
I always see the Garden, and God there
A-making man's wife; and my lesson learned,
The value and significance of flesh,
I can't unlearn ten minutes afterwards.'

This is 'taste in morals' with a vengeance. Nor is the confident self-assertion of Lippi's 'candid friend' without its influence on certain minds. 'It is impossible,' says Mr. Forman, 'not to feel (*sic*) that the monk's character, for which Browning has reached across the centuries, is absolutely true in essentials.' So great is the power of para-

dox! George de Barnwell would doubtless have convinced our critic that his motives in murdering his uncle were perfectly pure. For ourselves, we are quite ready to believe with Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle that the charge against Lippi is at least not proven. But taking Vasari's facts for granted, as Mr. Browning has done, the biographer's rough and ready way of accounting for them is, we believe, far truer to history and human nature than the poet's. In the first place, Lippi's self-conscious estimate of his own principles of composition is a critical anachronism. And, as for his moral stand-point, we take it that a more genuine reflection of mediæval sentiment it would be impossible to find than the Life of Benvenuto Cellini. Let any one, then, compare the style of this autobiography with the speech which is put into the mouth of the painter, and he will see how foreign the latter is to the thoughts and feelings of the minds which it is meant to reveal. Delightful and entertaining as is the narrative of Cellini, it is the utterance of a man who had nothing to fear, either from his own conscience or from public opinion, who describes with the same frank artlessness the murder of an enemy and the casting of a statue, and whose mental anxieties in prison seem to have been solely occasioned by the fear of poison in his food. Here speaks the representative Italian of the middle ages. The speech of Lippi, on the other hand, could only have been uttered in an age full of archæology, self-consciousness, and metaphysics—in a word, in the age of Mr. Browning.

It will thus be seen that we consider Mr. Browning's method of conceiving character to be neither poetical nor just. But assuming it to be both, and granting the poet the peculiar powers that are claimed for him, it remains to be seen whether the conception can clothe itself in such a form as to make his characters appear to the reader, what they are styled in the titles of his books, 'Dramatis Personæ,' and 'Men and Women.' The invariable form of Mr. Browning's dramatic pieces is monologue. Now the essence of the old drama is action. We are pleased with a play when a number of persons, who appear to resemble nature, work out upon the stage a plot, which seems to follow probability. We are interested to know whether Macbeth will murder his king, Othello kill his wife, or Hamlet avenge his father. The motives of the actors interest us, as the forces which produce the action in which the drama culminates. Hence the regular dramatist with reason makes his play proceed through a progressive series of scenes and acts. But, from Mr. Browning's point

of view, the action is only of interest in so far as it suggests the inner thought, and each of his characters accordingly discovers himself to the reader in a monologue. His various poems resemble soliloquies, extracted from dramas, to the earlier acts of which the reader is supposed to have had private access. We are assumed to know that Andrea del Sarto had a bad wife, and that Lippi painted pictures in a particular manner, or, if the speakers are less well known, they are at pains to discover to us their relation to the matter about which they talk. Thus, instead of a perfect whole, which can be easily surveyed from beginning to end, we have an arbitrary imputation of motive, which practically puts our judgment out of court.

Mr. Browning himself seems to have felt that this was a defect, and to have resolved to show in a 'magnum opus' that his method was capable of completeness and unity. We will, therefore, examine his principle as shown undoubtedly at best advantage, in his very remarkable poem, 'The Ring and the Book.' The poet has here, with great ingenuity, produced an extraordinary appearance of completeness, by himself telling the story, and then representing the incidents as discussed by a number of speakers, so as to show the various lights in which one action may present itself to different minds. So much does this apparent unity impress Mr. Forman that he exclaims, 'The dramatic art has received a distinctly epic magnificence of structure!' 'The logic of admiration' has here betrayed our author into nonsense. We know not why the drama should have any need to borrow from the epic, but we do know that the purpose, both of the regular drama and of the epic, is to exhibit an action, and that in 'The Ring and the Book' there is no action at all, for the very good reason that the action discussed is completed before the poem begins. The following is the story, which in an old-fashioned drama would be the plot of the play.

Count Guido Franceschini, a poor nobleman of Arezzo, marries Pompilia, the putative daughter of two wealthy Roman citizens, of the middle-class, for the purpose of becoming heir to their property, as well as to repair his present fortunes by Pompilia's dowry. After the marriage the parents, finding that Guido, besides being an extremely disagreeable person, does not stand so well socially as they had been led to believe, disclose the actual truth as to Pompilia's birth in a court of law, and so disappoint the Count of his prospects. Upon this Guido treats his wife with such cruelty that she is at last constrained, in all good faith, to put herself under the protec-

tion of a young priest, Giuseppe Caponsacchi, in whose company she flies to Rome. Pausing to rest on the way, the pair are overtaken by the Count, who at first endeavours to obtain a remedy at law. The court, however, take a light view of the matter, send Pompilia into retreat for a twelvemonth, and banish the priest from the territory for the same space. Pompilia leaves her retreat before her term is expired, and joins her parents at a villa near Rome, where she is delivered of a son. Guido hearing of this, tracks her to her refuge, and murders her together with the two old people.

Here, doubtless, are the materials for a tragedy, and had the story fallen into the hands of Webster he might have produced a drama marked with the same gloomy pathos as 'The Duchess of Malfi.' The innocence of Pompilia and the wickedness of Guido would in such a representation have aroused the pity and terror of the spectators. But these are not the feelings which Mr. Browning is anxious to excite. As we have said, he tells the story of the murder in the prologue, and the body of the poem is intended to represent what was said and thought during the trial. Here, he argues, are facts which were once the talk of Europe; they have fallen into oblivion; the poet's art shall revive them and show, by force of mental analysis, the exact manner in which they impressed contemporary minds. Now, to begin with, this is no business for the poet. The purpose of poetry is to satisfy the imagination and the feelings. The spectator of a play only cares for a fact, in so far as it is a good basis for fiction; he desires a representation so vivid as to make him believe that his emotions are being excited by the fact itself. But what Mr. Browning is interested in is the actual fact, partly on account of the complication of the incidents, partly on account of its antiquity. From his belief in the fixity of the laws of mind, he feels sure that the action described would have impressed various characters in a particular way, and would have given rise to the same innuendo, debate, and casuistry, in the seventeenth as in the nineteenth century. For each possible point of view from which it could have been regarded he provides a spokesman, and endeavours to persuade us that fancy, aided by archæology, can thus recover the thoughts of persons two centuries dead. Allowing that this feat could be performed, it is plain that the imagination would only be impressed in the same way as at an exhibition of optical illusion, or a spiritualistic 'séance.' Our admiration would be excited not by the

justice and nobility of the thoughts which are uttered, but by the belief that we are listening to the 'ipsissima verba' of persons once alive.

Besides, the delight which the poet himself experiences in tracking the intricacies of thought has caused him to overlook the most obvious rules of art, and is the cause of the enormous length of 'The Ring and the Book.' All the characters are analysed with the same minuteness. Thus, besides having to listen to the Count, Caponsacchi, and Pompilia, the chief actors in the story, we are obliged to hear, at equal length, the version of one half Rome, who believed Guido; of the other half, who believed his wife; of a certain logical 'Tertium Quid,' who believed partly in neither, partly in both; of the Count's advocate, of Pompilia's advocate, of her confessor, and finally of the Pope. The same story is, in fact, told ten times over, and a subject which might have been properly extended to five acts is swelled into four volumes. And this, though the question debated is the right of a husband, under certain circumstances, to kill his wife, and though Mr. Browning has himself told us the real merits of the case before the debate begins!

But is the poet's own object attained? Do we really seem to be listening to the 'dramatis personæ' of a previous age of existence? In spite of the ingenuity and real insight which is often displayed in the various monologues, the speakers do not appear to us in the very least to resemble natural men and women. They remind us rather of fossil bones skilfully constructed with human shapes, into which Mr. Browning throws his voice like a ventriloquist. Not one of them speaks, as we imagine the man he is meant for would have spoken under the circumstances. This is partly the fault of the monologue, for there are few positions in society in which one man is allowed to monopolise conversation. Besides some of the speakers are only in a position to soliloquise, the lawyers not being allowed to plead *viva voce*, and the Pope merely thinking to himself. To such straits is Mr. Browning reduced in this respect, that when he comes to the Fisk, Pompilia's advocate, he represents him as a man so self-conscious as to stand before a glass, and try the effect of his speech when recited aloud. This is surely a wanton misrepresentation of character, for such a piece of vanity would only be natural in the case of one who was really expecting an audience.

But throughout every speech we are always aware of the presence of Mr. Browning. Each speaker (even Pompilia, who

cannot read or write) is a master of mental analysis, employs the most grotesque figures of speech, reports every observation that anybody ever made to him verbatim, and wearies his audience with intolerable detail. If Mr. Browning had had to tell the story of the Trojan war, he would have begun with Leda's eggs, and would probably have analysed the shells. Never were speakers so tedious as his. Does the Roman gossip mention the dagger with which the murder was committed, he will be at once reminded of the ingenious master who made the handle, and so of the town where the latter lived, upon the climate of which he will pass a few criticisms before he returns to the point from which he digressed. Count Guido occupies forty lines in describing to the judges every incident connected with his engagement as gentleman-in-waiting to a certain cardinal, who has absolutely nothing to do with the story. The prisoner's advocate, by way of showing his own domestic and playful disposition, opens his monologue with the following pleasing address to his son:—

'Ah my Giacinto! he's no ruddy rogue,
Is not Cinone! What! to-day we're eight!
Seven and one's eight I hope, old curly-pate
Branches me out his verb-tree on his slate
Amo-as-avi-atum-are-ans
Up to *aturus*,—person, tense, and mood,
Quies me cum subjunctivo (I could cry)
And chews Corderius with his morning crust

Dogberry and Verges are very excellent comical characters, but were there no other speakers in 'Much Ado about Nothing' we might have too much of them. Does Mr. Browning really think we can endure 180 lines of the same kind from this insufferably old chatterbox, just because he thinks him an amusing specimen of human nature in the seventeenth century? But perhaps the most thoroughly unnatural piece of portraiture painting occurs in the speech of Caponsacchi at the trial, who, though speaking with white heat from indignation, yet has no occasion to mention a speech made to him by Conti, a fat canon, mimics the very tones and gestures that the latter used:—

'At vespers Conti leaned beside my seat
I' the choir, part said, part sung, "*In ex-
cel-sis*,"—
All's to no purpose; I have louted low;
But he saw you staring,—*quia sub-*don
incline—
To know you further . . .
So be you rational, and make amends
To little Light-skirts yonder—in *secula*
Seculo - o - o - orum.'

Any one can see here that Mr. Browning has noticed the way in which Roman Catho-

ic ecclesiastics occasionally perform the service, and has introduced the passage to make the figure of the canon as life-like as possible; but to suppose that Caponsacchi, then so deeply moved, would have tried to make his judges laugh by such mimicry, is to violate alike propriety and nature. A touch like this shows that the genius of the author of 'The Ring and the Book' is not really dramatic. He regards his characters as so many mental phenomena, and as a natural consequence he speaks for them himself.

Mr. Browning's language naturally adapts itself to the bent of his thought. As it is his object to show ordinary things from an extraordinary point of view, the style which he employs is almost always the grotesque. The thought which he expresses is often commonplace, but it is so tossed and buffeted about by the poet's ingenuity, that the reader at first sight fails to decipher the meaning, and when he masters it he naturally enough doubts whether it can be so simple as he had hitherto supposed. We can, in fact, only account for the admiration which many readers profess to feel for Mr. Browning's difficult style by referring it to the self-complacency which is felt after the successful solution of a puzzle. The most noticeable feature in this poet's manner is, we think, his abundant use of metaphor, a figure by which he contrives ingeniously to disguise and enliven the frequent homeliness of his thought. 'Fifine at the Fair' consists of a number of clever paradoxes, contradicted by an equal number of those illustrations which Plato calls 'myths.' For instance, the speaker in the monologue having exhibited great delight at the charms of a strolling dancer, his wife not unnaturally protests; but her husband, after complaining with a shrug, that women never can comprehend mental analysis,' explains, with infinite tact, in a parable which extends over some sixty or seventy lines, that his feeling for his wife, as compared with Fifine, is of his relative value for a picture of Raphael and a sketch-book of Doré. The compliment is, of course, irresistible, and the lady is pacified. Indeed, in Mr. Browning's own mind and metaphor frequently stands for argument. Thus he seems fully to have satisfied himself of the soundness of his dramatic principles, when he has shown how exactly parallel they are to the work of a goldsmith in making a ring. His metaphors, we need not say, are always ingenious, or they would not be his, but they are too often merely harsh and extravagant. Take, for instance, the figure by which Caponsacchi indicates

the universal loathing and isolation which will be Guido's lot if he be acquitted.

'And thus I see him slowly and surely edged
Off all the table-land whence life up-springs,
Aspiring to be immortality,
As the snake hatched on hill-top by mischance,
Despite his wriggling, slips, slides, slidders
down
Hill-side, lies low and prostrate in the smooth
Level of the outer-place, lapsed in the vale.'

This is meant, of course, to be the vivid rhetoric of an indignant man, but there is nothing impressive in the figure. We see little in common between the snake's position and Guido's except their discomfort; the simile is, in short, not forcible, but simply violent.

With regard to his idiom and versification, all Mr. Browning's tendencies are towards—decomposition. War is declared with the definite article and the relative pronoun, and any preposition is liable to lose its final letter on the slightest provocation. We should like to know Mr. Browning's authority for cutting off the final 'n' in 'on.' Shakespeare has, of course, familiarised us with such abbreviations as 'i'the' for 'in the,' and 'o'the' for 'of the,' but the practice is not sufficiently euphonious to be frequently admitted in modern poetry, much less extended. As the most far-fetched metaphors are employed to illustrate the most common thoughts, so the most out-of-the-way words are in favour simply because they are strange, and the mere jingle of sound is sometimes the sole excuse for an entire line, as—

'Thus wrangled, brangled, jangled, they a month.'

Mr. Browning's metre is blank verse, but of a kind which is only distinguished from prose by its jerks and spasms. The sober iambic road of the normal metre is not sufficiently adventurous for one who loves to make poetical travel accessible only to the Livingstones of literature. At every third line we are tripped up on a point of emphasis, or are brought to a halt before a yawning chasm, which can only be cleared by a flying anapæst. In short, throughout a composition so bulky as 'The Ring and the Book,' we fear we should find it hard to select one paragraph which might serve as a model of good English, or, indeed, one which is free from the marks of violence and eccentricity.

The failure of so remarkable a work as 'The Ring and the Book,'—for, in spite of its ingenuity and power, a failure it certainly

is,—should be a warning to all who think that by mere force of intellect they can alter the laws of poetry. Genius, insight, and wit strive in vain against the constitution of the human mind. The old dramatists were right. Shakespeare, with his wide and practical intelligence, knew that action was the test of character. His purpose was therefore to represent an action, in which the actors should express themselves in such a manner as the spectators might feel was just under the circumstances. Mr. Browning, on the other hand, brimful of modern scepticism, asks, 'What is action? What is the value of a fact in itself? How many pros and cons there are for everything that is done! Admitting that a thing can only be true in one way, in how many different ways will it present itself to different minds, and who shall determine which is the truth? Again, how perishable is action! The great Roman murder case was once known over the world, and where is the memory of it now? There is nothing real but the soul of man, whose laws, discoverable by mental analysis, are so unchanging, that, by an *à priori* construction of motives, the past can be recovered in its reality.' We have endeavoured to show that could this be done it would not be worth doing in poetry. Poetry, when serious, seeks only what is really great or permanent, and the thoughts of any characters, however curious, on a murder however celebrated, are not equal to the dignity of verse. But, in any case, the effect which we are promised does not follow; the poetical illusion is not created; for the characters represented are not living creatures, but phases of the writer's own mind, dressed in antique costume. The work, whatever admiration we may feel for its ingenuity and daring, is not the work of a poet, but of a metaphysician, or, if Mr. Forman will, of a psychologist.*

* This article was in type before the appearance of Mr. Browning's last poem, 'Red Cotton Night-cap Country.' There is, however, nothing in this poem to make us modify our remarks on the analytical method. Given certain tragic facts, a man induced to burn off his hands, and finally to throw himself headlong from a tower, to find the mental forces that produced these terrible results. Such is the poet's scheme. A conflict between animal passion and superstitious belief might of course be represented in a French pathological drama, nor are there wanting in Mr. Browning's poem passages which, occurring in such a play, would be powerfully effective. But for a poet to conduct us as commentator through the whole history of a suicide, from his birth to his death, giving paradoxical keys to his most ordinary actions, disguising commonplace under misty metaphors, rambling into endless trains of grotesque reflection, and finally, after several

We have so lately discussed the merits of the last 'school' of poetry which, according to Mr. Forman, has any 'prospects,' that we shall now only examine briefly its theory of composition. 'The Preraphaelites,' as we learn from our critic, were originally a brotherhood, banded together for the maintenance and propagation of two cardinal principles. By the first of these, we are told 'a rigid adherence to the simplicity of nature was to be enforced (*sic*) in writing poetry.' By all means. We have not a word to say against such an excellent piece of despotism, though we find something slightly comical in these brethren, thrice sworn to die in defence of what we should have thought a self-evident truth. But when we come to examine what the Preraphaelites mean by 'Nature' the entire aspect of the question changes. Nature, in their vocabulary, signifies a violent hatred of custom in every form, customary action, customary thought, customary feeling; and, in the second place, an equally strong persuasion of their own personal infallibility. We are accustomed, for instance, to consider that the everyday matters of life, being of trivial importance, can find no place in serious poetry. Mr. Coventry Patmore, on the other hand, would persuade us that there is real poetry in tea-cups, nosegays, gloves, and pap-boats, because these are the accessories of Domestic Love, who makes all things beautiful. We are accustomed to associate love in poetry with ideas of romance. A sin against Nature, says Mr. Woolner; the enlightened reader ought to interest himself in the most matter-of-fact courtship, provided the lover be a metaphysician, and his mistress die in the course of the poem. He accordingly, in 'My Beautiful Lady,' chronicles for us every incident—and these do not appear to have been varied,—in a course of true love—and this seems to have run exceedingly smooth,—which extends itself over a hundred and seventy pages. We are told how the lady walked in a wood; how she picked a flower; how she heard a bell toll; we are even informed of the topics of the lovers' conversation:—

thousand lines, to land us in the conclusion that the man put an end to himself, not because he was mad but because he was distracted—all this reminds us of nothing so much as Tony Lumpkin's famous midnight drive of five-and-twenty miles 'round the house, and round the house, and never touching the house.' 'I first took them down Feather Bed Lane, we where stuck fast in the mud: I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-Down Hill: I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-Tree Heath; and from that by a circumambulibus I fairly lodged them in the horse-pond at the bottom of the garden.'

'I recollect her, puzzled, asking me
What that strange tapping in the wood might
be.

I told of gourmand thrushes, which,
To feast on morsels oozy rich,
Cracked poor snails' curling niche.'

We know not whether to wonder most at the audacity of poets who would have us believe that poetry can exist in petty objects, which become ridiculous when treated as of importance, or at the credulity of those readers who accept this ungrammatical doggerel as poetry, simply because they are assured it is composed on true principles of art. The truth is, however, that the most efficacious method of imposing on that scepticism which springs from ignorance is dogmatism. Throughout the poetry of the Preraphaelites the personal pronoun 'I' is almost always present. They write like solitaries, to whom everything in the external world appears in a private and particular light, and everything in their own minds seems of public importance. They forget the character attributed to those who measure themselves by themselves, and compare themselves with themselves, and hence their style is full of that ill-concealed egotism, which can only be checked by an in-born sense of humour, or by contact with the actual world. We cannot account for the publication of the following poem, entitled 'The Woodspurge,' by Mr. Rossetti, the founder of the school, except by supposing it to be the work of one whose every thought appears to him worth recording:—

'The wind was dead, the wind was still,
Shaken out loose from tree and hill;
I had walked on at the wind's will;
I sat now for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was;
My lips drawn in said not Alas!
My hair was over in the grass;
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes wide open had the run
Of some ten weeds to rest upon;
Among those ten, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flowered three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom or even memory.
One thing then learned remains to me;
The woodspurge has a cup of three.'

We are not so matter of fact as to suppose that Mr. Rossetti simply intended the public to be informed how he became acquainted with a fact in botany. Nor do we pronounce any opinion on the profundity of the conclusion in the two first lines of the last stanza, though we venture to doubt whether a man absorbed in 'perfect grief'

would have been so conscious of his personal appearance. But one thing is plain. Mr. Rossetti does not understand that what chiefly strikes the reader's fancy in these lines is the very distinct portrait of a gentleman, seated on the grass, with his head between his knees, and a prodigiously fine growth of hair. Would Mr. Rossetti think it fitting for any man so to expose his private grief in real life? If not, why should it be permissible in poetry?

The second principle of the Preraphaelites is that 'poetry should be conceived in the spirit, or with the intent, of exhibiting a pure unaffected style.' This is marvellous enough. Imagine the 'Iliad,' 'Paradise Lost,' a satire of Dryden, or a lyric of Herrick, conceived for the purpose of 'exhibiting a style!' But we have here a symptom of the growth of that technicalism, which is the peculiar characteristic of modern poetry. Almost all contemporary verse-writers seem to form their style first and to insert their thought afterwards. In the work of the Preraphaelites the tendency manifests itself in two ways. One is the reproduction of those special and well-defined external forms, which poets in other ages have used to embody the particular thoughts of their own day. In a recent article we pointed out how Mr. Rossetti dresses à la Dante, and comes abroad crowned with aureoles, and beset with Loves, in the midst of railways, newspapers, mechanics' institutes, and credit mobiliers. This incongruity to plain minds produces an absurd effect, but the extreme elaboration of Mr. Rossetti's style provokes the warmest admiration from critics like Mr. Forman. 'In these translations' (says our author, descanting, in his usual dithyrambic manner, on a work of Mr. Rossetti's) 'we constantly meet passages which, *setting aside the thought or sentiment conveyed*, are beautiful, musical, aromatic (*sic*), whatever you like to call it, of their own nature, by virtue that is of their combination of sound.' A good line in poetry is one which expresses a just thought, in the best way possible in metre. Byron's lines on the battle of Waterloo, for instance, are extremely poetical, because they convey noble and masculine sentiment in language of appropriate harmony. In the works of Mr. Rossetti, and still more in Mr. Swinburne's, we often meet with passages, as Mr. Forman says, of perfect vocal harmony, but they are generally 'versus inopes rerum,' the thought or feeling expressed being so meagre, that we derive little pleasure from them beyond the mere jingle of the words. The ear is pleased at the expense of the reason.

The other manner in which the Pre-

raphaelites 'exhibit simplicity of style' amounts to nothing else than the 'Art of Sinking in Poetry.' The delicate perception which Mr. Rossetti often displays of the value of sound, does not save him from intolerable meanness of style where he means to be particularly simple. In a poem called 'My Sister's Sleep,' he revives the old English metre to which Mr. Tennyson has given celebrity in 'In Memoriam.' Now, as the feeling of this piece is meant to be common, we should have thought it would rather have found expression in one of the standard national metres than in a measure which, even in its original, is clearly the result of experiment and adaptation. The 'In Memoriam' stanza has no natural pauses like the eights and sixes of the ballad metre, so that the rhetorical artifices of the poet are perceptible, and when he writes, as he supposes, simply, he writes quasi-prose. Here, for instance, is a specimen stanza:—

'I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and blank;
Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank
The stillness and the broken lights.'

In this stanza, the first two lines are only simple because they are mean. The two last are not simple at all, but full of affectation. The passage has none of that pathos of memory which constitutes the charm of Cowper's lines on his mother's picture; the minuteness of the recollection is felt to be so much unnecessary personality. Here is another stanza in the same poem, absolute prose from first to last, with the exception of the single rhyme, which is consequently entirely out of place:—

'Just then in the room over us
There was a pushing back of chairs;
As some, who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.'

We should have thought it impossible to praise writing of this kind. Mr. Forman, however, finds a subtle touch of poetry in the second line, which, instead of sinking to the lowest depth of meanness, appears to express 'an incident of muffled sound,' intended to help 'the dead-still action of the poem.' So hopelessly do men lose themselves when they leave the light of their natural taste to follow the will-o'-the-wisp of metaphysics!

We have taken a rapid survey of the chief forms of contemporary poetry, and have pointed out what we consider its radical faults. We make no apology for not dwelling on its beauties, or for challenging poetical reputations of long standing. For the first there is no need, and for the second,

it is not the fame of this or that poet, but the interests of English poetry itself, which are involved in the issue. Sound English poetry must, as we believe, be the expression of vigorous native thought in the most suitable native idiom. Our contemporary poetry, on the other hand, has ceased to be representative; it no longer expresses the common experience of men, but suggests only the private views of the poet on the subject he selects. The poet is therefore prone to two grave errors in the conception of his poems; he either selects subjects which in themselves are incapable of poetical expression, or, if the subject chosen be proper, he presents it in an unnatural and disproportioned form. He is also chargeable with serious faults of expression, in so far as by his technical devices he makes language, which is the vehicle of thought, more noteworthy than the thought which is conveyed. It remains to consider the cause of the private position which the poets occupy, and of the sects into which they are divided.

And first let us hear Mr. Forman's account of the origin of those 'schools' which he has so ingeniously classified, and which he admires so much.

'Poetry,' he says, 'does not it is true present that compact appearance, which the Elizabethan drama got from a national coherence of sentiment and habit. Still the esthetic in Man is probably as strong now in this country as it was in any other age and place, though, from the lack of a universal ideal of life, the ideal in art is special to each great artist. This comes from the disintegration of society, which has gone on for a long while, breaking and breaking old ideas, and institutions, and forms of thought; and the social upbuilding is still to do.'

Mr. Forman, therefore, maintains that the divisions of poetry reflect faithfully the divisions of society. Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that his description of the time is correct, and that England is struggling to emerge from a condition of anarchy resembling that of a South American Republic; this would in no way explain the poetical phenomena which he describes. A nation does not change its character and language with its laws. We do not find that Virgil and Horace, the first poets under the Cæsars, aired new ideals of life, or revived aboriginal metres; we know, on the contrary, that they accepted the circumstances of their time, and developed the hexameter handed down to them by Lucretius, Lucilius, and Catullus, their republican predecessors. Nor, except in poetry, is there any trace in our own country of those radical divisions of feeling and language which Mr.

Forman suggests. In Parliament, Bar, and Pulpit our tongue is still used with purity, and sometimes even with eloquence. The daily newspapers do not resort to dialects to express their political differences; indeed, we doubt—proh pudor!—whether there is better representative English to be read than in the leading articles of the ‘Times’ during the Session of Parliament.

If, then, we must explain the existence of our poetical sects otherwise than by the change in the constitution of society, we know of no cause to which we can so naturally refer it as to the change of principle in the poets themselves. Poetry is by nature the most social and the least technical of the arts. It is local, patriotic, it may even be provincial, but it is nowhere private. There is neither mystery nor monopoly in its themes. Its noblest forms have had a popular origin. It has afforded materials for the genius of the dramatist in the religious holiday show, and in the rude horseplay of a country feast. When the epic poet opens his subject, he announces it to his audience as a matter with which they are all acquainted, and invokes the aid of the Muse to present it in a worthy form. The feelings to which the old lyric poets appeal with imperishable freshness are simple and few, because they are common. The satirist takes his theme from the vices or follies of his countrymen. Nay, the very artificialities of society are the poet’s opportunity, and true genius has created a form of immortal verse to preserve the mysteries of the toilet, the fortunes of the card-table, and the ‘conduct of a clouded cane.’

Modern poetry has changed all this. Instead of a genial companionship in thought and feeling with his fellow men, the poet now starts from a basis of solitude and separation. When Wordsworth, the great herald of the ‘new departure’ was meditating ‘The Excursion,’ he retired, as he tells us in his preface, into his native mountains to compose ‘a philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled “The Recluse,” as having for its subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in solitude.’ In this seclusion the modern poet himself becomes the centre of the universe; he treats his subjects not as they are presented to the common intelligence, but as they appear to his own reflection. He leaves the world of men for a world of ideas, in which *his* every thought appears valuable, and *his* feelings alone seem to be true. To minds wrapped in self-contemplation, even the necessity of external themes disappears, and the poets, like the

stars,—to use the image of Wordsworth’s most distinguished disciple,—

‘Demand not that the things *without them*
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.’

Such philosophic apathy is indeed attainable by few, but elsewhere the attitude of the poet towards society is one of contempt and antagonism. The unenlightened body of their countrymen is dubbed by them Philistine; a name the more terrible because, in its English application, we have never yet found the man who knew precisely what it meant. ‘Go hang yourselves all,’ says the modern poet with Malvolio, ‘you are idle shallow knaves; I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter.’

Now, the poet having taken up this isolated position, what effect will his principles have upon his work? Where will he select his subjects, and what will be the character of his style? This question is answered in a very different manner by two distinct sets of modern poets, whom, for the sake of convenience, we will call Philosophers and Artists. Let Wordsworth speak for the first :—

‘The sum of what was said is, that the poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in that manner. But these passions, thoughts, and feelings are the general passions, thoughts, and feelings of men. And with what are they connected? Undoubtedly with our moral sentiments and animal sensations, and with the cause which excites them, with the operations of the elements, and the appearances of the visible universe, with storm and sunshine, with the revolutions of the seasons, with cold and heat, with loss of friends and kindred, with injuries and resentments, gratitude and hope, fear and sorrow. These are the sensations of other men, and the objects which interest them. The poet thinks and feels in the spirit of human passions. How then can his language differ in any material degree from that of all other men, who feel vividly and think clearly? It might be *proved* that it is impossible.’

Here, then, is a distinct theory of what poetical conception and expression ought to be. Now, as to the first part of the definition, we entirely agree with the principle there stated, but we think it is evident that Wordsworth’s application of the principle is quite different from what his words naturally imply. Though the subjects which he enumerates are doubtless treated in his verse, they are to him subjects not for representation, but reflection. Throughout the whole range of his poetry, we fail to recall any

single figure resembling, in its action and passion, the person of a social being. He treats not of things, but of their causes. Nothing in his verse is presented to us directly; everything is seen through the medium of his own philosophical thought. Poetry with him meant Philosophy in metre.

With regard to Wordsworth's theory of style, it should be remembered that his preface, from which we quote, is directed as an attack against those poets who, at the end of the eighteenth century, had reduced the English classical style to mere verbiage. So far as his criticism is aggressive it is telling and true. But his hatred of artificiality led him into extreme principles, which, if fully applied, would destroy all the pretensions of Poetry to be called an art. As conceived by Wordsworth, poetry is, in its expression, separated from prose by the faintest line of demarcation. Yet it is plain that the mere use of metre makes the language of the poet differ, in a very 'material degree,' from the language of other men. There are certain subjects and thoughts which can be expressed in verse far better than in prose: there are, again, other themes which no amount of metrical artifice could render poetical. But of the use of rhetoric in verse, Wordsworth seems to have had no conception, and though he professes to observe in his language the laws of metre, we can remember few passages in his poems where he impresses us by the music of his numbers. Assured of the poetical nature of his own thoughts, he believed that they would spontaneously take a fit form of words. His influence on the course of poetry was therefore entirely democratic, and tended to level those natural distinctions which separate verse from prose. In his poetical style he often reminds us of Roland's appearance at court in woollen stockings and shoe-strings. He is always truly simple; we need not say he is often eminently noble; but he is not seldom merely rustic. His solitary habits led him to form an exaggerated estimate of his most casual thoughts; and it is only when we remember that he composed a poem in fourteen books on the development of his own mind, that we can possibly understand how the author of 'Laodamia' can also have been the author of 'Peter Bell' and 'The Idiot Boy.'

Now as in the mind of Wordsworth the whole value of poetry lay in the thought, so our living poets, running into exactly the opposite extreme, hold that all which is important is the expression. Society is, generally speaking, as essential to men's intellectual health as to their material prosperity. The ordinary mind which seeks to exist upon it-

self will starve. The principles of Wordsworth could only have maintained themselves in times, when the greatness of external action had stimulated to an extraordinary degree the powers of individual thought and feeling. But the magnitude and novelty of the events which marked the great Revolutionary era have disappeared in our time, and the thoughts 'of a recluse on Man, Nature, and Society,' are not now likely to be very memorable. Our poets, indeed, still speak as philosophers, but the fuel for their fire has gone, and they do but cover the want of the inner glow, by the splendour of their language and verse. Poetry in the view of the second great class of poets, whom we have called Artists, has come to be identical with the creation of Form. We are for ever hearing the hackneyed phrase, 'Art for the sake of art,' applied to poetry, and throughout his book Mr. Forman speaks of the poet as an artist, classifying him directly with the painter, the musician, and the sculptor, as if the other arts were precisely the same as the poet's in their nature and function. Phrases and theories of this kind all point to the spread of technicalism in poetry; to the tendency, that is, to exalt language at the expense of thought. Look where we may, we find little besides word-painting, alliteration, the revival of old forms, the construction of new metres, and it seems to be generally believed that any thought, however mean, can be transmuted into poetry in the crucible of style. The ambition of every poet is, not to express a good thought in the most appropriate manner, but to put a thought into such a curious form of words, as no poet has conceived before. Hence Mr. Forman's schools.

Now this tendency of modern poetry, we have endeavoured to show, is a palpable ill. Poetry is catholic, and has neither sects nor schools. The 'individuality' of the modern poet, as his flatterers call it, is not a sign of vigour, but of corruption and decline, fatal alike to the manliness of our thought and the purity of our language. As far as poetry is concerned, we may adapt the words of Norfolk:—

'The language we have learned these thousand years,
Our native English, now we must forego;
For now our tongue's use is to us no more,
Than an unstringed viol or a lute,
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
Or, being open, put into his hand,
Who knows no touch to tune the harmony.'

For this evil there will be no cure but the restoration of a sound standard of national taste. It must be once more acknowledged that it shows ignorance and bad taste to be

carried away by the mere sound of words; that it is the right of every reader to reason on what he reads with severity, and his duty to understand before he admires. It must be understood that poetry does not lie in mere curiosities of language; that, for instance, champagne does not become poetical when described as 'the foaming grape of eastern France,' and that to call the sacramental cup 'the chalice of the grapes of God,' is an impurity both of taste and of English. On this matter every reader, who has studied the literature of his country, ought to be a judge. 'There are many,' says Dryden, 'who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few; 'tis impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal education, long reading and digesting of those few good authors we have among us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitude and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust he has acquired while laying in a stock of learning.' Since Dryden's time the number of good authors has largely increased, and our language is still used with purity in society. It ought not, therefore, to be so 'difficult to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author from that which is vicious and corrupt in him.'

Above all it should be required that the subjects chosen be of a kind to appeal to the head and the heart of every educated Englishman. We might learn a lesson on this point from our forefathers, whom the modern 'dilettanti' affect to despise. Nothing is more common than to hear ignorant depreciation of what is broadly called eighteenth-century taste and poetry, and that both were limited, and in some respects artificial, we readily admit. But the men of the Restoration and of Queen Anne's time knew the kind of poetry of which their age was capable, and the form in which it could best be expressed, and in consequence their writing is intelligible and readable at the present day. As for ourselves we are so doubtful of our own taste—nay, so sceptical of our own feelings—that we are liable to be imposed upon by every species of literary masquerade and mumming. Our poets seek to reflect for us the feeling of every age except our own. We have nothing really in common with the religious sentiments of Greek tragedy. There is little of any kind left to us from the Middle Ages, and it is senseless to try to recover what is gone.

We cannot, like the Elizabethan poets, 'warble a native woodnote wild' in an age which is already over-civilised; and when Mr. Tennyson says that he 'sings but as the linnet sings,' it is plain that he deceives himself. If poetry is to live, we must have a poetry reflecting our own life and thought.

The question then naturally arises, Do the materials for such poetry exist? Mr. Morris unhesitatingly answers there are none; we live in 'an empty day.' So long as society is active and language pure, we shall refuse to believe in the justice of this taunt; but until a poet arises to 'show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure,' we shall have to endure it. Meantime we are led to ask how it is that a poet can affirm that there is nothing worth writing of in 'the actions of men, their hope, their fear, their pleasure.' Undoubtedly there are obvious difficulties in the way of the poet in search of living themes. In an age of paper, when public opinion embodies itself in an outward form, the realities of individual life and feeling are apt to disguise themselves, while the facilities of travel help to level those local features which give such character to our earlier poetry. But these are only modifying causes. They deprive life of its outer garb of picturesqueness and romance, but they cannot destroy poetry, whose abode is in the human heart.

The great obstacle to the production of plain and direct poetry is the almost invincible prejudice that all poetry must be necessarily embodied in a romantic form. All modern poetry has doubtless taken this form. Now by the term Romanticism we mean to denote, not so much the love of purely fanciful images of liberty and marvel, as the encroachment of the imagination on the domain of experience, and the application to established society of ideas springing out of a sentimental desire for a lawless and primitive freedom. Sir Walter Scott has described with his usual felicity the effects of this habit upon a character like Waverley, secluded by circumstances from society, and weakened in judgment by indiscriminate excursions throughout the whole field of literature. But to such an extent has this spirit now spread that, so far from being recognised and deplored as a disease prejudicial alike to taste and common sense, it is regarded as part of the poetical temperament. A person of a visionary and abstracted turn is now called at choice 'romantic' or 'poetical.' In the summary of last year's events we find Mazzini's character described by a writer in the 'Times' as that of 'a poet or a prophet rather than of a statesman.' We know not why these should be considered distinct and

incompatible varieties of mind. Milton, the greatest of English poets, was a statesman and controversialist, and the practical wisdom running through Shakespeare's plays gives evidence of an intelligence not inferior to Bacon's own. Again, how small a portion of great English poetry can be called romantic in the sense in which we use the word! The reason of this is plain. Romanticism expresses the aspiration of natural as opposed to civil liberty. It is the poetry of the mind, which cannot find room for its energies to expand in active life, and which therefore turns its gaze inward, or transforms itself in a world of books. It takes no root in a community whose action is at once great and free. No symptoms of the temper are visible in the commonwealths of Athens and Rome, where it was open to the best intellects to find free expression in public affairs; nor for the same reason are there before this century any traces of it in England. Such apparent indications as exist in the shape of the amatory sonnets and conventional pastoralism of the Elizabethan age, or the conceits of Cowley's school, merely represent a temporary taste for fashionable exotics; they are not the growth of the English mind.

Romanticism in England is an importation from the continent. The true cradle of the spirit was despotic France; its great original representative is Rousseau; its typical works are, in France, '*La Nouvelle Héloïse*,' and in Germany '*The Sorrows of Werther*,' both of which sprang out of that introspective mood which is reflected in Rousseau's own filthy '*Confessions*.' The spirit of individual liberty, here first apparent, formed the nucleus of that vast body of philosophy, philanthropy, and sentiment which grew in France during the eighteenth century. When finally the energy of all this brooding thought, operating on an oppressed people, found delivery in the French Revolution, it seemed as if the pent up forces of centuries had discharged themselves upon a single age. The huge battles that followed, the overthrow of so many thrones, the sudden elevation of so many individuals before obscure, the splendid courage, and the wild adventure of the period, seemed indeed to have introduced a new era of Romance. It was the dramatic aspect of the Revolution which struck the imagination of the energetic and adventurous English race, and expressed itself with true national force in the roving genius of Byron and the patriotic chivalry of Scott. But the dreamy and altogether unpractical pretensions of French idealism found no favour with the English mind. To the clear and sceptical intelligence of Byron, curiously introspective as he was and open to the power of romantic

passion, the prophecies of the infinite improvement of the human race sounded like idle tales. The English aristocracy, long used to the art of government, braced by real liberty, and schooled in the style of the great classical authors, rejected with contempt the products of French and German sentimentalism. There is no better reflection of the national mind of the period than in the pages of '*The Anti-Jacobin*,' particularly the excellent parodies of '*The Knife-grinder*' and '*The Rovers*.' This strong national antipathy serves to explain the ferocity with which the critics of that day attacked the writings of those poets who were most influenced by French ideas.

Time, however, has avenged the poets. It has required but the lapse of a generation to naturalise habits of thought once so uncongenial, and to set up as the sole standard of poetry writings upon which the critics had laid their ban. The doctrine of the moral progress and ultimate perfection of man is now the first article of faith with English Liberalism. Of the early nineteenth-century poets those who are most in favour with our contemporary critics are Wordsworth and Shelley, rather than Byron, the poets of ideas, not the poet of action. The causes of this great revolution in taste it is difficult at present to explain. Much of it may doubtless be referred to the transfer of power from the upper to the middle classes. The poets of the last century were the representatives, or the clients, of a body born and bred to government; they wrote in times when England, with an imperial policy, played a great part in the affairs of the world, and the atmosphere of their poetry is therefore public and social. But in the present day, when the foreign politics of England are expressed in the doctrine of non-intervention, when at home society itself acknowledges no standard but that of competition, it is hard for the individual to recognise any interests which are higher and wider than his own. In such a community the eager and imaginative mind is inclined to take refuge in its own ideas, and hence, perhaps, that ominous abstention from politics which is beginning to mark the professors of modern '*Culture*.'

But the historian will understand the progress of events better than ourselves. He will have to determine why the most unromantic society that ever existed pleases itself with likening its own feelings to those of the knight-errant; he will explain why the literary portion of a nation, whose genius lies in practical thought and action, has given itself over to the study of poetical metaphysics; and he will perhaps be able to understand

why we have rejected the masculine standard of classical simplicity for the caprices of French idealism, and like Democritus have 'excluded sane poets from Helicon.'^{*} Meaning we can see for ourselves that, though the spirit of romance has extended its area, it has lost its inspiration. The revival of chivalric poetry has indeed outlasted the age of modern adventure, but in a literary, no longer in a living form. Marmion and William of Deloraine are replaced by King Arthur. The poetical creed, which carried along many minds with the force of religion, has petrified into ritualism. Instead of the enthusiastic rhapsodies of Shelley, we have the splendid but meaningless music of Mr. Swinburne, with his Herthas, his Hymns, his Litanies, and his Lamentations. Other writers, failing any longer to find in modern society the images of romance, have turned back to the forms of the past, and have reduced poetry to such mere furniture and costume, as picturesque sonnets à la Dante, or stage 'properties' after the Early English. Truly to those who look on life and poetry with these eyes, the present must indeed be 'an empty day.'

Nothing is so likely to recruit the exhausted powers of our poets as the admission of fresh air from the outer world. There is no lack of fit subjects. Human nature as viewed, not indeed by the kaleidoscope of ideas, but by the standard of experience and religion, affords a field as rich now as it proved to the Roman satirist. The authors of 'Adam Bede' and 'Martin Chuzzlewit' have not found the present a barren age. The aspect of men and things, we are told by modern exquisites, is vulgar and prosaic :—

'Sed quid magis Heracleas,
Aut Diomedas, aut mugitum labyrinthi ?'

Why should we turn in preference to the legends of the Round Table, or the dreams of an Earthly Paradise? Themes of public interest are certainly not wanting. It is inconceivable that Englishmen, with feeling and imagination, should continue to regard themselves as mere material atoms, and not as actors in the history of a country, the love of which moved Milton, Republican as he was, to celebrate the feudal glories of

'An old and haughty nation, proud in arms.'

The political and religious issues of our time are not less momentous than when Dryden wrote 'Absalom and Achitophel,' and 'The Hind and the Panther.' Or if it be said that the interests of men have extended beyond the bounds of country, why cannot the poet look on life with the same clear

sense that manifests itself through the force and passion of 'Childe Harold'? It is not, however, for the critic to dictate subjects to the poet; the duty of the former is to require that whatever subject be represented in poetry, its treatment shall be generally intelligible, and that the poet's language be plain and pure. Let only this much be accomplished, and poetry, instead of an enervating article of luxury, will again become a national power.

ART. II.—*History of the Church of France.*

By the Rev. W. Henley Jervis, M.A. 2 vols. London, 1872.

IN the wide undulating plains between Trèves and Cologne, on the rising ground across which ran the ancient Roman road joining those two great outposts of the Empire, may still be seen the old fortress of Zulpich, on the site of the Roman station of Tolbiacum. In the plain which lies between this hill and the range of the Eifel was fought the battle between the Franks and Alemanni which determined the dominion and the faith of the mighty country which from the victorious tribe received the glorious name of France. In the crypt of the small parish church is shown the spot where Clovis, according to the promise made to Clotilda, adopted the Christian faith, and in the church* itself are preserved two tablets, sent there by the First Napoleon, of which one records the sacred, one the secular, character of the great event :—

'Tolbiacum, Clodovæi victoria insigne, Francorum fortuna, et Imperi incunabula.'

'Hic, ut fama loci est, sacris primum instinctus undis, Clodovæus de Germanis victor votum solvit merito A.D. 496.'

So it was. On the one hand in that early conflict was seen the beginning of the long struggle between France and Germany which from Tolbiac through the glories of Rocroy and Fontenoy, through the shades of Blenheim and Sedan, has been the main thread of the military history of the French monarchy; was seen also the foundation of that magnificent aristocracy which, as has been well said, came in with Clovis in the fifth

* This lower church is in a very rude Norman style, and is described by an abbot of Prun in 840 as then existing with two altars, one of St. Peter, the other of St. Denys. Now there are only two vacant niches.

† The scene of the baptism is contested between Tolbiac and Rheims. The spot alleged at Tolbiac is in the niche now dedicated to St. Peter.

century, and went out with the Emigrants in the close of the eighteenth. On the other hand, in that first conversion* was shadowed forth the future history of the Church of France. There was already manifest in the female influence of Clotilda the origin of the long line of illustrious women who, for good or evil, have swayed the religious passions of France through Fredegonde, through Blanche, through Joan of Arc, through Chantal and Guyon and Maintenon, down to the Empress Eugénie. There was already heard in the cry of Clovis, as he listened to the story of the Crucifixion, the outburst of French chivalry—'Had I been there with my valiant Franks, would I not have avenged Him!' There was already witnessed, in the ready response to the address of Remigius, the rapid reaction of French sentiment from paganism to Christianity, from Christianity to infidelity. 'Bow thy head, Sicambrian chief—burn what thou hast adored, and adore what thou hast burned.' There was, combined with this submissive acceptance of the teaching of the Roman ecclesiastic, the intimate union of French religion with French patriotism and nationality, which formed the basis of Gallicanism, and which still, after the death of Gallicanism, shows itself in the endeavour throughout the world to identify the interests of Catholicism, worldly or spiritual, with the advancement of French dominion.

The secular results of this great event we leave on one side—the Kingdom of France, which, according to the saying whether of Maximilian or of Grotius, 'was the finest thing under the sun, next to the Kingdom of Heaven.' But the theological, the ecclesiastical aspect of that kingdom, which gave to its Princes the title† of the 'Most Christian King,' and of the 'Eldest Son of Christendom'—which gave them a canonical stall in the Cathedral of St. John Lateran, which claims the Redeemer for its Dean, and for itself the title of Mother and Mistress of all Churches—is in itself a subject well worthy of a separate consideration.

The Church of France—with Charlemagne for its protector at one end of its history, and Napoleon at the other end, and the Grand Monarque between them, with Louis IX. for its saint and Louis XI. for its hypocrite, with its Abelard and its Bernard in the Middle Ages, with its mighty preachers

in the seventeenth century; a Church which can boast of having produced the greatest theologian of the Reformation, and the most philosophic theologian of Catholicism; a Church illustrated by the splendid virtues of St. François de Sales and of St. Vincent Depaul, and darkened by the ambition of Richelieu and the vices of Dubois; a Church which has embodied itself in the majesty of Rheims, the soaring height of Amiens, the glory of Chartres; a Church which has provoked the heroic endurance of the Huguenots under the persecution of the Dragonnades, and sustained the spirit of the Royalist clergy under the Reign of Terror—this is a theme which might well fire any ecclesiastical historian who would endeavour to give to so vast and varied a story its proper place in Christendom.

Yet we believe that the first English book on the subject that has appeared is that which we have named at the head of our pages. We shall have occasion frequently to differ from Mr. Jervis in the rapid survey which, taking advantage of its opportune publication, we intend to give the Gallican Church. But he has the singular merit of having studied in original sources the whole of this tangled tissue of grandeur and of ruin, and having ably presented in one compact outline the frame-work of the history which each reader can fill up for himself by following out the many lines of thought which are indicated through these condensed and carefully written annals.

I. We will first give a brief account of what is technically called "Gallicanism," which, whilst it stamps a peculiar character on the Church of France, is full of lessons for all Churches.*

The principle of Gallicanism (in other words of the liberty of a National Church), amidst whatever contradictions and ambiguities, was exhibited in France in forms which, though coloured by its local circumstances, are clear and unmistakable.

The most general shape which it assumed was the doctrine of the superiority of General Councils to Popes. Although it was quite open for Councils, no less than Popes, to override the national distinctions of particular Churches, yet they afforded a chance of the representation of different nationalities which would be almost entirely lost under the sole government of an individual

* A curious indication of the ecclesiastical character of the place remains in the institution of a rural chapter in one of the side chapels, called 'Christianity,' as being the original Christendom of the country, of which the head is *Decanus Christianitatis* (as at Exeter).

† Not, however, till the reign of Louis XI.

* In this review we have thought it more profitable to our readers, as well as agreeable to the author, to use his facts and even his language freely, without stopping at every turn to express our disagreement on the points where we think his views erroneous.

Pontiff. This was the fixed opinion of Ger-son and his colleagues.

"The Church is better than the Pope; because the Pope is made for the Church; now, as Aristotle teaches, the end is superior to the means. The Church is more honourable than the Pope; for Christ multiplies upon her gifts and graces without number, which cannot be said of the Pope. The Church is stronger than the Pope; since the gates of hell, that is, the vices and heresies of mankind, have never prevailed against her; whereas they have often prevailed against the Pope. The Church is more steadfast in the faith than the Pope; for the Pope has sometimes departed from the faith, which can never be the case with the universal Church. The Church lawfully assembled can in certain cases arraign, condemn, and even depose the Pope; because, since the Pope acquires his power from the Church, the Church can deprive him of it, should it be abused. The Church, represented by a General Council, has more authority than the Pope, because the Council can frame decrees which the Pope is bound to observe." *

It was from this determination to uphold the authority of General Councils against the Pope that even the great concessions to the French Church granted by the Concordat of Bologna, were for a time repudiated by the Parliament of France, because it omitted all mention of the decrees of Constance and Basle, by which that authority had been established.

But this protest against the See of Rome—though until the fatal submission of the French Bishops in 1871, it lingered as the last remnant of the ancient spirit of the true French Church—was but a small portion of the Gallican liberties.

Even the very Council of Bourges, in which the decrees of Constance were accepted, insisted on the right of the French Church to

"adapt those decrees to the usages, circumstances, and requirements of the French realm and nation." So that it appears, on the whole, that while the French professed great zeal on this occasion for the dogma of the superiority of a General Council over the Pope, the principle practically illustrated at Bourges was that of the supremacy of a *National* Council over every other ecclesiastical authority.†

It was not merely the authority of the Episcopate, but of the French nation, which the Kings of France maintained against the Court of Rome. It is reported that on occasion of one of the recent manifestoes of the Comte de Chambord, another distinguished Prince of the same House observed, 'The Comte de Chambord, like his ancestors, has his eye constantly fixed on the Va-

tican; but whereas he looks at the Court of Rome only to admire its excesses, they looked at it to guard against its invasions.' This is perfectly true. The reign of St. Louis was distinguished for his strong opposition to the assumptions of Rome, the more remarkable in a Prince so eminently religious.* The Pragmatic Sanction—which is commonly ascribed to his reign—although it contained but one direct attack on Roman exactions, is in its whole tone antipapal, and accords with the declaration in the King's establishments, 'the King of France holds of no one save God and his own sword.' Henry IV., even in the plenitude of his zeal as a convert, was urged by some of his ablest counsellors to establish the Gallican Church upon the footing of national independence, under the presidency of a *patriarch*, nominated by himself.† Richelieu supported the convocation of a National Council, to settle by its own authority the internal concerns of the Gallican Church. Canonical appointments might be made, it was urged, without the formality of institution by the Pope; and his Holiness ought to be plainly informed that, if the bulls for the vacant sees were not at once forthcoming, France would dispense with them altogether. And it was even believed that such a Council might go as far as to nominate a Patriarchate, which should be filled by Richelieu himself. An Ultramontane‡ attack on this scheme was strongly condemned by the authorities of Church and State. The Parliament ordered it to be burnt by the public hangman; the Archbishop of Paris and his comp provincials branded it with unanimous censure, as 'false, scandalous, malicious, and injurious to the peace of the realm.'§ Even a Jesuit writer, under Richelieu's dictation, maintained that the appointment of a Patriarch by a national Church is by no means a schismatical act; and that the consent of the Pope was not more necessary for such a step in France than it had been in ancient times for the creation of the patriarchates of Jerusalem and Constantinople. The struggle was continued, even against the Crown and Pope

* Robertson's 'History of the Church,' I. 444. We quote Canon Robertson's history with a mingled feeling of satisfaction and regret—with satisfaction that he has brought so interesting, careful, and impartial a work down to the period of the Reformation; with regret that he can no longer give us his valuable guidance.

† I. 202, 348.

‡ This word, as is well known, originally was applied to the northern by the southern nations; but, in the present times, it is always used to designate the southern or Papal views.

§ I. 351.

* Jervis, I. 90.

† I. 98.

united,* when the Parliament contested the Bull Unigenitus, and yet more when it repudiated the attempt of Benedict XIII. to exalt into a place in the Breviary the legend of S. Hildebrand.†

The Bishop of Tournay, who, with Bossuet, was charged with drawing up the official 'declaration of the clergy of France' on ecclesiastical authority, maintained that not merely individual Popes, but the Papal see itself, might fall into heresy. And Bossuet, even whilst denying this, maintained it only by the adoption of the fictitious distinction between indefectibility and infallibility, and thus alleged that whilst the see of Rome being always Catholic in intention can never be heretical, each individual Pope might be in error.‡ In this spirit the declaration, which was ultimately left to his exposition, whilst guardedly cautious, maintained the independence of sovereigns, the authority of the decrees of Constance, and the dependence of Papal judgments on the consent of the Church, in terms which alike in form and spirit are entirely contrary to the recent decrees of the Vatican.

But it was not only against foreign intrusion that Gallicanism strove to guard itself. The rulers of the French State and Church were too far-sighted to think that the only danger to the peace and progress of a country arose from a clerical power beyond the Alps. They had no belief in the modern doctrine of a Free Church in a Free State. They knew that the Papacy was but an exaggerated form of the ecclesiastical pretensions which are equally perilous everywhere. Accordingly, from the very first, the Kings of France adopted the same independent position towards their own clergy as they adopted towards the Roman Pontiff. When the Bishop of Auxerre, in the name of the clergy, desired that absolution and excommunication should be enforced by civil penalties, Saint Louis replied that it was for the secular courts to judge whether such spiritual sentences were just.§ Philip the Fair, in his struggle with Boniface VIII., based his contention on grounds much larger than the particular conflict with the Pope, which he expressed with an energy of expression and breadth of scope such as almost anticipated the Statutes of Henry VIII. or Elizabeth.

"The kings of France," he said, "have always possessed the power of taking necessary measures for the defence and preservation of the realm against its enemies. The Church

does not consist of the clergy only, but of the laity also. Christ purchased freedom from the law and from the yoke of the ancient law for clergy and laity alike; and therefore the clergy have no right to appropriate to themselves exclusively that liberty which belongs to the whole Christian body."¶

The decisive blow against clerical jurisdiction was struck by the institution of the '*appel comme d'abus*,' which subjected all judicial acts of the officers of the Church to the revision and correction of secular law. The invention of this expedient has been attributed to the redoubtable Pierre de Cugnieres; at all events it originated early in the fourteenth century, though a considerable time elapsed before it became general.‡ The *appel comme d'abus*, in its most common acceptance, was a complaint preferred against the ecclesiastical judge, on the plea that he had exceeded or abused his legitimate powers.‡ The appeal lay to the Grande Chambre of the Parliament in civil, and to the Chambre de la Tournelle in criminal actions; its effect was that, when admitted by the court, the case was thereupon heard and adjudged afresh, such adjudication being final.§ The clergy in their assemblies made repeated remonstrances on this subject to the Crown, representing that the practice led to contempt and hatred of the spiritual jurisdiction, encouraged vice, shackled and thwarted the administration of things sacred, and overburdened the consciences of the secular judges. At the Council of Trent the *appel comme d'abus* was vehemently attacked by theologians of various nations, and was as pertinaciously defended by the ambassadors of Charles IX. of France. The result was that it was maintained in full vigour; and, indeed, it was not to be expected that the Crown, having once succeeded in establishing so effectual an engine for neutralising the judicial action of the Church, should afterwards be induced to relinquish it. Accordingly, although the ancient ecclesiastical jurisdiction in France, like the rest of the mediæval organisation, has been long swept away, the usage of the *appel comme d'abus* has survived to our own times. The Council of State, like the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in England, has still, though not so consistently or firmly, maintained through all the revolutions of France its supremacy in matters ecclesiastical.

This brings us to another example of the determined attitude of the Church of France towards the demands of the clergy. The Council of Trent in the sixteenth century, like the Council of the Vatican, we may add

* II. 236. † II. 276, 279. ‡ II. 48, 50.
§ Robertson, I. 465.—Guizot's 'Life of St. Louis.'

* I. 59. † I. 74. ‡ I. 77. § I. 75.

like the numerous clerical synods of all Churches in the nineteenth century, was the stronghold of ecclesiastical prejudice. It was on this very account the stumbling-stone and rock of offence to the true supporters of the Gallican Church. Not Jortin, in his famous satire on the General Councils of the early ages, saw more clearly into the secret springs which guide such assemblies, or denounced them more vigorously than the French Ambassador, whose plain language is too strong for our modern Anglican ecclesiologists. Fibrac, we are told,

‘enlarged on the manifold snares and artifices by which the great Tempter would seek to blind the understanding and corrupt the hearts of those then assembled in consultation on the affairs of the Church. Self-interest, servility, sloth, worldly-mindedness, duplicity—such, according to this unceremonious monitor, were the special dangers which beset them.’*

He warned the fathers to remember that they were individually responsible as judges of all the questions which might be brought before them. His colleague, De Lansac, was reported to have begged that no ground might be given for a rumour which he had heard, that the Holy Spirit was despatched from Rome to Trent in the courier's portmanteau. The Gallican Bishops—with that timidity which has so often destroyed their influence in later times—expressed their hostility not by action, but by absence from action. But the ambassadors still contended, and in at least one essential point of discipline, that of the Communion in both kinds, they succeeded in retaining the witness to its use by entering a special plea for the preservation of one of the ancient privileges of the kings of France, who were accustomed, from time immemorial, to receive the cup on the day of their coronation.†

When the extreme clerical party in the same Council put forward the extravagant pretensions ‘for the reformation [in other words for the control] of secular princes,’ the proceeding was keenly resented by the Court of France. The young king Charles IX.—

‘denounced it to his ambassadors as an attempt to “pare the nails of sovereigns, while it lengthened those of the priests.” He ordered them to protest against it with the utmost vigour, and to retire from the Council if it were not withdrawn. Upon this, Du Ferrier put forth all his energies in a spirited effort of remonstrance. He recounted the exertions made by the kings of France for ages past to obtain a real reform of the Church and its ministers, and showed how that work had hitherto been systematically eluded. His mas-

ter was amazed, he said, that the fathers should suggest measures which manifestly tended to subvert the ancient liberties of the Gallican Church, and to injure the authority of the Most Christian kings, who had made laws for the government of ecclesiastics within their own dominions, which laws had been approved by successive popes, and were in accordance with the decrees of Œcumenical Councils. No such mighty progress had as yet been made at Trent in the work of reforming the Church, that the Council should overstep its proper province, and undertake the correction of secular magistrates.’*

Du Ferrier's protest was successful. The French Bishops, according to their usual policy, fled, but the ambassadors of all the nations remained, and insisted, and the scheme was dropped.

When at last the Decrees of Trent were promulgated, only seven French Bishops were there to sign them; and the King and the Parliament at once declared it contrary to the Gallican liberties to allow their publication in France.†

To secure their publication was indeed an object which the more ecclesiastically minded of the French clergy (we quote the plaintive words of Mr. Jervis)

‘pursued through many generations with indefatigable zeal; but invariably without success. The “remonstrances” of the Assemblies of the clergy, in 1567, 1577, 1579, 1582, 1585, 1588, and 1596’ [1614, 1624, 1629], ‘and on other occasions, were met with the stereotyped reply, that it was judged inexpedient, for reasons of State which had been often cited, to proceed to any official publication of the Council. Nor has any such ratification of its authority by the civil power been granted in France from that day to the present. In regard to doctrine, the definitions of Trent constitute the law of the Church as in all other branches of the Roman obedience; many of its decrees of discipline, moreover, have been carried into execution by the Gallican prelates, as salutary in themselves and clearly in accordance with the spirit of the ancient canons; but neither its doctrine nor its discipline has ever been incorporated by the State with the body of national law.’

The bold attitude of France, in the face of such a display of clerical influence, was mainly due, in the first instance, to that noble body of Catholic laymen, who had not then, as since, condescended to ensconce themselves behind the thin veil of reticence or indifference.

‘There existed in France, from the earliest days of the Reforming movement, a party disposed to moderate counsels; averse to persecution, anxious for practical improvements on a broad and safe basis, attached generally to the ancient Church, but at the same time

* I. 149.

† I. 151.

* I. 161.

† I. 166, 170, 176, 286.

strongly opposed to the pretensions of Papal absolutism. This was known by the name of the "Tiers-parti." It was the same which developed afterwards into the famous faction of the "Politiques," and played so decisive a part in the struggles of the "League." On the accession of Charles IX., the Tiers-parti found itself suddenly in the ascendant. At its head was one of the most enlightened and disinterested men of the time, Michel de l'Hôpital, who, by the favour of the Queen-Mother, and without opposition from the Guises, had just been created Chancellor of France.*

The whole attitude of De l'Hôpital towards the Protestants was such that, had there been a few more like himself in France, it is not too much to say that, even if the union between the two Churches in France was impossible, their separation, their internecine warfare, dragging with it the ruin of their common country and their common Christianity, would have been altogether avoided. No spirit equally noble and enlightened succeeded to this great and good man. But his policy did not pass away with him. It led directly to the Toleration Act as we should call it—the 'Peace of Monsieur'—which, in 1576, almost healed the scars of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; and the Edict of Nantes, with its beneficent and pacific action on the State and on the Church, was but the extension of De l'Hôpital's views, which indeed had actually mounted to the throne of France in the person of Henry IV. That great king—great with all his faults—was in his opinions the very incarnation of the moderate and enlightened Catholicism which still lingers in Germany, and of which in those days Gallicanism was the French exponent. Whether Henry's conversion was sincere, may be questioned; but probably much as Leighton and Baxter deemed the adoption of Episcopacy to be a matter in itself indifferent, so, in the judgment of Henry, the exchange of one form of Christianity for another, for a high national object, far outweighed in value the peculiarities which divided them. 'Your really great man,' said the late President of the French Republic to an eminent Protestant minister, 'was Henry IV. To have become a Catholic, and yet to have remained a Protestant—that was the master-piece of religious policy.'

Of the moderate and conciliatory character of the faith which he adopted—of its utter uncongeniality to the Ultramontane form of Catholicism—the best proof is found in the 'rancorous hatred borne to him by the fanatical priesthood, even after his restoration to Catholic communion.' This feel-

ing is strongly expressed in the series of nine sermons, 'Sur la simulée Conversion de Henri de Bourbon,' preached by Jean Boucher in the church of St. Merry, and published with the official approbation of the Sorbonne as an able exposure of false Catholicism and impious 'Politicism.'* It was yet more strongly expressed by the dagger of Ravallac, which wrought one of the few great murders that have changed the face of the world.†

And when in modern times we are told on all sides that religion can only flourish in connection with excessive and extravagant dogmatism, it is sufficient to point to the results which Mr. Jarvis—in spite of his natural predilections—cites as the fruits of Henry's rational and tolerant policy:—

'In all directions religion was now invoked as the true source and most certain pledge of tranquillity and happiness, public and private. France was thoroughly penetrated by the spirit of religious enterprise. Men of all ranks and professions vied with each other in forming associations for various purposes of beneficent exertion, spiritual and temporal. Colleges, schools, hospitals, missions at home and abroad, congregations for the systematic training of the clergy, diocesan seminaries, the reformation of many monastic orders and conventual houses, societies devoted to the education of the young, to the relief of the poor, to the support and consolation of the aged, to the visitation of prisoners, to the redemption of captives—such are some of the characteristic undertakings of the times of Henry IV.†

One splendid architectural monument, and one only, has been produced by the Roman Church since its final separation from Protestantism. That is the Cathedral of Orleans, and the Cathedral of Orleans, erected by Henry of Navarre, commemorates the triumph of that generous and statesmanlike latitude, which zealots of all parties would now agree in condemning.

By the end of his reign, what in France were called Gallican, what in English were called Erastian, principles had obtained an almost complete victory:—

'The royal courts reigned supreme in causes which once belonged to the unquestioned cognisance of the ecclesiastical judge. The Crown had acquired the vast privilege of nominating

* I. 201.

† It is a melancholy instance of the formalism of modern French religion that the biographer of St. François de Sales, curé of St. Sulpice, thinks it worth relating (p. 352), with great emphasis, not that Henry IV. had abandoned his vices or expressed his repentance, but that after he had received his death-blow, *before the warmth and movement of life had altogether left him*, a cardinal arrived in time to give absolution.

† I. 211.

directly the bishops and other chief dignitaries throughout the realm. All official acts proceeding from the Roman curia required to be "verified" by the Parliament, and sanctioned by the Council of State, before they could be legally put in execution. No bull or rescript could be published, no canons of a Council received as binding, no legate admitted to discharge his mission as the Pope's representative, without undergoing this test of conformity with the maxims of the civil constitution. Added to which, all the proceedings of ecclesiastical authorities were kept in strict control by the oppressive expedient of the "appel comme d'abus."*

The treatise of Suarez, in 1614, in behalf of high clerical pretensions, was equally condemned in England and in France—burnt by the public hangman before St. Paul's at the order of James I., and torn to pieces by the executioner at the order of the Parliament of Paris.† The determined resistance of the Tiers-Etat, in the States-General of 1614, to the Papal doctrine of deposing princes, shows the depth of popular religious feeling at that time capable of being raised against a principle for which the French clergy professed their willingness to suffer martyrdom, but which, as often happens in the mutability of clerical opinion, they themselves, twelve years later, under the influence of Richelieu, were not unwilling to accept.‡ The Declaration of 1682 was a step in the same direction, and though its own ambiguity, and the ambiguous expressions of some of the French prelates concerning it in 1692, somewhat diminished its importance, yet the decided attitude of Louis XIV. shows how fully he could count on the support of the general religious sentiment.

These doctrines were not only floating traditions, they were incorporated in laborious treatises of jurisprudence. Grotius, whose connection with the French Court renders him almost a French authority, in his work, 'De Imperio Summarum Potestatum circa sacra,' went almost to the same lengths of Erastianism as Cranmer or Hooker.§ Richer's treatise, 'De Ecclesiasticâ et Politicâ Potestate,' advocating like principles, which came out with the authority of the Sorbonne, though fiercely attacked, and at last withdrawn, was yet resolutely defended.|| Even the extreme form of those views in the work of De Dominis met with a partial reception.¶ The treatise of Pierre Pithou, on 'The Liberties of the Gallican Church,' contains the eighty-three Articles of those liberties in a shape which 'manifestly intrudes the secular jurisdiction into the ecclesiastical sphere.'**

The 'Preuves des Libertés de l'Eglise gal

licane,' by the brothers Dupuy, which are in reality 'proofs of the rise and progress of Erastianism,' though nominally suppressed, were sold 'with scarcely an affectation of secrecy, both in Paris and the provinces,' and the same principles, though in a more moderate form, were incorporated in the celebrated work of De Marca 'De Concordiâ Sacerdotii et Imperii.'*

It is needless to follow these general maxims into detail. The assent of the whole Assembly of the French clergy, with one exception, in defiance of Papal remonstrance, to the religious validity of civil marriage†—the right of the State to tax the Clergy, enforced by Richelieu himself‡—the acknowledgment of the right of royal appointment of bishops§ by all the French prelates, with the exception of the two Jansenist Bishops of Alet and Pamiers||—the proceedings against Archbishop Beaumont, 'whose conscience,' said the Duke of Richelieu, 'was a dark lantern that enlightened nobody but himself'—are all proofs of the immense superiority of the French Church in those days to the narrow Puritanism and Ultramontane superstition of later times.

It is perfectly true that the maintenance of these Gallican 'liberties' was from time to time united with despotic and reactionary tendencies, as when they were used, with the full concurrence of the Jesuits, as a means of crushing their Jansenist enemies. It is also true that there was a party which endeavoured to put another meaning on the phrase, to interpret them, not as the liberties of the whole Church against the usurpations of the clergy, but as the liberties of the clergy against the crown. This party, with the different shades which ecclesiastical faction always contains, maintained a policy exactly similar to that pursued by the modern Ultramontanes, whether of Catholic or Protestant Churches. They clamoured for what was called 'the free election' of bishops by the chapters¶—a mode of appointment, which, whatever may be said of it in theory, had been self-condemned in practice in the few cases where its monstrous abuses had not led to its extinction.** They were the spiritual descendants of those extravagant ecclesias-

* I. 350, 352. † I. 359. ‡ I. 362. § II. 22.

¶ II. 26-31.

‡ I. 17, 191. It was sanctioned by the Pragmatic Sanction, i. 98, but abolished in favour of royal appointments by the Concordat of Bologna, i. 166.

** For the general abuses see i. 24. The exemplification of its failure in a particular case may be seen in the see of Metz at the time that Bossuet was canon; Metz, with Toul and Verdun, having remained exceptions to the general system of royal nominations.

* I. 262. † I. 275. ‡ II. 76, 77. § I. 262.

¶ I. 268, 270, 273. ¶ I. 288, 289. ** I. 197.

tics who invented the interpretation by which the two swords in St. Peter's hands gave over both temporal and spiritual power to the Pope and the clergy.* It was they who constantly complained of the refusal to publish the decrees of Trent in France.†

The hour of their chief triumph was the hour of France's deepest darkness, the reign of the League. The League was emphatically the cause of the extreme clerical party.‡ Of all the parochial benefices, all but three were held by declared adherents of the faction.§ One of their projects was to raise the Cardinal de Baluz to the throne, with a dispensation to marry the fanatical Duchess of Montpensier, who went about with her bevy of preachers and her golden scissors 'destined,' as she boasted, 'to perform the ceremony of tonsure upon Henry III. when he exchanged his throne for a cloister.'—||

'the heir of the Carolingians was to be proclaimed King of France; and, on assuming the crown, was to make such arrangements with his Holiness as would secure the complete recognition of the sovereignty of the Vicar of Christ, by abrogating for ever the so-called "liberties of the Gallican Church."'

Claude de Saintes and Génébrard are the Laud and Sancroft of this High Church school of Gallicanism. It continued with more or less variation even after the League had disappeared before the snow-white plume at Ivry. It infected with its baneful sectarian animosity the spirit even of Bossuet, of Fénelon, and of Arnauld.** It succeeded, with the aid of the Jesuits, in overturning the policy which had raised France from the ruin of the Civil Wars, and by revoking the Edict of Nantes prepared the way for the ruin of the Revolution.

But, nevertheless, until that crowning catastrophe, it was kept at bay by the nobler genius of the French monarchy, and especially of the French magistracy, which, through the close connexion which then happily subsisted between the Church and the State, penetrated the French clergy also. The more eminent of the clergy and the more eminent of the lawyers sprang from the same class of society; they lived in friendly intercourse; and thus the political and ecclesiastical equilibrium was sustained by the equality and ease of social life.

In short, Gallicanism, in its larger and more exalted form, was the religious sentiment of the whole French nation, or of its more intelligent portion, so long as there was a religious national sentiment and an intelli-

gent religious spirit in France; whilst Gallicanism, in its narrower and fiercer form, was the sentiment of the French clergy only in its moods of intermittent fanaticism or in the breasts of its darker and baser leaders. And when the French Revolution broke the French Church to pieces and rent asunder the subtle bands which bound the nation together, Gallicanism in its higher national form expired, whilst Gallicanism in its lower clerical form revived; just as, if in like circumstances the Church of England were to perish, the result would probably be that the fanaticism or the zeal of the different parties which compose it, or of the dominant party at the moment, would remain, but the sober, wholesome, liberal religion of England would be overshadowed or would disappear altogether.

A venerable commentator* of our own day endeavoured to find in the clergy and the lilies of France the likeness of the Beast and the Three Frogs, which in the Apocalypse symbolize the False Prophet of superstition. There was a sense in which (we do not, of course, speak of the value of his exegesis) he was completely wrong—there is a sense unfortunately now only too true, in which he was almost completely right.

We have been careful to make this distinction, both because in this useful work it is constantly obscured, and because the facts by which we are enabled to establish the distinction are faithfully preserved by the candour of the author, in spite of his own habitual inclination in favour of the clerical, at times even the Ultramontane, view of the struggle.

II. This conflict between the reasonable and unreasonable elements of Gallicanism insensibly leads us to the consideration of the more directly theological of the controversies which have raged within the French Church.

It is a melancholy conclusion, though perhaps to some humbler churches consolatory, that the Eldest Daughter of Christendom should present a series of such miserable pictures of 'variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, factions, envyings,' as that which, certainly with no hostile intention, is set before us by this faithful chronicler. It is a collision from first to last, not of principles, but persons, not of truths, but watchwords. We are accustomed to see this kind of combat nearer home; it is instructive to watch it among our neighbours.

We can truly say that no record of Parliamentary conflicts, no record even of English Convocations or Scottish Assemblies, has filled us with such a sense of the vanity

* I. 55. † I. 170. ‡ I. 174, 179, 194, 277.

§ I. 178, 179. || I. 183. ¶ I. 175, 188.

** II. 64-67.

* Elliot, 'Horse Apocalypticæ.'

of human contentions, as the narrative of the ecclesiastical struggles of this mighty Church. We put aside for the moment the terrible duel between Protestantism and Catholicism, the wars of the League, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Dragonnades. Although even in these there was much of personal animosity mingled, yet on the whole the actors were moved by those gigantic passions which fanaticism stirs, and which, if more destructive, are more pure and more respectable. But we speak of the internal struggles in the Church itself.

There was the series of quarrels raised by the jealousy of the Jesuits against the Oratorians. 'These things,' said the Cardinal de Bérulle, 'are more worthy of tears than of words.' He might well say so. Friend and protector of the Order, as he once had been, no sooner did he venture on plans which were likely to compete for the occupation of ground which they considered exclusively their own, than the Jesuits became his bitter opponents. They strained every nerve to thwart his undertaking, descending for this purpose to the meanest practices—to unblushing detraction and vulgar libels.*

The whole conduct of the French clergy and their leaders towards the Abbé of St. Cyran, affirming first, condemning afterwards,† is a deplorable instance of the vacillations with which, in consequence of the mere changes of fashion, or party spirit, the clergy so often abandon a leader once popular at the expense of their own consistency, in order to avoid all complicity (we use Mr. Jervis's significant words) with one who, however learned, however meritorious in days gone by, was now to be looked upon in the light of a dangerous innovator and propagator of heresy.

The evasions of the Papal Bull 'In Emimentia,' by the Jansenists, on the superficial pretext that the difference of the old and new style destroyed the proof of its genuineness;‡ the arts by which the Jesuits procured from the Pope a condemnation of Arnauld's opinions, which, forty years before, had been pronounced by the Roman Court to be irreprehensible;§ the gross imposture "which Père la Chaise" excused" as nothing more than a stratagem of war;|| the refined distinctions drawn between Augustine and Jansenius, so as to brand the disciple with heresy, whilst the fame of the master was left intact;¶ the sudden adoption of Erastian views by the Jesuits, in order to annoy the Jansenist Puritans**—these are amongst the trivial arts by which

partisans have always striven to circumvent their adversaries; but it is important both for Protestants and Catholics to contemplate them on the large scale of the Court and Church of the first of Christian kingdoms. What was said of one of these intrigues, through which an excellent bishop had in the provincial Council of Embrun been condemned by the profligate Tencin, applies to many Synodical condemnations throughout the world.* 'Quel a été le motif du concile assemblé dans cette ville métropolitaine? Écho, "Haine." Sur les dogmes, les mœurs, la discipline, s'agissoit-il de quelque point? Écho, "Point."' The dialogue is carried on in this strain for many lines.

Yet more instructive, as showing the littleness and hollowness of these disputes, is the whole controversy between Bossuet and Fénelon. It is impossible to read the account of this wretched quarrel, even in the pages of a narrator so favourable to both prelates, without being humbled by the sight of the weakness and want of generosity in the assailed Archbishop of Cambray, and the bitterness and persevering personal animosity of the Bishop of Meaux. There would be something ludicrous, were it not serious, in the intrigues which were set on foot to obtain, and which succeeded in procuring from the Roman Court a condemnation from the authority, since if not then believed to be infallible, of the doctrine which even if false is not likely to be very dangerous, and which, whether dangerous or not, is unquestionably that of St. Paul—viz. that for the sake of God's love, it is lawful to acquiesce in one's own damnation.†

A yet more miserable and more famous story is that of the persecution and suppression of Port Royal.‡ Granting to the full the excesses of austerity, of puritanism, and of mysticism with which that wonderful society was infected, yet considering also the heroism, the genius, the learning with which it was sanctified, it is impossible not to read in its overthrow the triumph of malignant and petty intrigue over piety and enlightenment. Even Fénelon cannot be acquitted, and where he failed, what is to be thought of the meaner agents? One man in that despicable transaction seems to have retained a sense of what is required of a Christian minister—the Cardinal de Noailles:—

"I consider myself bound," he said, "to defend the liberty of theologians; I cannot

* I. 256. † I. 370. ‡ I. 387. § II. 85.
|| II. 87. ¶ I. 410. ** II. 26, 34.

* II. 299. † II. 133: compare Rom. ix. 3.
‡ II. 194-196.

allow them to be oppressed by a yoke which even General Councils have never pretended to impose; and I will never depart from the wise maxim of antiquity, 'In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas.' In a word, if to be a Jansenist, or an abettor of Jansenism, signifies to follow literally and exactly the doctrine of St. Augustine and St. Thomas, I declare that, whatever may happen to me, I shall be in that sense a Jansenist, or an abettor of Jansenism, just as they please to call it, to the last breath of my life; and I maintain the hope that at the judgment seat of Christ I shall find, with regard to that particular, as well as upon the other articles enjoined by religion, the reward which is promised to true faith. The sheep, as St. Augustine says, must not abandon their skin because the wolves usurp it as a disguise." *

But he at last, under the pressure of declining years and failing strength, was goaded by his adversaries to an abject submission and a distracted end. And, on the other hand, his infamous rival, the last great ecclesiastical Minister of France, Dubois—although 'the most impudently vicious of mankind'†—was, from the party spirit of the time, with the concurrence of the See of Rome and the hierarchy of France, elected to the rank of Roman Cardinal and French Archbishop. Let those admirers of the Roman Church who are always carping at their own Church of England read the narrative in the brilliant pages of the Duc de St. Simon, and ask themselves whether any Protestant Premier or Primate, in the most corrupt times, ever so degraded the offices of the Church as did the Pope, the King, the Cardinal-Archbishop and, alas! the excellent Massillon, who carried out the consecration of Dubois.

III. From these discreditable personal conflicts we turn to what is the real interest of the history of every Church; the consideration of those characters or works within it, which have a pledge of immortality—a savour of that common fragrance which belongs to all Churches alike—a touch of that true Catholic spirit, which is the best protest against all the assumptions of particular Churches whether Roman or Puritan. Some of these are well given by Mr. Jervis, of others we will venture to speak for ourselves. We pass over the earlier stages of the Gallican Church in which its latent Protestantism (if we may use that word in its best sense) found its vent in the words and acts of St. Louis, of St. Bernard, and of Gerson. The vision of St. Louis, in which was seen the figure of

Religion extinguishing the fires of hell and drying up the waters of Paradise, in order that God that might be served for Himself alone; the toleration exhibited by St. Bernard to the persecuted Jews; the boldness with which Gerson protested against the vices and the pretensions of the Papacy, rose so far above the whole region of thought in which they and their contemporaries lived that, when combined with their saintly lives, they present a force of Christian heroism that places them really amongst the lights of the Universal Church—as far beyond the fanaticism of modern zealots as beyond the infirmity of mediæval schoolmen.

But even after the convulsion of the Reformation which took away from the Roman, and therefore from the Gallican, Church some of its choicest spirits, there were individual examples of sanctity and genius which even Protestant nations have not been slow to acknowledge, and which the Church of France may fairly claim as its own.

When the greatest French theologian of the sixteenth century took possession of Geneva, and when Bishops and Canons and Catholic Church fled before him into Savoy, they found a resting-place in the charming little town of Annecy, a natural refuge for Genevese exiles—its lake, its castle, its mountains, repeating on a small scale the city of Calvin. One, or rather two sacred memories in one, have sanctified the recollection of Annecy. Side by side, in one of the conventual churches, lie St. François de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, and Madame de Chantal, his saintly and Platonic love. We can but touch on the main features of his career. As in almost all the French theologians of that epoch, it presents a very dark and a very bright side. Nothing can be more disheartening than the admiring accounts which his biographers give of his raids into the Chablais, and his 'conversions' of the Protestant herdsmen with the aid of the soldiers of the Duke of Savoy, and who describe as a devout sentiment the dreadful doctrine—once, no doubt, received by the whole of Christendom, but now almost discarded except by the extremest zealots of Rome or England—'I have more pleasure in the conversion of heretics than of profligates, because the chance of profligates for heaven is greater than the chance of heretics.* But these are not the traits which most won the affection of the Church of his own age, still less that of posterity. When he

* II. 210.

† II. 242.

* 'Vie de St. François de Sales,' p. 390.

went to Paris he preached not a word against heresy. 'He who preaches with love preaches enough against heretics.* That is the orthodoxy of a Catholic in the true sense of the word. When he came to Annecy, he with his friend Favre formed a union rare in all ages of the Church, always commendable when it is found, between religion and science, and founded the *Academia Florimontana*—the Academy of the Flowers of the Savoy mountains. That is the true genius of free inquiry. When he went to Paris the natural shrewdness of Henry IV. discerned the honest and genuine saint beneath the bishop. 'M. de Genève,' he said,† 'is the phoenix of prelates. Of others, one has good birth, another learning, another piety. M. de Genève has them all in perfection.'—'I love M. de Genève because he knows not how to flatter.'—'M. de Genève,' he said (on finding that, like Fisher and Wilson, De Sales refused to abandon 'the poor wife' which he had married in his Savoyard see for a richer one in France), 'you place yourself above me. I feel myself above those who ask for my favours—below those who refuse them.' In his dealings with the sisterhood of Madame de Chantal, with a spirit yet more beyond his time and his order, his deliberate wish was not to form them into a religious community, but to leave them free. This design he subsequently abandoned under the pressure of the Archbishop of Lyons.‡ 'They call me,' he said with a gentle irony, 'the Founder of the Community; nothing can be more absurd. I have done what I did not wish to do, and have undone what I wished to do.'§ It is not surprising that with these larger sentiments of religion he should have been suspected of favouring heresy; once he was formally assured that his blamable laxity was laid to his charge in a complaint to the Pope, and, on his deathbed, he was pressed by the surrounding clergy to adopt, one after another, the usual formalities of devotion, which, one after another, with a spirit as elevated as it was humble, he graciously evaded.

One who was bound by the closest intimacy with François de Sales was Vincent Depaul.|| 'We passed,' says Arnold, in his last journey through France, 'the church spire of Pouy, the native-place of Vincen-tius of Paula, a man worthy of all me-

mory.' Worthy of all memory, because he left two institutions in the Roman Catholic Church, which are at least as much Protestant and Christian, as they are Roman or Catholic; parochial 'missions,' or 'revivals,' and the 'Servantes des Pauvres,' or religious sisterhoods, afterwards known as 'Sœurs de Charité.*' These foundations were doubly remarkable, both as exhibiting the chief practical charm of the Church of Rome, and yet, on the other hand, as being in themselves such complete innovations, as to indicate that they are, properly speaking, the beneficent outgrowths of a singularly powerful and gifted mind, falling in with the wants of a more civilised and enlightened age. What was unknown to the Patristic period, and to all the long tract of the middle ages; what is still unknown in the Eastern Church, can hardly be said to belong by exclusive right to the pre-Reformation system. 'Place the institution of St. Vincent Depaul before Athanasius, before Basil, before Jerome' (if we may use the language in which Dr. Newman in a well-known passage endeavours to exalt the Roman at the expense of the Protestant Church), 'and all alike would confess that it was wholly out of place in the ecclesiastical constitution of their time. Place it before the Protestants of England or America, before the pastors of Kaiserswerth or of Basle, they would at once recognise in it an object of reverence and admiration.' St. Vincent, like St. François, had his Madame de Chantal. It was Madame Louise Legras. He, like St. François, was also the favourite of the men of the world. 'I have always,' said Richelieu, 'had a very high opinion of M. Vincent; but since my last interview with him, I regard him as a totally different character from what I first imagined.'

A contemporary and co-operator with Vincent Depaul in his Gallican reforms was less known to the outer world, but of singularly attractive character—Pierre de Bérulle.† 'If you wish,' said Cardinal Du Perron, 'to convince the heretics, bring them to me; if you desire to convert them, take them to the Bishop of Geneva; but if the object is both to convince and to convert them, you must go to the Abbé de Bérulle.' He was the founder of the French Oratorians—the society which, owing its existence to St. Philip Neri, was in its origin, of all the religious orders of the Roman Church, the most liberal in its spirit and its rules. This freedom of system was carried on with even

* 'Vie de St. François de Sales,' p. 232.

† Ibid., pp. 238, 241.

‡ Ibid., p. 329.

§ Ibid., p. 377.

|| Of the three modes of representing the name—*De Paule*, *De Paul*, and *Depaul*—the last seems to be the most authentic.

increased enthusiasm and breadth by De Bérulle :—*

"The spirit of this congregation," says Bossuet, in his funeral oration for F. Bourgoing, "is none other than that of the Church herself; it acknowledges no other rules than her sacred canons, no other superiors than her bishops, no other vows than those of baptism and the priesthood. With them a holy liberty constitutes a holy engagement; here we find obedience without dependence, government without command; all authority consists in gentleness, and penitence is maintained without the aid of fear. Here, in order to form true priests, they are conducted to the source of all truth; they have the Inspired Writings constantly in their hands, that they may seek unceasingly the interpretation of them by study, their spirit by prayer, their depth by meditation, their power by experience, their end by charity, in which grace everything is summed up—which is the sole essential treasure of Christianity."

'Tabaraud mentions that certain prelates summoned De Bérulle before them to give an explanation of his views in instituting the Oratory. "Although," says the biographer, "he might have declined their jurisdiction, the pious founder replied modestly that he had only acted according to the orders of his ecclesiastical superior; and when they proceeded to inquire what were the statutes of his Congregation, he contented himself with quoting a passage from St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians: "Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." "This," said De Bérulle, "is my rule." The bishops were so much struck by this response that they forebore to trouble him with any further questions.'

It is impossible to conceive rules more Protestant, we may say (in the Christian sense of the word), more latitudinarian, than principles such as these. They strike directly at the dogmatic exclusive system of the ordinary Roman Church, and as such they might well expose him to the attacks of the Ultramontane party of his day. The Church in which he ministered, and in which he was buried, still bears the name of 'the Oratory.' It has passed away into the hands of another communion, and is well known as the chief Protestant Church of Paris. But the spirit of De Bérulle would have no cause to be offended by the eloquent discourses with which its walls have resounded in our time, whether from the Monods or the Coquerels, and when, in the course of this year, Father Hyacinthe delivered his address on the common glories and respective defects of Catholicism and Protestantism, he was fully justi-

fied in his opening appeal to the memory of De Bérulle.

From the practical saints of the French Church we pass to its great preachers, of whom it is not too much to say that, at least in fame, they stand in the first rank of the orators of the European pulpit. Round the fountain in the square in front of the church of St. Sulpice at Paris, there sit four statues, like the statues so often seen in Italy of the four Fathers of the Latin Church. They are Bossuet, Fénelon, Massillon, and Fléchier. But for his not having attained the episcopal rank, we cannot doubt that a fifth, not then commemorated, would have been seated amongst them—Bourdaloue. To each of these we must devote a few words. Alone of all the five—perhaps we may say, alone of all preachers of a former age,—Bossuet maintains still his living force and influence. Not for his power as a controversialist, 'the Eagle of Meaux, lordly of beak, and terrible of claw,' not for his character, commanding and worthy of command, as in many respects it was, but for his magnificent and still classic style. Ask any educated Frenchman whom he considers the chief master of the mighty language which has been for so many generations the language of civilized society; he will answer *Bossuet*. Go to the home of the venerable statesman, who is also the Patriarch of French Protestantism, and listen to the discourse which he reads, with the fire of an orator, and the devotion of a saint, to his listening family in their meetings of domestic worship. It is from *Bossuet*. It is in fact in his sermons, more than in any of his other works, that Bossuet still reigns supreme. The value of his 'Histoire universelle' is vitiated by his total absence of criticism. The value of his 'Variations' is destroyed by his bitter animosity towards Protestantism, and by his affected unconsciousness of the 'Variations' in his own Church. But in his discourses he often soars, by the force of genius and piety, above the trammels of his age and creed, and Christianity itself gains from the splendour of the language in which he enforces its precepts and its doctrines. The peroration of his sermon on Louis de Bourbon will always rank amongst the masterpieces of pathetic oratory. The sermon on Anne de Gonzague is full of profound appreciation of human character. We have had occasion before, and shall have occasion again, to refer to the miserable intrigues and persecutions in which he played so prominent and so discreditable a part. But this only enhances the value of the protestations which he made on behalf of more liberal principles. He well expressed his sense of the hollow-

ness of ecclesiastical synods. 'You know what the Assemblies of the clergy are, and the sort of temper which usually prevails in them.* The sermon on 'the Unity of the Church' is indeed filled with worthless and inflated flattery of the Papal See. But it is evident to the discerning reader that this is the mere scaffolding from which to discharge his thunderbolts at the extravagance of the Papal pretensions. The true point of the argument is in such withering sentences as these:—

'Humility is the most indispensable ornament of exalted rank; there is something more worthy of respect in modesty than in all other gifts; the world is better disposed to submit when he who demands submission is the first to yield to sound reason; and Peter, in amending his error, is greater, if that be possible, than Paul, who reprehends it.

"The ocean itself has its appointed bounds, and were it to break through those limits, its plenitude would become a cataclysm which would engulf the universe."†

"Woe to the Church when the two jurisdictions began to regard each other with jealous eyes! Why should division spring up between the ministers of the Church and the ministers of Sovereigns, when both are alike ministers of the King of Kings, though constituted in a different manner? How can they forget that their functions are, in fact, identical; that to serve God is to serve the State, and that to serve the State is to serve God? But authority is blind; authority is ever seeking self-aggrandisement; authority thinks itself degraded when any attempt is made to fix its limits."‡

"Goodness of intention, combined with small enlightenment, is a great evil in such an exalted position. Let us pray, let us weep."

"Is the Church, which up to this time has stopped the mouths of heretics with irrefutable arguments, now to be reduced to defend herself by such pitiful equivocations? God forbid."§

If Fénelon is a less dominant figure in French theology than Bossuet, he is compensated by his superior fame in Protestant countries. *Télémaque* is familiar in hundreds of households, where the *Oraisons funèbres* are unknown; and the gentle, common sense, combined with a genuine love of liberty which breathes through this and all his works, has an accent of deeper force than that which resounded from Condorn or Meaux.

"Thankful shall I be," said the mild Archbishop, "with the great Augustine, to him who will correct me in matters wherein he knows himself to be right; thankful for the friendly offices of one whose doctrines, nevertheless, I am compelled to oppose."||

Happy would it have been for him had this moderation, which no doubt was the natural outgrowth of his genial disposition, been the habitual rule of his conduct. There are few more instructive and tragical contrasts than that presented by two little French works recently published—one by the excellent lay preacher of Geneva, Ernest Naville, 'Le Christianisme de Fénelon,' consisting of sentiments, often as deep as they are pious, and striking at the very root of the casuistry and formality of the Roman Church; the other, 'L'Intolérance de Fénelon,' published by the Protestant Pastor M. Douen,* who has been provoked by the persistent misrepresentations of the Roman party in France, to draw out this unamiable side of the character even of the most amiable of the French divines of that age. Yet still there remains supreme that charming ideal character which the Catholic sovereign described from the worldly point of view—'He is a genius, but he has the most chimerical mind in the kingdom'—and which the most Protestant of Protestants—William Channing—in his striking Essay on the writings of Fénelon, described from the religious point of view: 'If not a profound, he was an original writer; though a Catholic, he was essentially free. His words came fresh from the soul. His misapprehensions are but the misapprehensions of the inspired prophet, who hopes to see in his own day what he was appointed to promise for future days.'†

It was said by Vinet that whilst Bossuet took the fortress of the soul by storm, Bourdaloue approached it by the rules of war, and Massillon by a secret understanding with the garrison. This is not an incorrect estimate of the manner of these great orators. But it is interesting to observe that 'the rules of war' which Bourdaloue observed, were not the polemics of worn-out casuistry, but the practical experiences of a Christian heart; and it has been truly said that nothing shows more strongly the force of the humane and liberal tendencies of the Gallican Church than that he, a Jesuit, should in his discourses show so much of the true Catholicity of Christianity, so little of the Order of Loyola. Even in the judgment of Voltaire he was the first model of good preachers in Europe; one of the first, through whom the voice of reason was allowed to speak in the pulpit. Burnet was taken to hear him—as one of the greatest

* 'Intolérance de Fénelon,' par O. Douen, pp. 175-194. He contrasts it with the noble language of the layman Vauban, 177.

† II. 84.

‡ Channing's Works, I. 187.

* II. 37, 38. † II. 41. ‡ II. 42. § II. 52.

|| II. 230.

preachers of the age, and one of the honours of his Order. He was a man of sweet temper, and not at all violent against Protestants; on the contrary, he believed good ones* amongst them might be saved.' Massillon's 'secret understanding' with the garrison of the soul was founded on those generous moral affinities which unite the just and good of all Churches—and his career has been chosen by Mr. Lecky as marking the point at which the differences between the Catholic and Protestant Churches reached their minimum; so entirely practical was his tone, so slightly imbued with the controversial spirit of his own communion. Of Fléchier, we will only say that to those who wish to see how, in those days, the ecclesiastic and the man of the world could be gracefully united—and in combinations as opposite as it is possible to conceive from the fantastic piety of modern French Prelates, the diary of the future Bishop of Nismes in the 'Grands Jours d'Auvergne' will form a study as instructive as it is amusing.

There is another school of divines which will always have an important interest, as well by their intrinsic merits as because they furnish another connecting link between the Church of France and the Protestant tendencies of Christianity, namely, the inmates and associates of the Abbey of Port Royal. It would be impertinent, after the eloquent sketch of this school by Sainte-Beuve in France, and Sir James Stephen in England, to do more than indicate in the most cursory manner the peculiarity of their historical position. We leave on one side the tedious intrigues of which they were the victims, the wearisome defences of their ecclesiastical position, which have long ceased to have any living importance to any one. But in these days, when the passion for a dead level of uniformity has again begun to pervade all churches, it is striking to observe how for a time this galaxy of 'Nonconforming members' of the Roman Church flourished in its midst, and that however slight the traces left on their own communion, they are still hailed as fellow-citizens of the Christian commonwealth by the good and true of every other.

Arnauld and Nicole are perhaps familiar only to Frenchmen. But Fleury and Tillemont will never cease to claim the respect of all students of ecclesiastical history for the fairness and accuracy of their vast labours.

'The discourses of Fleury,' says Arnold,* 'scattered through the volumes of his history, can hardly be recommended too strongly. I know of nothing that at all approaches to them in excellence on the subjects to which they relate.' Tillemont! Who does not remember the regret with which Gibbon parts from the patient and sure-footed animal which has borne him to the fifth century along his perilous road? De Sacy has the peculiar honour of having done for the French Church what Wycliff had four centuries before done for the English Church—in providing a translation of the Vulgate into his native language.

But the greatest of all names in the society of Port Royal, the greatest name in the French Church—some may even think the greatest in French literature—is Blaise Pascal. Of his scientific fame we do not here speak. It need not be enhanced in our days by the strange delusion of an amiable antiquary, and the clever forgeries of a daring impostor. The Tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, standing out amidst the demolition of so many venerable monuments in Paris, is a fit emblem of the imperishable memory of him with whose discoveries it is associated. Nor is this the place to do more than glance at the merits of his two immortal works of theology. The 'Thoughts of Pascal, though deeply tinged with the melancholy of his temperament, and slightly coloured by the superstition of his age, yet still remain, with words and ideas fruitful for our altered time. Of all the writings of the most eminent French Protestant divine of this century, none, it has been said, more reflects Vinet's mind than that in which he attempts to analyse the mind of Pascal in this remarkable book. Of the 'Provincial Letters,' Macaulay is reported to have said that this, with two other works, was the most perfect which he knew in the whole range of literature. Its value far transcends the interest of its trenchant satire on the Jansenist controversy. Its merit lies in the fact that it is the most subtle and exact description of the theological controversy of all churches. Read for the *pouvoir prochain* of the Jesuits any one of the watchwords which have distracted Christendom, from Alexander and Arius down to our own time, and we find the story of each successive conflict reduced to its proper proportion. Supply in the place of Arnauld the name of any persecuted heretic, from Pelagius to the latest victim of the latest theological invective of the most modern of partisans, and the well-known satire applies:—

* 'Life and Times,' i. 566. The whole account of Burnet's visit to France is instructive, as showing the true Protestantism of the Gallican Church.

* 'Miscellaneous Works,' p. 327.

'It was not Arnauld's opinions that were declared heretical, but his person; it was a personal heresy. He was a heretic, not on account of what he had written, but solely because he was M. Arnauld. St. Augustine's doctrine of grace would never be the true one, so long as it was defended by Arnauld. It would at once become true if he happened to oppose it.'

Besides these more brilliant representatives of the theology of France, we must advert for a moment to the labourers in more retired fields, but whose works are yet more deeply penetrated by the truly Catholic, the truly liberal, spirit of the Gallican Church. The restored Benedictine Order, the congregation of St. Maur, was planted in the great Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés, the most splendid ecclesiastical fabric in Paris, afterwards acquiring a tragical notoriety as the scene of the September massacres, and now almost totally destroyed. Here arose that band of Benedictine scholars who still stand at the head of ecclesiastical antiquaries—D'Achery, Mabillon, and Montfaucon. Their exact and painstaking labouriousness, their love of truth, their critical discrimination, justify the true 'Gallican liberty' of spirit which pervaded their Order, and of which traces still linger in their Italian brothers of Monte Cassino, but which in France has perished as completely as the noble abbey where they dwelt, or the fresh green meadows whence it took its name.

Allied with this antiquarian criticism was opened another vein, akin to that of Fleury and Tillemont, the historical criticism of Baillet and Launoy, who, with a laudable uprightness, set themselves to purge the Hagiology and the Liturgy of their Church from their vast supefétation of legendary matter which at once discredited and disfigured their real excellence. The Parisian Breviary remains—perhaps we ought rather to say did till a few years ago remain—a standing monument of this more than Protestant purification. And yet another breath of freedom revealed for a moment the pathway which has since opened the way to so vast an expansion of the theological vista. Huet, Bishop of Avranches, if a timid, was yet a genuine scholar. Of his curious life so elaborate an account was once given in the pages of this Journal,* that we need not further enlarge upon his merits. Richard Simon is one of the very few who in France ventured to treat the sacred writings with that critical research which can alone bring out the true value of these researches. It is enough to say,† in the words of one

whose judgment in this respect will not be disputed, that had his studies been encouraged, instead of repelled, the chief weapons against religion would have been wrested from the hands of Voltaire, and the calamities of the French Church might have been averted.

One other name occurs that cannot be passed over—the pure and peaceful Malebranche, attacked alike by Fénélon, Bossuet, and Arnauld, but whose speculations, even in the fragmentary form and with the disparaging remarks with which they are introduced in the pages of the work we are reviewing, at once arrest the attention of the reader by the originality and force with which they soar above the scholastic and fanciful controversies of his assailants. In him the great Descartes found a worthy disciple. In him our own Berkeley would have found a worthy fellow-worker.

We have thus rapidly, too rapidly, run through this vast field. Yet, when we have reached its limits, another field opens before us—on which Mr. Jervis's interesting volumes hardly touch, but which can neither be omitted in the history of French religion nor in its bearings on the fortunes of French Catholicism. It is the romantic, the heart-stirring, the elevating history of French Protestantism. Throughout the period of which we are writing, there was a parallel stream of thought and action in the Protestants of France, which again and again awakens the painful reflection of what France might not have become—what might the French Protestant Church not have become—if, when so often in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the two religions were equally balanced, Protestantism and not Catholicism had been adopted as the national religion? And even if this was not to be, we have but to judge by the new life which the Protestant refugees carried from France into Holland, Germany, and England, what would have been the condition of French religious life, had the wise policy of De l'Hôpital and Sully and D'Aguesseau been followed, instead of the miserable folly of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, supported by the weight of Bossuet and Fénélon. But on this we may not enter: the war of the League, the war of the Cévennes, the tardy justice of Louis XVI., the revival of French Protestantism under the Concordat, the growth of a theological school far exceeding in fruitfulness and fame any names that the French Catholic Church of modern days has produced—Vinet at Lausanne, Reuss at Strasburg, Rillier at Geneva, Godet at Neuchâtel, Monod, Pressensé, Bersier, Coquerel, at Paris—are subjects too wide to be dis-

* 'Quart. Rev.' vol. xcvi.

† Renan, in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.'

cussed at the close of a survey like the present.

We can but briefly touch in conclusion on the two main causes of the fall of the French Church from its ancient prestige. Both are full of warnings. First (as was well observed by Robert Hall), the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was the prelude to the deep stagnation and corruption into which, in the next generation, the church of Bossuet and Pascal descended. From that time French Catholicism declined. Intolerance and exclusiveness had done their fatal work. No doubt the liberal policy of such men as those who encircled the throne of Louis XVI. might have done much to revive the genuine national spirit of the French Church. The sacrifices of the clergy on the 4th of August, 1789, showed that they were still capable of considering the calls of their time. But then followed the reckless violence of the great Revolution. That whirlwind swept away these last golden opportunities. Heroic constancy in adversity, the sufferings of the Royalist clergy in 1793, the archiepiscopal throne of Paris in our own time thrice stained with the blood of its occupants—the pastoral devotion of which the *Curé d'Ars* is a signal though perhaps a rare example—still give to the French Church of our day the life which courage and faith, even in the cause of fanaticism, cannot fail to bestow. But the intellectual, the national glory, the high moral significance of the Gallican Church as an institution perished, and revived not. The Concordat of Pius VII. and the First Consul were not able to consolidate again the ruined edifice. The neglect and destruction to which the clergy and the Government of the Restoration consigned some of the noblest ecclesiastical buildings of France—Clugny, Cîteaux, Clairvaux—was a likeness of the indifference or the antipathy even of the devout French Catholics of the nineteenth century to the true greatness of Gallicanism. Individuals, indeed, have since arisen, who have recalled something of those better days. There has been the chivalrous energy of Montalembert, the calm statesmanship of Darboy, the impassioned eloquence of Lamennais, of Lacordaire, and of Hyacinthe Loyson. But the moment that any of these rose above the narrow orthodoxy of modern Catholicism into the purer and freer atmosphere of earlier days, they were cast out by the church which should have been their home and refuge. Montalembert died under the bitter malediction of the Pope; Darboy's tragical fate was regarded by the dominant party as a judgment on his liberal tendencies; of the three great ecclesiastical

orators we have named, one was driven from the Church altogether; the second was able to retain but a thin shadow of his nobler self; and the third has been obliged to seek at Geneva the opening which the older Church of France would have at least endeavoured to find for him in his own *Notre Dame*. May the spirit of these, or such as these, return, revive, and reform, that Church—which equally belongs to St. Louis and to Coligny—for on this, more than any political restoration, depends the future regeneration of France. May the warnings which its previous history supplies be laid to heart by the other Churches of Christendom, and by none so much as by our own Church of England, whose Anglicanism has been as like Gallicanism as the different genius of the two countries permitted, and which therefore can, above all other Churches, profit by the grandeur and decay of so mighty a neighbour, and so august a likeness of itself.

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- ART. III.—1. *Chronicles of the Picts, Chronicles of the Scots, and Early Memorials of Scottish History*. Edited by William F. Skene, LL.D. Edinburgh, 1867.
2. *The Four Ancient Books of Wales, containing the Cymric Poems attributed to the Bards of the Sixth Century*. By William F. Skene. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1868.
3. *Scotland under her Early Kings*. By E. W. Robertson. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1862.
4. *Sculptured Stones of Scotland. Edited for the Spalding Club*. By Dr. John Stuart, LL.D. 2 vols. 1856–1867.
5. *The Book of Deer. Edited for the Spalding Club*. By Dr. John Stuart, LL.D., Secretary. 1869.
6. *Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down, Connor, and Dromore*. By the Rev. William Reeves, D.D. Dublin, 1847.
7. *Adamnan's Life of St. Columba*. Edited by the same.
8. *Statuta Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ. With Editor's Preface*. By the late Dr. Joseph Robertson, LL.D.
9. *Kalendar of Scottish Saints, with Personal Notices of those of Alba, Laudonia, and Strathclyde*. By Alexander Penrose Forbes, D.C.L., Bishop of Brechin.
10. *History of Scotland*. By Dr. John Hill Burton, LL.D. Vol. I. Edinburgh, 1867.
11. *The Poems of Ossian, Re-translated Literally, with Dissertation*. By the

Rev. Archibald Clerk, LL.D., Minister of the Parish of Kilmallie. Edinburgh, 1870.

12. *Goidelica, Old and Early-Middle Irish Glosses. Prose and Verse.* Edited by Whitley Stokes. 1872.

DR. 'ARNOLD, in a striking passage of his Roman History, has compared Livy's legendary kings of Rome to those 'phantom kings' whose portraits adorn the walls of Holyrood. There they stand, an unbroken line of monarchs, ranging from Fergus, the first King of Scotland, contemporary of Alexander the Great, down to the last representative of the Stuart dynasty. In Livy's legends, and in the Holyrood portraits alike, Arnold sees an illustration of the instinctive desire of a nation to people with forms of the imagination the void of their prehistoric past. However mythic those early Scottish Kings may be, there is nothing mythic either in the pictures or the painter who executed them. His name is known—James de Witt; he lived and worked in the year 1684; the portraits were done to order; the sum paid for them is on record; the contract and the accounts which passed between De Witt and the Government are still extant. In executing his portraits, DeWitt did not draw wholly on imagination; he had before him the lists of Scottish kings which were accepted in his time, and for centuries before, as authentic, and to each name in these lists he sought to give a bodily form. The earliest writer of a formal Scottish history, John of Fordun, who composed his work between the years 1381 and 1389, gives a detailed list of kings, beginning with Fergus of famous memory, contemporary of Alexander the Great. A little later, between the years 1420 and 1424, Wyntoun composed his 'Cronykil,' in which he seems to have drawn on the same sources, but to have worked them into a narrative, independent of Fordun, whose work he appears not to have known. Fordun's book begins from the time of Moses, with Scota, daughter of Pharaoh, the progenitor of the Scots. Wyntoun starts still further back, with the Creation and the death of Abel. To those legendary lists, first worked into shape by Fordun and Wyntoun, each succeeding age added its contribution, till the mythical narrative reached its maturity in 'the full-blown romance' of Hector Boece, which appeared early in the sixteenth century. By his extravagant and unblushing fictions, he laid a wonderful hold on the imagination of his countrymen. George Buchanan, scholar though he was, did not criticise, but only adorned by his Latinity, the inventions of

Boece, and gave them still wider circulation. These highly-coloured romances suited, better than the sober narrative of Fordun, the republican bias under which Buchanan wrote. His purpose was to justify his own party for having dethroned his own first patroness and benefactress, Queen Mary, and Boece rather than Fordun served this turn by the instances he cites in which the early Scots curbed and deposed their kings. Such is the unhistoric bias with which the learned Thomas Innes taxes Buchanan.

It was during the interval when Boece and Buchanan were still received as trustworthy historians that the Holyrood pictures were painted, and they hang there in the old palace, a memorial to this day, if of nothing else, at least of what Scotland once accepted as the truth regarding her own history. But the day of criticism was at hand. The first to attempt it was the Roman Catholic priest of the Scotch College in Paris, Thomas Innes, just referred to, who in 1729 published his valuable Essay on the ancient inhabitants of Scotland. Before his touch, the whole body of fiction which had hitherto passed for the history of Scotland disappeared, as some long-buried corpse disappears as soon as the air is let in upon it. As unsubstantial as a vapour was now seen to be Fordun's whole account of the history of Scotland prior to the era of Kenneth MacAlpin. Innes' method was to compare Fordun's narrative with such fragments of more ancient chronicles as remained, and the inconsistency between these and Fordun was at once apparent. In doing so Innes, in the appendix to his first volume, for the first time gave to the public six ancient pieces, among which were the 'Pictish Chronicle,' the 'Chronicle of the Scots,' and the 'Chronicle of the Picts and Scots,' the latter contained in the Register of the Priory of St. Andrew's.

The work of demolition was carried on with characteristic relish by John Pinkerton, that painstaking though acrid antiquary who, in 1789, published his 'Inquiry into the History of Scotland.' While the strength of his prejudices and the violence of his language rather dispose the reader to side with the opponents whom he so vituperates, and while we would be slow to accept his favourite theory of the Scythian origin of the Picts, yet much praise is due to him for the careful research with which he sought out ancient and unheeded documents. In the appendix to his first volume he printed collections of the first four pieces which Innes had published, and added to them several valuable documents which he dug out of the Register of St. Andrew's Priory.

—that rich quarry of antiquarian fossils, which Pinkerton seems first thoroughly to have explored. For those who seemed to him to deal carelessly or falsely with history, Pinkerton knew no bounds in his contempt. Boece he calls the most egregious historical impostor that ever lived. And even those who opposed with solid arguments his fierce anti-Celtic prejudices came in for a large share of his abuse.

So thoroughly had historic criticism done — we might perhaps say overdone — its work, that before the end of last century, the whole long line of Scottish kings before Malcolm Canmore, A.D. 834, had entirely disappeared from history, and even the two centuries between his reign and the Norman Conquest had been so discredited, that honest historians feared to set foot on it. Such was the result of the fables which first took historic shape under the hands of Fordun, were perfected by Boece, and propagated by Buchanan. Lord Hailes, that patient weigher of evidence, and scrupulously honest historian, who published his 'Annals of Scotland' in 1776, begins them only with the accession of Malcolm Canmore in 1057, and gives as his reason for 'doing so that 'the history of Scotland previous to that period is involved in obscurity and fable.' Tytler, whose history appeared in 1838, is still more cautious, not venturing to open his story till the accession of Alexander III. in 1242.

For a century and a half after the time of Thomas Innes, the old Celtic Period of Scotland's history had been abandoned by historians, and left either to neglect or to be the battle-field of antiquarian disputes. But the appearance of Mr. Hill Burton's History, five years ago, marked a new era. That he, no favourer of Celtic claims, no dreamer of antiquarian dreams, but hard-headed, and prone rather to sneer at and exaggerate the uncertainties of remote ages, should have devoted nearly the whole of his first volume to, we shall not say, the history, but to the discussion of those abandoned centuries before Malcolm Canmore,—this fact of itself shows that the tide had turned. It proves that in that dim and unstable foretime some ground had been made good, some facts reclaimed which could not be gainsaid. This result is the well-won reward of the labours of more than one generation of Scottish antiquarians—a patient, much-toiling race, who, more than any set of men, have maintained the northern country's claim to scholarship. Among these antiquaries, mostly resident in Edinburgh, there is a marked line of distinction. Some of the ablest have been, and still are, ignorant

of the Celtic language, and disposed to receive with suspicion whatever comes from the Celtic quarter. Others are Celtic scholars, acquainted with the language of the Scottish Gael, and with the cognate dialects more or less, and have employed this knowledge in illustrating the few Gaelic records that survive, and throwing from them some light on the early centuries. And surely this is but a reasonable method. If the country now called Scotland, the Alba of those remote ages, continued to be entirely or predominantly Celtic down to the time of the Norman Conquest, if till that date Gaelic was the language of her Kings and the Court,—if the people, the usages, and customs, even the laws, such as they were up to that date, were of Celtic origin—if, in fact, the first groundwork of Scottish history was Celtic, and all the other elements were additions intruded or inwrought at a later era, is it not irrational to suppose that we can understand the first beginnings of Scottish history, if we turn from all that is Celtic in language, usage, or tradition with disdain? It is strange that Saxon prejudice or oversight should have led so many otherwise well-qualified explorers to neglect this the only rational mode of inquiry into the beginnings of Scottish history.

Those who in recent times have adopted this method have been either native Celts or have by study acquired a knowledge of Celtic, and turned their knowledge to account by venturing back into the pre-Saxon or Celtic ages which lie behind Malcolm Canmore's era. First of these may be named one, not a native Scot, but an Irish antiquary, Dr. Reeves, who in his now famous edition of Adamnan's 'Life of St. Columba,' and in his tract on the Culdees, has reflected on the origin of Scottish Christianity some portion of that light which he has shed still more abundantly on the Church history of his native Ireland. Of native Scots there is Dr. John Stuart, author of the splendid work on the 'Sculptured Stones of Scotland,' and more recently editor of the long-lost and lately-recovered 'Book of Deer.' In this last work he has given to the world by far the earliest specimens of the language of the Scottish Gael which we possess. He himself in his introduction says: 'The Gaelic entries in the 'Book of Deer,' are of the highest interest and value, as the only specimens left us of the language and records of our forefathers—that is, of the vernacular Gaelic of Alba, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, when the people and polity were still Celtic, but on the eve of decisive change.' Mr. E. William Robertson has, in his work entitled

'Scotland under her Early Kings,' laid some firm stepping-stones across ground that was before an uncertain quagmire. By piercing together gleanings from the earliest Scottish Chronicles, and supplementing these by details gathered from authentic Irish annals, he has woven together a narrative which, if not sparkling or sensational, is, what is far better, faithful, full of research, and accurate beyond all question. Last and chief of the explorers into the Celtic field that shall be here named is Mr. William F. Skene. Thirty-five years ago, in his 'Highlanders of Scotland,' he made a bold venture into that then neglected region. Thirty more years of continued research into Celtic language and antiquities have no doubt modified many of his views, while leaving their main outlines unchanged. After a long interval of silence, Mr. Skene, in 1867 and 1868, brought out two works which have greatly illumined the whole of the dim Celtic foretime. The latest published of these two works, 'The Four Ancient Books of Wales,' contains the poems attributed to the Cymric Bards of the sixth century, Taliessin, Aneurin, and others. The poems are introduced by a long and learned preface, in which Mr. Skene discusses, among other topics, the several Celtic dialects, the native races of Britain, and the place of the Picts among them. That he should do so, will not appear out of place, when we remember that the Welsh race of those early ages embraced, not merely the inhabitants of what is now called Wales, but the inhabitants of all the West of Britain, the peoples of Cumbria and of Strath-clyde as far as Loch Lomond.

The other work of Mr. Skene, which appeared one year earlier, is his edition of the 'Chronicles of the Picts, Chronicles of the Scots, and other early Memorials of Scottish History.' This forms the first volume of the series now being published at the Scottish Register House, under the direction of the Lord Clerk Register of Scotland. The work contains forty-nine pieces in all, newly and more correctly edited. Among these are the Pictish Chronicle, written in the tenth century, in Latin, and two other pieces of the same age. Of the eleventh century there is the famous 'Duan Albanach,' and other Gaelic documents, with some pieces in Latin. Of the twelfth century there is the Chronicle of the Scots, written in Latin, newly revised, the legend of St. Andrew in Latin, and other documents of the same date, some in Latin some in Gaelic. The whole collection is introduced by a most searching and elaborate preface, in which the relation of the Picts to the Scots, and the alleged conquest of the former by the

latter race is rehandled, the oldest records are resited, and the earliest lists of Scottish kings compared with much patience and penetration.

In this preface Mr. Skene has traced for the first time, step by step, the growth of the great Scottish fable, has noted clearly the circumstances out of which it grew, the dates and the place at which its several parts were concocted, and in one instance, at least, has laid his hand on the very name of the fabricator. The question out of which it grew was the controversy regarding the independence of the Scottish Church and the claim of St. Andrews to be its primum see. This, no doubt, involved the other question of the independence of the Scottish nation, but the ecclesiastical side of the controversy took precedence of the civil by a century and more. The ecclesiastical question arose in this way. In the reign of William the Conqueror, A.D. 1072, an agreement had been come to between the sees of Canterbury and York, by which Archbishop Lanfranc made over to his Brother Thomas of York the jurisdiction of all the British churches, from the Humber northwards. But Scotland was no party to the bargain, for she had no representative present in the Council at which it was made. The collision first took place in the reign of Alexander I., A.D. 1115, when that king withstood the claim of the Archbishop of York to consecrate the Bishop of St. Andrews as his suffragan. Alexander maintained that the Bishop of St. Andrews was, as the 'Episcopus Albanæ,' the head of the Scottish Church, independent of every other Bishop, and vicar of the Pope alone. The controversy thus aroused went on for more than three centuries, and was not finally settled till Pope Sixtus IV. created St. Andrews into an archiepiscopal and metropolitan see, and granted the honours of the Pall and the Cross to Patrick Graham as its first Arch-Bishop.

During the long interval of more than 300 years, the Bishops of St. Andrews received consecration sometimes from the Pope's Legate, sometimes from the other Bishops of Scotland,—in a few instances from the Archbishop of York, but then always with protest against the claims of York, and with the rights of the Scottish Church reserved. At each successive election and consecration of a Bishop of St. Andrews the controversy was renewed, and it may be readily believed that the monastic scribes on either side were not slack to support their respective Churches with documents and arguments founded thereon. In 1165, exactly fifty years after the dispute first began, Richard was consecrated Bishop of St. Andrews by the native

clergy, and in that very year appeared the first series of Chronicles, in which the ancient history was tampered with, and fable consciously introduced. These are, the 'Chronicles of the Scots,' the 'Description of Scotland,' and the 'Legend of St. Andrew,' all three in Latin, and bearing the date 1165. In these, for the first time, occur distinct traces of conscious fiction. The brief chronicles of an earlier date, such as the 'Pictish Chronicle' of the tenth, and the 'Duan Albanach' of the eleventh century, contain elements of simple and unconscious myth, which grew up naturally in the popular mind, and preserve the genuine and most ancient traditions of the people concerning their own origin. Between these and the fabricated chronicles of the twelfth and following centuries, forged for ecclesiastical or national purposes, there is a great gulf. In these concocted chronicles of the twelfth century, the foundation of St. Andrews is transferred from the eighth century, to which it really belonged, back to the fourth, and bound up with the story of the removal of the bones of St. Andrew from Constantinople to Patras, which took place in the reign of Constantine. Thus at one stroke, to outdo the antiquity both of York and of Iona, two events, placed four centuries apart, are welded together into one. Moreover, the 'Chronicle of the Scots' wipes out the whole of the Pictish history, ignores all the Pictish kings, and traces William the Lion, the reigning monarch, back to Kenneth MacAlpine, and Kenneth back to the Dalriadic kings, as if these, who first appeared in Argyll in the sixth century, had been the only kings of Scotland.

The fable received its next addition after William the Lion had been taken prisoner by the King of England. For the recovery of his freedom, William, with the consent of his barons and clergy, bartered the independence of his country and church. After the death of Henry II. the Scots, in 1189, bought it back from Richard I. for a sum of money. Before it was thus regained, the right of England to treat Scotland as a fief, must have been warmly debated. Legendary arguments were rife on both sides. England appealed to her first colonist, Brutus, and his three sons, the eldest of whom founded the line of English kings, the youngest the Scottish line. Scotland had to meet this fable with another as good. Accordingly, in 1187, appeared a new form of the Chronicle, in which the list of Pictish kings is not this time expunged, but introduced immediately before Kenneth MacAlpin, and the list of Scottish kings is

placed bodily before the Pictish line, thus carrying the beginning of the Scottish kingdom back to 443 before the Christian era.

A century later, when, in 1249, Alexander III. began to reign, the controversy between the two kingdoms grew still hotter. But now it was the civil claim to feudal superiority that was prominently urged. The ecclesiastical claim, although so far from being abandoned that it was revived once again during this reign, yet on the whole fell comparatively into the background. The Plantagenet kings, who were the contemporaries of Alexander, pressed him more than ever had been done before, to swear fealty not only for his English possessions, but also for the whole of Scotland. If England produced ancient chronicles on which she grounded her claim, Scotland met them with others still more ancient. One of these, the 'Chronicle of the Picts and Scots,' of date 1251, found in the Register of St. Andrew's Priory gives a new version of the Scottish legend, lengthens the list of kings, and carries it back to still remoter antiquity.

At last, seven years before his death, that is, in 1278, Alexander swore fealty to Edward I. in general terms, reserving the whole question of the independence of Scotland. Each new demand for homage called forth a new Chronicle, and this last demand gave birth to the most elaborate form which the fable had yet assumed. In 1280 a Chronicle appeared in which is told, more circumstantially than ever before, the origin of the Scots from the Egyptian Princess Scota, their migration from Egypt to Spain, from Spain to Ireland, from Ireland to Scotland under Fergus, the son of Ferthard, and so on through a most intricate maze of fiction.

In 1290, as the dispute waxed fiercer, Edward I. issued a mandate to all the Cathedrals and chief monasteries of England to search their chronicles and archives for all matters pertaining to Scotland, and to transmit them to the King. Among the numerous extracts and fragments which this search produced, was one, the 'Chronicle of Huntingdon,' important for the apparently authentic notices it contains of the contest between Picts and Scots which placed on the throne the Mac Alpin dynasty. This Chronicle Mr. Skene thinks so important, that he has republished it among the other early documents bearing on Scottish history.

To the products of this search, which are still extant, the Scots do not appear to have made any counter statement till, in 1300, Pope Boniface interposed, and addressed one bull to the King of England and another

to the Bishops of Scotland; to each of which bulls the respective countries returned formal and elaborate replies.

Mr. Skene has given these documents, four in all, at full length. Of the two Scottish arguments, one was written by Baldred Bisset, Rector of Kinghorn, in the diocese of St. Andrews, and one of the Commissioners sent by the Scots to plead their cause at Rome. This last document is styled 'The Process of Baldred against the Fingments of the King of England.' In the Scotch documents the statement for the first time appears that the Scots were converted to Christianity by the clerics who brought to Fife the relics of St. Andrew, thus at one stroke extinguishing Columba and Iona, and claiming for the Scots precedence in the Faith over the Angles by 300 years.

After Bruce had fairly made good his country's independence, and established himself on the throne, the Pope, in 1317, again interfered, but this time entirely in the English interest. Bruce met him with a high-spirited reply, in which he asserted his own and his country's independence. At the same time a new Chronicle appeared, in which the lists of kings are again manipulated and reversed, the Pictish kings being this time placed first, followed by the Scottish kings of Dalriada, who are placed in immediate precedence to Kenneth Mac Alpin.

Last of all came the famous letter which Bruce and his barons, assembled in the Monastery of Aberbrothoc on the 6th day of April, 1320, addressed to the Pope. It is sealed and signed by the King and his nobles with their own signatures and seals attached. The original, or duplicate, of this noble document is still dimly legible, and may be seen in the Register House in Edinburgh. After asserting that the Scots had been converted by St. Andrew himself, and that from the time the Scots had arrived in Britain 113 kings had reigned, it goes on to enumerate the wrongs the Scots had suffered at the hands of the first Edward, their deliverance wrought by Bruce, like another Macabeus, and concludes by asserting that were the King to desist from his patriotic purpose his barons would drive him from the throne, and that, as long as a hundred Scots remained alive, Scotland would never yield to the tyranny of England. This noble letter gives the Scottish legend in the last shape, which, under the pressure of controversy, it had assumed before Fordun, sixty years later, set to work to mould the mass of Chronicles which he found extant into a harmonious narrative.

Mr. Skene has shown that the Scottish Chronicle, as soon as it began to be con-

sciously tampered with, assumed two distinct forms—one, when it was framed to repel the claim of ecclesiastical, the other when resisting the claim of feudal superiority. When used to meet the former exigency, the Scottish kings of Argyll, who really reigned from A.D. 498 to 741, and ceased in the latter year, are extended over the century which elapsed between 741 and the year 843—the date at which Kenneth began to reign over the united Picts and Scots. This gap is filled up by fictitious kings, invented to bring the Dalriad kings of Argyll into immediate juxtaposition with the first king of the united Picts and Scots. Again, the foundation of St. Andrews, which really took place in the interval between A.D. 741 and 843, while the Scottish race of kings was in abeyance, is thrown back to the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century, so as to antedate the foundation of the first Scottish kingdom in Argyll, and to outdo Columba and Iona in antiquity.

In the second form of the Chronicle, when it was shaped to support the civil independence of Scotland, the long list of Pictish kings is placed immediately before Kenneth Mac Alpin, and the whole of the Scottish Dalriad kings are made to precede the Pictish line, thus making the Scottish kings begin to reign 443 years before the Christian era.

The latter and fabricated Chronicles existed in this two-fold shape, when Fordun, about sixty years after the appearance of the last, set himself to weave them into one. As Mr. Skene shows, 'the leading feature of his scheme of history is the combination of the two series of chronicles into one consistent system.' With this view, he makes the line of Scottish kings of Dalriada last for a century after it had ceased, and brings them into immediate precedence to Kenneth Mac Alpin; and he also extends them back for a century before their actual arrival in Argyll, making them begin to reign in A.D. 403.

Then, taking the hint from the other scheme of Chronicle, he places an older Scottish kingdom before the Dalriadic one, and carries it back to 443 years before the Christian era.

In his preface to the 'Chronicles of the Picts' and 'Chronicles of the Scots,' Mr. Skene has traced Fordun's hand in his work of manipulation, showing how he dealt with the materials he possessed, and dovetailed them into each other, and giving a striking specimen of his ingenuity in filling up gaps by pure interpolation. Within this last year Mr. Skene has laid students of Scottish history under a farther obligation by his careful and scholarlike edition of Fordun's work, in

the purest form it has ever appeared, from the Wolfenbüttel MS. He has prefixed a preface in which he tells all that can be known of Fordun's history, and describes with minute knowledge each of the several MSS. of the work which are still extant, and gives his reasons for regarding the Wolfenbüttel MS. as the purest in existence. It contains, he believes, the original text of Fordun as he compiled it, without any of the additions and interpolations of Bower and the other continuators which have hitherto been incorporated in the common editions.

When Mr. Skene shall have completed the volume of translation with critical apparatus which is to follow his edition of the pure text, he will have crowned his claim to be more than the Niebuhr of Scottish history.* For, more fortunate than Niebuhr, in having at least some early and authentic documents to work on, and aided by the contemporary light thrown on Scottish story by early Irish Annals and Norse Sagas, he has laid a line of stable stepping-stones into the dim centuries when Scots and Picts were still struggling together—stepping-stones which we venture to think no after hand will remove. But while thus acknowledging the debt we owe to Mr. Skene, we must not pass over the confirmation his work is receiving from the independent labours of those two most accurate explorers, Mr. E. W. Robertson and Dr. Stuart.

Mr. Skene has noticed how strangely the whole history of the Scottish fable is associated from first to last with St. Andrews. It was there, when, with the opening of the twelfth century, the contest with York began, that Columba was disowned as the Apostle of the Picts, and Iona as the chief seat of Scottish Christianity, in order that St. Regulus might take his place, and that to Kilrymont a fictitious antiquity might be assigned. When the dispute about civil independence became prominent, and threw the church question into the shade, it was still at St. Andrews, probably in the Priory there, that the needed Chronicles were forged. When the question had to be argued before the Pope, it was a priest of the diocese of St. Andrews, Baldred Bisset, who put the Scottish argument into shape, and appeared at Rome as one of the Scottish Commissioners to defend it. 'Every exponent of the Scottish fable,' Mr. Skene tells us, 'as it assumed, period after period, larger dimensions, was connected with this diocese, until at last John of Fordun, a priest of the diocese of St. An-

drews, undertook the task of weaving the whole into a formal history of the kingdom. And, last of all, this Wolfenbüttel MS., said to contain the purest text of of his work which, by some strange fatality, has strayed away to a distant German library, seems to have originally belonged to the Priory of the primal Scottish See; for in the first page there is still legible in an old hand, 'Libri Monasterii Sancti Andrewæ in Scotia.'

Having now shown by what steps, and under what influences, the Scottish fable grew, and by what criticism it has been dissipated, it remains that we look back and see what residuum of fact survives.

Looking, then, to the time antecedent to Kenneth Mac Alpin's reign, 843, we find that the country now called Scotland had not yet received that name. Before the tenth century, Scotia, as is well known, was a name applied to Erin alone, and it was not till the middle of that century that it lost hold of its original territory, and got gradually transferred to the northern portions of Britain. A reference to the Saxon Chronicle shows that the name under its Saxon form of Scotland was for the first time applied by Saxon historians to the country north of the Forth and Clyde between the years 900 and 940. The Latinised form of Scotia was transferred from Ireland to the present Scotland for the first time in the reign of Malcolm II., who reigned from 1004 to 1034.

Till the tenth and eleventh centuries the country north of the Friths was known solely by the Celtic name of Alba or Alban; and the name Scotland when first imported was applied only to a restricted portion of this Alba. Thence it gradually spread, first over all Alba, afterwards across the Firth of Clyde and Forth as far as the Tweed, the Cheviots, and Solway Firth. It was within this Alba that the nucleus lay which, combining with itself other elements, afterwards became the Scottish kingdom. From the earliest times to which any record reaches back, two, and only two, distinct peoples were known as the occupiers of Alba. One was the small band of Irish or Dalriadic Scots who appeared on the shores of Argyll as a colony led by the three sons of Erc, in the year 502 or 503. The other, namely, the Picts, greatly outnumbered the Scots, and possessed by far the larger portion of Alba. So small was the country covered by the Scots that it may be said to have been a mere province. Reaching from the Mull of Kantyre, it stretched only a very little north of Loch Etive, and was never co-extensive with the modern county of Argyll. People known as Picts occupied during these early

* While these pages were passing through the press, this volume has appeared—a worthy cope-stone to his former labours.

centuries all the rest of the country now known as the Highlands, together with the Lowland countries bordering on the northern shore of the Forth. Pict is a name which is apt to make readers versed in antiquarian warfare stand aghast. They remember the endless battles waged by Pinkerton, Chalmers, Ritson, and others about their race and origin; while every one recalls the humorous scene in 'The Antiquary,' where Scott makes Monkbarns and Sir Arthur Wardour fall out as soon as the subject is tabled for discussion. "'Pikar, Pihar, Pioghter, Piaghter, Peughtar," vociferated Oldbuck; "they spoke a Gothic dialect." "Genuine Celtic," asseverated the knight. "Gothic! Gothic! I'll go to the death upon it," counter-asseverated the squire.' It was over the one Pictish word which had then been rescued from oblivion that these worthies wrangled, the knight claiming the first syllable as Celtic, the laird asserting the second to be Saxon.

Undeterred by the ridicule, into which such questions can so easily be turned, Mr. Skene has ventured once more to explore this desperate subject. The battle is now no longer confined to one word, 'Paenfabel'—for that, not Benval, is the word of Bede—around which the combatants used to do battle. Mr. Skene has fished up four other distinct words, besides a number of syllables entering into proper names, and, applying to these all the light of modern philology, deduces the opinion that Pictish is not Welsh, neither is it Gaelic; 'but it is a Gaelic dialect, intermingled largely with Welsh or Cymric words.' He holds, moreover, that the Pictish is a low, as contrasted with what may be called a high, Gaelic dialect, as seen in the Irish or Gaelic word 'saoibher' (rich), which is represented by the Pictish equivalent 'duiper.' In this, as in other matters, we can but give conclusions. Those who wish to know the arguments by which they are reduced, must turn to Mr. Skene's most learned and interesting preface to the 'Four Books of Wales.'

Using the philological test to reach an ethnological result, Mr. Skene comes to this conclusion. 'So far as race is concerned, the Pictish nation presents itself to us in the following aspect. The main body and centre of the nation, pure Albanic or old Gael (Gwyddyl), with the outlying parts mixed with other races—Saxons the east coast, Scots in Argyll, and Britons south of the Tay.' Up to the middle of the ninth century the whole of Alba or Scotland beyond the Forth, with the exception of the small portion occupied by the Irish Scots, belonged exclusively to the Picts, who were Gaels by race, and spoke a Gaelic tongue.

Whence came this Pictish race, whether from Scandinavia, as some have held, or from Scythia, whatever that name means, as others have maintained, or whether, having first crossed by the Straits of Dover, they were driven northwards by Britons pressing on behind them, it avails not ask. To answer the question we have no data, and it is useless to waste time on mere conjecture. There can be little doubt that they are the same people whom Tacitus speaks of as 'Caledoniam habitantes' in the first century. The name Picti, as is well known, first appeared at the close of the third century, A.D. 296, when it is used by a Roman rhetorician, Eumenius. Ammianus Marcellinus, writing about A.D. 370, mentions the Picts and Scots together as fierce nations. And from that time onward the name of Pict commonly occurs whenever these northern regions are spoken of.

Mr. Skene, trusting to a calculation founded on data supplied by an Irish annal, gives some year between A.D. 442 and 472 as the probable commencement of the Pictish monarchy. But the first time that anything like historical light falls upon the race is when Christianity finds them out, and then they are divided into two main branches or separate kingdoms. We hear of the Southern Picts having been converted early in the fifth century by St. Ninian, the apostle of Whithern, in Galloway. But it was not till near the close of the sixth that Columba set out from Iona and, crossing the Drum-Alban, converted Bruidi, the king of the Northern Picts, whom he found in his hill-fort of Craig-Phadrick, near the modern town of Inverness. The territory of the Southern Picts, or Piccardachs, as they were called, covered most of the lowland country north of the Forth, including the modern counties of Forfar, Fife, with the lowland parts of Perthshire. Their royal seat was at Forteviot, in Strathearn. The Northern Picts, or Cruithne, occupied all of what are now called the Highlands, except the portion of Argyll to the south of Loch Etive, and their royal seat was Craig Phadrick. The fact that more than a century and a half intervened between the conversion of the Southern and the Northern Picts seem to prove that in the fifth and sixth centuries the two branches of the race dwelt apart, without much union or intercourse. The division of the Picts into these two branches, each ruled by its own leader or king, is clearly historical. But there is a shadowy legend belonging to an earlier pre-historic age, which divides the whole of Cruithintuath, or Pictavia—that is, Pict-land—into seven provinces. This old legend is embodied in that earliest

record, the 'Pictish Chronicle,' and runs thus:—'Cruithne, the eponymus of the race, had seven sons: Fib, Fidach, Fodla, Fortren, Cait, Ce, Ciric, and they divided the country into seven portions.' This means simply that the territory occupied by the Cruithne in Scotland consisted of seven provinces bearing these names. Five of them can be identified. Fib is obviously Fife. Fortren can be identified with the western parts of the county of Perth, including the vale of Strath-earn, of which district Forteviot was the capital. 'Fodla appears in the name Ath-fodla, now corrupted into Athole; Ciric or Circin, as he is called in the "Pictish Chronicle," is found in the name Magheircin, now corrupted into Mearns; Cait is Caithness; and the only two names unidentified are Fidach and Ce.' Each of these seven Pictish provinces seems to have contained two or more tribes, from which tribes have descended the oldest and most genuine of the Highland clans. Each province was ruled by a Mormaer, or great chief, a title peculiar to the Picts; and these seven great chiefs appear to have met in a sort of national council, which judged of the right of the king to the throne. Some remembrance of these seven provinces, with their seven Mormaers, seems to have survived the transference of the throne from the Pictish to the Scottish line. And even in the greater revolution brought in by the sons of Malcolm Canmore its influence was not wholly effaced. Even after the introduction of Saxon laws, usages, and titles, the old tribes of the north continued under the rule of their hereditary Mormaers; and though in the twelfth century these exchanged their ancient title for the new one of earl, and took their place along with the young earls newly created by the Scoto-Saxon kings in the Parliament, or 'Communitas regni,' yet those who were descendants of the old Mormaers appear from time to time as claiming something of their old prerogatives. On the death of David I. the six ancient earls (comites) stood out against young Malcolm IV. in support of the claims of the Boy of Egremon, the son of the only purely Celtic son of Malcolm Canmore, 'whom all the Scots wished to have for their king.'

And among the documents brought to light by Sir F. Palgrave relating to the contest between England and Scotland at the close of the thirteenth century, is one containing an appeal to Edward I.: 'Septem Comitum Regni Scotiæ super jure quidem Regni ad eosdem Comites pertinente,' showing that down to that late period there survived a remembrance of a constitutional body, whose origin is lost in the dawn of

Pictish history. On this sevenfold division of Pictland under seven Mormaers we can not now dwell. But any one who wishes to investigate it further will find it discussed in the works of Mr. Skene and Colonel Robertson, and also in the preface to the second volume of the 'Sculptured Stones of Scotland,' where Dr. Stuart enumerates the references to the Pictish provinces in the 'History of Bede,' the 'Pictish Chronicle,' the 'Book of Ballymote,' and other of the earliest extant records.

In the same works will be found most of what is yet known of the early Pictish polity arranged under its peculiar officers, Mormaers, Mairs, Tosachs, and Brehons.

It seems probable that the Mormaers, the greatest of these officers, existed as independent rulers of separate provinces before either Northern or Southern Picts were united under kings. For the Pictish race, at the earliest point where history catches a glimpse of it, seems not yet to have acknowledged any one supreme ruler, either hereditary or elective. When they were forced to combine against foreign invaders, they would probably elect one powerful chief to be their temporary leader in war. Such a chief, though elected only for the occasion, might if successful or ambitious, establish himself as Ardrioh or supreme king. After the establishment of kings in Pictland, the Mormaers continued to preside as kings' deputies, or lord high stewards, over the provinces which they had formerly ruled as independent chiefs. In their new capacity they exacted tribute from their province in the king's name, and retained a third of their exaction as their own, in addition to what they derived from their own possessions. The title and office of Mormaer is, we have said, peculiar to the Picts among all the Celtic races, and the existence of Mormaers under the Pictish kings seems to imply greater compactness and consolidation in that monarchy than was ever attained in Ireland or Wales.

When the first light of history falls on the Pictish people, it finds the seven shadowy provinces combined into two main groups of kingdoms. The dim legend of St. Ninian represents him as converting the Southern Picts, or Piccardach, who occupied all the country between the Forth and the Highland mountains. But though we have Bede's authority for the fact that Ninian visited, as was said to have converted, the Southern Picts, nothing is told of the condition in which he found them. With greater certainty we can speak of the Northern Picts or Cruithne, at the time when Columba, at the close of the sixth century, came among

them preaching Christ. He found their King Bruidi in his capital at Craig Phadrick. These two divisions of the race were separated by the great and intricate chain of mountains which runs from Ben Nevis, in the west, to the Cairngorm group and Deeside on the east. This continuously unbroken ridge, known vernacularly as the Mounth, called the Grampians only in geographical books, must in those ages have formed a very decided barrier between the Northern and the Southern kingdom, and, accordingly, they seem to have lived very independent of each other. Besides the records of the missionary visits of Ninian and Columba, the sole record of the Pictish people before the opening of the seventh century is a meagre, but singularly accurate, list of uncouth names of their kings. Early in the seventh century a clear light of history falls on the kingdom of the Southern Picts. This light breaks on them from the Anglian kingdom of Northumbria, from which they were separated only by the Forth, and into contact with which they were brought by the following series of events.

The Anglian kingdom of Northumbria, if not founded by Ida, first rose into power when, in 547, he appeared on its shores. Whether he then landed at Flamborough Head 'with forty vessels, all manned by chosen warriors,' or whether he only raised himself above his fellow-chiefs, and subdued several independent caldormen under his sway, he ruled Northumbria with a powerful hand, and beat down the Britons of Strathclyde, with Uricn, their Pendragon, who, till his time, had maintained a not unequal contest with the Anglian invaders. At the beginning of the seventh century, 603, the Angles of Northumbria came in contact with the Picts, when, at the great battle of Degsa's Stone, in Liddisdale, the Anglian king Ethelfrid, overthrew the Britons of Strathclyde, who were aided by the Picts, as well as by the Scots of Argyll under their king Aidan. Edwyn of Deira raised the Anglian kingdom to still greater power when, having slain Ethelfrid in 617, he obtained the throne as a descendant of Ida, and, combining Deira with Bernicia, ruled the whole land from the Forth to the Humber. This Edwyn, the first Christian king of Northumbria, the same who has left his name to survive to this day in Eadwinesbuh (Edinburgh), having slain Ethelfrid, drove out his sons—Eanfrid, Oswald, Oslac, and Oswin—though their mother was his own sister Acca. These exiled youths, flying northward to the land of the Southern Picts, found kindly shelter 'for fifteen years beyond the protecting barrier of the Forth.' The intercourse thus begun be-

tween the Anglian princes and the Picts continued under various forms, and deeply affected the whole Pictish history. So kindly at first were the ties which bound these exiles to the Picts that one of them, Eanfrid, married a Pictish princess, and their son Tolar-gan, according to a Pictish custom, succeeded to the throne in right of his mother, and was numbered among the kings of the Picts. Not long after, Edwin, the Northumbrian king, was slain, in 634, by Penda, the pagan king of Mercia, in the battle of Haeth-felth, and Oswald returned from South Pictland and reigned over his father's kingdom. Restored from the land of his banishment, Oswald brought with him Christian teachers to instruct his Angles in that faith which he himself had learnt during his exile. In fact, Oswald seems to have passed from Pictland westward to the land of the Scots, for we know that he visited the monastery of Iona, dwelt there for a time, and was instructed by its monks. And this would serve to indicate what we know on the authority of Bede, that the Columban Church had, before the middle of the seventh century, advanced beyond the frontiers of the Northern Picts, and completely superseded the Church of Ninian throughout Southern Pictland, indeed throughout all Alba north of the Clyde and Forth. When Oswald, on his return to Northumbria, found the infant Church at York, which had been planted by Edwin, entirely trampled out by the pagan Penda, it was to Iona he turned for missionaries to rekindle the extinguished embers. Under his patronage the Columban Bishop Aidan founded a monastery on the small island of Lindisfarne on the exact model of Iona, and this continued to be the chief seat of Northumbrian Christianity for more than thirty years, till the Columban monks, vanquished in debate at the Council of Whitby, were compelled to retire from Northumbria. Lowly-minded and pious, Oswald lived on terms of peace with all his neighbours, and especially in good-will towards the people who had sheltered himself and his brothers in their adversity. He was called during his life, by his neighbours, the Britons of Strathclyde, 'Lain-guin,' or the Bountiful Hand.

On the death of Oswald, who fell as Edwyn had done in battle with Penda and his Mercians, his brother Oswy succeeded him in the Anglian kingdom, a man of another mind. Oswy (whose name is written with various terminations) not only overthrew and slew Penda, the terror of the Northern Angles, but, carrying his arms northward, subjugated the Britons of Strathclyde, the Scots of Dalriada, and a great part of the Picts. This great part of the Picts, which, according

to Bede, Oswy subdued, was probably the kingdom of the Southern Picts. He may have been led to intermeddle with Pictish affairs through his connection with the Pictish king Tolargan, son of his brother Eanfrid, or Ainfrid. Tolargan, as has been said, obtained the throne in right of his mother, according to the Pictish law of succession, and it was probably on his death, which took place in 657 or 658, that his uncle Oswy may have found a pretext for invading Pictland. All his northern conquests, and among them his rule of Pictland, Oswy maintained till his death, in 670, when these possessions passed with the Anglian kingdom to his son Egfrid. On Egfrid's accession the Picts made a premature attempt to throw off the Anglian yoke, the only effect of which was to rivet it more firmly on their neck. As a mark of their subjection we find that ten years afterwards, in 680, Egfrid established a bishopric of the Picts, and fixed the seat of its bishop Trumwine at Abercornig (Abercorn), on the southern shore of the Forth. But neither the bishopric nor the domination of the Angles lasted long after the erection of the see of Abercorn. In 685 Egfrid poured a great force across the Forth, to lay waste the lands of the Picts, and, burning their 'raths' or castles, penetrated to the east of the Tay, where he was inveigled by his Pictish enemies into a narrow defile between the Sidlaw Hills and Strathmore. There, at a place called Nechtan's Mere, or Dunnechtan, the modern Dunnichen, the king and leader of the Picts, Bruidi, who was Egfrid's cousin, fell on him and his host, and inflicted such an overthrow, that the Anglian king and a large part of his army were left dead on the field, and the rest hardly escaped across the Forth to tell the fate of their king. Trumwine and his monks fled in haste from Abercorn, and stayed not till they were safe within the cloisters of Whitby. It was a great overthrow that took place at Nechtan's Mere. By that one day the Angles forfeited the fruit of thirty years of conquest. The race of Ida lost their hold not only of Pictland and Dalriada, but never again regained their former pre-eminence among the Saxon kingdoms. Such is an outline of the chief events that befell South Pictland during the seventh century. From the list of Pictish kings who filled up the eighth century, two names stand out conspicuous—Nechtán and Angus, the son of Fergus. But, as their energy brought them into contact as much with the Scots of Argyll as with their Northumbrian neighbours, we must cast a glance at the fortunes of these Dalriad Scots.

Every history of Scotland that has deigned to deal with so early and barbarous

a time, notices the foundation of the small kingdom on the shores of Argyll by the immigration of a band of Irish or Dalriad Scots, A.D. 502. These Scots, led by the three sons of Erc—Lorne, Fergus, and Angus—came to Alba or Alban from a district of Antrim, then known as Dalriad. This name it bore from Cairbre Rígh-fada or Riada, Cairbre the long-armed, a chief or king who flourished in Ulster about A.D. 220. From him the district took the name of Dal-Riada—Dal signifying, primarily descendants; secondarily, land of descendants—the land of the descendants of Riada. This designation lives on in Ulster to the present day in a portion of it, which is still called, by a corruption, The Route. Probably bands of these Irish Dalriads had been coming and going to the shores of Alba for several centuries before they took permanent possession of Argyll, and gave the name Dalriada to that portion of Alba in which they had settled. Such predator tribes of Scots it must have been which we hear of in the fourth century uniting with the Picts to harass the enfeebled Britons of the Roman provinces. The lines of the last Roman poet are well known, in which he celebrates in the old familiar strain one of the latest triumphs of a Roman emperor when Theodosius for a brief while drove back the inroads of the Northern barbarians—

‘Maduerunt Saxone fuso
Orcades, incaluit Pictorum sanguine Thule,
Scotorum cumulos flevit glacialis Ierne.’

Scottish Dalriada, when it became a permanent settlement, at the beginning of the sixth century, was nearly co-extensive with the present county of Argyll, reaching in its northern boundary-line a little beyond Loch Etive. It was divided among four tribes and the names of two of the descendants of Erc, then given to the district occupied by their own tribe, still survive in Lorne and Cowall, the latter so named from Congal, grandson of Fergus. The chiefdom or kingship of the Dalriad Scots passed now to one, then to another, of the families of the original immigrant leaders. Each family had a chief stronghold of its own, and that of the tribe of Lorne was Dunolly. But the capital of the whole little kingdom was Dunad, the Dun of Add, the stream in which it stood. Traces of the old fortifications of Dunad are still to be seen on an isolated rocky hill rising in the centre of Moss of Crinan, which lies at the head of the well-sheltered sea-beach bearing the same name as the Moss.

Of the small kingdom of Dalriada, which

endured about two centuries and a half, the incidents that have reached us are few and obscure. One personage of this Dalriad race alone stands out clear or prominent, and concentrates in himself all the glory of his people and the interest of posterity. To this race it was that St. Columba belonged; to his kinsman, Conall, great grandson of Fergus, he came. Whether it was from this Dalriadic king, or from the king of the Northern Picts, that he received the gift of his island of Iona, Columba received from the kings of his own race protection and friendship. This temporal aid he requited by spiritual benediction. On the death of Conall Columba consecrated his nephew Aidan as king. It was a great solemnity, looked back to for many an age as the first authentic inauguration of a king by a Christian priest which ever took place in Western Christendom. Columba, as his biographer tells, had received in a vision the divine command to ordain Aidan king. On the summons of the saint, Aidan repairs to the sacred island, and there Columba lays his hand on the royal youth, blesses him, and pronounces words of ordination. Adamnan says that Columba 'ordained' Aidan, by which expression must be meant, not that he gave Aidan his title to the kingdom, but that he added to that title the sanction of priestly consecration, which among the Celtic tribes, was indispensable to all civil authority. Soon after, in 590, the King and the saint together cross the sea, to present themselves at the great Convention or Synod of Drumceat, in Ireland. One of the chief objects for which this assembly was convened was to determine what was to be the standing of Dalriada in Scotland in relation to the mother country. It was decided, mainly by Columba's influence, that Irish Dalriada should continue under the Kings of Ireland—its sister in Scotland should be an independent kingdom. The most prosperous era of these Dalriad Scots was during the lifetime of Columba and Aidan. Columba's unwearied energy spread the faith he himself possessed, not only among his Scottish kinsmen, but far into the mountains of Alba peopled by the Picts. Wherever he planted a monastery, or even a cell with a few monks, there was kindled, not only the warmth of the new faith, but some light of knowledge contained in the Scriptures and other books, which the Columban monks spent much of their time in transcribing. If we may trust the names of the numerous battles preserved in the annals of the time, Aidan was as busy with his arms as his kinsman was in better work. His last battle was fought at Degsa's Stone,

Dawston, in Liddisdale, where, having marched his host to the help of the Strathclyde Britons, he was defeated by the Northumbrian king Ethelfrith, and forced to fly in haste to his dominions beyond the Frith of Clyde. The Scots, after this time, were of small account in arms till, in the middle of the eighth century, they fell, as we shall see, beneath a victorious Pictish king, and their dynasty all but disappeared. The chief work which their race had to do in Scotland was to spread Christianity among the Celtic tribes, and with it civilization and letters, and this they did so vigorously, that within less than a century after the death of Columba the Iona monks had made all Alba their own, penetrated into Northumberland, and kindled in Lindisfarne for a time the light of a second Iona.

To return now to the two conspicuous kings of South Pictland in the eighth century, the first, Nechtan, figures in history mainly as a Church Reformer. We have seen that by the middle of the seventh century the Columban Monks had, by their zeal and energy, won the Southern Picts. During the occupation of South Pictland by the Northumbrian kings, when that kingdom was placed under the jurisdiction of the Anglic Bishop established at Abercorn, the power of the Church of Iona must have been in abeyance, if not wholly cast out, from South Pictland. After the defeat at Nechtan's Mere, in which the whole Northumbrian power was swept to the south side of the Forth, the Columban clergy seem once more to have resumed their place and functions among the southern Pictish people. But some leaven of the Anglic Church and clergy must have remained still to work among the Picts; for in 710 we find Nechtan the king writing to Ceolfred, Abbot of Jarrow, the monastery of Bede, asking the abbot's advice, and receiving from him a long letter in reply, which Bede has preserved. Acting on the abbot's counsel, Nechtan renounces the Iona time of observing Easter and the Iona form of the tonsure, and in both of these matters, which in that age were regarded as fundamental, he resolved to conform to the Anglic usage, which was the Roman one. But his clergy stood firm in their allegiance to Iona, and Nechtan, as we are told, drove the whole family of Hi out of his dominion across Drumalban to the land of the Scots. They probably would seek refuge in the mother church of Iona, to tell how they had fared at the hands of the Pictish king. He transferred the supremacy which Iona had, up to this time, held among the northern monasteries, to a foundation which he himself had

lately made at Abernethy. Besides his letter, Abbot Ceolfrid sent, at the King's request, Anglicans to build a stone church after the approved Roman model—the first stone church which had arisen in Scotland. With the departure of the Columban clergy, the veneration of St. Columba seems to have departed also, and St. Peter took his place for a time as Patron Saint of the Southern Picts, but speedily to be superseded, as we shall see, by his brother St. Andrew. Nechtan built and dedicated to St. Peter several churches, in which, as in all his dominions, he placed Anglic clergy and the Roman usage. After a reign of eighteen years, he was defeated in battle by Angus MacFergus, at Cairn o' Mount, went on a pilgrimage, and died in a cloister.

To Nechtan, Angus, the son of Fergus, succeeded, after a contest for the throne between four Pictish Chiefs or Mormaers. His name stands out conspicuous as the greatest in the long but obscure list of Pictish kings, and to his achievements may be traced, as Mr. Robertson remarks, the first foundations of the future compacted kingdom of Scotland.

At first only Chief or King of the Southern Picts, that is, of the Province of Fortrenn, which comprehended only Strathearn and Menteith, he had to subdue to something like allegiance the chiefs of Fife, Angus, and Atholl, and to extort from the King of the Northern Picts the acknowledgment of his claim to be regarded as the king or leader of the whole Pictish race. He next turned his arms against the Scots of Argyll, and laid waste Dunad their capital, overran their whole country, drove out their native kings, and established in Argyll a line of Pictish princes who reigned there for a century. Angus died in 761, in the words of Mr. Skene, 'certainly the most powerful king the Picts ever had. He raised the southern Picts to a great superiority in Scotland. He defeated the northern Picts, and brought these turbulent tribes under his subjection. He almost annihilated the Scots of Dalriada.' A great warrior, and a powerful king—the first who can be said to have ruled all Alba north of the Firths,—his influence was felt beyond them; and the Kings of Northumbria and Mercia courted his alliance.

From his death in 761 till 843 the subsequent history of the Picts is once more lost in darkness. At the latter date, when some light again falls on it, Kenneth M'Alpin, a Dalriad Scot, is seated on the Pictish throne. This last is an undoubted fact, but of no fact in all history are the nature and the causes more obscure. Chroniclers and

so-called historians have magnified this event into the total overthrow of the Picts, and their entire annihilation by the Argyll Scots. Now, against this fable, we have to place, not only the great antecedent improbability that a race comparatively insignificant in numbers, and broken to pieces in 761, should, in less than a century, have grown to such strength and prowess, as to rise and crush their vastly more numerous conquerors, but also the other fact that this total overthrow and extirpation of the Picts is entirely passed over by the only contemporary authorities, the faithful Irish annalists. These notice from time to time the most important events in Scotland, but about this one they are wholly silent. It was not till more than a century later that the first hint of the extirpation of the Picts appears in a Scottish Chronicle. The Pictish Chronicle, indeed, which is supposed to have been compiled at Brechin between the years 977 and 995, speaks incidentally of Kenneth as the destroyer of the Picts. The words are, 'The Picts whom, as we afore said, Kenneth destroyed.' In order, however, to see how it stands with regard to this obscure revolution, let us, by the help of the scattered notices of the Irish Annals, put together the few events that are known to have taken place between 761, the date of the death of Angus, the great Pict, and 843, when Kenneth, the Scot, appears as reigning in the land of the so-called subjugated or exterminated Picts.

Even during the reign of Angus the northern Picts seem not to have submitted without a murmur to his pre-eminence, and to have joined, whenever they could, with the Dalriad Scots, in ineffectual efforts to overthrow him. Although Angus left his throne to his brother, yet his race could not maintain permanent possession of it. From the names of the Pictish kings which follow Bruidi, the brother of Angus, we gather that a constant struggle for the throne was kept up between the southern and the northern Picts, and that the two races were almost alternately successful in obtaining the kingship. This continued till 789, when Constantine M'Fergus, of the line of Angus, secured the throne, reigned vigorously for thirty years, and transmitted the crown to his own family.

Towards the close of the eighth century the broken Dalriads seem to have somewhat revived. Their last king, Alpin, who had been driven out of Argyll in 741 by the great Pict, Angus, is said to have fled into Galloway, and there, after seizing on some Pictish territory, to have been slain. His memorial stone, called *Laicht Alpin*, is

said to be standing at this day near the shore of Loch Ryan.

Before the middle of the ninth century we have a half legendary notice of a colony of Scots settled in Galloway, where they had mixed with Picts, spreading from that country into Argyll and the Isles, and thence moving eastward, where they destroyed the Picts, by inviting them to a general council and slaying their king and his chief nobles. This is the account of several of the later chronicles, which, however, in this part, seem to have been taken from the same source as the Pictish Chronicle with its afore-mentioned elliptical passage about the destruction of the Picts. But what is more certain is the statement of the trustworthy Irish annals, that, in the year 839, the Pictish men of Fortrenn were defeated by the Danes in a great battle, in which their king, Eganán, son of Angus, Bran, his brother, and other nobles, were slain. As this was the era when the power and ravages of the Danes and the Northmen were at their height, when their hardy pirates were swarming on all the coasts of Britain and Ireland, as well as on the west of Europe, and leaving their tracks behind in fallen thrones and wasted shores,—nothing can be more likely than that their onslaughts may have made that break in the kingdom of South Pictland through which the tide of Scottish influence, if not conquest, entered in.

The one clear fact is that Kenneth M'Alpin, of the line of the Dalriad Scots, is found in possession of the Pictish throne within four years after this recorded Danish victory, that is in 843.

As to the interpretation of this revolution, which has figured for centuries in history as the overthrow and extirpation of the Picts by the Scots, we are mainly left to conjecture. The unwearied patience of our Celtic antiquaries has, however, enabled us to see pretty clearly that for its supposed magnitude this event has owed more, either to the natural working of the mythic tendency, or to the conscious fictions of the twelfth and thirteenth century Chronicles, intent on magnifying the antiquity and power of the Scots, than to any real ground of fact. So early, however, had this belief gained a hold of men's minds from whatever cause, that Henry of Huntingdon, writing in the middle of the twelfth century, remarks that so entirely had both 'the Pictish people and their language vanished from the face of earth that the very mention of them by ancient writers seems like a fable.'

Of those who in recent times have really investigated this difficult subject, we cannot do better than give the theories proposed

by two of the most competent. Of these, Mr. Robertson, in his most painstaking and accurate history, 'Scotland under her Early Kings,' is disposed to treat very lightly, if not wholly to discredit, what he calls 'the apocryphal conquest of the Irish Scots over the Picts.'

He shows that the so-called annihilation of the Picts is entirely unnoticed either by the contemporary Irish Annals or by the Anglo-Saxon or Welsh Chronicles; and that Nennius, who wrote about the middle of the ninth century, assigns about one-third of Britain in his day to this very Pictish race who were according to the extirpation theory then extinct. He points out that Kenneth and his immediate successors are spoken of by the Irish Annals as Kings of the Picts—a title which only gradually merges in that of Kings of Alba. He calls attention to the fact that in every one of their previous battles the Picts had invariably defeated the Scots; and he argues that it is a thing incredible that the insignificant and broken tribe of Kintyre, occupying only a small portion of the modern county of Argyll, should all at once have risen to such power as to conquer and exterminate the whole remaining population of Alba north of the Forth and Clyde. Equally improbable is it that such a conquest, if it had taken place, should have been passed over in silence by every contemporary writer, and have for the first time found its way into the chronicles a century and a half after the event. He allows that a few generations after the accession of Kenneth the Pictish name generally disappears, being gradually supplanted by the Scottish. But the Pictish people and their language he maintains, remained as little affected by the accession of Kenneth as they would have been by any other change of dynasty. Even if the accession of Kenneth was the result of a partial conquest, which he does not wholly deny, that conquest was confined to Fortrenn, or the central region of the Southern Picts. The eastern and northern provinces remained for a time unaffected by it. The progress of the royal power of Scone over them was very gradual. Many generations passed away before the Moraymen or the clans of the north and west yielded more than nominal obedience to the Scottish line who ruled from Scone.

How, then, does Mr. Robertson account for this ancient deep-rooted belief? It will not do to assign its origin to the fabling chroniclers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, for though these may have magnified its dimensions and exaggerated its importance, the belief itself had taken its

place in history as early as the latter end of the tenth century,—witness the already cited passage from the Pictish Chronicle. Mr. Robertson acknowledges that the tradition of a conquest is far too strong to allow it to be looked on as an entire fable. Accordingly, accepting the very ancient, and quite credible, tradition that Kenneth the Scot had Pictish blood in his veins, through the mother of his father Alpin, who was a daughter of the house of Fergus, and sister of the Pictish king Constantine, he supposes that Kenneth, in right of his grandmother, may have succeeded peacefully to the Pictish throne. If the Picts had been weakened by the onslaught of the Danes, and lost, as they seem to have done, several of the heirs of their throne in the male line, this would exactly accord with the old Pictish custom mentioned by Bede, that, 'in cases of difficulty,' the female line was preferred to the male,—that is, a near connection in the female line to a distant male heir. But then, supposing Kenneth's accession to have taken place thus peacefully, how account for this widespread and ancient belief in it as having been a great conquest? This he does by pointing to the tendency in early and half-traditionary periods of history to misplace real events and transfer them to a wrong epoch, owing to a wish to magnify some favourite hero by gathering round him all the great actions of several different ages. The reign of Angus was the most heroic era of all Pictish history, and the achievements of this king were transferred to Kenneth, the earliest king of the Dalriad race who ruled all Alba, as soon as the various tribes united under the new dynasty had identified their own origin and history with the fortunes of these Dalriad kings. A smaller instance of such historical displacement is the confounding by all the chronicles of Alpin, the father of Kenneth, with the Dalriad King Alpin, who, a century before, had been driven from Argyll by Angus the Pict.

Such, then, is Mr. Robertson's view of these obscure passages in Scottish history, and the argument on which he grounds it.

The theory which Mr. Skene offers to explain the so-called conquest by Kenneth MacAlpin differs considerably from that of Mr. Robertson. In his early work on 'The Scottish Highlanders,' he remarks that the supremacy over the Celtic race which the great Angus achieved and handed down to his own people, had been grudgingly submitted to by the northern Picts and by their Mormaers, from among whom kings had, in old time, often been elected. These northern Picts had, in 730, made common cause with the Dalriad Scots, to resist the extension

of the power of Angus—but in vain. When, early in the ninth century the broken Dalriads, returning from Galloway, regained somewhat of their old power, it is possible, according to Mr. Skene, that they found in the northern Picts willing coadjutors in any aggression they might make against the Picts of the south.

In his latest handling of this subject, in the preface to 'The Chronicles,' Mr. Skene draws attention to some facts not noticed in his earlier work. In the first place, he regards as historical those notices in the 'Irish Annals' which tell how 'the men of Fortrenn,' or southern Picts, sustained a great defeat and the loss of their king and two Pictish princes, in a conflict with the Danish pirates. It was through the breach thus made in the Pictish power that the Dalriad element came in. Then he thinks it probable that Kenneth was not altogether a stranger, but had some claim to the throne in right of his Pictish mother. Whence then did he lead his Scots with whom he founded his Scottish kingdom at Scone? In answer to this question Mr. Skene turns to legends preserved in some of the earliest chronicles, which make the Scots under Kenneth to emerge, not from Argyll, but from Galloway, the very region to which Alpin, the last Dalriad king, fled, when, a century before, he was driven out of Kintyre by the victorious Angus. The Danes were at this time sweeping all the Scottish shores, east and west, and the Gallwegians appear in the annals as a body of Celtic pirates taking part in their ravages. It is probable enough that against the southern Picts Danish invaders and roving Gallwegian Scots may have combined their arms.

To these another powerful influence, Mr. Skene thinks, was added—that of the Columban clergy. They had been driven out of Pictland across Drumalban, as we have seen, by the Pictish King Nechtan as early as 717. Columba then ceased to be the patron saint of South Pictland, and for a short interval St. Peter was revered in his stead. Twenty years later Peter was superseded by his brother St. Andrew, whom the great Angus installed as the patron saint of his kingdom, and in whose honour he founded the church of St. Andrews on the eastern sea, which was destined soon to supersede the western and remote Iona. But the Columban clergy, still strong in the north and west, must have longed to recover their former supremacy and repossess the churches they had lost in South Pictland. They appear, in the time of Kenneth, to have made a great effort for this object. And doubtless the accession of a king of their own race favoured their endeavour,

and they would naturally throw all their weight into the support of his claim. These facts, all of which are more or less clearly indicated in the Irish annals, probably combined to bring about the revolution. The defeat and weakening of the southern Picts by the Danes, the emergence of the remnant of Dalriad Scots, in renewed vigour, from Galloway, and the longing of the Columban monks to return to their old seats from which King Nechtan had expelled them—this theory Mr. Skene offers, but rather as a not improbable speculation, than as a certain deduction from historic facts. On a subject so important to Scottish history, and yet where definite historic evidence so fails us, it is allowable, if anywhere, to put forward conjecture. It is a subject which, the more it has hitherto baffled the antiquary and the historian, is, from its importance and obscurity combined, the more provocative of interest.

In the whole question, one thing only is clear, that the fiction of the extirpation of the entire Pictish nation by the Scots, and the obliteration of their language, is one of the most groundless that has ever offered itself for history. Even the Pictish Royal line was not destroyed. In Kenneth it lived on and continued to reign as truly as the old English line of kings continued in James I. Neither were the Pictish people extirpated. They dwelt still in their own land, their capital continued to be the capital of the kingdom. Pictavia, not Scotia, continued to be spoken of more than a century after Kenneth's accession. The Pictish language was not obliterated, but was no doubt spoken till it gradually gave way before the Saxon in the south and east; and in the northern and western Highlands, blended, before the literary era arrived, with the dialect of the Scottish Gael of Argyll.

On the whole, the Pictish question, which is the fundamental one in early Scottish history, has made some advance since the days of Pinkerton and of Monkbarns. The able men to whose researches we are indebted for this advance, have not shared in the contempt, so common among the learned, for everything that pertains to the Gael. They have not turned from the Gaelic language as a barbarous jargon, nor looked down upon Celtic traditions, customs, laws, as unworthy of the notice of dignified historians. Where the early chronicles have been meagre or contradictory, they have turned to the fuller and more careful Annals of Ireland, and from these have supplemented the deficiencies of those of their native country. They have edited, with the utmost care and learning, old Celtic manuscripts, hitherto neglect-

ed, and republished, with greater accuracy and fuller erudition, those already known. They have rubbed the lichens of a thousand years from the old sculptured stones of Pictland, and let in the light of day on their strange and elaborate symbols, which tell of an advanced and refined art among that Pictish race mingled in striking contrast with the endless broils and wars which fill their meagre annals. They have traced the first faint dawnings of Christianity over the mountains of Albyn, streaking like lines of silver light the darkness of Celtic heathendom and lending to the obscure movements of savage clans a hitherto undreamt-of interest. They have tracked the journeyings by sea and land of those first missionaries, who reared their poor monasteries of wattled huts on islands in the midst of hill-lochs or of the stormy Atlantic, and who have left their names to consecrate those solitary caves on headlands or mountains, and those sequestered *kils* or burying-places which meet the traveller all over the Highlands. Those devoted priests, to whom Scotland owes so much, but whom she has requited by three centuries of undeserved oblivion, are at last, thanks to the patient toil of our recent antiquaries, being restored to that place which is their just due in their countries remembrance.

The men to whom we are mainly indebted for these things, are those whose names we have often already mentioned—Drs. Reeves and Stuart, Mr. Skene, and Mr. Robertson. The results won by these pioneers have been turned to good account by Bishop Forbes in his laborious and very interesting work on the early Saints of Alba, Laudonia, and Strath-Clyde. These have penetrated no inconsiderable way into the darkness of that great Celtic background, out of which Scottish history has come. The ground they have made good must form the starting-point for any future explorers. And that younger explorers will take up and carry on this work there is good reason to hope. The last decade has seen a decided recoil from the indiscriminating panegyric of the Anglo-Saxon, formerly so fashionable, and an awakening to the conviction that the Celt too has his virtues, his characteristics, and his traditions, which are worthy of our regard. Among the well-educated of the Gael themselves—the clergy and others to whom Gaelic is the mother tongue—there is an increasing number who, to their knowledge of the Gaelic vernacular, are adding a serious study of its sister dialects, and of the affinities which connect it with the other languages of the great Aryan family. Let these younger explorers set themselves to their task with

good heart, and bring the latest lights of philological and archæological science to bear on the language and the early history of their own people. The men who for nearly a generation have wrought in this field, have done much, but they have by no means exhausted its contents. A rich harvest still remains for those who shall bring the requisite skill and perseverance to the task of reaping it. There are Gaelic manuscripts not a few, lying still untouched in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh and elsewhere in Scotland, waiting only for competent hands to edit them. Great libraries on the Continent, and especially in Italy, are understood to be rich in Celtic treasures that have there lain buried for ages. It were surely a task worthy of the best Celtic scholarship to disinter and illustrate these hidden monuments of a once powerful but now dwindled race. If only the now rising interest in things Celtic were directed to wise ends, and not allowed to spend itself on trifles,—if Celtic scholars, to whom Gaelic is the mother tongue, will but concentrate on important subjects the fervor and acuteness which belong to their race, with the method and sustained effort which these subjects demand,—who can say how much further the veil may not be lifted, before the present century closes, from the dark Celtic past, what light may not be let in on the migrations which first brought the Celts to these shores? Even the Fingalian mystery itself might at last be made plain, and Ossian and Oscar cease to be unsubstantial shadows. ■

ART. IV.—*The Personal Life of George Grote. Compiled from Family Documents, Private Memoranda, and Original Letters to and from various Friends.* By Mrs. Grote. London, 1873. 2nd edition.

WE are under deep obligations to Mrs. Grote for this Life of her illustrious husband. She has unfolded to us the history of a man in whom uprightness, honour, and the love of truth and knowledge gave a living spirit to his historic labours. Nor do we complain that she has introduced so much that is personal to herself. The lives of Mr. and Mrs. Grote were so closely intertwined that the omission of the autobiographical element would have been not only a real affectation, but would have deprived the memoir of its reality. The mental union which pervades the whole work is seen in the account of its origin, which at once sets Grote before us in

the simple consciousness of his own aim in life and of the grounds on which he consents to its record:—

‘The following work owes its origin to the entreaties addressed to me in 1864–1865, by more than one of our intimate friends, that I would furnish some account of Mr. Grote’s early history. Reluctant as I felt to enter upon new literary labours, at an advanced period of life and with very infirm health, I at last yielded to their importunity, and began (in 1866) to collect such old letters and journals as I had preserved, in the view of weaving them into a biographical form.

‘Being thus occupied on one morning of (I think) the year 1867, Mr. Grote came into the room.

“What are you so busy over, there, H. ?” enquired he.

“Well, I am arranging some materials for a sketch of your life, which I have been urgently invited to write by several of our best friends.”

“My life,” exclaimed Mr. Grote, “why, there is absolutely nothing to tell!”

“Not in the way of adventures, I grant; but there *is* something, nevertheless—your Life is the history of a mind.”

“That is it!” he rejoined, with animation.

“But can you tell it?”

“It is what I intend to try. You see, unless I give some account of your youth and early manhood, no other hand can furnish the least information concerning it.”

“Nothing can be more certain—you *are* the only person living who knows anything about me during the first half of my existence.”

‘This short colloquy ended, the subject was never renewed between us; the Historian feeling, as I believe, content to leave his life’s story in my hands.’—*Preface.*

Mrs. Grote has performed the delicate duty thus bequeathed to her with the affection of a devoted wife, and with the same courageous love of truth as characterised her husband; and has succeeded in placing before us a true and living picture of one of the great men of the present generation.

Mr. Grote was not only an historian and a philosopher, but also a banker and a politician, who pursued his business with industry and skill during a considerable portion of his life, and who engaged in politics as no mere fashion or amusement, but with the earnestness of deep conviction. How these occupations were blended; how they were all pursued in that spirit of truth and duty which marked ‘the just man,’ as he was most truly called by his attached friend over his grave in Westminster Abbey; how they were adorned with the gentlest simplicity, and with that gracious dignity of a gentleman of the old school, which struck any one who saw him even but once;—is a study alike for men of business, scholars, politi-

cians, and, we will venture to add, an example most needful for all in a time which Grote himself, in one of his letters to his friend Lewis, did not hesitate to call 'this age of steam and cant.' The last word has a wider application than that in which he used it, and we shall not hesitate to show how even such a man was drawn into the vortex of political and religious intolerance. Indiscriminate eulogy and partiality to his faults would be an outrage on his own spirit of truth and honesty.

The central object of the 'Life' is, of course the 'opus magnum' on which Grote's fame will chiefly rest. The 'History of Greece,' though begun in 1823, was laid aside for several years, while the author was in Parliament; it was resumed in 1843, and was finished in 1855, when his sixty-first year was just completed, thus occupying the best years of the seventy-seven to which his life was prolonged. The fifteen last years of that life were given to the two great works on Greek philosophy, which Grote deemed indispensable to the completion of his 'History,' forming what he used to call his 'Trilogy.' The record of his first thirty years reveals the course of life and studies which bore such fruit as the 'History,' the 'Plato,' and the 'Aristotle.'

His name, indeed, suggests an intellectual pedigree to which the Grote family have clung with more fondness than certainty. Of a proposed visit to Holland, Mrs. Grote says, 'We had long desired to see the curious cities of that country, associated as they were with his own paternal ancestry; it having been a favourite notion with the Grotes, that "Hugo" was of their blood, though this was never established to our satisfaction, I must confess.' At all events there was the undegenerate kindred of that real greatness which is the meaning of the Low German name. That branch of the stock from which George Grote descended had long resided in the condition of burghers at Bremen, when Mr. Andreas (or Andrew) Grote the historian's grandfather, came to England in the middle of the last century, and founded an agency business in Leadenhall Street. His prosperity as a merchant led to the establishment of the banking-house of 'Grote, Prescott, and Company,' in 1766, just ninety years before the publication of his grandson's completed 'History of Greece.' A passage in one of the letters of the grandfather is well worth notice, as a sign of that high sense of parental authority, the submission to which, though out of fashion now, was handed on to the next generation and accepted even by the youthful radical under trying circumstances. Mr. Andrew Grote

writes thus to 'My dear Son, Joseph Grote,' at Bremen:—

'I had a letter last post from my Brother, in which he begs hard that you might stay till Winter, because they seem to like your Company, and that you was young enough forsooth! all which I take to be meant for a Bremen compliment; but surely I must know better what is proper to be done for you than they, and I must insist on your coming away and not to mind their foolish compliments.'

Joseph Grote was the only son of Andrew Grote by his first marriage. George Grote, a son by the second marriage and the father of the historian, married Selina, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Peckwell, one of Lady Huntingdon's chaplains. She was descended on her mother's side from a French family named De Blosset, who had migrated from the Touraine in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and had purchased part of the estates in Meath forfeited by the Earl of Fingal after the battle of the Boyne. Thus the historian of Greece is to be added to the roll of illustrious English names which claim a share of the best blood of France, the loss of which has been a chief source of her calamities. Through the De Blosset family, George Grote had a claim of kindred with Corneille.

On the 17th of November, 1794, the future historian, GEORGE GROTE, was born at Clay Hill, near Beckenham, in Kent. He, like so many other distinguished men, owed to a mother's culture his first steps towards greatness. Mrs. Grote, 'having a strong desire to see her own son excel in learning,' had already carried his education as far as the rudiments of Latin, when, at the age of five and a half, he was sent to the Grammar School at Sevenoaks and remained there four years. 'He evinced a decided aptitude for study, ranking habitually above boys of his age in the class to which he belonged. In the holidays his mother caused him to devote a portion of his time to his lessons, to which habit, however, he never showed, or indeed felt, any reluctance.' Thus were formed the habits which were never relaxed during seventy years. Mrs. Grote seems to have had little aid or sympathy from her husband in this care for their son's intellectual progress. Fortunately, however, the father had been educated at Charterhouse, and, as the ingenious invention of 'high-class schools,' in which 'modern knowledge' should be divorced from ancient culture, had not been made, the young George was sent to Charterhouse at the age of ten (1804). Here he spent six years more under the able tuition and stern discipline of Dr. Raine:

and, if teaching is to be tested by 'results,' we need only cite the names of some of Grote's intimate schoolfellows for the variety, as well as the worth, of the fruit borne by the school, which afterwards won the lifelong love of Thackeray. The names of Dean Waddington and his brother Horace, Sir Creswell Creswell, and Sir Henry Have-lock, are crowned by that of the sole survivor, the Bishop of St. David's. The two great 'brothers in Hellenism' (it is Grote's own phrase) are linked together not more by their common labours than by the freedom from all envy with which Connop Thirlwall congratulates his old schoolfellow on a work which eclipsed his own. We are persuaded that Grote would have been equally generous in acknowledging, on any fit occasion, the Bishop's superiority in accurate Greek scholarship.

The studious schoolboy was no 'prig,' and the vivacity that never grew dull in the old man broke out in peccadilloes, bringing him under the rod, which he never felt for shortcomings in his work:—

'Indeed he actually underwent this punishment along with his friends Waddington and others, on the eve of quitting the school, and when he was almost at the head of it, viz. in 1810; the occasion being that Grote had given a farewell supper to his schoolmates at the "Albion Tavern" in Aldersgate Street, where (as was natural under the circumstances) they had all indulged in somewhat ample potations. Such was school discipline early in the nineteenth century.'

Those who enjoyed Mr. Grote's intimacy knew how rarely he spoke of anything relating to himself or his early life; but we well remember his relating the above story on one occasion, when the conversation turned upon the practice of flogging in the public schools. An eminent Frenchman, who was present, denounced, according to the usual Continental notions, the 'degradation' of such a punishment, and its evil consequences upon a boy's character. Grote took the opposite view, maintained that flogging was a sharp and quick punishment sufficiently answering its purpose, without interfering with a boy's health or producing a dislike to study, objections which strongly applied to the other usual modes of punishment, such as detaining a boy in school during play-hours, or giving him lessons to learn by heart. 'As to the degradation,' added Grote, 'I am sure that it never occurred to me or my schoolfellows that we had suffered any degradation when we received from Dr. Raine the sound flogging which we had all richly deserved.'

George Grote left Charterhouse when he

was not quite sixteen years of age, and was immediately 'required by his father to devote himself to the banking business in Threadneedle Street.' Those who may have taken it for granted that the future scholar was encouraged to indulge his tastes by parents proud of his abilities, in a wealthy and happy home, will find here a more instructive picture:—

'Mr. Grote's family growing in numbers, he had placed his eldest son in business, in order that he might begin to win his own way in the world early, and at the same time might take "the labouring oar" at the banking-house, and familiarise himself with the commercial world. Add to this, that he had no sympathy with learning, and that although people spoke of his son as being forward in it, he felt no inclination to promote the young George's intellectual turn of mind at the expense of giving him a college training; whilst, on the other hand, he was glad to obtain the services of his son in the business.'

Seldom had there been a more striking practical case to expose the modern fallacy of adapting a child's education to his intended calling in life. The boy devoted by his practical father to business at the age of sixteen, and debarred from an University career, would have been exactly the subject for 'a modern school of the second grade,' had there been Commissioners or educational theorists to found such. It would, of course, have been deemed useless for him to acquire that 'modicum of Greek' which would have been 'inadequate for any purpose of intellectual culture,' and would have been 'sure to be soon forgotten.' The love for self-culture would probably have prevented Grote from being only a banker; but the world would have lost his 'History of Greece' and the exposition of its philosophy, as well as his example and influence in fostering the highest culture in many a youthful admirer, and maintaining it in the new University, which has given the measure of his loss by falling off from his standard of knowledge. We have seen it assumed, from Grote never having been at a University, that early training had little to do with self-devotion to scholarship. But his case is the most perfect illustration of the value of high culture at school, when it is not the step to a University; for 'he had contracted,' we are told, 'a strong taste for the classics at Charterhouse, and felt prompted to cultivate them on quitting the scene of his boyish training.' Not less strikingly instructive is the motive which converted this 'prompting' into a fixed resolution for the plan of his whole life. *Looking forward to a com-*

mercial course of life, certain to prove uninteresting in itself, he resolved to provide for himself the higher resources of intellectual occupation.' It is unnecessary to draw invidious comparisons as to the pursuits which fill up the void, when such resources are wanting: we only wish to point out that the very inclination to make such a use of intellectual occupations must be fostered in the early training of boys at school.

The persevering efforts of young Grote in the pursuit of knowledge form one of the most instructive lessons of the biography. He was brought up in an age of strict commercial discipline, and had to render full service in the bank, going the rounds to the bankers and locking up the safe at night. The evenings furnished the few hours of leisure for study; history, metaphysics, and political economy being the subjects that interested him most. With the aid of a Lutheran clergyman he learnt German, then a very rare acquisition. The chief relaxation of his evenings was in music, his fondness for which lasted through life; and the hours given to the violoncello, which he had learnt at this time, are often noted in his Diary, side by side with those devoted to study. It was in the year 1815 that he became acquainted with Miss Harriet Lewin, the future partner of his life; but we must pass over the story of his temporary disappointment in love, caused by the treacherous misrepresentations of a rival suitor. When the misunderstanding was cleared up, a new difficulty arose from a promise he had given to his father; and all intercourse was broken off for three years.

During that trying interval, and amidst his cares as a working partner of the banking-house at the crisis of the currency which led to Peel's Act, we find Grote pursuing his studies with Lucretius and Aristotle, Sismondi and Montesquieu. Lucretius seems to have been an especial favourite with the youthful student; and we have lying before us now a long and careful essay upon the poet which he wrote about this time, and which, as his earliest literary composition, we hope to find among his Minor Works announced for publication. The account, which Grote gives, in a letter to a friend, of his study of Sismondi is particularly interesting, as showing the unconscious preparation for his great future work, and his care to secure accurate mastery of each subject, by a method to which he adhered throughout life:—

'The steps by which the Italian cities acquired independence, while those in other countries were in the lowest state of degradation, appeared to me a subject so curious and interesting, that I determined to study it attentively;

for I have always found that, in order to make myself master of a subject, the best mode was to sit down and give an account of it to myself.'

The young banker's deep interest in the science of political economy led him to seek the society of Mr. David Ricardo; and through that eminent economist he formed an acquaintance, which influenced his whole habits of thought throughout life. The nature of that influence will be best shown in Grote's own first impressions of James Mill, as told in a letter to a friend in May, 1819:—

'I have breakfasted and dined several times with Ricardo, who has been uncommonly civil and kind to me. I have met Mill often at his house, and hope to derive great pleasure and instruction from his acquaintance, as he is a very profound thinking man, and seems well disposed to communicate, as well as clear and intelligible in his manner. His mind has, indeed, all that cynicism and asperity which belong to the Benthamian school, and what I chiefly dislike in him is, the readiness and seeming preference with which he dwells on the *faults and defects* of others—even of the greatest of men! But it is so very rarely that a man of any depth comes across my path, that I shall almost assuredly cultivate his acquaintance a good deal farther.'

It is curious to observe how accurately the young scholar noted the capital defect in James Mill's character before he became completely subject to his influence. Grote's taste for philosophic study was rapidly growing just at the time when Mill was engaged upon his '*Analysis of the Human Mind*;' and the teacher rapidly moulded the learner's whole cast of feeling, as well as of thought, in relation not only to mental science but to political philosophy, theology, and morals. How the process went on must be told in Mrs. Grote's own words:—

'Before many months, the ascendancy of James Mill's powerful mind over his younger companion made itself apparent. George Grote began by admiring the wisdom, the acuteness, the depths of Mill's intellectual character. Presently he found himself enthralled in the circle of Mill's speculations, and after a year or two of intimate commerce there existed but little difference, in point of opinion, between master and pupil. Mr. Mill had the strongest convictions as to the superior advantages of democratic government over the monarchical or the aristocratic; and with these he mingled a scorn and hatred of the ruling classes which amounted to positive fanaticism. Coupled with this aversion to aristocratic influence (to which influence he invariably ascribed most of the defects and abuses prevalent in the administration of public affairs), Mr. Mill entertained a profound prejudice against the Established Church, and, of course, a corresponding dislike to its ministers. These two vehement currents of antipathy

came to be gradually shared by George Grote, in proportion as his veneration of Mr. Mill took deeper and deeper root. Although his own nature was of a gentle, charitable, humane quality, his fine intellect was worked upon by the inexorable teacher with so much persuasive power, that George Grote found himself inoculated, as it were, with the conclusions of the former, almost without a choice; since the subtle reasonings of Mr. Mill appeared to his logical mind to admit of no refutation.

'And thus it came to pass that, starting from acquired convictions, George Grote adopted the next phase, viz. the antipathies of his teacher—antipathies which coloured his mind through the whole period of his ripe meridian age, and may be said to have inspired and directed many of the important actions of life. Originating in an earnest feeling for the public good, these currents gradually assumed the force and sanction of duties; prompting George Grote to a systematic course both of study, opinion, action, and self-denial, in which he was urgently encouraged by the master spirit of James Mill, to that gentleman's latest breath in 1836.

'This able dogmatist exercised considerable influence over other young men of that day, as well as over Grote. He was, indeed, a propagandist of a high order, equally master of the pen and of speech. Moreover, he possessed the faculty of kindling in his auditors the generous impulses towards the popular side, both in politics and social theories; leading them, at the same time, to regard the cultivation of individual affections and sympathies as destructive of lofty aims, and indubitably hurtful to the mental character.'

Such was the overpowering influence to which the mind and feelings of Grote succumbed at the very age when both are apt to be moulded and fixed for life. How permanent was the impression is testified by a letter written forty-six years later to the younger Mill:—

'I am still more glad to get (or perhaps to make) an opportunity of saying something about your father. It has always rankled in my thoughts, that so grand and powerful a mind as his left behind it such insufficient traces in the estimation of successors.'

We honour Mrs. Grote for the courage and unflinching truthfulness with which she points out the one great fault in her husband's character. His gentle and generous nature was warped and distorted by James Mill's fanatic antipathy against the political and religious institutions of his country. Thus it came to pass that Grote was swayed on many important subjects by a permanent bias of antipathy, and, the more direct his aim, the surer was the ball to swerve from it, in obedience to the force of which he was unconscious—so unconscious as to make the fault past correction. His fine and loving temper was constantly struggling against

the imperious dictates of his master, who taught him to regard, as Mrs. Grote tells us, the cultivation of individual affections and sympathies as destructive of lofty aims and hurtful to the mental character. James Mill was a harsh husband and a stern father; and it was fortunate for Grote that a naturally kind and loving nature could not be trained, notwithstanding all his efforts, into stoical indifference. How he tried to school himself into this feeling, and how, notwithstanding, he was conscious of failure, peeps out more than once in his letters. '*Ανάλγησία*, such as you predicate of Lady G., is a very valuable quality, let me tell you' (so he writes to his friend Lewis). 'The benevolence of the gods makes it but too rare.' But Grote's nature proved too strong for his stoicism:—

'*Naturam expelles furca, tamen usque recurret.*'

We have followed the narrative thus closely up to Grote's twenty-fifth year, to show the formation of that 'mind' of which his life is truly described as the history. The first third of his career was just completed when his mind was linked for life to another congenial to his own. He was married to Miss Lewin in 1820. It might easily be assumed that the happy young banker and his charming bride entered on a life of ease and comfort, with freedom to gratify their common intellectual tastes. Under such circumstances the learned labours of the historian would be the natural fruit of the competence and leisure which the literary toiler for daily bread is so ready to envy. The reality furnishes an instructive contrast both to this ideal and to the general habits of the like class at the present day. Grote's wealthy father restricted his eldest son to a small allowance, just sufficient to enable him and his wife to live in decent comfort, and that only by both of them practising self-denial and observing frugal habits: moreover, he required them to reside at the house adjoining the bank in Threadneedle Street. Their outdoor exercise was taken on horseback in a riding-school at Finsbury or by walking 'either over Southwark Bridge, or in the Drapers' Hall Gardens, Throgmorton Street, amidst a grove of trees black with the soot of the City,'—a remarkable contrast to Rotten Row and the Ring, not to speak of the drag and Hurlingham. The want of pure air and of the means of exercise and recreation had an injurious effect upon Mrs. Grote's health, and caused the death of the only child they ever had, a week after its birth, followed by an illness in which Mrs. Grote's life long trembled in the balance. It was at the bed-

side of his wife, during her slow convalescence at Hampstead, that Grote wrote his first published work, an 'Essay on Parliamentary Reform,' directed against the theory of class representation as advocated by Sir James Mackintosh in the 'Edinburgh Review' (1821). Thus did Grote take up the position of independent radicalism, which he held for the remaining half-century of his life, but, as we shall see, not without great modification of his views.

The unabated vigour and variety of Grote's studies during the period immediately preceding and following his marriage is attested by his Diary, a few extracts from which will show how carefully he was preparing himself for his future labours:—

'Rose soon after 6. Read Say's chapter on Commercial Industry; wrote a few remarks on the effect of machinery on the condition of the labourers. After dinner read some of Schiller's "Don Carlos," then practised on the bass from ½ past 7 till 9; at 9 I drank tea, then read some more of Say, on the mode in which capital operates, then finished my paper on machinery by about 11.

'Rose at 8. Read over again the "Disertation on Virtue" which is subjoined to Butler's "Analogy," with very great pleasure. It is equally deep and accurate. After breakfast I opened the second volume of the "Wealth of Nations," and read the first chapter on the employment and accumulation of capital stock.

'Rose a little before 7. Read to the conclusion of Pausanias, being about 40 pages. After breakfast began to take down my rough notes upon these 40 pages; a task which I completed in the evening: Read some very interesting matter in the first volume of Goguet respecting the early arts, agriculture, baking, brewing, oil, drinks, and clothes.

'Rose at 6. Finished Wolf's Prolegomena, and my notes on them. After breakfast set to upon Diodorus Siculus, having previously cast my eye over Heyne's Dissert., prefixed to the *sources of his history*. I reserve this until I have finished the Historian himself. Read Diod. until 2 o'clock—about 85 pages, as I found it necessary to take down notes of considerable length.'

Amidst these studies we begin to see the dawn of the Greek History. Early in 1823 Grote writes to a friend, 'I am at present deeply engaged in the fabulous ages of Greece, which I find will require to be illustrated by bringing together a large mass of analogical matter from other early histories, in order to show the entire uncertainty and worthlessness of tales to which early associations have so long familiarized all classical minds.' Gibbon, in a well-known passage of his autobiography, describes the first conception of the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire': 'It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst

the ruins of the capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.' It is interesting to compare the more prosaic record of the birth of the History of Greece. It was not amidst the ruins of the Acropolis, nor in the academic retreats of learned leisure that the idea first occurred; but it was suggested by a woman's wit to a busy banker in Threadneedle Street:—

'Towards the autumn of the year 1823, Mrs. Grote, hearing the subject of Grecian History frequently discussed at their house in Threadneedle Street, and being well aware how attractive the study was in her husband's eyes, thought it would be a fitting undertaking for him to write a new History of Greece himself; accordingly she propounded this view to George Grote: "You are always studying the ancient authors whenever you have a moment's leisure; now here would be a fine subject for you to treat. Suppose you try your hand?"

'The idea seemed acceptable to the young student, and, after reflecting for some time, he came to the resolution of entering upon the work. His studies became chiefly directed towards it from that time forward. The quantity of materials which he accumulated in the form of "Notes" and extracts during his preparation for the History (which have been preserved by the care of his wife), give evidence of his industry, and of the deep interest he felt in his self-appointed task.'

An earnest of the work, thus fairly entered on, was given by Grote in an elaborate Review on Mitford's 'History of Greece,' which appeared in the 'Westminster' for April, 1826. This article attracted the notice of scholars, and among others of Niebuhr; and a year later, when Grote was desirous of visiting Bonn for the sake of converse with the veteran historian, Niebuhr gave a remarkable testimony to Grote's mastery of the subject and qualifications for his work:—

'To see you, Sir, to converse with you on the noble subject which occupies your leisure hours, and to which you have already shown yourself so eminently qualified to do justice, will be to me a most exquisite gratification. We both may be conscious, without personal acquaintance, that there exists between our principles and our views of history such a congeniality, that we are called upon to become acquainted, and to connect our labours.'

'In Greek history, with perhaps a few exceptions of such points as I have been led to investigate, I have only to learn from you. If what I can offer you of the results of my researches about the later periods should contain anything worthy of your attention, I would feel happy and honoured.'

Grote did not allow his labours upon Gre-

cian history to divert him from his other favourite study of metaphysics and mental philosophy. Several young men devoted to this pursuit were accustomed to meet twice a week at Mr. Grote's house in the City, at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, for an hour or two. Jeremy Bentham was regarded by them as a kind of deity, whose utterances were closely watched and reverently received. James Mill was their prophet, who exercised uncontrolled sway over their minds.

'They read Mr. Mill's last work, "The Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind," Hartley on Man, Dutrieux's Logic, Whately's works, &c., discussing as they proceeded. Mr. John Stuart Mill, Mr. Charles Buller, Mr. Eyton Tooke (son of Mr. Thomas Tooke), Mr. John Arthur Roebuck, Mr. G. H. Graham, Mr. Grant, and Mr. W. G. Prescott, formed part of this class.'

Every one who had not come under the sway of Bentham and his prophet seems to have been regarded by these youthful sectaries with a mixture of pity and contempt. What they thought of those who differed from them may be seen from a letter of John Stuart Mill written to Mr. Grote nearly forty years afterwards: 'There was, in general, Kimmerian darkness then, beyond the region to which the Benthamic influence, directly or indirectly, extended.'

The death of Grote's father in 1830 placed the son in the possession of an ample fortune, and set him free 'to act whatever part his choice might dictate.' The opportunity came to him at a crisis which held out the strongest temptation to a political career; and one of the first uses made of his new freedom and fortune was to open a credit with his bankers at Paris for 500*l.* for the use of the popular Committee of the Hôtel de Ville at Paris, who took the direction of affairs in the Revolution of July. This gift was announced in a letter written on one of the 'three glorious days of July,' which raises the imaginary picture of Grote fighting behind the barricades! 'Si je croyais être de la plus petite utilité, je partirais à l'instant pour Paris, quelque inconvénient qui en pût résulter pour moi, et je viendrais partager les dangers et les efforts d'une si belle cause.' The acknowledgment addressed by Horace Say to 'Mon cher M. Grote! ami zélé de la liberté!' shows how well his political principles were already known in France, as well as in England. The opportunity of sharing that enthusiasm, but only to have it chilled, came to him a score of years later, when he visited his French friends in 1849: 'To find himself actually *living under a Republic*, caused

Grote to feel unwontedly excited, although he could not help entertaining serious misgivings as to the stability of "the concern."

We cannot, with Mrs. Grote, regard it as 'unfortunate' that the pressure of business prevented Grote from taking an active part in 'the fever, out-of-doors, of anxiety concerning the fate of the Reform Bill.' He was far too fine an instrument for the sort of work which fell into the hands of such busybodies as Place, Parkes, and Co., some of whose letters Mrs. Grote prints. So puffed up with importance was Joseph Parkes, that he actually planned 'making the revolution,' with the assistance of a Pole and one or two other officers. Here are his own words:—

'If we had been over-reached this week by the Boroughmongers, I and two friends should have *made* the Revolution, whatever the cost. I had written to General J—, and had got a cover to Col. N—, and would have had both in Birmingham, and a Count Chopski (a Pole), by Monday; and I *think* we could have prevented anarchy, and set all right in two days.'

Mrs. Grote's revelation will certainly not raise the reputation of those who took part in the agitation connected with the Reform Bill.

Mr. Grote resisted a pressing invitation to stand for the city of London during the crisis of 1831, and near the end of that year Mrs. Grote's Diary records that 'the History draws ahead—Mr. Grote has steadily plied his labours, and the History waxes in volume,'—amidst the toils and cares of the commercial uneasiness and losses to the Bank, which attended the Reform crisis. But when the Act of 1832 was passed, Grote found himself unable to resist longer the force of events, and accordingly announced himself a candidate for the City of London. He stood on the principles of 'philosophic Radicalism,' keeping free from all binding allegiance to the Whig leaders, whom he always distrusted. He was returned at the head of the poll, and he continued to represent the City of London from 1833 to 1841, in the three successive Parliaments which witnessed the ascendancy, the decline, and the fall of the Whig Government under Grey and Melbourne. Of his parliamentary career we need only speak briefly. It formed but an episode in his life—an episode, however, enlarging his practical knowledge of politics, and adding to his many other qualifications for writing the history of the Grecian commonwealths. His attendance in the House of Commons, in addition to his duties as the chief partner in the Bank, compelled him to lay aside the History for a time, a necessity which no one

can now regret, as he returned to his work at a later period with greater experience of life and maturer views. But amidst all the turmoils of public life and the cares of business, he never relinquished his favourite studies. He generally carried in his pocket some Greek book, to be read at such intervals of leisure as he could obtain. We remember his telling us that he read through the greater part of Plato in a committee room of the House of Commons, while waiting for his less punctual colleagues. The copy which he used was the Tauchnitz edition; and noticing frequently that Philip Pusey, who was as punctual as himself in attendance at the Committee, filled up the vacant time in reading a work of a similar form, he found, upon inquiry, that they were both studying Plato.* How many bankers and country gentlemen can be found thus occupied in the present House of Commons!

Mr. Grote entered Parliament from a sense of duty rather than from motives of taste or ambition; and, near the close of his life, one of his reasons for declining a seat in the Upper House, was his keen remembrance of 'the dissipation of intellectual energy' which the business of legislation had occasioned him in the House of Commons. Mrs. Grote's pages prove that diligent attendance which might have been expected from Grote's character, and the success with which he spoke on various subjects. But the chief reminiscence of his parliamentary career is his special advocacy of the Ballot, to which he was the more inclined from the example of the ancient republics which he loved so heartily. The precedent was, indeed, involved in somewhat of a haze from the common confusion between the *lot* and the *ballot* as modes of election and voting at Athens, into which Grote himself was of course too good a scholar to fall; but many ignorant people fancied that the ballot was a kind of lot. 'The Reform Bill is good for naught (said a would-be legislator in 1832) without the ballot. Nothing is good for anything without the ballot.' 'And what is the good of the ballot?' 'Why! don't you know that? You quite surprise me by your ignorance. The good of the ballot is this: that your name, and my name, and all our names, will be written on pieces of paper and put into a box, and then the first that comes out is to go up as member to the Parliament; and so

I shall have just as good a chance of being the member as the first lord in all the land.'*

The measure, for which Grote laboured so hard in Parliament, became law only a year after his death. Hitherto its operation has falsified the hopes of its friends and the fears of its opponents. Whether it will be permanently advantageous to the interests of the Conservative party, we do not pretend to forecast; but we have little doubt of the reason why it has at present proved beneficial to the cause of property and order. The electors for the most part now need protection, not against the influence of the upper classes, but against the intimidation of the mob; and many persons, who are swayed by clamour, and do not like to oppose the popular current, though they disbelieve in their hearts the truth of the popular dogmas, are enabled by the ballot to give expression to their real opinions.

Grote worked hard, between his election and the opening of Parliament in February, in preparation of his maiden speech on the ballot, which at once established his reputation. But though Grote personally was well received, the 'philosophic Radicals' made no way in either the House or the country; and Mrs. Grote was obliged to confess in her Diary, at the end of the session, that the 'advanced Liberals found themselves decidedly less powerful than they had expected, or their opponents had feared, they would become in a reformed House of Commons.' On the dissolution of Parliament in 1835, Grote felt the force of the reaction that had begun in favour of Peel's moderate Conservatism. Instead of heading the poll, as before, he was the lowest of the four successful Liberals. He was, indeed, quite unfitted to play the part of a demagogue, and his old and attached friend Jones Lloyd (now Lord Overstone) humorously remarked to Mrs. Grote, feeling the incongruity of Grote's position amidst the tumult of the election at Guildhall:—

'I would have Grote painted as he stood on the rostrum bawling, unheard, amid the din and roar, and underneath I would write, "A Sage and Philosopher, emerged from his closet to enlighten his fellow-citizens upon the topics most deeply allied to their social welfare."'

Grote's third fight, at the new elections after the death William IV., was still harder than the last; and he was only returned by

* Philip Pusey wrote a valuable article upon Plato in this 'Review' in 1838. See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxi. p. 462, foll.

* This anecdote is told in a paper by Sir (then Mr.) George Cornwall Lewis, on 'Vote by Ballot in the Athenian State,' published in the 'Philological Museum,' vol. i. p. 426, London, 1832. It deserves to be disinterred from its learned repository as a sample of the wild and crude notions prevailing at the Reform era.

a bare majority of six over Mr. Horsley Palmer; coming in, the 'Times' elegantly said, as 'boots to the metropolitan concern.' This election reduced the Radical party to the lowest ebb, and their state is thus described in the 'Diary':—

'Mr. Grote, and about five others, find themselves left to sustain the Radical opinions of the House of Commons. One evening, after all other guests had departed, Sir W. Molesworth and Charles Buller remained late at our house, talking of the present aspect of affairs. "I see what we are coming to, Grote," said Charles Buller; "in no very long time from this, you and I shall be left to 'tell' Molesworth!"'

Turning, however, from politics to the 'mind' of which these pages are 'the history,' we have an interesting extract from Mrs. Grote's Note-book respecting the studies of her husband in one of the vacations of his parliamentary life:—

'This winter Grote has indulged in all manner of promiscuous reading, and has written fewer memoranda in connection with books than I ever recollect him to have done in the same period. I very much apprehend that he will continue this desultory habit of reading, and feel it painful to resume the old labours to which he once applied himself with fond attention and sustained energy. I see, too, a growing demand in his mind for the acquisition of physical science, geology and chemistry in particular.'

If we trace here 'the dissipation of intellectual energy,' of which he himself complained, we are enabled, on the other hand, to claim Grote as an example of the many-sided minds who do not cramp themselves within too literal a construction of 'Hoc unum ago.' His unabated interest in physical science continued till the close of his life; and he pursued with especial eagerness the most recent discoveries in physiology. Indeed, the love of science, in its true sense, as embracing human as well as natural philosophy, appears in a living stream through his whole History, as well as his whole intellectual life. And this it is which crowns the value of his steadfast witness to the great cause of classical culture, not pursued exclusively and for itself alone, but harmonising, as it did in his own mind, with a taste for all the knowledge that a wide intellect can grasp. He always returned to the great masters of thought: 'A Greek book is the only refuge,' he writes, when snowed-up in the country.

The ensuing four years' struggle of Whig incompetence against the growing force of the Conservative party—a struggle no longer for principles but for place—weaned Grote from any remaining liking for parliamentary

life. In an interesting letter, clearly describing the political situation, he writes:—

'The degeneracy of the Liberal party and their passive acquiescence in everything, good or bad, which emanates from the present Ministry, puts the accomplishment of any political good out of the question, and it is not at all worth while to undergo the fatigue of a nightly attendance in Parliament for the simple purpose of sustaining *Whig* Conservatism against *Tory* Conservatism. I now look wistfully back to my unfinished Greek History. I hope the time will soon arrive when I can restme it.'

His political distaste extended even to his Radical allies, who were falling below his lofty ideal, and gave him but a feeble support in the Ballot debate when he again brought forward the question. 'The flatness of the debate itself,' says Mrs. Grote, 'was incontestable, insomuch that scarcely a soul called to say a word to me respecting it; a melancholy contrast with previous occasions, when the whole corps of Radicals were wont to come and pour out their congratulations in Eccleston Street.'

The causes of the failure of the 'philosophical Radicals' are not far to seek. They never had any sympathy with the current opinions of the English people in any class of society. Mr. John Stuart Mill tells us that 'the motto of their Radicalism was, "Enmity to the aristocratic principle."' But a mere negation is a poor watchword for a party; and though these Radicals hated doubtless an aristocracy of birth, they formed in reality a narrow aristocracy of their own, looking with contempt upon the great mass of their countrymen, as steeped in ignorance and prejudice. They wished to regenerate society according to their own views; and some of their favourite doctrines, to which they clung most tenaciously, were opposed alike to the principles and prejudices of mankind. No wonder that they ignominiously failed. Mr. John Stuart Mill further defines 'philosophical Radicals' as 'those who in politics observe the common manner of philosophers—that is, when they are discussing means, begin by considering the end, and, when they desire to produce effects, think of causes.' But the English people, whether rightly or wrongly, have in politics never loved 'the common manner of philosophers,' and have been content to meet each emergency as it arose, and have made such changes as seemed to them at the time necessary to accomplish the particular object they had in view, without troubling themselves about philosophic causes.

Grote's social nature was always unconsciously expanding itself beyond the old narrow limits:—

'Our hospitalities,' says Mrs. Grote, 'became rather more comprehensive in their scope, as our Radical *habitués* fell out of favour with us both—we even went so far as to accept friendly overtures from Lord and Lady Holland, and to commence intercourse with Holland House; whither Grote would never have consented to go in past times. We also were present at the Queen's Ball at Buckingham Palace, and this, too, without any twinges of conscience on his part.'

Nor was there, even unconsciously, any tampering with conscience. His republicanism was a high-minded theory, never proclaimed with insulting defiance, nor flaunted before the mob as a bid for popularity; he held it from a calm sense of duty to his views of truth, and bore it with the grace and dignity of the perfect gentleman. Such are the men whom kings may well delight to honour, and who can receive honour with perfect honesty.

At this point of the biography we begin to have a peculiar insight into Grote's mind, in his correspondence with George Cornwall Lewis. Their intimacy had begun about 1835, and soon ripened into close friendship. Lewis's absence on his mission to Malta invited the letters, in which Grote—usually averse to letter-writing—poured forth his thoughts freely to a spirit congenial to his own, as well from fellowship in critical scepticism as in classic learning. Lewis's criticism upon Brougham's translation of the speech of Demosthenes upon the Crown calls forth the following remarks upon Brougham, whom Grote always mistrusted and disliked:—

'Your criticism upon that *κοπία, ἡδύλογοι, δημοκρατίας*, Brougham, is quite just; and I dare say you will find materials for ample annotation in his inaccuracies. Speakers are privileged to be inaccurate; and Brougham seems to me to have abnegated his peculiar and appropriate weapon when he exchanged the tongue for the pen. He is essentially a man for the moment—*ἐς τὸ παραχρῆμα*. Classical literature is an unfortunate field for him: no man can make mistakes in it without being tripped up and humiliated.'

The same letter, which is too long for quotation, contains an interesting discussion of the old distinction between *Form* and *Matter*, together with a reference to Grote's studies of Kant's *Kritik*, as well as of Plato and Locke.

When the defeat of the tottering Whig Cabinet, with the consequence of a general election, became imminent, Grote resolved not to offer himself again as a candidate for the City of London, being unwilling, as he said to one of his leading supporters, 'to continue an unavailing and almost solitary strug-

gle in Parliament.' He was in his forty-seventh year when he was set free from Parliament in June, 1841, and he survived exactly thirty years to achieve the real work of his life. We have purposely dwelt at some length on the less known period, in order to show the course by which he was brought, in the full maturity of his mental powers, with experience of business and government, to the well-earned leisure of which he made so good a use. His release from Parliament was followed, two years later, by his retirement from the banking-house, in which he had worked for thirty years. Those who knew him will see no mere compliment in the parting testimony of the clerks to 'the great kindness and amiability at all times shown to them.' Meanwhile, in the autumn of 1841, he had secured a six months' holiday for the long-cherished purpose of visiting 'Italy the blest, the paradise of song,' to use his own phrase, in an 'Ode to the River Thames' (1815); for Grote, too, had tried the lyre with his youthful hand. We must not omit the record of that first sight of the Eternal City, which has formed an epoch in the lives of so many great men:—

'I recollect well the moment when the postilions suddenly halted the carriage, with the customary exclamation of *Ecco la città di Roma!* We were deeply moved; Grote kept straining his sight at the landscape for miles, watching for a nearer view, but hardly uttering a word. After fixing our choice of apartments at the Hôtel de Russie, close to the Porta del Popolo, Grote, impatient to feast his eyes with the long-wished-for scene, proposed a walk. We went up the steps of the "Trinità del Monte," from whence we obtained our first comprehensive view of the Eternal City. The emotion which Grote experienced during this first impression of the magnificence of Rome was profound, and it never seemed to grow less so, as days rolled by.'

A month of hard work at Roman topography was followed by a stay at Naples and a visit to the majestic ruins of Pæstum:—

'This visit to the temples of Pæstum was one which afforded the deepest interest to George Grote. The remote past of Poseidonia rose to his mind, long familiar with the circumstances of its origin, and with the reverential objects of these grand edifices: the sight of these awakening the solemn memories of the people whose early history had formed the favourite subject of his studies through life. He strolled through the temple of Neptune rapt in thought, speaking but little, and moved to wonder and admiration by the beauty and grandeur of the architecture, the imposing size of the columns, and the harmonious colours of the marble, mellowed by the effect of two thousand years of time.

'Before we finally left the temples, I plucked a handful of acanthus leaves, as a "souvenir"

of our journey, and, taking off Grote's hat gently, as he sat on a fallen column, I placed the leaves within its crown, carefully restoring the hat to its former position in silence.

'We reached Salerno late in the evening. On taking off his hat in our inn parlour, Grote exclaimed, "Why, bless me! how could these leaves possibly have got into my hat?" He had been wholly unconscious of the incident, his mind being abstracted from all *present* facts.'

It was after returning from this tour that Grote methodically laid out the scheme of his first two volumes as the real basis of his long contemplated 'History of Greece;' and a foretaste of his first part, 'Greece Legendary,' was given in his review of Niebuhr's 'Griechische Heroen-Geschichten,' in the 'Westminster,' for 1843. It was written, we are told, 'with uncommon zest,' and it certainly unfolded to scholars an entirely new view of the Grecian heroic ages. At the beginning of 1845 two volumes were ready for the press, and now arose the great anxiety of authorship, the question of how to publish:—

"I suppose," said Grote to me one day, "I shall have to print my History at my own expense; for, you see, having little or no literary reputation as yet, no bookseller would like to face the risk of it." I replied, "I am not quite so sure of that, seeing how creditably you acquitted yourself of your parliamentary duties, and how well your pamphlet was received."—"Yes, but all that is forgotten by this time."—"Well," said I, "we must shortly go to London, and I will then inquire among our learned acquaintance who are the booksellers most in repute."

This business brings out one habitual feature of the united life depicted throughout the volume:—

'Such was Grote's habitual aversion to any personal trouble about business matters—except where obligations towards other parties were in question, when he was scrupulous in their discharge—that the negotiation fell entirely to my share. I finally decided to make the offer of "our History" to Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street, who was considered to enjoy the confidence and esteem of the author class.'

On receiving the report of Mr. Murray's willingness to publish the work at his own risk, Grote said, with an amusing mixture of modesty and kindness, 'I only hope that the poor man will not be a loser by me, and then I shall be content, come what may.' It need hardly be said now that the contentment was mutual.

The first two volumes appeared in March, 1846. Grote, we are told, 'was unusually agitated and anxious as to the result.' But

he had not long to wait. The work awakened among students 'the liveliest impression':—

'From all sides congratulation and eulogy flowed in upon the author, insomuch that he himself now began to entertain something like confidence in the success of his long-cherished work. Thus I became, for once, witness of a state of feeling on his part approaching to gratified self-love, which at times would pierce through that imperturbable veil of modesty habitually present with him.'

It is interesting to compare the diverse reception which has been awarded to some of the greatest historical works in our language. Hume was sanguine in his expectations of the success of his 'History of England,' but was miserably disappointed. His publisher told him, that in a twelvemonth he sold only forty-five copies of it; and Hume adds, 'I scarcely, indeed, heard of one man in the three kingdoms, considerable for rank or letters, that could endure the book.' The 'Decline and Fall,' on the contrary, met with instantaneous success. 'I am at a loss,' said Gibbon, 'how to describe the success of the work without betraying the vanity of the writer. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and a third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table, and almost on every toilette.' The reception of Mr. Grote's first two volumes was really very remarkable, when we consider that they consisted almost entirely of disquisitions without any narrative matter, and that the minute account of the Greek legends in the opening chapters tended to repel the reader at the very threshold of the work. Among those who offered their congratulations was the veteran historian Hallam, whose letter upon the question of Troy and Homer is one of the most interesting in the book. We regret that we cannot find space for the whole letter, and can give only the most salient points in it:—

'You have *approfondi* so thoroughly the mythic story of Greece that I should hesitate to dissent from you on any matter of detail. The propositions to which you would assent, as well as myself, with some little limitation, seem to be the following:—1. As Greece was peopled and had some sort of society during the period which we call heroic, or from 1300 to 1000 B.C. in round numbers, there must have been some history, some events, wars and chiefs in wars, kings and their successors. 2. It is highly probable that some fragments of events, as well as names, have descended and become incorporated in the legendary poem. But 3. We have not the means of determining

in any instance, what portion of those legends has an historical basis, even of the narrowest kind. With respect to this third proposition, I am not, as you, quite prepared to assent to it without limitation. All chronology antecedent to 776 B.C. I wholly give up, and I do not like to be confident about any events. Nevertheless, as probability admits of all degrees, I am not yet sure that I do not think some things are worthy of being accounted probable, leaving every man to determine the value of the fraction which expresses it. Thus I adhere, subject to better advice, to the opinion that there was a Trojan war of some kind.

'But it is of most importance in these questions of fact to fix in our minds and our language a precise definition of what we mean by assenting to an historical fact, consisting of many circumstances. Else we may be disputing without knowing the point on which we differ. Every fact—at least, every complex fact—has something analogous to the principle of individuality in substance, something which cannot be taken from it, leaving us at liberty to say it was true; while it has other accessory circumstances,—parts of the narrative,—which we may strip away, and yet leave untouched the general verity.

'Thus, in the war of Troy, no one, by asserting it, is pledged to the Trojan horse, the ten years' duration, or even, perhaps, to the abduction of Helen. On the other hand, a predatory expedition from the coasts of Thessaly against a Phrygian city—though, as we see by example of some mediæval legends, it might be the legendary groundwork—could not be called an historical basis. Thus, also, the existence of a Welsh prince, named Arthur, which is said to have been lately better ascertained, would not authorize us to say that there is an historical basis for the victories ascribed to him, though, as they contain, as a general fact, nothing inconsistent with history, the proof of his existence might be said to add some presumption to the tradition. But though it be true that Attila was a king of the Huns, that Theodoric was born at Rome, and that there was a Gunther who reigned at Worms, these mere names cannot be said to furnish the slightest basis for the Niebelungenlied.

'To return from this digression, I do not quite agree with you, that there is no difference between the war of Troy (the essential principle of individuality as to which I consider to be a general confederacy of Greeks against the city of Troy) and the other legends of the heroic age, such as the Argonautic voyage. It is a Pan-Hellenic conception, and flattered no city, or nation, or family, or divinity. For though the "Iliad" is dedicated, principally, to the glory of Achilles, nothing can be more evident than that the whole mass of legend relative to Greece and Troy had accumulated before the time of Homer.

'Bryant split on the rock of fancying that the story of the "Iliad" was as much the creation of the author as that of the "Fairytale Queen." But this is refuted by the first few lines (which would be unintelligible on this hypothesis), and, indeed, by the whole poem.

'Again, if the Trojan war were the invention of one poet, he must have been a pre-Homeric Homer, as to the magnitude of his work, if not its excellence. And as the story in itself is a single one, notwithstanding its immense copiousness of detail, we cannot ascribe it to a series of unconnected bards. I incline also to think that the catalogue of ships—not pretending that it is accurate history—bears something of an historical character. With respect to other parts of the myths, I think Peloponnesus could only be named from Pelops, and that, as no city bore that appellation—nor is it found to express anything but a proper name of man—we have a fair probability that such a person existed.

* * * * *

'There is one point of importance on which I do not share all your opinions. I am glad to perceive that you are not a Wolfian. Homer's body is not to be torn by wolves, like those of some whom he describes. Yet you go too far, in my judgment, about the double authorship. Like the German critics, you hardly assign enough to æsthetic considerations. If the "Iliad" be one of the greatest works of human genius—if, moreover, a striking unity of style is manifest in the two portions which you separate—is it agreeable to any experience that we should suppose two poets, so great and so similar to have appeared nearly in the same age? Nor is it necessary, even on your hypothesis, since it is quite conceivable that Homer may have enlarged his original poem—an alternative which you put, though you seem to favour the other. And a reason might be alleged for his doing so. The Achilleis, as you call it, sacrifices, in some measure, the national glory to that of one man. It might be found expedient to soothe the Greek hearer by exhibiting Diomed, Ajax, and Agamemnon in their due proportion. It has always struck me that the early books were designed by Homer in this Hellenic spirit; they manifest the real superiority of the Greeks till Zeus threw his might into the scale.

Νίκην μὲν Τρώεσσι δίδου, ἐφόβησε δ' Ἀχαιοὺς.

But whether they were an afterthought, as you suggest, or part of the original conception, I do not determine.'

Of the history itself Hallam says, 'I am even less struck by the copious learning it displays, than by the general soundness of the thinking department.' And soon afterwards he had occasion to convey to Mrs. Grote the impression made upon the learned world in these remarkable words:—

'I have been familiar with the literary world for a very long period, and I can safely affirm that I never knew a book take so rapid a flight to the highest summits of fame as George's new "History of Greece." It has produced a most striking sensation among scholars.'

The quiet record of Mrs. Grote's own part in the work leads to a striking avowal of the guiding principle of the true historian:—

'I may be allowed to mention here my participation in the work, in so far as helping to correct the proofs of Mr. Grote's "History." I was a diligent and conscientious critic, often suggesting changes (and sometimes excisions) in the text of the work. The author usually manifested respect for my remarks, and eventually came to regard my humble assistance as indispensable. I well remember exclaiming to him one day, when going through his account of the "Works and Days," "Now really, George, are you obliged to publish all this absurd and incredible stuff?"—"Certainly, my love. An historian is bound to produce the materials upon which he builds, be they never so fantastic, absurd, or incredible."

On this point George Grote was in perfect concord with Herodotus of Halicarnassus.

The success of the first two volumes incited Grote to prosecute his work with redoubled ardour; and such steady progress had he already made that the third and fourth volumes appeared in the following year (1847). Two years more sufficed for the completion of the fifth and sixth volumes, which appeared in 1849; and as these contained the history of a portion of the Peloponnesian war, the work rose in interest and popularity. Meanwhile a new edition of the early volumes was called for, which occupied much of the historian's time; but, such was his diligence, that another year sufficed for the completion of the seventh and eighth volumes, bringing down the narrative a little beyond the end of the Peloponnesian war, and containing his celebrated chapters on the Sophists and Socrates. These volumes were published in 1850; and in another two years came forth volumes nine and ten (1852). The eleventh volume followed in 1853, but the composition of the concluding volume occupied rather a longer time. The last proof, however, was returned to the printer on the 23rd of December, 1855, and Mrs. Grote celebrated the completion of the 'opus magnum,' by a bowl of punch, 'Grote himself sipping the delicious mixture with great satisfaction whilst manifesting little emotion outwardly, though I could detect unmistakeable signs of inward complacency as I descanted upon "the happiness of our living to see this day," and so forth.' The twelfth volume came out early in March, 1856. Thus in ten years from the publication of the first volumes was this great undertaking brought to a successful termination.

Congratulations and honours flowed in from all sides; but two letters were peculiarly grateful to him. The first was from his intimate friend G. C. Lewis:—

'You have, I think, every reason to look back with satisfaction upon the time and

labour which you have devoted to this great enterprise.

'You have effectually accomplished the object which you set before you, and your success has been generally recognised by competent and impartial judges, and indeed by the general voice of the public.

'All other "Histories" of Greece are superseded by your work; and those who treat the subject hereafter must take your treatment of it as their starting-point.'

The second was from his old schoolfellow, Bishop Thirlwall:—

'I have just received your kind present which I can assure you most sincerely, will be to me the most precious volume in my library.

'While I thank you for it, let me offer you my hearty congratulations on the completion of this glorious monument of learning, genius, and thought, to which I believe no other literature can exhibit a parallel.'

The Bishop had previously, after the appearance of the first two volumes, written a most generous and charming letter, which deserves to be quoted at length:—

'I must reproach myself for having allowed you to remain so long in any degree of uncertainty as to my opinion of your work; but I have found it easier to express it to others than to yourself.

'I will now only say that my expectations, though they had been raised very high, were much more than fulfilled by your first two volumes; and in its progress the work appears to me to have been continually rising, not perhaps in merit, but in value. And when I consider that the most interesting part of your subject lies still before you, I cannot doubt that the feelings of admiration and delight with which I have hitherto accompanied it, will grow stronger and stronger as it proceeds.

'I should have been ashamed of myself if those feelings could have been stifled or abated by my necessary consciousness of the great inferiority of my own performance.

'When I reflect on the very unfavourable condition of a gradually enlarged plan and other adverse circumstances under which it was undertaken and prosecuted, I may well be satisfied with that measure of temporary success and usefulness which has attended it, and can unfeignedly rejoice that it will, for all highest purposes, be so superseded.'

The University of Oxford had, shortly before the termination of the History, conferred upon Grote the honorary degree of D.C.L.; and he was soon afterwards elected a Trustee of the British Museum, and a few years later a Foreign Member of the French Institute in the place of Lord Macaulay. We may also mention his election to 'The Club,' as it is now called *par excellence*, and the more so as Gibbon had thought his own membership worthy of record in his Autobiography. 'From the mixed, though polite,

company of Boodle's, White's, and Brook's,' says Gibbon, 'I must honourably distinguish a weekly society, which was instituted in the year 1764, and which still continues to flourish, under the title of the Literary Club. The names of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, Mr. Topham Beauclerc, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Colman, Sir William Jones, Dr. Percy, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Adam Smith, Mr. Steevens, Mr. Dunning, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Warton and his brother Mr. Thomas Warton, Dr. Burney, &c., form a large and luminous constellation of British stars.' The subsequent history of the Club, which has continued in unabated vigour to the present day, is told by Lord Stanhope in an interesting episode in his 'History of England.' Grote constantly attended the meetings of the Club, 'with more and more interest and relish,' says Mrs. Grote, 'as years rolled on. On returning from a good "meet" he would sometimes even recount the conversation to me, confessing that "it certainly was the best literary talk to be had in London."'

The sale of the work was large, and Mrs. Grote records with natural satisfaction the erection of a small country-house on a park at East Burnham, to which she gave the name of 'History Hut,' because 'the cost of erection was furnished by the profits accruing from the book.'*

On the completion of the 'History' Grote enjoyed a well-earned holiday in a visit to

* As the 'History of Greece' has led us to speak more than once of the 'Decline and Fall,' it may interest our literary friends, in connexion with the sale of Grote's work, to learn, from Gibbon's correspondence, now little read, a statement of the profits of the first volume of the 'Decline and Fall.'

State of the Account of Mr. Gibbon's Roman Empire. Third Edition. First Volume, No. 1000.

April 30, 1777.	£.	s.	d.
Printing 90 sheets, at 1 <i>l.</i> 6 <i>s.</i> , with notes at bottom of the page . . .	117	0	0
180 reams of paper, at 1 <i>9s.</i> . . .	171	0	0
Paid the corrector, extra care . . .	5	5	0
Advertisements and incidental expenses.	16	15	0
	310	0	0

	£.	s.	d.
1000 books, at 16 <i>s.</i> . . .	800	0	0
Deduct as above . . .	310	0	0
Profit on this edition when sold	490	0	0

Mr. Gibbon's two-thirds is . . .	326	13	4
Messrs. Strahan and Cadell's . . .	163	6	8
	490	0	0

the South of France and the North of Italy; but before starting he wrote an article for the 'Edinburgh Review' upon his friend Lewis's book, 'An Inquiry into the credibility of Early Roman History.' In his journey southwards he was particularly struck with the personal beauty of the women of Arles, 'the ancient Roman type being unmistakably present, even after the lapse of centuries.' He was keenly sensitive to beauty in every form; and the charms of early spring on the Italian side of the Alps gave him intense pleasure. 'The luxuriance and variety of the wild flowers on the way stirred Grote to enthusiasm, and he was perpetually halting the carriage to allow of his leaping out to pluck them for me.' Mr. and Mrs. Grote returned home through Switzerland, visiting, among other places, the rocky chasms of the baths of Pfeffers, Grote exclaiming, laughingly, 'I do believe this must be the veritable Hades!'

Immediately on his return, after an absence of ten weeks, Grote set steadily to work, in the summer of 1856, upon the composition of his 'Plato.' It occupied him nearly nine years, and was published in 1865, in three thick octavo volumes. Except when interrupted by his administrative duties, of which more presently, Grote never deviated from his system of daily labour:—

'He rose regularly at 8 A.M., and after taking a short walk, ate a slight breakfast of coffee and bread-and-butter, with now and then an egg. At 10 A.M. I usually took my morning repast, at which Grote always "assisted," and then (after laying out our plans for the afternoon, and looking at each other's letters) withdrew to his study, followed by the spitz-dog "Dora." This little pet of "the Master's" never failed to establish herself on his lap so soon as he sat down to work, remaining there for hours—unless when George had occasion to seek for a book, or to mend his fire, when he would put her down gently, replacing "Dora" on his knees afterwards—and I can vouch for it, that the greater portion of the volumes of his "Plato" were written over the back of this little favourite. After luncheon, at 2 P.M., she returned no more to the study, considering herself as my satellite for the rest of the day.'

His guests, as Mrs. Grote rightly says, 'always respected his studious ways, and accepted the pleasure of his company with all the more relish, since it was limited in its measure.' After luncheon he took a walk of considerable length, as he always made daily exercise a point of duty. During these walks he poured out to his friends his accumulated stores of intellectual wealth; and many now alive look back upon these rambles in Grote's company in Kent and Surrey as some of the

most charming and instructive incidents in their lives. Rain seldom prevented him from taking his usual exercise; but, when prevented from going abroad, he generally played a game or two at billiards. If alone, he devoted his evenings as well as mornings to study; but when friends were stopping in his house, he gave to them the remainder of the day, and usually played after dinner a rubber or two of whist, of which he was particularly fond. In his diet he was very abstemious; he ate sparingly, but drank a few glasses of good wine, old port being the wine which he relished most. His administrative duties occupied much of his time. Of these he gives an account in a letter to his friend Lewis, at the time Home Secretary, who had asked him to serve on a Commission of Inquiry then in contemplation:—

‘The Commission of Inquiry to which you allude in your note is one of importance, and one to which it would be an honour to belong; but I regret very sincerely to say that I cannot serve on it.

‘My reason is simply this: I am already a member of three administrative Boards, which, taken together, absorb quite as much of my time as I can possibly abstract from study. On all of them I attend regularly, and perform an active part; for I have always had strong objection to being enrolled on a Board and not attending to it regularly; and, in point of fact (as you know well), members who do not attend regularly might as well not attend at all.

‘The three Boards are: the British Museum—the University of London—University College. The two last of the three I cherish especially, because they openly proclaim and sincerely carry out the principle of purely secular instruction, literary and scientific—without any reference to religion. In the British Museum also I take a warm interest, partly from the same absence of the religious element, partly from the great force of positive association with its prodigious treasures of art, literature, and science. Last month, when the Standing Committee were re-elected, and when the attendances of all the members for the past year were numbered and laid on the table, my number of attendances was thirty-two, exceeding that of any other trustee.’

His acceptance at a later period of the Vice-Chancellorship of the University of London made still further demands upon his time. He took the most active part in the administration of its affairs, and became, in fact, the guiding and governing spirit of the Institution.

The publication of the ‘Plato,’ we have already said, took place in 1865, but even before the work appeared, Grote, now in his seventy-first year, commenced the ‘Aristotle.’ That he should live to finish this gigantic undertaking, which would have taxed the

mature powers of a much younger man, was hardly to be expected; but Grote himself did not despair of completing the work, and three years later (in 1868) he thus speaks of his mental powers in an interesting letter to Professor Bain:—

‘My power of doing work is sadly diminished as to *quantity*, as my physical powers in walking are; but as to *quality* (both perspicacity, memory, and suggestive association bringing up new communications), I am sure that my intellect is as good as ever it was (I shall be 74, November 17th).’

Those who enjoyed his intimacy will confirm the accuracy of this statement. Never did his intellect shine brighter than in these later years; and, as his general health continued good, his friends looked forward hopefully to the future. In 1869 he paid a visit to the Continent, enjoying his stay at Paris, where he and Mrs. Grote had many friends. It was the time at which the restrictions upon the press had been relaxed, and when, in consequence of the Emperor Napoleon’s health, speculations as to the future were rife. One incident recorded by Mrs. Grote deserves mention on account of its connection with subsequent events:—

‘On one afternoon we received a visit at our hotel from two friends, both Frenchmen—the Count A. de Circourt and the Count de Belvèze. Towards the end of the visit, M. de Belvèze, amused by Grote’s seeming to doubt the chances of France returning to Republicanism, in spite of all that the two friends had been telling him of its probability, said, “Well, now, I will recount to you what befel me this very day, and you shall judge whether the incident does not confirm our own opinions. I was on my way to call on my physician, when I met M. Thiers. ‘Come with me,’ cries he, ‘and we will have a talk as we walk.’—‘I cannot do so, for I *must* go and see Dr. * * *.’—‘Ah! never mind your doctor, a walk with me will do you much more good than any doctor!’” Thus saying, Thiers tucked his arm under that of M. de Belvèze, and off they went together; naturally, since I never knew any one to resist the fascination of M. Thiers’ company, if offered to him. M. de Belvèze certainly could not, anyhow. They plunged at once into the “situation actuelle,” of course. “You know,” said M. Thiers, “as well as every one else, that I never was a Republican: my whole life has been passed in antagonism with Republican doctrines.”—“Certainly,” rejoined M. de Belvèze, “we know it enough.”—“Well,” replied M. Thiers, “for all that, I will frankly own to you that I have of late come to think differently. In plain terms, I am now profoundly persuaded *qu’il n’y a rien de possible que la République*.”—“Now, what say you to this *conversion de foi*?” said M. de Belvèze, smiling. We all held our peace. The communication seemed to take all three of us by surprise.’

Shortly after his return to England Mr. Grote was surprised at receiving a letter from Mr. Gladstone containing the offer of a peerage. It was declined for the same reasons which Grote gave in his letter to Lewis already quoted. All his most intimate friends agreed that he had acted rightly, and that there would have been an obvious incongruity in the former Radical member of the House of Commons and theoretical Republican taking his seat in the House of Lords. But Grote's own remarks on the subject are instructive, as showing the change which had come over many of his old opinions:—

“‘To be sure’ (Grote would say), ‘it is one of the most overlooked for events that could have overtaken me in my old age, to have the offer of a peerage! I am never tired of wondering at the bare notion of my passing from the ‘Radical’ to the House of Lords, at this time of the day.’—‘Well, you see, it is because you earned the confidence of the ‘Radicals’ through your House of Commons period that you would now be regarded as representing the popular interest in the Lords, and so, your voice would carry the more weight with the country when you gave utterance to your sentiments.’—‘Yes, that might be so. But the opinions of the so-called Radicals of the present day do not accurately represent those which I and my friends held thirty years ago, and which I continue to hold, substantively. Indeed, I do not think that, personally, I should have found myself ill-assorted with the members of the Upper House, in which there are many able and well-instructed individuals, moved by the purest impulses towards good legislation: and I dare say I *might* have lent a useful support to a Government disposed to sound views, on many subjects. My insuperable objection, really, is to the altering of my framework of existence in any way.’”

Verily a great change from the ‘aversion, at an early period of his life, to everything tinctured with aristocratic tastes and forms of opinion’ (to use Mrs. Grote's own words), which James Mill had instilled into the mind of his youthful disciple!

Towards the end of 1870, the insidious malady, which terminated fatally next year, made its appearance. Grote, however, would not give up his usual administrative duties, and continued till three weeks before his death in the undiminished enjoyment of his intellectual powers. It was only one or two evenings before the fatal change took place that the conversation turned on the death of Condorcet. On this occasion Grote showed that his memory was as keen as ever. In reply to a question that had been put to him, Grote gave an animated account of Condorcet's apprehension, specifying the date, the name of the village, and of the keeper of the inn where he was seized, with

many other particulars. We all listened with surprise, well knowing what progress his malady had made. He died on the 18th of June, 1871, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, his remains being followed to the grave by many of the most distinguished men in literature, science, and art, as well as by some of the greatest nobles and statesmen of the land.

It remains to say a few words upon Mr. Grote as an Historian, a Philosopher, and an attentive observer of the events of his own time.

Of the qualities which distinguish Mr. Grote from all the former historians of Greece, we spoke on the occasion of reviewing his completed ‘History.’* We recur to a topic so needful to a complete view of the historian's life, the rather as it can now be illustrated by comparison with a rival work of later date. It is the fate of all but the very best productions of human thought, to displace works of lesser merit, only to be displaced in their turn, like the strong man holding his house till a mightier than he cometh. So, among the historians of Greece, like the Titan, Cronus, and Jove of her mythology, Mitford was hurled down to Tartarus by Thirlwall; ‘he from mightier Grote like measure found,’ and was banished from the Universities to the Hesperian regions of his own diocese; but the third ruler is doomed to fall, if we have heard aright the Promethean oracles from our seats of learning, before the German Curtius. In this there is much of the mere fashion of novelty, as if novelty must needs be progress, and perhaps something of the affected superiority of acquaintance with foreign learning, which leads many to suppose that the best books are written in German, and that the last German book must necessarily be the best.

This changeful method of giving the highest place to each new book in turn is unjust to all, as well as a puerile evasion of the duty of searching criticism and decided judgment. Not to take up the defence of Mitford, though even in him there is much that deserves to live, we protest *in toto* against the idea that a work of high merit can be superseded by another, the merits of which are sure to be of a different kind according to the different gifts of the writers. Grote has no more superseded Thirlwall, than he is superseded by Curtius. Each contributes something needful to the full conception of Hellenic life, and its place in the history of the world. Thirlwall—the most deeply learned, as Hare was the most philo-

* ‘Quarterly Review,’ June 1856, vol. xcix.

sophical and imaginative, and Lewis the most keenly critical, of the band of scholars who taught England the new German methods of studying philology and ancient history—placed the early history of the Hellenic race on the basis of ethnology, substituted for the fables of the heroic age a vivid picture of her social state drawn from Homer, and embodied in his narrative of the historical age the soundest conclusions that scholarship could draw from the original authorities, while combating old-fashioned errors and modern vagaries with an irony which is at times almost too keen to be detected. Curtius, coming after a generation of continued criticism on questions which were new in Thirlwall's time, and of unwearied study of the land and art and all the outward accessories of Hellenic life, propounds views of disputed questions which, whether right or wrong, are always well worth studying, and sets the history in the light of those scenes, many of which he has seen as a traveller, and of the surroundings which make it a living picture.

For our own part, if a definite choice must be made, we should prefer the work of the calm critical scholar to that of scholarship equally sound, but striving at effect by an effort which is too often a source of subjective delusion. Our point, however, is that neither Thirlwall nor Curtius ought to be disparaged; but that neither attains to that standard of the true historian, which marks a work as the first, that is pre-eminent, in its kind, and therefore sure never to be superseded, but to remain as the point of departure of all that may come after it, correcting doubtless many errors, setting many things in a new and truer light, and sifting and refining many a disputed question over and over again, till the ore left unreduced has yielded its pure residuum of truth. But all such work will be performed with constant reference to the great authority, who first opened the true path, just as all geometry (*pace* the innovators to whom nothing is sacred) begins from Euclid, all sciences of observation from the *Novum Organum*, all astronomy from the *Principia*. He is the destined *One*, who sounds the trumpet-call of truth, at which the defences long assailed by the pioneers of criticism fall down, and the sleeping forms of a past age rise up instinct with life. In this sense and not merely as the best writer of Greek History hitherto, do we vindicate for Grote the title applied to him, through his biography, of **THE HISTORIAN**—in contrast to the scholar or the picturesque delineator—and for this reason (putting aside the question of superiority or inferiority in qualities possessed

in common) incomparable in kind with such writers as Curtius, or even Thirlwall. The venerable scholar, who was the first to congratulate his successful rival, will best know how perfectly consistent this judgment is with profound respect, nay, we will say reverent admiration, for his unspeakable services to Greek scholarship.

Mr. Grote attained this supreme distinction of opening the right way by coming to his work with the living qualities of the active politician and of the profound philosopher, as well as with the free exercise of human sympathies, and their necessary complement, antipathies. It is quite a secondary matter whether his politics were right, his philosophy sound, his sympathies generous, according to his own kindly nature, or occasionally (in the phrase of his biographer) somewhat intolerant. The excess of this living interest, which has often converted the historian into the partisan, was in him kept under the control of a most conscientious love of truth. Even on the ground of democratic politics it may seem a paradox to some to affirm that Grote is less of a partisan than Thirlwall. The one—by the fault rather of his predecessor's errors than his own—seems to be frequently turning his subjects into a defence of liberal principles against the toryism of Mitford, with whom he thus shares the error of importing modern party contests into the politics of states which were based on ideas essentially different from ours. Grote takes that essential difference for the ground from which he contemplates the whole policy of the Greek republics, and opens our eyes to what may be said, what *must* be said, for their ideas from their own point of view. We do not say that he omits to draw inferences, whether by elaborate argument or quiet *innuendo*, in favour of his own views; but he is read quite amiss by those who think this his object, or who set to work to discuss whether his politics are right or wrong. His experience as a politician and his knowledge of human nature enabled him to see and teach what like all great lessons, seems so simple when once learnt, that the most refined and intellectual people that ever lived could form and govern their states on principles very strange to us, and even follow the leadership of Cleon and the teaching of the Sophists, without being madmen or fools, or, at the least, bugbears to all of sound faith in politics or philosophy.

This is but one example of that power of placing himself in the position of the people whose life he is describing, which is the key to Grote's greatest merits. The same quality enables him to view the events of

their history from their own prevailing belief in the constant interposition of their gods, without spoiling the whole spirit of the narrative by reflections on their superstition, or rationalising explanations. The ethical view of human life, which was the prevailing habit of Grote's mind, imparts its interest to all the actions which he records as those of men who were moved by like passions with ourselves, and which he is able to explain on this principle when they seem most extravagant, whether the Persian monarch vents his rage on the impassive ocean or the Athenian people violate all law to take vengeance on their generals for their sons and brothers drowned at Arginusæ, or to suffer the reaction of extreme repentance the moment their fury has found vent in the mere act of passing sentence on the Mitylenæans. We recur to such examples in order to mark, not simply the inferiority of Curtius, but his apparent insensibility to the ethical element which gives to Grote's narrative not merely its charm, but the charm of truth. On this ground, at least, the preference of Curtius to Grote would be a return from light to darkness. It is not a question of preferring insight to authorities, but of testing the authorities by the criterion of truth itself. The keen criticism and sound common sense of Bishop Thirlwall rescued the History of Greece from perversion by a confusion of all sorts of authorities, good and bad; but it was reserved for Grote to bring the original authorities themselves to the test of truth and nature; and the boldness with which he has dared to apply the test to Thucydides himself is one quality which will secure for his work the honour which the contemporary historian claimed, as a *κτῆμα ἐξ ἀεί.*

Of Grote's philosophical views we can give only an outline, without stopping to dwell upon our dissent from them, which would require an article by itself. His philosophy was strongly marked and thorough in its character. No man has gone beyond him, and very few have come up to him, in the strength of his adherence to the Experience School of Intellectual Philosophy, and to the principle of Utility as the basis of Ethics. Never for one moment did he falter in his avowal of these views. Logic and Mental Science were with him life-long studies, the interest growing, rather than diminishing, with his years. He was a master of all the ancient as well as the modern sources of both departments. In both he made many original and felicitous suggestions.

He embraced with ardour the extension

of the province of Logic from the scholastic or syllogistic field to the inductive, as finally consummated in the work of John Stuart Mill, and entered with avidity into the detail of the inductive methods for scientific enquiry. He had a keen interest in physical science, but most of all in its logical side, and acutely criticised the shortcomings of the most recent treatises as regarded logical method. He repudiated innate or *a priori* foundations of the mathematical and physical, as well as the metaphysical sciences. In the alleged instinctive truths he saw nothing but a pretext for giving play to emotional bias, and expressed his astonishment that a man with the erudition of Sir William Hamilton could admit as a test of truth the mind's incapability of conceiving anything different from this or that particular doctrine.

In the great psychological controversy regarding External Perception he was a thorough Berkeleian. He commenced the study of Berkeley in his youth, and, in a letter written at the time, announced himself as half-convinced, but yet reluctant to admit the conclusion. In later life he examined the controversy on every side, and deliberately pronounced in favour of the Berkeleian view (when modified and guarded). He derived, in the first instance, from Plato and Aristotle, the doctrine of the Relativity of Knowledge, which had been conceived by them with more or less steadiness, and he followed it up with various applications, one of which was the mutual implication of the Subject and Object in Perception.

His adhesion to the principle of Utility as the basis of Morals is seen in many discussions in the 'Plato'; and he takes occasion to support it against the counter-arguments of the Platonic speakers in the Republic and elsewhere. He also adverted strongly to the difficulties arising out of the different estimates of mankind as to the value of pleasures; in consequence of which the most opposite moral rules might be drawn from the utilitarian creed.

His reflections on the subject of Ethics were very wide in their compass; and it will ever be a matter of regret that he did not overtake the Aristotelian treatises, which alone would have sufficed to give scope for his accumulated observations. His account of the Cynics and Cyrenaics in the 'Plato,' and his short notices of the Stoics and the Epicureans, reprinted in the 'Aristotle,' afford valuable indications of his Ethical point of view.

He finished only a small portion of his projected work on Aristotle, the remains of which were published after his death, under

the superintendence of his friends Professors Bain and Robertson.* This work contains a biography of Aristotle, and a general account of his writings, together with a critical analysis of all the treatises included under the title 'Organon.' The Editors have also reprinted several other contributions, which Grote had previously made to the study of Aristotle. Of these the most important is an elaborate essay on the 'De Animâ,' the composition of which occupied the greater part of the year 1868. He took especial pains with this work, respecting which he said to Mrs. Grote: 'Should I not live to complete my Aristotle, those who follow me will find, in my paper on the "De Animâ," the soul and essence of that great Philosopher's thoughts and speculations, and they will be assisted to work out the vein for future students by what I have done before them.'

Passing from the consideration of Mr. Grote as an historian and a philosopher to the opinions which he held on other subjects, we may observe, as we have already intimated, that many of his views underwent considerable change in the later period of his life. It would not be correct to attribute this change, as some have done, merely to the mellowing effect of advancing years, or to that wholesome dread of change which, in course of time, insensibly steals over even the greatest innovator. Grote never allowed sentiment to prevail over reason; and it was only the inexorable logic of facts, and the necessary deductions which he drew from them, which led him to abandon his most cherished convictions. 'Ever alive to the lessons of practical wisdom' (says Mrs. Grote), 'as gained by his acute observation of men and things, he never shrank from confessing to such changes as they might happen to generate in his mind.' It was an instructive lesson to hear the wise old man imparting the results of his matured experience, and candidly owning, though it cost him a moral wrench to make the confession, that some of the cardinal articles of his political faith were no longer tenable. 'I have outlived,' he said, 'three great illusions. First, I always held that if supreme power were held by the people, it would be exercised more righteously than when entrusted to one person or a few. But this I have now found to be a mistake. Secondly, I always maintained that Ireland might be made contented and loyal by governing her in the same way as England, and for that reason I constantly opposed, when in Parliament, the enactment of Coercion Bills,

and all exceptional legislation in reference to the sister kingdom. But I grieve to say that I have now come to a different conclusion. Thirdly, I cherished the persuasion that as the people advanced in intelligence and material prosperity, they would esteem it a duty and a privilege to educate their own children, without invoking the assistance of the State or any other body. But this I find to be the greatest delusion of all, and I must add that the rich have done their best to instil into the people the notion that the education of their children belongs to others.'

We may add a few observations in illustration of these three points, partly drawn from Mrs. Grote's book, and partly from our own recollections. In reference to the first, Mrs. Grote correctly remarks that he would never acknowledge himself other than republican in sentiment, to the very close. 'To renounce this was more than could be expected of a lifelong partisan and eloquent panegyrist of that form of government. All that he would admit in its disparagement was that republican institutions formed no more effectual safeguard against the *abuse of power* than monarchy, though he should prefer the former.' She adds that he once said, in conversing with her in 1867 about the United States:—

'I have outlived my faith in the efficacy of Republican government regarded as a check upon the vulgar passions of a majority in a nation, and I recognise the fact that supreme power lodged in their hands *may* be exercised quite as mischievously as by a despotic ruler like the first Napoleon. The conduct of the Northern States, in the late conflict with the Southern States, has led me to this conclusion, though it costs me much to avow it, even to myself.'

The conduct of the Northern States towards the South was opposed to some of Grote's most deeply-seated convictions. He had admired the United States republic as a collection of autonomous states; he always considered that each State had the right to settle its own internal affairs; and he looked with abhorrence upon the attempt of the majority to impose their own opinions, whether on slavery or any other subject, upon the dissentient minority. Moreover, the attitude which the United States assumed towards England seemed to him preeminently unjust, and called forth the following remarkable expression of opinion in a letter to his friend Lewis, written in 1862:—

'I quite agree in the remarks contained in your last note about the unreasonable and in

* London, 2 vols. 8vo. 1872.

sane language of the Americans against England.

'The perfect neutrality of England, in this destructive civil war now raging in America, appears to me almost a phenomenon in political history.

'No such forbearance has been shown during the political history of the last two centuries. It is the single case in which the English Government and public, generally so over-meddlesome, have displayed most prudent and commendable forbearance, in spite of great temptations to the contrary. And the way in which the North Americans have requited such forbearance is alike silly and disgusting. I never expected to have lived to think of them so unfavourably as I do at present. Amidst their very difficult present circumstances, they have manifested little or nothing of those qualities which inspire sympathy and esteem, and very much of all the contrary qualities; and among the worst of all their manifestations is their appetite for throwing the blame of their misfortunes on guiltless England.'

His views respecting Ireland were greatly influenced by the firm conviction of the enduring power of the papacy, and of the hold which the priests have over the Irish people. 'The papacy,' he said, 'has its roots in the credulity and fears of mankind, and is likely to endure for a long day: be sure of that, if of nothing else.' The fruitless results of all concessions to Ireland called from him, in 1870, the memorable declaration, which he made with a mournful tone and manner: 'I have arrived at the conviction that it will never be possible to govern Ireland otherwise than as a conquered country.' 'Those,' adds Mrs. Grote, 'who knew George Grote will appreciate the homage rendered to Reason, when, in deference to its force, he could bring himself to put aside the long-cherished impulses of his generous nature.'

Mr. Grote deprecated the growing tendency of Liberal politicians to invoke the intervention of the State in numerous matters which he maintained were far better left in the hands of private persons. He considered that it was the duty of parents to educate their own children, and that all the usual arguments for the State undertaking this task were equally valid to prove that the State ought to clothe and feed the people. For this reason, notwithstanding his adherence to the principle of secularism in education, he entirely disapproved of the establishment of school-boards, as throwing upon the rates a burden properly belonging to the parents themselves.

He had no sympathy with the favourite dogma of the present Radicals that the working classes are more enlightened in their political ideas, and more fit to be

entrusted with the exercise of political power than the upper and the middle classes. On the contrary, the Sheffield outrages, and the way in which the Trades Unions interfere with the right of the individual to act as he pleases—a principle always dear to him—caused him the gravest apprehensions. Hence he took little interest in the extension of the franchise and even in the passing of his favourite measure, the Ballot. On this point, Mrs. Grote records a curious and interesting conversation:—

'In the month of February [1870], a member of Parliament had moved for "leave to bring in a Bill for Ballot at Elections," and Lord Hartington manifesting no intention of opposing the measure on the part of the Government, we were led to anticipate its being at no distant day accepted by the House of Commons. Remarking to the Historian, at my breakfast, what a change had come about, in relation to this question, since *our* parliamentary days, he replied, "Yes, certainly, the Ballot seems to me, now, not unlikely to be ere long carried."

"Well, then, you will have lived to see your own favourite measure triumph over all obstacles, and you will of course feel great satisfaction thereat?"

"I should have done so had it not been for the recent alteration in the suffrage. Since the wide expansion of the voting element, I confess that the value of the Ballot has sunk in my estimation. I do not, in fact, think the elections will be affected by it, one way or another, as far as party interests are concerned."

"Still, you will at all events get at the genuine preference of the constituency in choosing their candidate."

"No doubt; but then, again, I have come to perceive that the choice between one man and another, among the English people, signifies less than I used formerly to think it did. Take a section of society, cut it through from top to bottom, and examine the composition of the successive layers. They are much alike throughout the scale. The opinions, all based upon the same social instincts: never upon a clear or enlightened perception of *general interests*. Every particular class pursuing its own, the result is, a universal struggle for the advantages accruing from *party* supremacy. The English mind is much of one pattern, take whatsoever class you will. The same favourite prejudices, amiable and otherwise; the same antipathies, coupled with ill-regulated, though benevolent efforts to eradicate human evils, are well-nigh universal: modified, naturally, by instruction, among the highly educated few; but *they* hardly affect the course of out-of-doors sentiment. I believe, therefore, that the actual composition of Parliament represents with tolerable fidelity the British people. And it will never be better than it is, for a House of Commons cannot afford to be above its own constituencies, in intelligence, knowledge, or patriotism."

On no point was his divergence from the

advanced Liberals of the present day more marked than in the estimate which they form of the later teaching of his old friend, John Stuart Mill. Grote was entirely opposed to almost all the social and economical views which Mill latterly endeavoured to promulgate. We remember his expressing on one occasion his entire dissent from these views, and he spoke with a degree of bitterness upon the subject most unusual with him. 'I deeply regret,' he said, 'the mischievous teaching of John Mill. He has abandoned the true principles of political economy. He seems to me to have a fanatical hatred against the rich, simply because they are rich. I verily believe he is doing more injury than any man in the present day by his attempt to confiscate property under the plea of the "unearned increment" of land, and by his other socialistic doctrines.' This testimony is the more remarkable, as Grote continued to cherish unabated personal affection for Mill, and always spoke of his System of Logic in terms of admiration.

The disestablishment of the Irish Church met with his hearty approval; and in conversations with ourselves, he frequently combated the opinion expressed in this 'Review,' in favour of making a State provision for the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland. But, on the other hand, he entirely disapproved of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill, as violating the right which every man ought to possess of making such contracts as he chooses without the interference of the State with his private concerns. On this point again he was in direct opposition to Mill's favourite views.

We have already said enough in the course of this article to convey to our readers some idea of Grote's intellectual and moral qualities. But no one, except those in familiar intercourse with him, can have a just conception of the vast extent of his knowledge, and of the readiness with which it was produced as occasion required. With the literature of his own country, and with that of France, Germany, and Italy, he was as familiar as with his favourite Greek and Roman authors. He possessed in particular an unrivalled acquaintance with the French literature of the eighteenth century; and, as to the French Revolution, there was not a single book or fugitive pamphlet on the subject which he had not read. It is, indeed, to be regretted that Mrs. Grote was unable to persuade him, upon the completion of his 'History of Greece,' to undertake the history of the eighteenth century and of the French Revolution, instead of his works on Plato and Aristotle. Others might

have given as masterly an analysis as he has done of the writings of Plato, but no one, we believe, could have brought to the treatment of French history and literature the same historical and philosophical training, and the same profound knowledge of the subject, which he possessed.

His memory was as strong and accurate as Macaulay's. No matter what the subject of conversation might be, Grote would always throw light upon it by an apt quotation from either a well-known or an obscure author. On one occasion at his house at Barrow Green, the conversation turned on Dante, and one of the party present, himself an accomplished scholar, remarking that no English writer of the seventeenth century mentions Dante, Grote immediately rejoined, 'don't you recollect the lines of Milton!—

'Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,
Met in the milder shades of purgatory.'

'On another occasion, when dining with his friend, the Dean of St. Paul's (Milman), the subject of modern Latinity was introduced. 'One of the best specimens of modern Latin,' said Grote, 'is the Preface to Linnaeus's "System of Nature,"' of which he immediately repeated whole paragraphs. It would be easy to multiply similar anecdotes, but space warns us to draw our remarks to a close.

Of Mr. Grote's uprightness and love of truth, as well as of his courtesy, gentleness, and respect for the feelings of others, we have already spoken; but we cannot conclude without bearing our own testimony to his steadfastness and faithfulness towards his friends. He was slow in admitting any one to his intimacy, but when he had once formed a friendship, there was hardly any thing he would not do to serve his friend, even at the sacrifice of his favourite studies, and of his own personal comfort and inclinations. To him, indeed, may those lines of Chaucer be well applied, with which Mrs. Grote has so appropriately closed the 'Life':—

'And though that he was worthy, he was wise,
And in his port as meek as is a maid.
He never yet no vilanie ne said,
In all his life, unto no manner wight.
He was a very parfitte gentle knight.'

ART. V.—1. *A Perambulation of the Ancient and Royal Forest of Dartmoor and the Venville Precincts.* By Samuel Rowe, A.M., Vicar of Crediton. Plymouth and London, 1848.

2. *Transactions of the Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science, Literature, and Art.* Plymouth, 1862–72.

3. *Dartmoor: a Descriptive Poem.* By N. J. Carrington. London, 1826.

4. *Dartmoor Days; or Scenes in the Forest.* A Poem. By the Rev. E. W. L. Davies, M.A. London, 1863.

THERE are still some pleasant corners of England, in which it is possible not merely to imagine oneself carried back into a remote country, but to enjoy practically some of its picturesque discomforts. During the snow-storm of the past winter for example, a coach (for that vehicle, in its true ancient form, has not quite disappeared in the west) passing under the bastion of Dartmoor which projects between Okehampton and Tavistock found its progress entirely stopped by the heavy drift; and the passengers were compelled to spend the night round the fire of a moorland hostelry, where it is to be presumed they passed the time in the manner regarded as most appropriate by poets and novelists, and communicated the stories of their several lives. This, of course, was an exceptional piece of good luck; but we can promise much old-fashioned roughness, mixed with a good deal of old-fashioned simple hospitality, to all who care to explore the wild forest of Dartmoor, and the stretch of romantic country which forms its border. That the ancient speech and manners of this district will survive much longer is not very probable. We lately heard, indeed, an honest old moorman thus reprove the modern refinement of his daughter,—‘Wa-asp!—why can’t ee zay *waps* like any Christin? I can’t abear zich old methodistical ways;’ but it may be feared that the younger generation will have its will, and that as the country becomes more accessible, it will cease to be what it now is,—the stronghold of old Devonshire speech and tradition. Yet if these things pass away, the land itself cannot well be changed. No cultivation will ever climb the sides of the tors. No plough will ever be driven through the deep, black peat soil of the heaths and valleys. Dartmoor itself will always rise like a huge granite fortress, round which the tide of cultivation surges in vain. It has been frequented at various times, and, perhaps by various races, for special objects,—chiefly for the sake of its tin, since it is, or was, in old Westcote’s words, ‘richer in the bowels than on the face thereof;’ but in all its main fea-

tures it is still the same as in the earliest age of history:—

‘Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower

To the rude Briton, when in wolf-skin vest,
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock.’ *

Whilst the lowlands of England have undergone so much change, and in many parts of the country are losing more and more of their natural beauty under the operations of ‘scientific’ agriculture, every visit to such an untouched, unchanging fastness as this of Dartmoor, where nature is still paramount and the works of man count for very little, seems to bring new delight and fresh strength, like a touch of the true ‘earth-mother.’ Even the manœuvres of the coming autumn, which threaten much discomposure to the pixies and other old inhabitants of Dartmoor, and which will people the solitude almost as densely as the Sierra Morena in days discoursed by Don Quixote, when there was a hermit behind every rock, and a disconsolate knight beside every streamlet—will in no way affect the primitive character of the district, although they may produce some novel effects of colour.

All hilly moorlands have, of course, a certain general resemblance. But as, in spite of Dr. Johnson’s dictum, no green field is precisely like any one of its fellows, so there are marked points of difference between each mountainous district, which it is the delight of the true lover of nature to discover and to dwell upon, and which make themselves felt even while they remain unnoticed. As far as scale and grandeur of outline are concerned, it would be idle to compare Dartmoor with North Wales or with Cumberland; yet we have returned to its wastes of heather fresh from Cader Idris or Helvellyn, and even from the most impressive scenery of the Scottish Highlands, and have found that its peculiar charm gained rather than suffered by the contrast. The secret of this charm it is not so easy to put into words, although it has been recognised by strangers as freely as by natives; and we remember hearing the late Sir Henry Delabeche say, that no true naturalist or lover of wild scenery had ever visited Dartmoor without wishing to return to it. The broad lines of difference between Dartmoor and other English and Welsh wastes are plain enough. It is not, like Wales or the Lake country, a district of mountains, but is rather an elevated plateau, from which the tors, crested and strewn with granite, break upwards at intervals. Granite, again, differs altogether

* Wordsworth. Sonnet ‘to Twilight.’

in outline and in the forms it produces, from the slates of Wales and of Cumberland, or from the limestones of Yorkshire. And the rock in turn influences one feature which gives an especial character to such a region—the colouring of the water. The numberless streams of Dartmoor descend ‘from the heathery hill,’ dashing and sparkling along their boulder-strewn beds, and reflecting, where they lie in deep hollows, the clear brown of the moss and peat soil which they gather on their way. Where this is absent, and where they flow over ‘stickles,’ or along smooth masses of granite, they are absolutely colourless. That exquisite tinge of green, so constantly seen in Cumberland and Westmoreland, which when the sun falls on the trough at the foot of a mountain ‘force’ seems to fill it with shafts of emerald light, is due to reflection from the slate rock over which the stream passes, and is, of course, unknown on Dartmoor. Other points of difference may be traced in the vegetation which clothes the hills and ridges, and which gives them, like the waters, their peculiar colouring.

Dartmoor is throughout a district of heather; and it is only over a very small portion of the Lake country that either the ling or the common heath is to be found, and then only in patches. The many lichens that attach themselves to the granite, staining and marking it, and often hanging from it in long grey beards; the stretches of rush, fern, and bent grass; the beds of white, fluttering cotton reed (the ‘cana grass’ of the Highlands); these, with the broken rocks and the tors themselves, supply the neutral tints of the wild landscape, lighted and set off in due season by the glow of heather, the golden blaze of furz, and along the streams and toward the border country, by regiments and squadrons of tall foxgloves. Many plants common in Wales and in the north do not occur here. This alone is sufficient to give a special character to the colouring; and no doubt there is in this respect, as in many others, a marked difference between Dartmoor and other uncultivated districts. Yet it is to some less easily defined characteristics and influences that Dartmoor owes her special charm. The deep solitude, contrasting so sharply with the ‘busy hum of men’ left only an hour or two behind, combines to affect us with the brisk mountain breeze, the music of the hill streams, and, above all, a thousand varying effects of light and of air, the result of a peculiar climate. And besides all the variety of nature, the ‘auncient moore,’ as Drayton calls her, has her own store of local and historical associations which would alone suffice to mark her out among the crowd of distant

heaths and mountains she so nearly resembles.

Dartmoor—‘the Dartmoors,’* ‘Dartymore,’ in the native Doric—is named from the principal stream or streams that rise on it, the East and West Dart,† which, having their sources, one in the north-east, the other in the west, unite their waters at the picturesque ‘Dartmeet,’ under the heights of Yar Tor, and thence flow onward through the grandest scenery in the county, by the glen of Benjay Tor, the woods of Holne Chase and Buckland, toward Totnes and Dartmouth. Dartmoor contains the highest land in England south of Ingleborough. High Wilhays near Okehampton, the loftiest summit, is 2052 feet above the sea, and the mean elevation of the whole district is about 1700 feet. It must not be supposed that the plateau or table-land is in any sense a level. There are, of course, low-lying bogs and morasses, and here and there are broad heathy plains; but the whole is best characterised as a rolling country, rising into ridges and long rounded hills, which are distinct from the true *tors*—a word found here more frequently than in other parts of England, though by no means confined to Devonshire.‡ These are marked by masses of weather-worn granite on their summits—huge blocks and towers of rocks, often assuming the most fantastic shapes, differing in different parts of the moor according to the character of the granite, but apparently

* So the whole tract is called in some old documents, and the name is retained in that of the parish of ‘Widdecombe in the Dartmoors.’

† This is no doubt the Celtic ‘dwr’—water, as in the Kentish and Yorkshire ‘Darents, the Durance, and the Douro. What the terminal consonant represents is not so clear. It does not appear in the name of the Roman station ‘ad Durium’—Totnes.

‡ It occurs, as need hardly be said, in Somersetshire and in Derbyshire. The root is one common to both Celt and Teuton—(*tor* in Welsh signifies a swelling, a protuberance,—as ‘*tor y mynydd*’—the *breast* of the hill). But although the word is found in England only in those parts of the country which were latest Anglicised, it does not occur either in Wales or in Brittany with a precisely similar application. Dr. Boeworth makes it the same as the A. S. *tyrre*—tower. Mr. Earle traces it from the East. ‘The Hebrew word for *rock* is Zoor or Tsoor, after which a famous Phœnician city seated on a rock was called Zôr (as it is always called in the Old Testament); but this word sounded in Greek ears from Phœnician mouths so as to cause them to write it *Τύρος*—Tyros, whence we have the name of Tyre. The same word (probably) passing with an early migration westward is found in the Dartmoor *Tors*.’ (Philol. of the English Tongue, p. 3.) The Turkish *dağh*, and the *tau* of the Central Caucasus, are used in precisely the same sense as *tor* on Dartmoor.

at least this is the most recent theory) brought to their present condition by disintegration of surface and of veins, the result of unnumbered ages of exposure. The sides of the tors, like the valleys and deep gorges through which the rivers find their way, are or the most part strewn with granite blocks, lying in grey ruin among beds of fern and heather. The granite itself—of which the Dartmoor consists—covers an area of about 130,000 acres; but in considering the whole district the border country must be taken into account, and must be regarded as part of the same system, since it has been everywhere affected by the upbreking of the igneous rock. Here is to be found the finest scenery of the district. As Lady Mary Wortley Montagu long ago remarked, the most picturesque and interesting portions of any country are those where the mountains sink into the lower lands; and here Dartmoor borders not a little resemble the heights of the Yorkshire Wharfedale, of which Lady Mary was writing, where the dragon of Wantley made his den, and to which the good knight, Sir Thomas Wortley, retired 'for his plesor to heare the hartes bell.' The slates and carboniferous rocks through which the granite has broken are themselves raised and bent into forms hardly less wild and picturesque; and here the river valleys of the Dart, the Teign, the Plym, and their many tributaries, are clothed with hanging woods and coppices, through which spires and 'clatters' of grey rock—as the long streams of shattered stone are locally called—rise and project at intervals. In all this broken country and at the foot of the moors bits of quiet landscape are perpetually unfolding—a lichen-tinted church tower, with the hamlet clustering round it, and its few rocky pastures stealing upward toward the encircling wood or moorland—or some solitary homestead, shadowed by huge old ash-trees or sycamores, and taking us back, by its wide granite porch and its millioned windows to the days of the Armada at the very latest. The contrast between this wooded half-cultivated region and the bare moorland itself, where Dr. Johnson's walking-stick would be regarded as a considerable piece of timber, adds not a little to the charm of either. The moor is unchanged and changeless. If the border district shows signs of ancient habitation, and of the labour of men, they are of a kind so simple and so little disturbing, that it is easy to picture the whole country as it must have been in the most primitive days covered for the most part by dense oaken woods and coppices of birch and holly, and opposing no small difficulty to those who

would have scaled the central moorland—a great natural stronghold, surrounded by its outworks.

The granite of Dartmoor is the highest and most important of a chain of granitic bosses, which break forth at irregular intervals throughout the Cornish peninsula, and terminate in the Islands of Scilly. These bosses are connected by smaller but still isolated patches, and the height gradually lessens from the 2050 feet of Yes Tor to the highest point of Scilly, which is barely 200 feet above the sea level. The recent investigation of the Bovey Heathfield affords us a curious glimpse at the condition of the highlands which are now Dartmoor. The so-called Heathfield, lying under Heytor and the eastern edge of the moor, is a level expanse of considerable extent, covered with furze and heather. It is, in fact, the bed of an ancient lake, once filled by the Teign and its affluent, the little Bovey river. This lake existed during the Lower Miocene period; and the deposit which now occupies the Heathfield (at least the lower beds of it), belongs to that time—a time of which, although it is 'Tertiary,' and is therefore represented by the later geological strata, it would be impossible to calculate the date or duration. The deposit consists of beds of lignite, clay, and sand, and has an aggregate thickness of more than 100 feet. The beds of lignite have yielded an enormous number of fossil plants, all indicating a sub-tropical climate, since among them are a species of laurel, cinnamons, fig-trees, and a climbing palm allied to those common in Brazilian forests. But by far the greater part of the lignite is formed by the remains of a large coniferous tree, which in honour of Lady Burdett Coutts, who supplied means for the investigation, has been named *Sequoia Couttsia*. The only living species of *Sequoia* are to be found in California, the best known being the *Wellingtonia gigantea*. The ancient *Sequoia* so far resembled these that it was of great size, some portions of trunks having been found which measure six feet in diameter; and great lumps of inspissated turpentine, the resin of these huge conifers, occur among the layers of lignite.*

The evidence is sufficient to prove that the banks of the lake, which extended from Bovey Tracey to within three miles of Torquay, were covered with a dense, sub-tropical vegetation; whilst the high ground at the back, the region of the granite, instead of

* See the account of the examination by Mr. Pengelly (by whom it was conducted), in the 'Transactions of the Devonshire Association.'

being treeless, as at present, was a true forest of enormous fir-trees, far more huge and magnificent than any which now exist in the pine woods of Rannoch, or the solitudes of Glenmore. Yet terrific storms and floods must have swept them by hundreds down to the lake, bringing at the same time from the granite the feldspathic clay and quartzose sand which interlay the lignite. And at last came a total change of geological character and climate. The lignite is covered by a thick heading of sand, coarse clay, and stones, of very much later date, and containing in it leaves of the dwarf birch and of three distinct species of willow, all of which are now arctic plants. They indicate a glacial period, apparently of post-tertiary date, during which the climate of Devonshire must have very much resembled that of Labrador at present. It was possibly during this period that Dartmoor, losing its old forest covering, began to assume something of the appearance which it now offers.

Many of the existing plants, considered relatively to their geographical distribution, tend to prove that the climate of Dartmoor was at one time thoroughly arctic. Among these are the cowberry (*Vaccinium Vitis-Idæa*) and the crowberry (*Empetrum nigrum*), which was not known to exist on Dartmoor until, in the dry summer of 1867, small patches of them were discovered by Mr. Wentworth Buller on the side of Fur Tor—a sort of island of firm ground in the midst of a sea of peat bogs. The district in which Fur Tor rises is to the rest of Dartmoor much that Dartmoor itself is to Devonshire. It is the very heart of the wilderness of which it forms the highest ground—the watershed where the chief rivers rise, and from which they flow, the Dart to the south, the Tau and Torridge to the north. The region is one of flat-topped summits, almost entirely covered with a deposit of peat, varying from 3 to 12 feet in thickness. Some rocky tors—Yes Tor, High Wilhays, West Mil Tor—break upward here and there; and the whole is the most elevated tract of land in the south of England. Fur Tor is the most isolated of these heights, and to signify the ‘far’ tor, is appropriate enough for a summit and its name, which seems to retain the old English ‘*feor*,’ which is the most remote and most difficult of access of any on Dartmoor. The peat moors which surround it represent the decay of past ages—silent, dreary, lifeless—rarely visited during the greater part of the year but by a wandering hill fox, the true ‘*deysart* of Dertymore,’ as the natives call it. The climate, owing to the elevation of the district, is unusually damp even for Dart-

moor—so damp, that filmy ferns grow on the open summit of Fur Tor. The evaporation from the great mass of peat never allows the atmosphere to become even warm and thus plants have lingered here, survivors of a glacial period, the distance of which from our own age we are altogether unable to measure. Neither the cowberry nor the crowberry is found nearer to Dartmoor than the central parts of Wales, Shropshire, and Derbyshire.

A tract of country like Dartmoor, never very easy of access, with such distinct features, and with a climate differing so materially from that of the lower land, must always have influenced, and in no small degree, the settlement and history of the entire district. The broken, hilly country of Devonshire and Somersetshire, the great wood which covered so much of it, and the absence of any important road west of Exeter, were, no doubt, among the causes which enabled the British kings of Dartmoor, the English ‘West Wales,’ to maintain their independence for so long a time in the face of the sovereigns of Wessex. But the limits of the British kingdom were gradually narrowed. English settlement were affected farther and farther westward, and, but for the great bulwark of Dartmoor which rendered advance difficult, it is probable that the whole of the western peninsula would have been conquered and Anglicised not only long before it really was so Anglicised, but far more completely. There are sufficient proofs that Britons continued to inhabit the highland long after English colonists had closed up round them in the richer country. Some of the tors, and some other parts of Dartmoor, retain their British names; and more significant than these are the many ‘Wallabrooks,’ ‘Wallaforde,’ and ‘Walladowns,’ scattered over the whole district. It is hardly possible to doubt that these names were bestowed by English settlers on the streams, the roads, and the hills, retained and frequented by the ‘Wealhas’—the ‘Welshmen’—those who were not English; the old Britons, whose territory the English were invading. There is no quarter of Dartmoor without its Wallabrook; and if, as Dr. Guest has shown, we are to connect this and similar names in other parts of England with the Wealhas, there is surely every reason to explain it in the same manner here, where it might so reasonably be looked for. There are, too, near most of the Dartmoor Wallabrooks, foundations of hut circles and other remains, indicating large and long-continued settlements. And stream-works and traces of old mining operations are generally close at hand, lead-

ing us back to a more distant day, when Dartmoor was something far more important than a British stronghold.

To say that this Devonshire highland is one of the centres which have largely influenced the history of the world and of civilisation, may seem a paradox too absurd for discussion. Yet it is a simple truth. The tin-mines of Dartmoor were anciently quite as famous, and at one time far more productive, than those of Cornwall. The whole of this granitic district, from Dartmoor to the Scilly Isles, must be regarded as having formed part of the primitive *Cassiterides*. It is generally admitted that by far the greater part of the tin which entered into the composition of the ancient bronze was procured from this region, and that very little, if any, found its way from the East to the shores of the Mediterranean; and it is hardly possible to exaggerate the advance of civilisation, or the changes in polity, in war, and in commerce, which followed the discovery and use of bronze, the maintenance of which depended on a constant supply of tin from these western moorlands. The manufacture of bronze must have raised all this tin-producing region to a position of the very first importance. Probably the origin of the most ancient towns in what is now Devonshire must be assigned to this period. The remarkable mass of tin found in Falmouth Harbour proves, as Sir Henry James has so well shown, that the gathering-place for the Cornish tin must have been somewhere on that shore, and that the *Ictis* of Diodorus was, in all probability, St. Michael's Mount. But there must have been other emporia for the tin of Dartmoor; and perhaps the first settlements on the sites of Exeter and Totnes—fixed where the chief rivers of the district, the Exe and the Dart, cease to be navigable—were established with this object, and served as markets where the tin merchants, wherever they were, met the natives who collected the metal. Coins found at Exeter go far to prove this. But, wherever the emporia were placed, it is certain that Dartmoor abounds in relics and traces of a very numerous population, which, it is only fair to presume, found its chief occupation in streaming for tin—the 'goyles' or deep trenches of their old works being everywhere visible. The rude stone monuments, of which these relics for the most part consist, can hardly be called 'megalithic,' since, if we except the cromlech at Drewsteignton, they are nowhere formed by granite masses of great size: indeed, in the presence of the tors themselves, and of the huge natural blocks strewn in all directions, even such

menhirs as those in the Carnac stone-rows would seem dwarfed. But they are well and distinctly marked; and there is no part of England, hardly excepting the extreme west of Cornwall, where they are found in such numbers, and (as yet) so well preserved.

It is curious that attention has only been drawn to them in comparatively recent times. Westcote and Risdon, the old historians of Devon, both writing in the early part of the seventeenth century, do not mention them, and have little to say about Dartmoor at all. It was not, in fact, until the publication of the 'Transactions of the Plymouth Institution' in 1830, that they were described with any care—some members of the institution, among whom was the late Colonel Hamilton Smith, having made expeditions for the sake of examining the remains, in the summers of 1827 and 1828.* In 1848 Mr. Rowe, Vicar of Crediton, who had also been one of the 'Institution' party, published his '*Perambulation of Dartmoor*,' in which the rude stone monuments, so far as they were then known, are fully described. But since that date far more careful and accurate investigations have been made by Mr. G. W. Ormerod, who has discovered much which has escaped his predecessors. Valuable additions to our knowledge of these remains have also been made by Mr. C. Spence Bate, of Plymouth, by whom some of the tumuli have been explored with very interesting results. It is hardly possible to cross a Dartmoor hill without stumbling on some of these relics; yet local tradition and folklore seem to have busied themselves very little about them, and it is but rarely that they are at all noticed by the moormen. There is an old saying that they were raised 'when there were flying serpents on the hills, and wolves in the valleys;' and one of them, a so-called 'trackway,' passing quite across the moor, still serves as a sort of boundary-line—all the country on one side of it being known to old moormen and turf-cutters as the 'north,' and all on the other as the 'south.' The great circles, such as that called Grey Wethers, under Sittaford Tor, or the Longstones on Gidleigh Common, are so impressive at all times, and rise with such a strange 'eerie' mystery in the gathering twilight, that we might have fully expected to find some fragments of folk lore and heathendom lingering about them. But

* The Rev. R. A. Bray, of Tavistock (as we learn from Mrs. Bray's '*Traditions of the Tamar and Tavy*'), had before this made himself well acquainted with many of the principal groups; but his notes were not published until 1838, when Mrs. Bray's '*Traditions*' appeared.

this is not the case; and, indeed, the absence of all such traditions about rude stone monuments in all parts of the world is very noticeable. The hill of Batworthy, again, above Chagford, is covered with the huts, enclosure-lines, and stone-rows, of a very large settlement; but the neighbours have no tradition and no kind of knowledge about them. All this seems to point to a very great antiquity, and such discoveries as have been made in the cairns and tumuli of Dartmoor tend in the same direction.

Almost every class of rude stone monument is represented on Dartmoor, with the exception of what are known as chambered cromlechs, and of the caves, the Cornish 'fogou,' generally found in Cornwall and in Ireland in connection with raths or forts. The Dartmoor remains comprise hut-circles, sometimes gathered into villages, sometimes enclosed within a surrounding wall, and then called 'pounds,' and frequently accompanied by numerous lines of stone forming small enclosures or divisions of land; sacred circles (so called); stone-rows or avenues of considerable extent, and in great numbers; kistvaens, or 'stone chests,' small burial structures, sometimes standing alone, sometimes within a ring of closely joined stones, but having been at first it would seem, in all cases covered by a mound of earth or of stones; and single upright shafts of granite, the 'maenhirion' of Brittany, always on Dartmoor of greater height and size than any stones in the sacred circles, or in the avenues. Earthen tumuli are rare; cairns are far more frequent. Logans and tolmens exist; and rock basins abound on the summits of the tors; but it is tolerably certain that these are of natural formation. Boundary lines run for considerable distances over the moor; and there are some rude bridges (Post Bridge, on the East Dart, is the finest example) which may possibly belong to a very early period, and at any rate must have been constructed by men accustomed to deal with enormous masses of unwrought stone. It is worth remarking that, although there are many hill fortresses on the immediate border—as at Prestonbury, on the Teign, or Hembury, on the Dart—not one exists upon the moor itself. Either Dartmoor was regarded as in itself one great fastness of which the approaches alone required protection, or the methods of defence within the granite district were of a different nature to those adopted in the lower and wooded country.

To assume that all these remains are of one age is of course unnecessary. They may represent a long-continued occupation, even perhaps by different races. Mr. Ormerod, who has most carefully examined and

mapped the hut circles, and the relics in connection with them, along the whole eastern side of Dartmoor, has shown that in that quarter they lie in four distinct groups, separated by natural breaks of the country; and that the boundaries of these groups are not governed by those of either parishes or manors, nor of the Royal Forest. Attached to each group is one dwelling of a character superior to the rest. The hut-circles, as a rule, resemble each other closely in all four groups, though there are slight varieties in size and style. The interior walls have always consisted of long slabs of granite set on end, and varying in height from two to six feet. These slabs touch each other at the base. 'In the interior of the smaller and most numerous class of huts, the earth comes close to the upright stones; but occasionally in some of the larger huts, a row of flat granite slabs, having the surface level with the ground, is placed against them. The exterior, in most cases, is composed of irregular blocks of granite placed roughly against the upright stones. In some cases the exterior has been built up carefully, the granite being laid in horizontal courses. Upright slabs, the jambs of the former entrances, often remain; and the opening generally faces from south-east to south-west.* To this it may be added that a depression for the hearth is constantly found in the centre. As a rule the huts are in a very imperfect condition, showing little more than the lines of foundation. Nothing has as yet been discovered on Dartmoor at all approaching to the perfection of the bee-hive hut at Bosphrennis, near Penzance; and we are left to conjecture the manner in which these ancient dwellings were completed. From the absence of much stone about some of the groups, it seems probable that after the walls had risen to a certain height turf and heather were used for closing them in, as is still the case in some of the Hebrides. These Dartmoor circles very closely resemble the foundations called 'Cyttiau'r Gwyddelod' (huts of the Gael) on St. David's Head, in Pembrokeshire, and on other parts of the Welsh coast, and may also be compared with the clusters of huts at Anglesea, which have been so carefully examined by the Hon. W. O. Stanley.† That the form is of vast antiquity is indicated by the fact that groups of stone houses, much resembling these on Dartmoor, but in a far more perfect condition, exist in num-

* 'Journal of the Archaeological Association,' vol. xx. 'On the Hut-circles of the Eastern Side of Dartmoor,' by G. W. Ormerod.

† 'Archæological Journal' (Institute), vols. xxiv. and xxvi.

bers on the crests and slopes of hills in the Sinaitic Peninsula, and that they probably belong to the days of the Amalekites.* But even now the type is not altogether extinct. On the Cornish hill of Garrah, close to Roughtor, is a hut which has only been built a few years, but which might be a 'restoration' of one of those on Dartmoor. The unhewn blocks of granite of which the foundation is constructed, rise to about five feet. The roof is formed of overlapping stones, and is covered on the outside by sods of turf.

There is no more remarkable group of these remains than that at Batworthy, already mentioned. The hill on which the farm of Batworthy stands forms one side of a wild gorge, through which flows the North Teign river. The enclosures of the farm itself are no doubt ancient, as the name testifies; but the greater part of the hill remains in its natural condition, and is known as Teigncombe Common. Here the ground is scored and marked by track-lines passing across it in various directions, forming the enclosures of what has clearly been a large village or settlement. In the angles of some of these are the foundations of hut-circles. Two distinct roads passing between the enclosures are visible; and the land seems to have been first divided by walls running parallel to the roads, and then subdivided by cross-roads. One of the enclosures is called the 'round pound,' and probably served as the dwelling of the chief. It differs not only from the other hut-circles, but from any similar relic on Dartmoor, since the circle of the actual dwelling is surrounded by an outer wall, and the space between the two is divided by lines of stone into six small courts.† The enclosure lines run up the hill to Kestor, a grand mass of rock overlooking the moor and the low country far and wide, and hav-

ing on its summit an enormous rock basin, 31 inches deep, and 96 across at the surface. It had been filled with moss and peat, in order to prevent sheep, which are fond of congregating about the rock, from falling into it, and has only very lately been discovered. Those who see in such hollows marks of human agency, and are disposed to regard them as connected with old religious rites, look of course on this grand basin as belonging to a group which embraces the *tolmên* in the Teign below, the stone-rows, and the large sacred circle, all within sight, and close below Kestor. But Mr. Ormerod, a skilled geologist as well as an antiquary, has shown that the granite of the tors in this part of Dartmoor is of a character that disintegrates very easily and rapidly;* and as for the *tolmên*, lying as it does in the very bed of the stream, the mode in which it has been formed is not only clearly visible, but rock basins (in this case the *tolmên* is only a pierced rock basin) are to be seen on the granite about it of all sizes, and in every stage of progress. The stone-rows and the circle bring us to more certain ground. The first are five in number, adjoining each other, but breaking off at distinct angles, and terminating, one in a small triple stone-circle, another in a cairn. The end of the fourth is marked by a menhir about 12 feet high, and at the end of the fifth, which has been nearly destroyed, were three granite blocks, called the 'Three Boys,' only two of which remain. All these avenues are from 3 to 4 feet wide, and the stones of which they are formed are about 2 feet high. They run altogether to a length of nearly 600 yards. At some distance, and on the opposite side of the Teign, which, here a small stream, is crossed by a bridge formed of one huge block of granite, is the circle called the 'Longstones,' of which 29 stones are standing and two fallen on the ground. When complete the number seems to have been about 55. The diameter of the circle is 90 feet, and the highest stone is nearly 8 feet from the ground.

The exploration of the cairns and tumuli scattered over Dartmoor may be expected to throw some light on the date of these remains, or at least to indicate the degree of antiquity to which some of them may be carried back. Little has as yet been done in this way; but although it is certain that many of the graves have been rifled by treasure seekers at unknown periods, a very great number yet re-

* 'Ordnance Survey of the Sinaitic Peninsula,' 1869.

† Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who has contributed some important papers on the Dartmoor remains to the 'Journal of the Archaeological Association,' remarks that 'the division of walls radiating towards the centre is similar to those at Greavesash in Northumberland, at Chûn Castle, and other places, and was probably intended for securing and penning sheep.' An occasional hut with an inner chamber has been found in other parts of the moor; and a circular enclosure containing a hut-circle, and having its two entrances protected in a very remarkable manner by low walls arranged in star fashion, so that only one person can pass at a time, has been discovered at Trowlesworthy by Mr. Spence Bate, who has examined the south-west quarter of the moor with great care. (See his papers on 'The Prehistoric Antiquities of Dartmoor' in the 'Transactions of the Devonshire Association' for 1871.)

* 'Journal of the Geological Society,' August, 1869. 'On some of the results arising from the Bedding, Joints, and Spheroidal Structure of the Granite on the Eastern side of Dartmoor.'

main untouched. The most improved sepulchral monument in the district (for since the Druids have been consigned to the mysterious gloom which befits them, all antiquaries are agreed in regarding cromlechs as sepulchral) is the cromlech at Drewsteignton on the border of the moor. This is a three-pillared cromlech, the table-stone of which is about 15 feet in length by 10 in breadth, the supporters being 7 feet high. It is known as the 'Spinsters' Rock,' and is one of the few rude monuments about which any local folklore has gathered. Three spinsters—the word is used in its primary sense, and here signifies spinners—raised it, say the natives, in a single morning. Mr. Rowe found in these spinners the Valkyriur, the 'fatal sisters' of the North. We would rather suggest the Fates of old English heathendom, 'mighty wives' who, like the Valkyriur, were spinners and weavers. If these are, indeed, the Dartmoor spinners, we may infer that when the first English settlers established themselves at Drewsteignton, they found no record of the meaning of the cromlech, and that it was as mysterious an object to them as it is to ourselves. The Spinsters' Rock fell during the spring of 1862, but was most carefully replaced in the same year at the expense of the then rector of Drewsteignton. Advantage was taken of this opportunity to examine the ground under and about it, but no remains were found, and there was, indeed, no trace that the soil had ever been disturbed.

It is quite possible that this monument may be of far more ancient date than other stone remains on Dartmoor; but the graves which Mr. Spence Bate has examined on the moor itself seem also to suggest a considerable antiquity, though perhaps not the highest. Bronze weapons have occurred in what we must call considerable numbers on, and in the neighbourhood of, the moor. At Plumley, near Moreton Hampstead, many bronze celts were found in 1840 under a block of granite. About the same time some barbed spearheads of bronze were discovered in 'Bloody Pool,' a marshy swamp on the Avon near South Brent; and in 1868 a great hoard of bronze implements—celts, daggers, and other weapons—turned up at Plymstock under a stone which had been placed in a leaning position against a limestone rock. But the most interesting discovery of this sort was made in 1872 by Mr. Spence Bate, on Hameldon, a long ridge rising above Widdecombe in the Dartmoors. Here, covered by a tumulus formed of peaty earth, surrounded by a 'layer' or outer covering of small granite stones, a rude stone chamber was found, among the earth and rubbish

within which were the remains of a bronze dagger and an ornament of amber inlaid with minute gold pins, evidently the hilt pommel either of this dagger or of a large sword.* No relic of any kind has as yet been found in any of the hut-circles. But this may be for want of close observation; and names given to some of these remains, such as 'Guinea Rock' or 'Gold Stone,' lead to a belief that 'finds' may have occurred about which a discreet silence has been kept. On the whole, without asserting that the huts are all of one period, we believe that many of them actually, and that the type in all cases, belong, like the tumuli, to the age of Bronze. The small enclosures at Batworthy may have been partly intended to serve as sheepfolds, but it is difficult to explain them satisfactorily. The settlement may be later than others which are without such enclosures. But during the whole time that Dartmoor was a peopled country, whilst the races who occupied it were no doubt hunters and shepherds, they must also have been much occupied in streaming for tin and preparing the metal for exportation.

The existing names of places on Dartmoor may throw some light on the later history of the district, but will hardly assist our speculations about the first settlers, or the period to which the earliest settlements must be carried back. There is, as might have been expected, a greater mixture of Celtic and Teutonic names here than in other parts of Devonshire. The river names are all Celtic; but this is only what is found elsewhere. It is noticeable that nearly all the feeders of the larger streams are known as 'brooks,' 'burns,' or 'lakes'—the last a good old English word, to explain which there is not the least necessity for going to the Icelandic *lækur*, as has been done by those who find traces of a Scandinavian settlement on the moor. For this there is not the smallest sound argument. The names in which Northern traces have been found and Northern heroes discovered are in almost every case explicable in Anglo-Saxon—old Teutonic English. There is no record whatever of a permanent settlement having been effected in Devonshire, as was the case in Yorkshire or on the Norfolk coast; and a simple comparison of the names in these counties and on Dartmoor will show at once the entire difference. The number of Teutonic names on the moor, however, certainly preponderating over those of Celtic origin, deserves attention. Names like Fox Tor, Sheep's

* This ornament is described and figured in the 'Transactions of the Devonshire Association' for 1872.

Tor, Hound Tor, Hey Tor (the 'high' Tor—giving name to the English hundred, and probably the place at which the Hundred Court was at first held—it is the most conspicuous tor on Dartmoor), Mist Tor; Blackabrook, Redbrook, Wallabrook; Grimsgrove and Grimspound (the latter one of the most remarkable walled enclosures on the moor, which we agree with Mr. Ormerod in regarding as rather a place of protection for cattle and their keepers than a fortified village); all seem to indicate that, if the Britons long retained possession of Dartmoor, English colonists followed them up closely, and may have occupied portions of the district whilst the Wealhas were still holding many of their settlements and workings. To these latter is perhaps due the retention of the Celtic names, including the word 'tor' itself, if that is to be regarded as rather Celtic than Teutonic. In spite, however, of what has been already done in this direction, the local names on and around Dartmoor require, and we believe would repay, a thorough examination at the hands of some competent etymologist. From him we should hear nothing at all about Baal as the divinity formerly worshipped on Bel Tor or at Bel-lever; Hesus, or the god of battles, invoked on Hessary Tor; or Misor, the Moon, in connection with Mist Tor. Nor would he think it at all necessary to call up the ghosts of Northmen like Hamil, Grim, Bulthar, or Thorni to explain such names as Hamildon, Grimspound, Buttern Tor, or Thornworthy. These fierce old personages, like the Druids before them, may be allowed to rest in peace so far as Dartmoor is concerned.

Such an investigator would find most important help in the ancient 'perambulations' of the royal forest, the bounds of which are marked in a most curious map of Dartmoor lately unearthed by Mr. Spence Bate. This map is certainly not earlier than the very last years of the fifteenth century, though it may, possibly, be founded on a much older one.* The 'regards' or limits of the 'foresta regis' are indicated by a circle running from point to point, and far within the region of the granite. In fact, the forest is but the central portion of Dartmoor, all without it lying in what is called 'Venville,' and forming the purlieus of the royal domain. Neither the forest itself nor

the tin-mines of Dartmoor are mentioned in Domesday; and although Lidford, within which parish the whole of the actual forest is contained, is duly entered, only the borough is noticed. The wild land was in the hands of the King, and no tax could be raised from it. It is, indeed, uncertain at what time Dartmoor became a royal forest; but it seems probable that, like other rough hunting-grounds and unenclosed woodlands throughout England, it had been regarded as King's land at least from the time of Canute, although the full force of the forest law did not fall upon it until the reign of Henry I., by whom not only many new forests were created, but those already existing were extended, so as to comprise the purlieus and off-lying woods which had hitherto been free. The earliest charter bearing at all on Dartmoor is a grant by John, then Earl of Mortain (the year is uncertain, but it was, of course, before his coronation in 1199), to the free tenants of Devonshire, of certain immunities out of the 'regards' of the 'Forest of Devon,' which were little more than their common-law rights, but the granting of which sufficiently shows how the forest laws had been brought to bear upon the whole open country. Very much of Devonshire had by that time been afforested, apparently by Henry I.; and Earl John's charter allows the freeholders to carry bows and arrows, to keep their dogs un mutilated, and to take the roe, the fox, the wild cat, the wolf, the hare, and the otter, outside the limits of the Forest—by which word is here meant the whole of the afforested parts of Devon.* The deprivation of these old rights must have been grievous, at a time when hunting was as much an affair of necessity as of pleasure, and when the fox and the wolf were, from their numbers, formidable enemies to the farm and sheepfold. It was certainly so felt in Devonshire; and whatever relief the grant of John as Earl may have afforded, the free tenants, immediately after he became King, procured, by payment of a large fine, the disafforestation of the whole county, with the exception of Dartmoor and Exmoor.† The 'regards' of Dartmoor were to remain as they had been in the reign of Henry I. These are de-

* The charter, which is preserved among the archives of the Cathedral at Exeter, is endorsed 'Carta Johannis Comitiss Moreton de Foresta Devonie.' In the same manner occur the 'forest of Essex,' the 'forest of Yorkshire,' and of other counties.

† The charter of disafforestation is printed in Rowe's 'Dartmoor,' 263. The fine was paid in portions, as appears from several entries in the Close Rolls.

* A facsimile of this map will be found in the 'Trans. of the Devon Assoc.' for 1872. From the fact that a copy of the Perambulation of 1240 is written on the back of the map, Mr. Spence Bate infers that the map itself is of that date. But this is beyond all doubt an error. The map, in its present state, cannot be earlier than the reign of Henry VII.

scribed in the first perambulation of the boundaries extant, made under a commission of Henry III. in 1240. They have never been altered; and nearly each one of the places mentioned is still to be recognised. This perambulation was probably owing to the King's grant, in 1238, to his brother, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, of the forest, with the stannary rights attached to it, and with the 'Castle of Dartmoor' or of Lidford. The tin of Dartmoor, equal at that time to that produced throughout all Cornwall, went to increase the enormous wealth of Earl Richard, and aided in procuring for him his election as King of the Romans in 1257. In 1337 the forest was permanently united to the Duchy of Cornwall, to which rank, in the year before, the ancient Earldom had been raised by Edward III. in favour of his son, the Black Prince.

The 'Castle of Dartmoor' now consists of a single square tower, of very late character, which, rising on its mound above the old church of Lidford, overlooks a wide extent of 'woodland and of waste.' It can never have been much more than a hunting-lodge for the Princes and other 'great worthie parsonages,' who, as Manwood tells us, were alone capable of holding a 'forest,' or of chasing the wild deer within it. But it long rejoiced in an evil reputation as containing the prison of the stannary court (probably the existing tower), which is mentioned as 'one of the most heinous, contagious, and detestable places in the whole realm.' It is thus described by William Browne, of Tavistock, whose 'Britannia's Pastorals' attained so great a reputation in the days of Spenser and of Sidney:—

'They have a castle on a hill,
I took it for an old wind-mill,
The vanes blown off by weather;
To lie therein one night, 'tis guessed,
'Twere better to be ston'd or press'd,
Or hang'd, ere you come hither.

'Two men less room within this cave
Than five mice in a lantern have:
The keepers, too, are sly ones:
If any could devise by art
To get it up into a cart,
'Twere fit to carry lions.

'When I beheld it, Lord! thought I,
What justice and what clemency
Hath Lidford Castle's high hall!
I know none gladly there would stay,
But rather hang out of the way
Than tarry for a trial.*

* The whole poem, of 19 verses, is inserted by Westcote in his 'Survey of Devon,' 1630. The description of Lidford is, he says, 'very exactly and facetely done in a running metre, by William

This tower of Lidford is appropriately haunted by the ghost of Judge Jeffreys in the shape of a black pig. The place was the most important of the Devonshire stannary towns, and the ill-repute of 'Lidford law'—an expression equivalent to the 'Jed-dart justice' of Scotland, or the 'Lynch law' of America—

'I oft have heard of Lidford law,
How in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after'—

was due, no doubt, to the summary and severe punishments of both forest and stannary courts. The earliest known reference to Lidford law occurs in a contemporary poem on the deposition of Richard II., written probably by a monk of Bristol. 'Now by the lawe of Lydford,' exclaims the poet, who is discoursing on the marvellous dress of the young lords—

'Thilke lewde ladde ougte evyll to thryve
That hangeth on his hippis more than he
wynneth.'

The saying, it is clear, was then well known. It may be as old as the days of the Confessor, when Lidford was a populous borough, contributing to the 'fyrd' or gathering for war in the same proportion as Totnes or Barnstaple. The prosperity and importance of the place at this time must have been due to the Dartmoor stannaries; and the tinners, always a fierce race, may have assisted townsmen in their resistance to the Conqueror's 'host,' when, after the taking of Exeter in 1068, he passed westward into Cornwall. That such a struggle occurred, and that it was a severe one, may be inferred from the notice of the borough in the Domesday survey. It is there said that forty houses were 'wasted' 'postquam Willelmus rex habuit Angliam.*

References to the Dartmoor stannaries, to the working of the tin, and to the cutting of turf for smelting, occur frequently in the Close Rolls and elsewhere; and so long as the mines remained at all profitable, it does not appear that the working of them was at any time abandoned. The King's Oven, 'Furnum Regis,' is one of the bounds of the perambulations. It is still traceable, near the source of a 'Wallabrook' that runs into

Browne, a very witty gentleman, pleasantly disposed, that was employed thither.'

* See Freeman's 'Norman Conquest,' iv. 163. William must have passed into Cornwall by Okehampton and Lidford; and the castle at either place may have been founded under his direction. The road on which these fortresses stand was a very important one, and continued to be the chief 'gate' into and from Cornwall until a very recent period.

the Dart, and is a circular enclosure, having within it what has been a small quadrangular chamber, paved with stone. This was, no doubt, a very ancient smelting-house; and near some of the hut-circles (as at Yealm Head) are square enclosures containing granite slabs with small hollows, apparently moulds for casting the metal. Streaming must have been the method by which the greater part of the tin was procured up to a very late period. 'Girts' or 'gulphs' are names given by the moormen to the long, and sometimes deep, excavations seaming the hill-sides, down which the miners led their stream, generally known as the 'yeo'—a name which is, probably, true old English, representing the 'eá' = 'running water'—of our forefathers.*

But if tanners were still, as in the most primitive days, hard at work on Dartmoor, there was plenty of space for the 'high deer' to wander free, and excellent lying for them by the river sides among beds of tall rushes and bog-myrtle. Grants from the lord of the forest to 'take a stag' within its bounds are frequent; and although the deer were everywhere protected, there must have been many occasions in the neighbouring manors and religious houses for calling to mind the old monastic rhyme—

'Non est inquirendum unde venit venison
Nam si forte furtum sit, sola fides sufficit.'

The red deer seem to have disappeared entirely from Dartmoor toward the middle of the last century. A hundred years before, they abounded; and the vicar of Widdecombe in 1638, while enlarging in rhyme on the delights of his parish, notes

"How well that place is stored with deer that brouze,

Both male and female, on the tender boughs.'

Names like Hart Hill, Hart's Well, Hartercombe, indicate their ancient haunts; and just as Border tradition asserts that

'Old Buccleuch the name did gain

When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en'—

so, according to a picturesque bit of local etymology (which the learned will hardly endorse), the Cistercian house of Buckfast, lying under Dartmoor, was named from the store of bucks which there found a fastness

* Pearce ('Laws of the Stannaries in Devon and Cornwall,' 1725) asserts that the tanners' stream was called the 'Yeo.' Among unusual local terms on Dartmoor are 'beam' = a long straight division, as 'Caters beam'; and 'hall' = the 'hollow' of the hill. This is, no doubt, a form of the old English 'hol' = a hollow; but it is here used in precisely the same manner as the Icelandic 'hi-lla' to signify the shelter, or fold, of the hill.

by the river side. There is, at any rate, no doubt that their numbers were considerable; and the spoils which adorn many an old hall on the Dartmoor borders prove that, in size and stateliness of front, the red deer of the forest were no unworthy cousins of those in the far-off Highlands. Other wild animals existing on and about Dartmoor in the days of Earl John are mentioned in the charter already quoted. The roe and the wild cat, like the wolf, have entirely disappeared. The fox remains, and has succeeded, as of right, to the dignity once held here by the red deer as beasts of chase. A modern run over the forest, calling for no small skill of hand and quickness of eye, contrasts curiously enough with such a twelfth-century fox-hunt as is graphically described in Layamon's 'Brut.' Then the object was to destroy a mischievous enemy. What the existing 'chase' is like may be gathered from Mr. Davies's very pleasant little volume entitled 'Dartmoor Days,' which we have placed at the head of this article. In a note to his poem, however, he records the doings of a certain Tom French, a well-known old moorman, who seems to have looked on the whole matter from such a twelfth-century point of view as we might expect to find still lingering on Dartmoor. He was a great destroyer of foxes; pursuing them with a handful of rough hounds and a few terriers—irregular it may be, but as 'weel entered wi' the vermin' as ever were Dandie Dinmont's at Charlieshope. 'A vox,' said Tom French, 'is a nasty varmint,' and aught to be killed on the Sabbath as on the week day'—a frightful sentiment, which can only be excused by the fact that a cargo of foreign foxes had been turned loose on the moor, and had fluttered the neighbouring yards and hen-roosts to an extent altogether unbearable. They were gradually subdued; and the skill displayed by Tom in the campaign induced even the members of the Dartmoor hunt to overlook his delinquencies. He was an inbred sportsman—'knowing every bog and tor from Bellivor to Dewerstone, and every holt and hover which could harbour a fox or an otter between Heytor and Tolchmoor Gate.' He was at home on Dartmoor, and nowhere else; and declared that he 'would rather live in the hollow rocks of Blackytor than in the finest house in Plymouth.'

There is no reason to believe that within the historical period Dartmoor has ever been a wooded region. There is, indeed, one curious exception—if it is to be so reckoned—for the trees at Wistman's Wood sufficiently indicate the difficulties through which they struggled to their present condition.

This is a very remarkable patch of oak wood in the valley of the West Dart, between Crockern Tor and Bairdown. Here, according to the local saying, may be seen '500 oaks 500 feet high,' a wonder which is explained as meaning that each tree averages no more than one foot in height. This is something of an exaggeration, although it is true that a man of ordinary stature will be able to place his hand without difficulty on the top of the tallest oak. The trees rise from a ruin of granite blocks. They are of an age which it is impossible to ascertain, although, if it can be said of any oaks in Great Britain that their 'limbs a thousand years have worn,' these on Dartmoor seem to have fair claim to such an antiquity. The scene is one of great singularity and of great beauty. The limbs of the trees spread far over the granite, and are twisted and contorted in the most grotesque fashion. Mosses and silver lichens hang from them in long streamers; and about and among the oak-trees rise magnificent foxgloves, frequently overtopping the wood itself. It swarms with vipers, and is, in Dartmoor phrase, 'a whisht old place,' which it is hardly safe to visit in the stillness of noonday or in the gathering twilight. It is haunted by the 'derricks,' or dwarfs (dweorges, the mediæval *dwerk*)—evil beings, who seem of darker nature than the 'pixies.' But the name of the wood connects it with the form in which the widely spread belief in the 'wild hunter' is known on Dartmoor. The cry of the 'whish' or 'whished' hounds is heard occasionally in the loneliest recesses of the hills, whilst neither dogs nor huntsmen are anywhere visible. At other times (generally on a Sunday) they show themselves—jet black, breathing flames, and followed by a tall swart figure, who carries a hunting-pole. 'Wisc,' or 'wish,' according to Kemble, was a name of Woden, the lord of the 'wish,' who is probably represented by the 'master' of these dogs of darkness. 'Whishtness' is still used in Devonshire for anything supernatural or not easily understood; and there are few Dartmoor turf-cutters who have not 'zeed a whishtness' whilst labouring in the solitary 'ties,' as the turf-trenches are called, the best of which lie among the dreary wildernesses which surround Cranmere Pool.

This, like Wistman's Wood, is, to use once more a local phrase, a very 'spreety' place. It is situated in that highest and wildest part of Dartmoor which has already been described, where the chief rivers rise, and from which they flow in different directions. In summer, Cranmere is now little more than a half-dry morass; but its name,

which marks it as a haunt of herons (still called 'cranes' in Devonshire), suggests that it must have been at one time a mere of some extent. Like so many other lakes on high ground, it is regarded as a place of punishment for unhappy spirits, who may be heard wailing in the morasses about it—certainly much haunted by peewits or 'hornywinks,' as they are here called, whose cry is little less ghostly. Another story makes it the prison of a spirit called Bingie, who is condemned to remain in the mere until he has drained it with an oat-sieve. This is one of those legends of endless labour (like that belonging to Dozmare Pool, in Cornwall) which are common on Dartmoor and its borders. A deep pool on the Dean Burn (the rocky water apostrophised by Herrick, the poet) is frequented by a black hound, the spirit of a troublesome weaver, who has to dip it out with a pierced nutshell. A more picturesque version belongs to the rough moor side above Okehampton Castle. This is nightly visited by a certain Lady Howard, who arrives in her coach of bones from Tavistock, and is attended by a hound which carries back in its mouth a single blade of grass. She must 'dree her weird' until the hill is quite bare.

It is hardly possible to distinguish the influences of Celt and Teuton on the folklore of Dartmoor. So much is common to both that on such a meeting-ground it is not safe to assign distinct limits to either. Even the pixies—or, as they are always here called, the piskies, and we see no reason why this, the old and true name, should be abandoned—so greatly resemble the brown elves and the trolls of the North that we cannot venture to claim for them an unbroken Celtic descent. On Dartmoor they are true mischievous elves, delighting to lead travellers astray, punishing sluttish housewives, carrying off children to their own land, the 'gates' of which are supposed to be in the midst of treacherous morasses, or among the 'clatter' of rocks on the tor side, riding horses by night, and plaiting their manes into inextricable knots, stealing cider from the vats, and laughing with a loud eldrich screech. They dance on the turf by the streams, and, although generally dressed in green, sometimes appear like balls of shapeless rags, rolling along the heath in the dusk. In the recesses of their 'house' on Sheepstor—a hollow in the granite where one of the royalist Elfords is said to have lain hid for many weeks—they may be heard 'pounding' their apples for cider, or ringing bells—an amusement in which they delight. In all this there is no doubt much which may be Celtic, and the piskies may be nearly related to the 'Tyl-

with Têg—the 'fair family' of Wales—though they have little in common with the 'Corrigaun' of Brittany.* But the gloomier side of folklore seems to prevail on Dartmoor. Like other tracts of wild land in England, it formed the 'mark' or boundary of the first Teutonic settlers, and was thus regarded as under the special influence of the old gods, heroes, and 'elves of might.' Thus the Dewerstone—a grand mass of rock, shaggy with heather, overhanging the upper valley of the Plym—is haunted by a mysterious demon, whose traces, the prints of a human foot and of a cloven hoof, have sometimes been found in a deep snow, winding to the highest point. The old English deity Tiw, who has given his name to Tuesday, may have left it also to this rock; and his may be the marks which the local belief connects with it. That he has taken the form of the mediæval spirit of evil is only natural, although this personage has been provided with another home on Dartmoor. 'What do you know of your ghostly enemy?' asked a teacher in a Devonshire school; the unexpected reply being, 'If you please, ma'am, he lives to Widdecombe.' In that remote valley, shut in by rocky hills and green with wide-spreading sycamores, the memory still lingers of the great storm of October 1638, when a ball of fire struck the fine Perpendicular tower of the church in service time, dashed through a window, and killed or wounded half the congregation. The devil himself, on a black horse, had that day been seen on the moor, and had been recognised by a cloven foot, which his horseman's boot could not conceal. His was the work of destruction; and Joseph Hall, then Bishop of Exeter, refers the storm to the power of the evil one—

'The prince that ruffles in that airy region.'

Here he has taken the place of Thunor and Woden; and his brethren, the Nicors, or water-spirits, still linger in the Dart. Once a year at least it is thought that this river demands a human victim—the local rhyme running thus:—

'River of Dart, river of Dart,
Every year thou claim'st a heart.'

* The pixies are found throughout Cornwall and Devonshire, and in some parts of Somersetshire and Dorsetshire. This certainly looks as if they were of Celtic descent; and the name has been connected with the Welsh *pucc* or *puca*—a goblin. A very curious notice of the Cornish pixies in 1626 will be found in the history of Anne Jeffries of St. Teath (printed in the Harleian Miscellany), who for some years was under their especial care, and was fed entirely by them. She described them as little men, dressed in green, with very bright eyes.

The water of the river turns blue before a coming death; and the 'cry,' as that louder sound is called, which rises from all mountain streams towards nightfall, is held to be of ill-omen when heard at any distance. And besides these direct relics of heathendom, stories are attached to various parts of the moor, some of which at least may well be referred to the days of the Teutonic 'mark.' Such is that of 'Childe the Hunter,' connected with a granite cross which formerly existed in a desolate morass under Fox Tor. Childe is said to have been an 'Esquire' of Plymstock, who whilst hunting on the moor was lost in a snowstorm and frozen to death, although he had killed his horse and crept into its bowels for warmth. Before he died, he wrote his will on a block of granite with his horse's blood:—

'The first that finds and brings me to my
grave,
The lands of Plymstock he shall have.'

The monks of Tavistock are said to have gained the lands by stratagem, and to have erected the cross on Dartmoor. A somewhat similar story is told of a certain Elsi, who would have intruded himself into the See of Canterbury on the death of Archbishop Odo. In crossing the Alps on his way to Rome for the pall he too was frozen to death, in spite of his having killed, and got inside, his horse. Thus the way was cleared for St. Dunstan, the true successor. This legend, and the name of Childe—suggesting the Saxon appellation 'cild,' the force of which is not well understood—seem to indicate the great antiquity of the story, which may well belong to the primitive stores of Teutonic tradition.

We cannot claim any such antiquity for the Gubbinses—a tribe of broken men described by Fuller as 'Scythians within Devon,' haunting the northern side of the moor in the seventeenth century, levying blackmail on all strangers, and led by one Roger Rowle, a very indifferent sort of Robin Hood. These can have been no descendants of Britons or of Wealhas, as has been suggested, but were such an outlawed band as might then have been found in almost every wild part of the country. They frequented, not the forest itself, although they may have made free with its red deer, but the moorland outskirts, known as the Venville, or Fen-field district, over which the Crown retains rights, although they were included in the disafforested portion of the county. Venville men are bound to do suit and homage at the Duchy Courts; but they may take anything off the forest that may 'do them good,' except vert, or green wood.

They also have the right of pasturage—one which must have been of considerable importance to great sheep-farmers like the Cistercians of Buckfast and of Buckland, whose houses lay within the Venville limits. A long, green path over the moors, winding from Buckfast toward the centre of the forest, is known as the 'Abbot's Way,' and is said to have been the track along which the wool of the monks was conveyed from outlying granges. Many a monastic riding must have passed along it, dashing through the rocky streams, and climbing the steep hillsides, as picturesque as the procession of Abbot Boniface towards the lonely tower of Glendearg.

Dartmoor has indeed known many a riding and many a gathering which, set in the wild landscape, might well claim the attention of any artist in search of the picturesque. On the chief heights along the borders beacons were set up in times of danger; and the men of the neighbouring parishes were bound to keep watch and ward at them, and to send on the flame—

'Each with warlike tidings fraught,'

so as to rouse the lower country. When the Armada appeared off the coast, these beacons were ablaze in all directions. Again, during the Civil War, there was much marching and skirmishing toward the edges of Dartmoor; and, in 1646, after Fairfax had advanced from Bovey Tracey to Ashburton, he despatched a brigade across the moor from that place to Tavistock, whence they dislodged the Royalists. The march was in January, and cannot have been without difficulty, since the ground was covered with snow, and Dartmoor roads at that time were little better than sheeptracks. Gatherings of more peaceful sort took place from time to time about Crockern Tor; on whose open summit the stannary courts were anciently held, and where, indeed, they were opened until a comparatively recent time. The Lord Warden of the Stannaries was sometimes received there by a great body of West Country gentlemen, with their followers; and the scene on the open moor must have not a little resembled that at some Icelandic Thing field.

We can hardly count the existing convict-prisons among the picturesque 'circumstances' of Dartmoor; yet before the buildings were occupied as they now are, they almost deserved to be so regarded. They were built in 1806 as prisons of war; and after the release of the prisoners, by whom they were filled until 1815, they fell into a state of half decay—the granite walls became darkened and lichen-spotted, and the open courts

were again covered with the short turf of the moor. There were then seven distinct prisons, enclosed by an outer wall one mile in circumference and sixteen feet high. Over the entrance were and still are the words 'Parcere subjectis.' At one time more than 10,000 prisoners were detained here—chiefly French and Americans. After a long period of decay and neglect, these old prisons of war were converted, in 1850, into prisons for the reception of convicts. A new prison, arranged on the latest principle, has been built within the last twelve months, and the old ones will eventually be rebuilt on the same model. Convict labour has been applied with much success to the cultivation of portions of the land about the prisons. One hundred acres, at least, are under tillage, and in 1871 1000 additional acres were added to the prison lands. The number of prisoners detained here is about 1100, the net annual charge for which being about 36*l*.

Whilst the war prison existed, Dartmoor witnessed much marching and counter-marching of troops, and was on one occasion agitated by a serious riot among the prisoners, after which guns were brought from Plymouth, and placed so as to command the main entrances of the prison; but she has never yet seen such a military display as will shortly take place along the whole of her southern and western borders. For a grand 'march past' there is perhaps no ground so well fitted by nature as Salisbury Plain; but in so far as a picturesque frame of landscape is concerned, Dartmoor may claim an unquestionable pre-eminence. The background of lofty and rugged tors will set off the camps to no small advantage, and there will be sundry natural watch-towers from which the whole proceedings can be clearly followed. They will give a new 'tradition,' and a new interest to the district, while they can in no way interfere with its ancient character. May that long remain unaltered, and in the words of a Devonshire 'maker':—

'Far removed be the day ere fashion deface
The features and charms of this primitive
place!

The freehold of Nature, though rugged it be,
Long, long may it flourish, unsullied and
free;

May the fox love to kennel, the buzzard to
soar,

The tenants of Nature on rugged Dartmoor.'

ART. VI.—1. *Jest and Earnest, a Collection of Essays and Reviews.* By George Webbe Dasent, Esq., D.C.L. 2 vols. London, 1873.

2. *Inscription Runique du Pirée*, par C. C. Rafn à Copenhague, 1856.

3. *Historia Haraldi Severi, ex veteri Ser-mone Latine reddita, operâ et studio Sveinhjornis Egilsonii in Islandiâ.* (In the sixth volume of the 'Scripta Historica Islandorum,' Hafniæ, 1835.)

MR. Dasent's book which we have named first on our title-page seems to us to have considerable merit. We can laugh with his 'Jest,' and learn a great deal from his 'Earnest.' As to the first we must, however, except from our commendation two political squibs of great personal acerbity and very questionable taste, which we think Mr. Dasent would have done well in not reproducing. We can with far more pleasure join him in his lightsome trips to the Faroe Islands and the Wildbad waters. As regards his 'Earnest,' all persons, we think, must admit that he employs to great advantage the large stock of ancient Scandinavian lore, of which, in several former publications, he has shown himself most fully possessed. We have found him all through that rugged region an able and sure-footed guide.

Of the several grim trans-Baltic heroes with whom Mr. Dasent makes us better acquainted, there is certainly none so striking—more especially remembering his close connection with our own history—as the Harold of Norway, whom his contemporaries surnamed Hafi, that is 'the Tall,' but whom his chroniclers call Hardrada—or, as the English historians have made it, Harfager, that is 'the Severe.' We design with our author's aid to offer to our readers a sketch of his remarkable career. But here at the outset we have a fault to find with Mr. Dasent, not indeed for what he tells, but for what he has left untold. To our minds there is no point in Harold's life so curious as his unexpected connection with one of the monuments of ancient Greece; and yet this story is dismissed by Mr. Dasent in only half a sentence. We, on the contrary, shall endeavour to detail it at full length, deriving our information from other sources, and, above all, from the learned and excellent work which we have named as second at the head of the present article.

When literature and learning first revived among the western nations of Europe, little or nothing was known of the actual state of Athens. It was not till the year 1573 that Martin Kraus or Crusius, a Professor at

Tübingen, showed some curiosity on the subject. He contrived to open a communication with two Greeks residing at Constantinople, and believed to be men of learning. In his own letters he says that Athens had been described to him as totally destroyed, and occupied only by a few fishermen's huts; and he desires to learn whether such was the real fact. He had little cause to congratulate himself on the answers he received. One of his correspondents, Zygomalas by name, told him that being a native of Nauplia he had often visited Athens, and admired an edifice on the Acropolis, which surpassed all other edifices, and this edifice, he said, was the Pantheon! His second instructor, Simeon Kavasila, referred in like manner to the Parthenon; but called it the Temple of the Unknown God which St. Paul had mentioned!* If such were the learned men of Greece at this period, we confess that we should have liked to see a sample of the ignorant.

In the next century this ignorance as to the ruins of Athens was in part dispelled by some visitors from Western Europe, though few and far between. Chief among them were the fellow travellers Spon and Wheler, the one a physician from Lyons, the other an English gentleman. They not only speak of the Parthenon under its right name, and with its historical antecedents, but have given us a good description of it as it was in 1675—a description the more valuable since, in a little more than ten years from that time, the glorious building was shattered and in part subverted by the explosion of a bomb in the Venetian siege.

But it was not merely the Parthenon that Spon and Wheler describe. Their published travels notice many other objects of antiquity; among others two colossal lions of Pentelic marble. Better judges have since pronounced these statues admirable works, in the highest style of Attic art. The one, in a sitting posture and ten feet in height, stood on the inner shore of the Piræus harbour, which it seemed to guard. From that statue the harbour itself derived the name of Porto Leone, which it bore among the Franks all through the middle ages and down to our own times. As such it is mentioned by Lord Byron in 'the Giacur.' The Greek fisherman, he says—

'Though worn and weary with his toil
And cumber'd with his scaly spoil,
Slowly yet strongly plies the oar
Till Port Leone's safer shore

* Mart. Crusius, 'Turco-Græciæ,' lib. vii. ep. 10 et 18, ed. 1854.

Receives him by the lovely light
That best becomes an Eastern night.'

The second statue, also of Pentelic marble, was nearly equal to the first in point of art, but far less good in point of preservation. The travellers of 1675 saw it on its original base, a little outside of the city, near the ancient 'Sacred Way.' The animal is represented as couching and at rest; and Spon says that he felt inclined to address it in the following words: 'Sleep on, Lion of Athens, since the Lion of the 'Harbour watches for thee.'*

Twelve years years later, after the successful but destructive siege, it came to pass that Morosini at the head of the Venetians found it requisite to retire from the city. Before he went, however, he resolved that he would bear away with him some memorial of his conquest. First he turned his thoughts to a magnificent piece of sculpture on the western pediment of the Parthenon, representing the car of Victory with horses of the natural size. And this he gave orders to remove. But so careless or so clumsy were his workmen, that the whole group was thrown down in the act of lowering it, and shivered almost into dust. *Si ruppero non solo, ma si difecero in polvere*, writes a Venetian Captain, who was present.†

Foiled in his first object, this worthy precursor of Lord Elgin—

'Cold as the crags upon his native coast
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,'

—next betook himself to the separate statues of lions, in and about the city. Of these he carried off three to adorn the Arsenal at Venice, and from the spoils of Corinth a fourth was subsequently added.‡ That and one of the others also are of lesser size and inferior merit, and need not be further mentioned. But the remaining two—the lion *séjant* from the Piræus, and the lion *couchant* from the Sacred Way—as placed before the gate of the Arsenal, command to this day the admiration of all lovers or connoisseurs of art.

If it were not for the three centuries that separate the life of Dante from the removal of these monuments to Venice, we should certainly have assumed that the great Italian poet had in his mind the Lion of the Piræus, when he describes in lofty strains the majestic repose of the Mantuan Sordello:—

'O anima Lombarda,
Come ti stavi altera e disdegnosa;
E nel muover degli occhi onesta e tarda!

Ell'a non ci diceva alcuna cosa,
Ma lasciavane gir, solo guardando
A guisa di leon quando si posa.*

Close observers at Venice must, however, from the first have noticed with great surprise that the statue of the sitting lion bore around each of its shoulders, and in serpentine folds, the remains of barbaric inscriptions. These strange characters were after a time recognised as Norwegian Runes. Still, with every effort they could not be deciphered. They had been much defaced, and flattened at the edges, in great part it would seem by the effect of musket balls, the inscriptions having probably been used as marks in firing by some of the soldiery in Greece. Many wild conjectures were put forth during tens of years to explain how the Runes of Norway could have come to the Piræus or appear on monuments of Hellenic art. It was not till our own day, however, that the mystery was solved.

The merit of this remarkable discovery belongs wholly to the late M. Rafn, an antiquary of Copenhagen, distinguished by profound learning and many ingenious researches. When at Venice he tried in vain, like all his predecessors, to decipher the battered Runes. He could, indeed, make out separate letters here and there, but not a connected word or still less a connected sentence. He had given up the attempt in despair and had returned to his native country, when as it chanced a large stone was laid bare at the village of Harrenstrup in the Isle of Zealand, which had on its surface some ancient sculptures or rather scratches, representing ships. M. Rafn went forth with several friends to view these rude engravings, but found them so nearly effaced that no drawings of them could be made. The visitors after some hours of noonday examination relinquished the object. Still, however, they lingered near the spot till sunset, when previous to departure one of the party walked back to take a last look of the stone. How great was his surprise to find that the lengthening shadows had brought into relief the slight irregularities left upon the surface by the effaced designs, and enabled their outline to be correctly traced.

This experience was not lost on M. Rafn. It occurred to him that the like method, if applied to the Runes from the Piræus, might be attended with the like success. In the first place, however, he obtained a cast in plaster from the original marble, as also copies of the best designs that had been taken. These he kept by him for the purpose of compari-

* 'Voyages de Spon et Wheler,' vol. ii. pp. 145 et 177, ed. 1679.

† Leake's 'Topography of Athens,' vol. ii. p. 87.

‡ Leake's 'Topography,' vol. i. p. 371.

* 'Purgatorio,' canto vi. verse 61.

son with the shadows to be observed both at sunrise and sunset upon the statue. This was in December 1853. M. de Bertouch, a Danish gentleman, was at that time residing at Venice. He undertook to observe and note the shadows, not only at various hours of the day but also at several seasons of the year. Selecting the most favourable of these views, M. de Bertouch despatched to Copenhagen two large photographs of the double inscription, in which, to the great delight of M. Rafn, many of the vanished letters, and some quite clearly, reappeared. Thus did M. Rafn find himself enabled to decipher nearly all the words, and it was with especial pleasure that he remarked among them the name of a chief so renowned in northern story as Harold the Tall.

To complete or to correct the observations of his friend, and the ideas upon the subject which he had already formed, M. Rafn once more repaired to Venice. 'At last,' he says, 'I have attained my object, and can offer to the public an almost certain interpretation of the Runes,—a result which at the outset I was far from expecting.' Both the inscriptions are in serpentine folds, as is common with the ancient Runes, but if reduced to straight lines that on the lion's left shoulder is as follows. We transcribe it from M. Rafn's book, with this explanation, that where there are but faint traces of a letter he has printed it in small capitals, while on the other hand he uses common type in the few places where he had nothing beyond conjecture to guide him.

: HAKUN : VAN : þIR : ULFR : AUK : ASMUDr : AUK :
 AURN : HAFN : þESA : þIR : MeN : LAGþU : A :
 UK : HARADr : HAFI : UF IABUTA : UPRARStar :
 Vegna : GRIKIAþIS : VARþ : DALKr : NaUþUGR :
 I : FIARI : LAþUM : EGIL : VAR : I : FARU : miþ :
 RAGNARr : TIL : RUmanIU auk : ARMENTU ;

We will now present to our readers this inscription literally rendered, observing only that in our English version, as in M. Rafn's French, the names are given in accordance with the common spelling,—

'Hakon, combined with Ulf, with Asmund, and with Orn, conquered this port [the Piræus]. These men and Harold the Tall imposed [on the inhabitants] large fines, on account of the revolt of the Greek people. Dalk has been detained in distant lands. Egil was waging war,

together with Ragnar, in Roumania and Armenia.'

We may notice that these chiefs in the Varangian Guard (as we shall presently show them to be) who possessed themselves of the Piræus were desirous to explain in this inscription the absence of their comrades. The one was detained, perhaps as a prisoner, in a foreign country; the two others were in active service on the frontiers of the Empire.

We will now give the inscription from the right shoulder of the lion,—

: ASMUDR : HJU : RUNAR : þISAR : þAIR :
 ISKir : auk : þuRLIFR : þURþR : AUK : IVar :
 at : BON : HARADS : HAFa : þUAT : GRIKIAR :
 uf : hUGSAþu : auk : bAnaþu]

Or in English,—

'Asmund engraved these Runes in combination with Asgeir, Thorleif, Thord, and Ivar, by desire of Harold the Tall, although the Greeks on reflection opposed it.'

It is worthy of note in this last paragraph how the people of Athens, fallen as they were from their high estate, still, where they could, resented the defacing of their ancient monuments. The same feeling may be traced more than seven centuries later, during Lord Elgin's depredations. Thus wrote Dr. Clarke to Lord Byron in a note subsequently published :—

"When the last of the Metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and in moving of it great part of the superstructure, with one of the tri-

glyphs, was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin employed, the Disdar, who beheld the injury done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and in a supplicating tone of voice said to Lusieri, *τέλος !* I was present.'

Having thus intepreted the Runes from the Piræus, we will proceed to sketch the career of Harold and explain his connection with the revolt of the Athenians. Our chief materials are derived from those Sagas of Iceland which, in their Latin version, we have named as third on our title-page.

Harold, the son of Sigurd, was born in the year 1015; half-brother of Olaf the Saint, King of Norway. Even in his boyhood his heroic spirit is extolled by the Ice-

land Saga. He was but fifteen years of age when King Olaf was about to engage in the decisive battle of Stiklastad. 'Let my brother keep aloof,' said Olaf, 'he is but a child.' Not such was the choice of the young Prince himself. 'I will not keep aloof,' he cried; 'if I am thought too weak as yet and unable to wield a sword, I know the remedy; let my hand be tied fast to the hilt, and I shall be found among the foremost!' In the battle which ensued he showed all the valour he had promised; but the result was most disastrous: King Olaf was defeated and slain.

Young Harold, grievously wounded, was borne from the field by some trusty followers, and kept concealed in a cottage until his strength returned. Next spring he sought refuge in Gardarika, as Russia was at that time called by the Norwegians. He was kindly cared for by the Grand Duke Jaroslav; and in due time became enamoured of Elizabeth, daughter of his host. But when he pressed his suit Jaroslav proved as flinty-hearted as any father in a modern novel. 'Not yet,' he said; 'you must first do some high deeds in warfare, and lay the foundations both of wealth and fame.'

The path of fortune in that age was clear and open to any aspiring youth of Northern race. It was to seek service at Constantinople in the Emperor's bodyguard—the far-famed Varangians. Of these Varangians but a very brief account is to be found in Gibbon. Of their name, which perplexed the early critics, Mr. Dasent says: '*Var* Anglo-Saxon, *woer*, from which the word arose, had nothing to do with war. It meant oath, a promise sanctioned by an oath, and from this point of view might be considered only as a translation of the Latin *Sacramentum*—the oath taken to the colours by the Roman soldiers.'

The Varangians of the Emperors at Constantinople might be compared on some points with the Swiss Guard of the Popes at Rome. They were exclusively northern, recruited by Norwegians, Danes, and English, and their numbers are computed by Mr. Dasent as varying from 1000 to 2400 men. The south-western wing of the palace was reserved for their head-quarters, and bore the Latin title of *Excubitus*. Whenever the Emperor went forth, on any occasion of business or state, it was their special duty to attend him, armed with their two edged Norwegian battle-axes. To them also was assigned the important post in that land of domestic conspiracies, to keep watch at the door of the Emperor's bedchamber.

But it was not only with the Emperor that their sphere of duty lay; a band of them was

frequently despatched to the armies on their frontier, even in the Emperor's absence, there to act as a *Corps d'Elite*, and set an example to the degenerate Greeks engaged in the same service. The best proof perhaps of their prowess lies in the present extension of their name. Thus writes Mr. Mounsey, a recent traveller in Persia, and the author of a very pleasant book thereon, which is noticed in another article of our present number. The scene is at Tabreez:—

'Riding through the bazaar on the morning after my arrival, ever and anon as I passed along, I heard amongst the Babel of sounds and street-cries the words "Feringhee, Feringhee;" and as the term seemed connected with my person, and was the only one which, in my ignorance of the language of the country, had the definite form of a word to my ear, I naturally asked my companion, the Consul, what it meant. "Stranger," was the reply. "All Europeans are included in the term." As I afterwards found, this is the case all over Persia. The educated man has, indeed, some vague ideas that there are other countries and nations in the world besides his beloved and glorious Iran; he knows something of Turkey, of India, and Arabia, and if his studies have been deep, even of Yengidunya—"the young world"—America; but for the masses there is in Europe, or rather westwards of Constantinople, but one land—"Feringhistan," and one race, that of the "Feringhee." The Varangians came from that land, and their prowess or notoriety was so great that in this ultra-conservative of countries all foreigners are still designated by a corruption of their name.'

Harold, who had set out from Russia, and whom we have left too long on his way, reached Constantinople in 1033, being then eighteen years of age. He had shot up to a giant's—or at least a hero's—size, seven feet in height at the very lowest computation. After some brief interval, he and his attendants enrolled themselves in the Varangian Guard. For some reason, not quite clear, but probably to conceal his connection with Jaroslav, he suppressed his real name, and as the Saga tells us, took that of 'Nordbrikt,' which he continued to bear through the whole of his Eastern career. No wonder if an appellation so dissonant to Southern ears should not be commemorated by the Byzantine writers, who, indeed—and we suppose for the same reason—scarcely ever mention a Varangian by name. The Varangians, on their part, made strange havoc with the Southern appellations. Thus, the great church of St. Sophia, the 'Hagia Sophia' of the Greeks, became with them 'Aegiaif,' and the Hippodrome 'Padrein.' Their own quarter, the *Excubitus*, or, as the common

people at Constantinople called it, 'Skuviton,' was in their mouths contracted to 'Skift.'

The stalwart form of Harold, his undaunted courage, and perhaps also some knowledge or suspicion of his princely rank, gained him almost from the first a lead among his comrades in arms. He appeared to no less advantage in the games of football and wrestling, the favourite pastimes of the North, which the Varangians were wont to practise after their musters and reviews; and on one of these occasions he attracted in an especial manner the notice of the Empress Zoe. We will leave the story to Mr. Dasent to tell in part, and in part only.

'Then when the games were at their height, and some played, while others sat round in a triple ring, and amongst them Harold "Nord-brikt," it happened that the Empress and her ladies came that way, and stopped to gaze on their manly forms. After admiring for a while their strength and skill, the Empress cast her eyes on Harold, and going straight up to him said, "Listen, Northman! give me a lock of thy hair." Harold's answer it is impossible to give . . . but the reply, though coarse and rude, was witty and quick, and all laughed that heard it, though they wondered at the boldness of the youth who thus dared to turn the tables on the Empress, and did not spare her with his biting words. Zoe herself, whose taste could not have been over-nice, seems to have been little shocked, and went on her way, smiling at Harold's words.'

It may well be supposed that this tale is not recorded by the Byzantine historian of the period, the courtly Cedrenus; but the Northern Saga states it in all its native rudeness.

But it was not at Constantinople that Harold was commonly found. We read of him as leading forth bands of the brave Varangians, sometimes to quell the revolt of an inland province, and sometimes to combat an enemy upon the frontier. Several of his campaigns and sieges against the Saracens in Sicily are related in the Saga, but with too manifest an admixture of legend and of fable. In other years we find him warring with the wild tribes in Syria or Armenia. By the spoils which he won, and the contributions which he exacted, he soon amassed considerable treasure, and this from time to time he transmitted for safe custody to his Russian friends, who hoarded it faithfully for him.

As the constant companion and the chief lieutenant of Harold in his various campaigns, the Saga commemorates Ulf—a word equivalent to Wolf—the same whose name appears on the Runes of the Piræus. Harold had also with him—perhaps even in the East, but more probably after his return to

Norway—one of the Northern *Skalds*, Thiodolf by name, who sings his praises in the barbaric spirit of that age. Here is one of his strains:—

'Let all men know that Harold
Was engaged in eighteen fierce fights

Great King! thou hast stained with gore
The hungry beak of the eagle,
And the wolf that followed in thy track
Has ever been gorged with prey.'

The year 1040, as M. Rafn thinks, may be fixed as the time when Harold and his followers overcame the Athenian insurgents, and caused the Runes of the Piræus to be engraved.

Harold was at Constantinople in the spring of 1042, when there occurred one of those revolutions of the palace, so frequent in the Byzantine story. The Emperor Michael, consort of Zoe, had died three months before, and Zoe in compliance with his last request, had raised to the purple his nephew, another Michael. The new Sovereign showed his gratitude by an early plot against his benefactress. In the night of the 19th of April he caused Zoe to be seized, shaved her head, and shut her up in a convent. But next day, the multitude being apprised of the event, rose in arms, shouting aloud for 'Zoe! our mother, Zoe!' Harold and his Varangians also took her side. A desperate struggle ensued, in which three thousand of the people are said to have fallen. Their cause, however, at last prevailed. The Varangians broke into the palace to search for the Emperor, and plundered all the treasure they could find. Michael himself fled to a monastery, and disguised himself in a monk's cowl; while Zoe and her sister Theodora were proclaimed joint empresses. A sentence was passed that the fallen Emperor should be deprived of sight; accordingly he was torn from his hiding-place, and dragged to the place called Sigma, where his eyes were at once plucked out.

The *Skalds*, or Court poets of Harold, and of course his constant panegyrists, could sing in after years how 'the mighty leader tore away both the Emperor's eyes,' or, in another place, how 'the Prince (Harold) won yet more gold, but the King of the Greeks went stone blind from his sore wounds.' It seems from such expressions—this is Mr. Dasent's just remark—as if the bloody deed had been done with Harold's own hand.

Other things are related by the Saga of Harold at Constantinople. We have that inevitable scene in all the High North legends of an encounter with a gigantic snake or dragon in a cave. We have some love passages

of Harold with a certain Maria, called the niece of the Empress Zoe, though that descent ill accords with the Byzantine pedigrees. All these tales are so largely intermingled with fable, that the slight foundation of fact, if any, can scarcely be discerned.

In 1044 Harold, having completed eleven years of service in the east, obtained his discharge and went back to Russia with a band of faithful followers. Embarking at Constantinople they steered up the Black Sea, and thence up the Sea of Azof and the Don. As they sailed along Harold was moodily brooding over the reception that might await him at the Court of Jaroslav—how, in all probability, the young Princess had forgotten and would reject him. Full of these thoughts he composed a poem, in sixteen stanzas, some of which are still preserved. They are all on the same model, and all in eight lines, the first six recounting his exploits and accomplishments, and the last two as a *refrain* anticipating the failure of his love. Here is one as a sample:—

‘There are eight things that I know :
I can write a poem ;
I have experience in riding ;
I have often practised to swim ;
I know how to wield the long pole ;
Not unskilled to throw the spear, or to row :
Yet the Maid who dwells in Gardarika,
Adorned with golden rings, disdains me.’

Why, when Harold began by boasting of his eight accomplishments, he should, in fact, enumerate no more than six, we cannot undertake to explain. We can only suppose it to arise from the cruel necessities of the metre which limited his enumeration to six lines.

Here is another stanza of much greater interest, since it seems to bear upon the question that we just now discussed. These lines we derive from the later and most careful translation of M. Rafn:—

‘Neither the Maid nor the Matron
Can deny that we have been
One morn at the burgh in the south,
Then how we brandished the steel !
By our swords we laid open a track ;
A memorial is there to record it ;
Yet the Maid who dwells in Gardarika,
Adorned with golden rings, disdains me.’

This phrase ‘burgh or borg, in the south,’ is explained by M. Rafn as denoting Athens, which the Norwegian writers call Athenborg. M. Rafn adduces some other passages to show that even in the dark ages they regarded Athens with respect, and declared it the first of all Grecian towns. In like manner M. Rafn contends that the word *merki*, which we have translated ‘memorial,’ and

which we take to be closely allied to the German *merkmal*, refers, in all probability, to the Runes engraved upon the sides of the lion.

To the same effect as Harold’s stanza, is one by his Court-poet, the constant extoller of his exploits, Thiodolf:—

‘The greed of the wolves was appeased
By the valiant Chief of the hosts,
At the time when the lances were brandished
And the vanquished sued for peace.
Oft has he gathered great spoil
From the south of the sea by his sword,
While faint-hearted men kept aloof :
A memorial of this still remains.’

Here the Norwegian word is not *merki*, but *minni*, which, however, is said to bear exactly the same meaning. It may be applied not only to monuments, strictly so called, but to any form of record, whether fixed or movable. Thus in the *Saga* the word is used of a great bell which Harold, when reigning in Norway, presented, in memory of St. Olaf to the church at Thingvall.

We may add that if Harold and his comrades designed on taking the Piræus to leave behind them some permanent memorial of their conquest, there was scarce any other course open to them than the engraving of Runes. Sculpture was out of the question in an age when the art had not merely declined, but had, it may be said, expired.

On reaching Kieff, where the Russian Sovereign then held Court, Harold found that his apprehensions had been vain. He was warmly welcomed by Jaroslav, and perhaps more warmly still by his first love, the Princess Elizabeth, whom he now espoused. With all his exploits he was still but twenty-nine years of age. Henceforth his thoughts reverted to his paternal realm of Norway, where was peaceably reigning his nephew Magnus the son of St. Olaf, and himself surnamed the Good.

But Magnus the Good was no match for Harold the Dauntless. The latter landed in Sweden, gathered around him a band of followers, and presented so formidable an appearance that the pacific Magnus quickly came to terms. An equal partition was agreed upon. The two young Princes were to be joint Kings of Norway, and Magnus was to receive one-half of Harold’s treasures. It seems doubtful whether in any case that compact could have long endured. But an accident brought it to a speedy close. King Magnus, while riding at full speed, was thrown from his horse, and in falling struck his head against the root of a tree, and from the wounds which he then received he died.

By the decease of Magnus Harold became sole Sovereign of Norway, and reigned as such for twenty years. The harshness of his rule may be sufficiently inferred from the surname that he gained of 'Hardrada,' the Severe. He was still upon the throne when there came the year 1066, so memorable in the annals of England. The Crown being grasped by Harold the Saxon at the death of Edward the Confessor, a confederacy gathered against the new King. His own brother, Tosti, fled to Flanders and implored the alliance of Norway, while William of Normandy was preparing his forces on the coasts of France.*

Harold Hardrada, ever warlike and ambitious, eagerly closed with the overtures of Tosti. The two chiefs made common cause. Early in September Harold appeared at the mouth of the Tyne with a formidable armament of three hundred ships of war. He was joined by some sixty sail from Flanders, under the command of Tosti, who thereupon did homage to Harold as to his liege-lord. Ascending the Humber with their fleets combined, they landed their troops with little or no resistance, and in a battle which ensued utterly routed the two great Earls, Edwin and Mercer, the brothers-in-law of King Harold the Saxon.

But scarcely was this victory achieved than the tidings came that King Harold the Saxon, at the head of considerable forces, was marching from the south against them. Tosti, as arrayed in arms against his brother, felt by this time some scruple of conscience, or more probably perhaps some mistrust of success. He sent a message to King Harold inquiring what might be the conditions of a peace. The result has been told by Sir Walter Scott in a passage of 'Ivanhoe,' as follows. It is condensed from the ancient chronicles with admirable grace and spirit:—

"Yes," said Cedric, "it was in this very hall that my father feasted with Torquil Wolf-ganger when he entertained the valiant and unfortunate Harold. It was in this hall that Harold returned the magnanimous answer to the ambassador of his rebel brother. Oft have I heard my father kindle as he told the tale. The envoy of Tosti was admitted when

this ample room could scarce contain the crowd of noble Saxon leaders who were quaffing the blood-red wine around their monarch."

"The envoy of Tosti moved up the hall undismayed by the frowning countenances of all around him until he made his obeisance before the throne of King Harold.

"What terms," he said, "Lord King, hath thy brother Tosti to hope if he should lay down his arms and crave peace at thy hands?"

"A brother's love," cried the generous Harold, "and the fair Earldom of Northumberland."

"But should Tosti accept those terms," continued the envoy, "what lands shall be assigned to his faithful ally, Hardrada, King of Norway?"

"Seven feet of English ground," answered Harold, fiercely; "or as Hardrada is said to be a giant, perhaps we may allow him twelve inches more."

"The hall rang with acclamations, and cup and horn was filled to the Norwegian who should be speedily in possession of his English territory.

"The baffled envoy retreated to carry to Tosti and his ally the ominous answer of his injured brother. It was then that the walls of Stamford, and the fatal Welland renowned in prophecy, beheld that direful conflict in which, after displaying the most undaunted valour, the King of Norway and Tosti both fell, with ten thousand of their bravest followers. Who would have thought that upon the proud day when this battle was won, the very gale which waved the Saxon banners in triumph was filling the Norman sails, and impelling them to the fatal shores of Sussex?"

We are loth to mar the effect of this fine passage by any criticism of its historical accuracy. Yet we cannot well refrain from observing that Sir Walter was not quite so good an antiquary upon English as upon Scottish ground. He has here confounded Stamford Town in a corner of Lincolnshire and on the river Welland with Stamford Bridge, about seven miles east of York, and on the river Derwent. It was at the latter place, beyond all question, and on the 25th of September, that the battle was fought. The result was long undecided. Both the Harolds performed prodigies of valour; and it was perhaps the fall of the one that decided the fortune of the day. Harold, King of Norway, was standing firm among the foremost—wielding we may suppose his redoubtable two-edged battle-axe—when, as Mr. Dasent relates it, a stray arrow smote him in the throat under the chin. The giant frame tottered; a rush of blood spirted out of his mouth, and Harold Hardrada fell dead. Tosti also was among the slain.

How vast was then the vicissitude produced by so few weeks! The Saxon banner supreme at Stamford Bridge on the

* It is beside the purpose of the present sketch of Harold's career to narrate at length his invasion of England, or to enter into a critical examination of the commonly received story. We must refer our readers, for these points, to Mr. Freeman's exhaustive account in his 'History of the Norman Conquest' (vol. iii. pp. 327, foll.)—a work of which we hope to give, at some future time, the detailed notice which its importance deserves.

25th of September, and struck down for ever at Hastings on the 14th of the next month!

ART. VII.—1. *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*. By James Fitzjames Stephen, Q.C. London, 1873.

2. *Old-Fashioned Ethics and Common-Sense Metaphysics, with some of their Applications*. By William Thomas Thornton, Author of a Treatise 'On Labour.' London, 1873.

3. *Enigmas of Life*. By W. R. Greg. Fourth edition. London, 1873.

4. *John Stuart Mill: Notices of his Life and Work*. Reprinted from the 'Examiner.' London, 1873.

'LIBERTY, Equality, and Fraternity, all over again! it's enough to make one sick!' Such was the exclamation of a most liberal-natured old gentleman, within our hearing and memory, when the same stale watch-words of Parisian revolutionism again resounded in 1848, which, in his youth, had frightened our isle from its propriety in 1792—3. It is probable,' said Malthus, 'that if the world were to last for any number of thousand years, systems of equality would be among those errors which, like the tunes of a barrel-organ, will never cease to return at certain intervals.*'

It is a noticeable albeit negative tribute to the influence of the writings of the late John Stuart Mill, that the authors of the three remarkable works before us have the one point in common, that they each take a position of more or less pronounced antagonism towards one or other of the most prominent doctrines—metaphysical, political, or economical—of that eminent thinker. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity' is, from beginning to end, a series of assaults upon all the main positions of the late Mr. Mill on every relation, normal or abnormal, of men, women, and communities. What is singular is that he espouses Mill's utilitarian principle, while combating almost all Mill's deductions from it. Mr. Thornton, on the other hand, boldly sets up an anti-utilitarian standard, and not content with challenging Mr. Mill then living, and an intimate friend of his, as an antagonist, enters the lists for a free and gentle passage of arms with Huxley, Darwin, and Tyndall, and even evokes, to do ghostly battle with, the sceptical spirit of

David Hume. Mr. Greg takes exception to Mill's economical teaching on the Malthusian Population principle—maintained by him, as the essential foundation of all sound economical doctrine that can be addressed, in their own interest, to the working classes.

We believe that we shall best bring out what we have to say on the most important topics of the three recent publications above cited, by reviewing them in their character of critiques of the leading doctrines of Mill—of the moral and social philosophy of his tractates on 'Liberty' and 'Utilitarianism'—and of the rigid Malthusianism which conspicuously characterised his 'Principles of Political Economy.' We are the rather led to this, because the 'Notices of his Life and Work,' reprinted in pamphlet form from the 'Examiner,' offer a sort of challenge to all who, like ourselves, while admiring his intellectual achievements, consider his doctrines, so far as a permanent bias and direction was impressed on them by his early training and associations, anything rather than fitted to afford safe guidance, whether in morals or politics. We would speak with all respect of the late Mr. Mill personally. A man who had the moral courage to declare spontaneously, in mature life, his change of opinion from the conventionally popular to the conventionally unpopular side on such a question as the Ballot, by that one act honourably distinguished himself from the herd of vulgar politicians. Such an avowal could be prompted by no party tactic. It could have been made from no other motive than fidelity to honest conviction. The same thing may be said of Mill's strenuous and persistent advocacy of what has been styled the system of 'proportional representation.*' The tribute of respect fairly due to such instances of independent thought and action may be accorded irrespectively of coincident or conflicting opinions on the several matters in question. It is the distinction of *having* an opinion and acting on it, which is becoming a rare phenomenon in politics. What may well be thought the worst evil of democracy is that its constituent masses *think in herds*, and expect their delegates to let, or affect to let the herd think for them.

The first political schooling of Mr. Mill was 'after the most straitest sect' Benthamite—that is, was received in a school systematically adverse to all powers that be, and con-

* Mr. Bright has stigmatised the application of the principle in question to the School Board elections as 'the miserable sectarian expedient of the cumulative vote.' We are led to infer that the party he seeks to propitiate has found it inconveniently just in its working.

* 'Essays on Population,' book iii. c. 3.

ident in the creation of powers hereafter to be by philosophical fiat. He indeed made vigorous efforts in his manhood, for which he deserved all credit, to shake himself free from the sectarian narrowness of the school of his youth. But it may be doubted how far his second school—that of the old India House—was precisely the best fitted to correct, in the degree desirable for an English political thinker or actor, the tendencies to philosophical absolutism acquired in his first school—that of Queen's Square Place. His published views of the Irish Land question in particular seem to us a sort of cross between Jeremy Bentham and Tippoo Sahib.

There are curious points of parallelism, as well as of contrast, between the late Mr. Mill and his most uncompromising critic, Mr. Fitzjames Stephen. They have in common fearless freedom of speculation, apt to shock readers not used to it. The former in his youth sat, as we have said, at the feet of Bentham, and studied under the stern rule of his father, the elder Mill. The latter we should conjecture to have been nursed in the creed of Calvin, or 'the patent Christianity of Clapham Common.'* The manhood of both would seem to have had enough to do to shake off so much of the doctrinal teaching of youth as no longer fitted its maturer moral and intellectual frame. But to have outgrown Benthamism, as to have outgrown Calvinism, was not to have purged the soul of all tincture from those doctrinal sources. The indelible impression that whatever is wrong, in law, politics, or ethics, was the stamp set by Benthamism, aggravated by the anti-aristocratism of Mill senior, on the ductile mind of the younger Mill. The ultra-Protestant logic, which, wherever it sees not an infallible, sees only an impostor, is the trait left by Calvinism, or something like it, in that of Fitzjames Stephen. But the differences of mental temper between author and critic are not less conspicuous. With all his speculative daring, there was a sort of gentleness and even a sort of timidity in the temper of the younger Mill, which showed themselves in maturer years in attempts to reconcile differences between conflicting social creeds, and to seek allies amongst all enlisted in any way in the ranks of social progress. But Mr. Fitzjames Stephen seems to prefer enemies to allies at any time; and to be disposed at the outset, though he qualifies his sweeping sentences in the sequel, to quarrel with progress altogether, and regard Liberty as a moral and political nonentity. Mr. Mill, so

far as his levelling zeal would let him, especially in his later years, combined the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, while Mr. Stephen would seem to have taken as his motto *fortiter in re, fortissime in modo*. His bark, indeed, is often worse than his bite. The one may be said to have been almost all his life the recluse student, even at his bureaucratic desk in the City solitudes of the old India House, and notwithstanding the subsequent uncharacteristic episode of his election for Westminster. The latter alternates the rôles of the trenchant journalist and the vigorous advocate. If we might venture further into the forbidden fields of personal criticism, we might find further points of contrast between the 'feminine philosopher,' as Mill has been termed, with special reference to his fervid vindication of female equality, and his vigorous forensic critic, who takes little pains to disguise from the fairer half of the species his full sense of that masculine superiority, mental and physical, which Law must recognise, in order that Law may regulate.

Looking dispassionately at Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's critique of Mill's book on 'Liberty,' we are reminded of the quarrel about the colour and material of two different sides of one shield. The disputed object was looked at by either disputant from opposite points of view. Mr. Stephen rests his case on the actual course of things in this fighting and working world. Mr. Mill contemplated an ideal, for the better realisation of which he looked to the future. If the faculties and perceptions of each could have been combined in one—that with which each was accomplished completing that which was in each lacking—a more comprehensive political philosophy might certainly have been formed from the combination than can easily be extracted from either of the two separately. Mr. Mill's ideal of individual liberty, subjected to no restraint, even from public opinion, but such as society may find necessary for its self-protection, would have been all the better for correction by Mr. Stephen's knowledge from experience of what sort of thing human society really is; while the rough assertion by the latter of ordinary ways of acting and thinking might have been advantageously tempered and qualified by reference to some standard more elevated. Where Mr. Stephen does good service is in bringing hard facts into broad and clear view. We entirely agree with him in his fundamental position, that 'Power precedes liberty. Liberty, from the very nature of things, is dependent upon power; and it is only under the protection of a powerful, well-

* Sydney Smith.

organised, and intelligent Government, that any liberty can exist at all.'

'Compulsion in its most formidable shape and on the most extensive scale—the compulsion of war—is one of the principles which lie at the root of national existence. It determines whether nations are to be, and what they are to be. It decides what men shall believe, how they shall live, in what mould their religion, law, morals, and the whole tone of their lives, shall be cast. It is the *ratio ultima*, not only of kings, but of human society in all its shapes. It determines precisely, for one thing, how much and how little individual liberty is to be left to exist at any specific place or time.'

In another page Mr. Fitzjames Stephen says, with equal truth:—

'War and conquest determine all the great questions of politics, and exercise a nearly decisive influence in many cases upon religion and morals. We are what we are because Holland and England, in the sixteenth century, defeated Spain, and because Gustavus Adolphus, and others, successfully resisted the Empire in Northern Germany. Popular prejudice and true political insight agree in feeling and thinking that the moral and religious issues decided at Sadova and Sedan were more important than the political issues. Here, then, we have compulsion on a gigantic scale producing vast and durable political, moral, and religious effects. Can its good and evil, its right and wrong, be measured by the single simple principle that it is good when required for purposes of self-protection, otherwise not?'

'The question,' concludes Mr. Stephen, 'how large ought the province of liberty to be? is really identical with this: in what respects must men influence each other if they want to attain the objects of life, and in what respects must they leave each other uninfluenced?'

Undoubtedly that is the question. Mr. Stephen's objects of life are the actual objects of the work-day world. Mr. Mill's objects of life were always projected into the future—often the far future. His main object was to elevate the life of the generality to higher conditions; and his doctrine of 'Liberty' was to forbear from social discouragement of whatsoever 'experiments in living' individuals might choose to try—how eccentric soever such experiments might generally appear to be. With this object in view, he recommended society to restrain itself from putting down, *even by the force of opinion*, any 'experiment in living,' which should not take the shape of overt acts of war with legal authority. 'That so few now dare to be eccentric,' he said, 'makes the chief danger of the time.' In these days of the International, the Commune, Spanish and Irish Federalism, lack of eccentricity, at least in politics, is not perhaps the malady with which the World, whether Old or New, feels itself most afflicted.

'It is the opinions men entertain and the feelings they cherish,' said Mr. Mill, 'respecting those who disown the beliefs they deem important, which make this country not a place of mental freedom.' This country, then, is to be rendered a place of mental freedom by giving full freedom to eccentrics and fanatics to 'express' their eccentricity and fanaticism, while refusing to the sane and sober portion of society any corresponding freedom of bringing its condemnatory sentiments to bear upon such vagaries. Just see where society would be landed by 'Liberty' of this one-sided sort. Do not suppose eccentrics and fanatics are of a tolerant breed themselves; if they invoke tolerance, it is only for lack of power to persecute. Once concede unlimited right of insult to the beliefs the mass of society hold important, while refusing society all right of expressing its sense of such insults—a large step is made to giving the insulters in the end the upper hand. Under such conditions, it becomes a most unequal conflict between society on the one hand and its would-be subverters on the other—

'Si pugna est ubi tu pulsas, ego vapula tantum.'

But what is most to be noted is that the very principle of individual liberty, professedly asserted, is violated by this unilateral mode of maintaining it. A minority is to be at liberty to insult all that a majority holds sacred. A majority is not to be at liberty to resent the insult by the equally free expression of condemnatory opinion on its part. What! is the majority not composed of individuals as well as the minority? Is the liberty of the many less entitled to exercise than that of the few? Then it would seem a new aristocracy of Liberty is to be installed amongst us, in which fanatics and monomaniacs are alone to have full swing for their thick-coming fancies, while the sane and sober must simply 'assist,' in the French sense of the word, *i.e.* stand by and say nothing. Upon what extraordinary hypothesis can such wondrous conclusions be founded? Upon the hypothesis apparently that whatever is wrong, and that all things stable should be subverted.

The doctrine maintained in the late Mr. Mill's tractate on 'Liberty' was, in brief, that society ought in no case to permit itself to make any *deterrent* demonstrations, even although these should be unenforced by legal penalties, against anything any of its members might say, or write, or do—except for the single purpose of direct and immediate self-protection. This doctrine led him to some queer conclusions in particular

cases. The *general* answer to it is well given as follows by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen:—

'Criminal legislation proper may be regarded as unimportant as an engine of prohibition in comparison with morals and the forms of morality sanctioned by theology. For one act from which one person is restrained by the fear of the law of the land, many persons are restrained from innumerable acts by the fear of the disapprobation of their neighbours, which is the moral sanction; by the fear of punishment in a future state of existence, which is the religious sanction; or by the fear of their own disapprobation, which may be called the conscientious sanction, and may be regarded as a compound case of the other two. Now, in the innumerable majority of cases, disapprobation, or the moral sanction, has nothing whatever to do with self-protection. The religious sanction is, by its nature, independent of it.

The morality of the vast mass of mankind is simply to do what they please up to the point at which custom puts a restraint upon them, arising from the fear of disapprobation. The custom of looking upon certain courses of conduct with aversion is the essence of morality, and the fact that this aversion may be felt by the very person whose conduct occasions it, and may be described as arising from the action of his own conscience, makes no difference which need be considered here. The important point is, that such disapprobation could never have become customary unless it had been imposed upon mankind at large by persons who themselves felt it with exceptional energy, and who were in a position which enabled them to make other people adopt their principles, and even their tastes and feelings.'

Mr. Mill himself furnished an instance of the extreme lengths to which he would have asserted his principle of individual liberty, by taking under his philosophic patronage a poor monomaniac convicted at Bodmin assizes in 1857 'for uttering and writing on a plate some offensive words concerning Christianity.' This conviction he cited as a more than ordinarily flagrant example of the infliction of legal penalties for the mere expression of opinion. Now, the counsel for the prosecution in the case in question (if we recollect right, the present Attorney-General), published a statement on the first appearance of Mr. Mill's book, that the man Pooley was not punished for the expression of opinion, but for the commission of a public nuisance by scrawling the most outrageous blasphemies on every gate-post and lead wall in his neighbourhood, with the presumptive intention of insulting public feeling and defying public decency. The counsel asked for a conviction on the ground of that offensive intention, and the judge charged the jury that on no other ground could they be justified in giving their

verdict against the prisoner. Upon that ground a verdict of guilty was accordingly given, but the convict was soon after released from prison as of unsound mind. Now, here was an extreme, by Mr. Mill singled out as an exemplary, instance of that eccentricity in opinion and conduct which he regarded as highly to be encouraged in these days of tame and abject conformity.

There is, as it seems to us, a pervading contradiction in the late Mr. Mill's 'Liberty' doctrine—a contradiction honourable to his sincere consideration for individual liberty, if inconsistent with through-going adhesion to the formula of his old Gamaliel, Bentham. Prepossessed with that formula—'greatest happiness of greatest number'—solicitous (if we may borrow the happy expression of Mr. Stephen) to see equal 'rations of happiness' served out to all the world and his wife—'every one to count for one, no one for more than one,' Mr. Mill showed himself, nevertheless, fully alive to the importance and difficulty of preserving somehow something of individual force and freedom from the Argus eyes and Briareus hands of a 'tyrant majority.'

Shall we finally conclude with Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, that all 'discussions about Liberty are, in truth, discussions about a negation;' that all 'attempts to solve the problems of government and society by such discussions are like attempts to discover the nature of light and heat by inquiries into darkness and cold;' and, lastly, that 'enthusiasm about Liberty is altogether thrown away?' Enthusiasm about anything may, of course, be wrongly directed; but, surely, the sense of freedom is something more, by the common consent of mankind, than that of a negation. Liberty may not have been clearly traced to its true sources, or correctly defined in its indispensable conditions by Mr. Mill. But to a critic, whose forte should lie in discrimination more than Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's does, that would be no reason for regarding Liberty itself as a moral and social nonentity.

It may be admitted, indeed, that liberty is a matter of feeling rather than of specific fact; but we should not, therefore, conclude it the less fit a subject of disquisition or enthusiasm. The sense of freedom is the sense of exemption from arbitrary authority; and what seems to us its source and indispensable condition is individual consciousness of actual or potential participation in the governing power of the community. The sense of such participation—actual, or, as we said, potential—is not necessarily dependent on any particular form of rule. There might be kept alive in feudal servi-

tude itself, as Burke said, 'the spirit of an exalted freedom.' The humblest clansman of the proudest Highland chief felt himself and his claymore essential constituents of the military power of the head of his clan, and, in contributing to maintain that power, might have the full feeling of liberty—that is to say, of spontaneous unconstrained action. The actual possession, or facility of attainment, of the elective franchise, gives the humblest British subject or American citizen a sense of political power which would not fail to make itself felt on any adequate provocation. On the other hand, the subject of a ruler who has made himself absolute by grace of bayonet and bullet, or of a foreign sovereignty, like that of Russia in Poland, so long as the native despotism or the foreign domination lasts, cannot easily cheat himself into the notion that he himself has any share in the governing power, and cannot, therefore, have that contented sense of liberty which alone makes safe subjects. Such alone can be those who feel themselves partners, albeit sleeping partners, in the political firm. When England, wisely or unwisely, went to war with Russia in 1854, she did so on the impulse of her voting or unvoting millions who hated the Czar for his iron rule in Poland, and for his aid to Austria to maintain hers in Hungary. When the American North, wisely or unwisely, made war with the South, she did so on the like popular impulse. Those wars were wars of national feeling in both countries, and therefore their vicissitudes endangered the governing party in neither country. But when Napoleon the Third made his crusade in Mexico, he acted on no impulse but his own, and had no voluntary national force to fall back upon. Liberty must be *something*, however unregarded in imperial calculation of forces, for its presence or absence to make all the difference in the degree of persistency with which external enterprises can be carried out, in the teeth of reverses, or malcontent spirits made partakers in the benefits of national institutions, in spite of their too manifest disposition—*e. g.* in Ireland—to use them no otherwise as weapons of hostility to the very power that imparts them.

On one subject Mr. Mill's memory is certainly entitled to all the honours which attended the funeral of that famous medieval Master-Singer, surnamed '*Frauenlob*,' whom the grateful female subjects of his poetical panegyrics carried, it is said, to the grave with their own arms, rained tears over the tomb in which they laid him, and, it is added, poured so much wine also over it, that they flooded the church.

There are two questions about women's rights which are very distinct, but which have been a good deal confused by Mr. Mill and his female clients, who contend for those rights. The first, which never should have been any question at all, is whether the legal nullity of women, under the old Roman and the old feudal law, should be the legal doctrine of days of more advanced civilisation. That women have an equal right with men to recognition as persons, and to every civil right following on that recognition, is no longer likely to be disputed in any quarter. But another and larger question has been included in that of Women's Rights. That question is whether marriage involves, or does not involve, a subjection of Woman to Man, which is natural and necessary, not legal and artificial in its origin. Whether, in short, the proverb that when two ride on one horse one must ride behind, is, or is not, the best and briefest expression of the natural and irrevocable law of marriage.

If we were to state frankly what we believe firmly to be the real views of the sex represented as aggrieved in this matter, we should say that what they chiefly feel they have to complain of, is rather the prevailing deficiency than the prevailing excess of the sort of subjection which the conjugal relation draws after it. There are really too many women for whom the artificial circumstances of our times do not provide occupation of the sort most congenial to their sex. Whatever independent occupations the distinctive delicacy of female organisation affords women a prospect of following with success, ought to be, and will be, thrown open to them.* But here we are met on

* How much the division of labour between men and women is matter of convention and usage—and therefore, it may be supposed, of the concurrent convenience of both parties—how little of law—we might cite many instances, and shall be content with one from the autobiography of Madame Schopenhauer, who was the wife of a Dantzic merchant, and who describes as follows the recollections of her youth of the female business-habits she found prevailing at Brussels just before the French Revolution of 1789.

'I was most of all surprised at the intimate knowledge the ladies had of the business transactions of the house; they seemed, indeed, better informed on these subjects than the nominal head of the firm; and in all conversations about their commercial affairs with Schopenhauer, I observed that the husbands generally sat by in silence. The wives of the first bankers usually spent the forenoon in the counting-house, richly dressed, and surrounded by their grown-up daughters, who discharged the duties of cashiers. There they sat, in a place somewhat apart, whence they could see all that passed; writing, dictating, casting accounts, receiving all strangers who came in, calculating the course

the threshold by the Darwinian principle of Natural Selection. The earliest, we believe, and ablest championess of 'the Rights of Woman,' Mary Wollstonecraft, frankly admitted what Mr. Mill and his female followers have ignored or disputed—viz. a superiority in physical, involving a certain superiority of mental strength in men. This natural aristocracy of Man over Woman—of sexual strength over sexual weakness—this natural incapacity of Woman to become the rival and competitor, however well fitted to be the partner and helpmate of Man, no legislative assertion of the equality of the sexes, an equality which does not exist, can alter. Women, as a body, perfectly well know this; as a body, women will never agitate for universal admission to equal and similar functions with the stronger sex, for which there is already scramble enough among that sex, and for which the nominal licence of the weaker to scramble with the stronger can never be more than the empty aspiration of stray philosophers, male or female, who understand neither sex.

Most women desire, a majority of women obtain, a partnership for life with some individual of the stronger sex. Now when a partnership comes to be formed for life, it is clear that the party, in whose special interest that lifelong duration is stipulated, must accept the terms on which alone a lifelong partnership can be agreed to by the party who has less apparent, though not perhaps less real, interest in its formation. A committee or parliament of strong-minded women might draw up terms for marriage contracts, which should formally abolish the conjugal subjection, and vindicate the conjugal equality of women. The only consequence would be that men would be uncommonly shy of entering into female partnership for life on such conditions. Strong-minded females might rejoin, 'We do not want to form life partnerships.' We can only appeal to ladies less strong-minded, whether partnerships terminable at will would suit *their* taste.

'Marriage,' says Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, 'is one of the subjects with which it is absolutely necessary both for law and morals to deal in some way or other. All that I need consider in reference to the present purpose is the question whether the laws and moral rules which relate to it should regard it as a contract between equals, or as a contract between a stronger

and a weaker person, involving subordination for certain purposes on the part of the weaker to the stronger. I say that a law which proceeded on the former and not on the latter of these views would be founded on a totally false assumption, and would involve cruel injustice in the sense of extreme general inexpediency, especially to women. If the parties to a contract of marriage are to be treated as equals, it is impossible to avoid the inference that marriage, like other partnerships, may be dissolved at pleasure. The advocates of women's rights are exceedingly shy of stating this plainly. Mr. Mill says nothing about it in his book "On the Subjection of Women," though in one place he comes very near to saying so; but it is as clear an inference from his principles as anything can possibly be, nor has he ever disavowed it. If this were the law, it would make women the slaves of their husbands. A woman loses the qualities which make her attractive to men much earlier than men lose those which make them attractive to women. The tie between women and young children is generally far closer than the tie between them and their fathers. A woman who is no longer young, and who is the mother of children, would thus be absolutely in her husband's power, in nine cases out of ten, if he might put an end to the marriage when he pleased. This is one inequality in the position of the parties which must be recognised and provided for beforehand, if the contract is to be for their common good. A second inequality is this: when a man marries, it is generally because he feels himself established in life. He incurs, no doubt, a good deal of expense, but he does not in any degree impair his means of earning a living. When a woman marries she practically renounces in all but the rarest cases the possibility of undertaking any profession but one, and the possibility of carrying on that one profession in the society of any man but one. Here is a second inequality. It would be easy to mention others of the deepest importance; but these are enough to show that to treat a contract of marriage as a contract between persons who are upon an equality in regard of strength, and power to protect their interest, is to treat it as being what it notoriously is not.'

Nine-tenths of thinking women would, we are convinced, acquiesce in Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's statement, that the ties of marriage, as hitherto maintained in civilised communities, are essentially protective of female weakness against male recklessness, and that the freedom claimed for both sexes from the generally indissoluble obligation of those ties would be freedom for the stronger at the cruel cost of the weaker sex.

Turning to Mr. Thornton's volume on 'Old-Fashioned Ethics and Common-Sense Metaphysics,' we may begin with an anecdote of the late Mr. Mill's reception of it (the work was published shortly before his death), which we find given by the Editor of the 'Notices of his Life and Work.' 'We

of exchange, and counting out to them the cash they were to receive. Thus things were done fifty years ago; it struck me as being a strange arrangement, and one which I did not admire. Time and circumstances have greatly altered it since.'

were speaking,' says that gentleman, 'of Mr. Thornton's recently published *Old-Fashioned Ethics and Common-Sense Metaphysics*, when I remarked on Mr. Mill's wide divergence from most of the views contained in it.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'it is pleasant to find something on which to differ from Thornton.' This something, which it was pleasant to find on which to differ, was nothing less than the whole foundation and sanctions of religion and morals. But Mill had large philosophical tolerance where he had political or social sympathies. He was agreed with Mr. Thornton about peasant-proprietorship, and about that remarkable piece of statistics in its favour which we took occasion, in a former number, to reduce to its real value as fact—that '*the agriculture of*' Guernsey and Jersey 'maintains, besides cultivators, non-agricultural populations, respectively, four or five times as dense as that of Britain!'

Mill, according to the Editor of the above-cited Notices, 'had no other creed, or dogma, or gospel, than Bentham's axiom, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number."' Mr. Thornton with an acute perception which we find in many parts of his book, of the confusion introduced by large and loose phrases in moral discussions, observes as follows on the ambiguity of this Benthamic axiom, which, it seems, is to be the sole future gospel of the Gentiles:—

'The greatest happiness of the greatest number may mean either the largest total of happiness in which the largest number of those concerned can participate, or a still larger total, which, if some of the possible participants are excluded, would be divisible among the remainder. The largest aggregate of happiness attainable by any or by all concerned means the largest sum total absolutely, without reference to the number of participants. Writers on Utilitarianism seem to have sometimes the first, sometimes the second, of these totals in view, but more frequently the second than the first.'

It is a mark-worthy fact, which however we nowhere remember to have seen remarked, that Bentham himself in his later years became distrustful of his own famous formula. 'In the later years of Bentham's life,' says his literary executor, the late Sir John Bowring, 'the phrase "greatest happiness of the greatest number" appeared, on a closer scrutiny, to be wanting in that clearness and correctness which had originally recommended it to his notice and adoption.' The following was the old man's quaint expression of tardy resipiscence on that point:—

'Be the community in question what it

may, divide it into two unequal parts; call one of them the majority, the other the minority. Number of the majority suppose 2001, number of the minority 2000. Suppose, in the first place, the *stock of happiness* [what a conception of happiness as a stock, divisible by authority into *coupons*!]. Take now from every one of the 2000 his *share of happiness*, and divide it anyhow among the 2001; instead of augmentation, vast is the diminution you will find to be the result. At the outset, place the 4001 in a state of perfect equality in respect of the means, or say, instruments of happiness; every one of them in a state of equal liberty; every one independent of every other; every one of them possessing an equal portion of money or money's worth. In this state it is that you find them. Taking in hand now your 2000, reduce them to a state of slavery, and, no matter in what proportion of the slaves thus constituted, divide the whole number, with their property, among your 2001. The operation performed—of the happiness of what number will an augmentation be the result? The question answers itself.*

That the old philosopher put the question to himself did credit to his candour. But what becomes of Benthamism, shorn of its Shibboleth—its pet phrase, "greatest happiness of greatest number?"

Mill never shook himself free from the Benthamite chimera of *rationing out* happiness—from the fixed idea that the problem to be solved by 'social arrangements' is that of making the rations, so far as may be, equal. Arrange as you will, you will never arrange away human nature, of which inequality is, ever and everywhere, the most prominent and conspicuous character. That every one should be equal *in the eye of the law* was no discovery of Bentham. That legislation should seek to make everyone equal *in condition* by agrarian or other devices, is a principle which may shatter to pieces an old social system, but can never permanently organize a new one.

To promote men's happiness, so far as 'social arrangements' of any kind can promote it, you must first of all consider what it was that brought men together—what it is that keeps them together in social union. Certainly not the philanthropic project of maximizing felicity for some abstract and anonymous 'greatest number,' born or unborn. The men who first formed societies formed them that what they had conquered or acquired by their own right hands, whether in war or labour, might have such additional safeguard as social guarantees could give. At the present day, the far-western backwoodsman, without troubling himself

* Bentham's 'Deontology,' vol. i. p. 328.

about 'social arrangements,' which he has left many days' journeys behind, shoulders his rifle, and makes *that* guard the plot he has cleared and cultivated. The Californian Vigilance-Committee man, in the early lack of legal tribunals, took summary measures, in league with his immigrant neighbours who had acquired ought to lose, to string up, *sans autre forme de procès*, whatever practical philosophers came in their way, who showed themselves intent on equalising conditions, and making fresh distributions of rations of 'greatest happiness' amongst 'greatest numbers.' Those who first founded, and those who have since maintained the social order of communities, never asked, and do not now ask, philosophers to serve them out rations of happiness. They can manage that for themselves. What they ask is security of possession and production. Property even more than life (for in the last resort a man can make his hand guard his head) is that which societies were mainly formed to secure. Most assuredly no society on earth, not foredoomed to destruction, will let philosophers disorganise it under the delusion of reorganising it on some fantastic principle of socialist agrarian or trading association. 'Those countries are fortunate,' wrote Mr. Mill, in his 'Advice to Land Reformers,' dating in the present year, '*or would be fortunate if decently governed*, in which, as in a great part of the East, the land has not been allowed to become the permanent property of individuals.' Strange! that those fortunate Eastern countries, which have had the State so many ages for sole landowner, are precisely the countries that never have been decently governed; and that the comparatively well-governed West gets farther and farther away from every remaining vestige of feudal limitations of permanent landed property! It is but just to Mr. Mill's memory to add that, notwithstanding the sweeping agrarian principles above enunciated, he admitted, in the same papers which we have just quoted, that the scheme of 'nationalisation of the land' *—in other words, a Ryotwarree settlement of millions of small cultivators with a gigantic and remorselessly exacting bureaucracy for sole landlord (and with collectors perhaps armed with thumbscrews to get the State its rents)—'is altogether unsuited to the present time.' Alas! that England and America are not such 'fortunate countries' as Mr. Mill

learned to fancy, and helped to administer at the old India House!

What strikes us most in Mr. Thornton's volume is his boldness in publishing it. Not that any one is afraid, in these days, of coming out with his Confession of Faith. It is the article most in vogue in the mental market, but upon one condition—your confession must have an air of novelty and heterodoxy. Any African, German, or British professorial magician, that now cries through the streets 'Who will exchange old lamps for new?' is sure of an audience more or less inclined for the proposed barter. Whatever, on the other hand, wears an over-orthodox aspect finds enlisted against it all that indolent prejudice which formerly would have been enlisted for it. In entitling his book '*Old-Fashioned Ethics and Common-Sense Metaphysics*,' Mr. Thornton has set himself—we cannot but suppose deliberately—to swim against the stream, and battle, as he does bravely, with a strong current of opinion. The great danger of our day is not, as Mr. Mill imagined, lack of taste for eccentricity, but rather excess of receptivity for paradox. The credulity of unbelief—'credulosity,' as Mr. Thornton terms it, 'run mad' in stolidly systematic negation of primary truths—fundamental cognitions unsusceptible of evidence because self-evident—is the physico-metaphysic *tic* of the times. Consciousness is no proof of existence! experience no test of ethics. The cow hath run a-dry—let us go milk the bull!

The Nemesis of Faith appears as distinctly in these days as in Berkeley's—irreligious philosophy performs on itself as complete a *reductio ad absurdum*—commits on itself as clear a logical suicide in the persons of the Nescient Philosophers of our time as in the 'Minute Philosophers' of his. Our professors of physical science in these days—who set up for metaphysicians,—in arguing away all direct knowledge of their own existence, argue away all possibility of philosophising or doing anything else. No other conclusion ever was reached, or ever will be reached, by the pseudo-scientific teachers of what has happily been termed by Mr. St. George Mivart the Agnostic Philosophy, than that set forth in the famous parody of Byron in the 'Rejected Addresses'—

'Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything, and everything
is nought.'

As an additional example of the general fact which we have already noted, viz., that heterodoxy has become the popular article in the mental market, we find Mr. Greg pre-facing his 'Enigmas of Life' with a sort of

* See an excellent paper against 'Nationalisation of the Land,' by Professor Fawcett, M.P., in the 'Fortnightly Review,' for December, 1872.

Via prima salutis

Quâ minime reris *Grantâ* pandetur ab urbe.

apology to 'the severer class of scientific reasoners,' by whom, he says, he is aware that 'it will be noted with disapproval that throughout this little book there runs an under-current of belief in two great doctrines, which yet I do not make the slightest attempt to prove. I have everywhere,' it will be said, 'assumed the existence of a Creator and a continued life beyond the grave, though I give no reason for my faith in either!' If by 'the severer class of scientific reasoners' Mr. Greg means Positivists and Agnostics, he might have replied to both that, as they do not dogmatise Atheism, but only affirm that it is impossible for us to have any knowledge, on Positivist or purely scientific grounds, whether there is a God or not, he should consider it as superfluous, and scarcely civil, to seek to prove to them what they declare impossible to know.*

* The Positivists, *ad exemplar* of the Founder of their queer faith, are fond of pronouncing impossible all investigations the pursuit of which passes the narrow limits of their own minds and methods. Comte, for example, taught dogmatically (as he taught everything, and therefore, to the orthodox Positivist, infallibly) that all research into the *chemical composition* of the celestial bodies was entirely beyond the reach of 'positive' science. But let us quote the *ipissima verba* of this modern Revealor of the *Grand Être* (viz. the abstract idea of Humanity, which is to dethrone all Deity, and silence all speculation about a 'Providence,' or a 'Universe'). In the 19th Lecture of his 'Cours de Philosophie Positive,' Comte lays down, as follows, the *principe fondamental* of what he calls Positive Astronomy.

'Toute recherche qui n'est point finalement réductible à de simples observations visuelles nous est donc nécessairement interdite au sujet des astres, qui sont ainsi de tous les êtres naturels ceux que nous pouvons connaître sous les rapports les moins variés. Nous concevons la possibilité de déterminer leurs formes, leurs distances, leurs grandeurs et leurs mouvements; tandis que nous ne saurions jamais étudier par aucun moyen leur composition chimique. . . . Ainsi, pour fixer les idées dans la célèbre question des atmosphères des corps célestes, on pouvait certainement concevoir, même avant la découverte des ingénieux moyens imaginés pour leur exacte exploration, qu'une telle recherche nous présentait quelque chose d'accessible, à cause des phénomènes lumineux plus ou moins appréciables que ces atmosphères doivent évidemment produire; mais il est tout aussi sensible (par la même considération) que nos connaissances, à l'égard de ces enveloppes gazeuses, sont nécessairement bornées à celles de leur existence, de leur étendue plus ou moins grande, et de leur vrai pouvoir réfringent, sans que nous puissions nullement déterminer ni leur composition chimique, ni même leur densité,' &c.

It follows that it has been an astronomical heresy, amenable to the Positivist Holy Inquisition of the Future, to attempt, and attempt successfully, the analysis of the solar spectrum; and the *chemical* results arrived at by that analysis—and prophetic of more—

Following the rule, with which we set out, of treating the publications before us primarily as critiques of Mill, we shall confine ourselves at present to the two important chapters of Mr. Greg's book, entitled respectively '*Malthus Notwithstanding*,' and '*Non-Survival of the Fittest*' in which he contests the foundation of the Population Theory of Malthus—whose doctrine Mr. Mill made a cardinal point and 'headstone of the corner' of his whole economical teaching. 'J. S. Mill,' says Mr. Greg, 'dwells urgently on the necessity of workmen limiting their numbers, if they wish their wages to increase and their condition to improve. I wish to show that the object will be as effectually gained by *dispersion* as by *limitation*. It is not multiplication, but multiplication *on a restricted field*, on a given area, that lowers wages and brings privation. . . . Mankind might multiply unchecked, if only they would disperse unchecked. That pressure of population on the means of subsistence, with all the misery it involves, which Malthus held to be not only *ultimately* but *perpetually* inevitable, is—at least in its severer form—mainly gratuitous and nearly always premature.'

would clearly be punishable, if Positivism were the established faith (as it means to be, and threatens to be as intolerant as arrogant ignorance, when it has climbed into the chair of authority, always has been), on the same principle of an infallible authority teaching *ex cathedra*, and enduring no contradiction, as the Roman Inquisition applied so exemplarily in the case of Galileo. Positivism, if faithful to its founder, can tolerate no discoveries which that founder has pronounced beyond human power to make. 'Il faut concevoir l'astronomie *positive*,' said Comte, in the lecture above cited; 'comme consistant essentiellement dans l'étude *géométrique* et *mécanique* du petit nombre de corps célestes qui composent le *monde* dont nous faisons partie.' The idea of a *Universe* is to be discarded in future as unpositive, and all investigation or discovery beyond the bounds of the solar system, considered as more curious than useful.

The late Dr. Whewell called Comte 'a shallow pretender,' so far as all the modern sciences, except astronomy, are concerned. We think we have shown that astronomy was no exception to the narrow exclusiveness and ignorant dogmatism of his intellectual temper on all subjects.

Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, as most of our readers are aware, drew on himself a sharp attack from Mr. Frederic Harrison by an incidental notice of Comte, in which he said, 'What the value of Comte's speculations on natural science may have been I do not pretend to guess, but the writings of his disciples give me a strong impression that his social and moral speculations will not ultimately turn out to be of much real value.'

Here was more than enough to put the back up of any Positivist. Of 'the value of Comte's speculations on natural science' perhaps we have given our readers a sufficient specimen.

The strange illusions and stern facts of the epoch at which Malthus brought out the first edition of his famous Essay, gave it all the advantage of a *pièce de circonstance*, but may be considered in the same degree to have obstructed the philosophical comprehensiveness of his view of the subject, and impaired the completeness of the work. His main object was to dissipate the illusions of writers like Godwin, whose 'Political Justice' drew its inspiration (by the author's frank avowal) from such French originals as the '*Système de la Nature*.' In opposition to the frigidly audacious philosophy of that school, Malthus undertook to show that what stood in the way of the realisation of their Utopia was the natural order of things—not the artificial arrangements of society—and that a community that should have pulled down all distinctions of rank, and emancipated itself from all restraints on sexual intercourse, would soon find the iron bars of physical necessity interposing themselves against the lawless enjoyment of its newly achieved moral and social liberties.

Malthus was undeniably successful in showing that the restoration of no earthly Eden would follow from the establishment, on the Godwinian model, of social equality and sexual connection at will, which now figures under the *alias* of Free Love. He might have avoided all that was morally questionable in his Essay, and probably therefore all the odium of it, by placing in front of his battle the vindication of the nature of man as a religious, moral, and rational being. It was this that the Godwinian Utopists had ignored, in their philosophic repudiation of marriage and property. They should have been answered by showing that man, as a religious, moral, and rational being, could dispense with neither the one institution nor the other. It should have been shown that the attempt to keep men together in any form of association in which marriage and property should not be recognised as connecting links, must end, if made on any extensive scale, in disruption—from moral impossibilities of concord—even before it found itself confronted by those physical impossibilities of prolonged existence, marshalled against it by the population-theory of Malthus. It might have been added, but should not have been advanced as the head and front of the argument, that the Godwinian polity, or rather anarchy (for government of any kind was the *bête noire* of the Utopists of that epoch)—waiving all its moral impossibilities of cohesion—would be pulled up physically, as brute increase is, or that of men where found on a social level only just above brutes.

But Malthus was less successful, unless partially, and as it were by afterthought, in substituting for the 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' doctrines of his day, the visionary character of which was sufficiently exposed in his 'Essay on Population,' a positive philosophy of his subject drawn from civilised human experience. So little, indeed, did he at first address himself to that wider aim, that in the first edition of his Essay (published in 1798) vice and misery only were pointed out as the 'positive checks' on the otherwise unlimited increase of population beyond the means of subsistence. Moral restraint, as a 'preventive check,' was an afterthought. 'Emeritus Professor Francis W. Newman,' as he rejoices to style himself, in a remarkable Essay on 'Malthusianism True and False,' published a year or two back in a monthly magazine, took note of the fact that the crude wording of the title-page in Malthus's first edition stood unchanged in his sixth—a stumbling-block to sober minds at the very threshold of the inquiry. It ran thus—'An Essay on the Principle of Population, or a View of its Past and Present Effects on Human Happiness, with an Enquiry into our Prospects respecting the future Removal or Mitigation of the *Evils* which it occasions.' What would be thought of an Essay on the principle of *gravitation*, which should include an inquiry into the prospects of removing the evils which it occasions? Surely that it was a somewhat uncalled-for imputation on an innocent law of Nature. It is true that by that law a man is in danger of falling every instant he does not exert an effort, however unconscious, to preserve his equilibrium. But when he does fall, who ever thinks of charging the *evil* on the law of gravitation? Or what would be said of a theory which affirmed, in its very title-page, that 'the principle of alimentation' occasioned all the evils experienced, on the one hand, from over-eating, and on the other, from want of means of sufficient eating? Who ever thinks of speaking of any physical law as occasioning evils, avoidable by acting upon the knowledge (practical at least) of that law, which it was man's business, as a rational being, to acquire?

Cobbett, with that unique instinct of invective which dictated his choice of epithets, thought it superfluous to seek for any more damaging designation of the author of the 'Essay on Population' than 'Parson Malthus.' The incongruity between his religious profession and his irreligious doctrine was thus indicated in a word. And, indeed, without any intention of personal aspersion or slur on professional orthodoxy,

a doctrine may well be deemed irreligious which fails so completely to bind facts together so as to illustrate their higher general and providential laws. Yet, as Mr. Newman observed, Malthus 'reverentially believed that the evils occasioned (as he perversely put it) by the principle of population were essential to human progress in virtue. Some one has attributed to him the saying that God intended this world, with all its trials, to be a *manufactory of mind*.' It is unfortunate that Malthus, with his excellent feelings and intentions, kept not in view more steadily, in the first scope of his Essay, the legitimate sovereignty which it belongs to Mind to exercise over Nature and Circumstance.

If by the 'principle of population' Malthus meant the physical instinct which impels the lower animals to propagate their kind without care of the future, there could be no question but that evil to man must be occasioned by the action of a principle so unhuman. With the Godwinians on one side of him preaching abolition of property and disuse of marriage, and the country-gentlemen on the other perverting the administration of the Poor Laws to uproot in the minds of English peasants all idea of regarding themselves as responsible for supporting the children they brought into the world, Malthus might be excused for giving undue prominence to the animal and abnormal side of the question. And at the time of war and restricted intercourse with the world at large, at which he wrote, he might naturally view our population as pent within our 'tight little island'; and, proceeding on the assumption of unlimited and unchecked promptings to increase and multiply within so limited an area, might not less naturally, and indeed logically from such premisses, arrive at the conclusion that the process of human multiplication must be brought up short by the impossibility of multiplying in an equal ratio the means of sustenance. Malthus's theory, in the manner of its first presentment, missed the final cause—the providential sense and design of the natural law of human increase. Nature is very uniform in her mode of dealing with man, whether individually or in masses. She makes him uneasy, in order that she may make him *keep moving*. It is an imperfect idea of the designs of Nature or Providence, that consigns to the background the intention to impel as well as to restrain—to restrain only in order to give full force to the onward impulse. Nature, indeed, will not make man a gratuitous present of the satisfaction of any of the wishes 'Nature's self inspires.' But she will always *sell* him that satisfaction *à prix fixe*. 'What

would you have?' asked the great German poet.* 'What would you have? TAKE IT and *pay the price*.'

Malthus, in his later editions, tacitly admitted, by his extensions of his original theory, that it had not breadth enough to form a basis for a law of population applicable to a community in any degree civilised. Notwithstanding his efforts to enlarge it, the narrowness of its foundation still marred his work. He had, in fact, and most gratuitously, descended to the ground occupied by his opponents. He had presented the unchecked sexual impulse as identical with the 'principle of population.' So it is amongst brutes—so it might be among savages of the lowest grade, or Godwinian or Communist philosophers of the highest—but so it is not amongst men in any degree raised above the brutal or savage state, or the pseudo-philosophic state of retrogradation to savagery.

What, after all, does the Malthusian assertion of the constant tendency of population to increase, so as to press perpetually on the means of subsistence, when stripped of the pomp of abstract phraseology, put in plain English, and reduced to conformity with plain facts, really amount to more than this—that the bringing of more mouths into the world creates a demand for more food to fill them? Mr. Greg justly remarks that 'the necessity of exertion is all that Malthus's law indispensably implies and involves. That necessity scarcely needed demonstration in three volumes octavo. But Malthus fancied he had demonstrated something more, and Malthus's economic secretaries have gone on fancying the same thing ever since, namely, that human increase, at all times, and whatever new fields for expansion and production are opened, is, and must be pressing fatally and inexorably on the means of subsistence.

To make out his constant tendency of population to increase faster than food for its sustenance, Malthus had to assume unlimited propagation within a limited area. Upon what evidence did he assume either as a general fact? The process of *depopulation* from occult (apparently moral and physiological) causes is quite as frequent a phenomenon in human history as the process of over-population.† The world is in no proximate peril of being over-peopled.

* Goethe.

† In addition to Mr. Greg's citations of instances ancient and modern, (for which we must refer our readers to his own pages) of depopulation apparently owing to moral rather than physical causes, the following testimony of Polybius may be taken, as extracted in the last volume of Bishop Thirlwall's 'History of Greece.' It is

The true law of population for a being who 'looks before and after' must be a different law from that which constrains (and decimates) creatures that do neither. If Man is fated

'To tear his pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron bars of life,'

he is privileged to see the bars before him, and avoid, if he will, dashing himself against them. He is not only capable of prevision of, but of provision for, the future necessities of his existence—not only capable of foreseeing the time when the produce of his native land must fail to feed himself and his offspring, but of calling in aid Art and Commerce to supply the shortcomings of Nature, and—when these have exhausted all their powers and resources within the limits of one locality—migrating to fresh fields and pastures new.

The British Islands and Germany, each in her own way, may boast to be an *officina gentium*, a nation-manufactory for both

not the least striking of those to be found in the world's history, nor, perhaps, the least noteworthy, with reference to some of the self-indulgent proclivities of our own times.

'We have the evidence of Polybius' (ii. 62), says Bishop Thirlwall, 'that in the period either immediately preceding or immediately subsequent to the establishment of the Roman Government—a period which he describes as one of concord and comparative prosperity, when the wounds which had been inflicted on the Peninsula were beginning to heal—even then the population was rapidly shrinking, through causes quite independent of any external agency, and intimately connected with the moral character and habits of the society itself. He is giving an example of a case in which it was unnecessary to consult an oracle. For instance, he observes, "in our times all Greece has been afflicted with a failure of offspring, in a word, with a scarcity of men, so that the cities have been left desolate and the land waste, though we have not been visited either with a series of wars, or with epidemic diseases. Would it not," he asks, "be absurd to send to inquire of the oracles by what means our numbers may be increased, and our cities become more flourishing, when the cause is manifest, and the remedy rests with ourselves? For when men gave themselves up to ease, and comfort, and indolence, and would neither marry nor rear children born out of marriage, or at most only one or two, in order to leave these rich, and to bring them up in luxury, the evil soon spread, imperceptibly, but with rapid growth; for when there was only a child or two in a family for war or disease to carry off, the inevitable consequence was that houses were left desolate, and cities by degrees became like deserted hives. And there is no need to consult the gods about the mode of deliverance from this evil, for any man would tell us, that the first thing we have to do is to change our habits, or at all events to enact laws compelling parents to rear their children."—Thirlwall's *History of Greece*, chap. lxi.

hemispheres. France, on the other hand, in recent times has honoured Malthus by her remarkable abstinence from the British and German habit of having large families. What has been the consequence, or, at least, the accompaniment, of the Malthusian 'moral restraint' of France in this matter? That colonial enterprise, for which she was formerly eminent amongst nations, is in France at this day extinct; while the prolific races replenish the earth and subdue it. And, as regards war, the following passage may be worth quoting from a letter written a year or two ago from Metz by Mr. Samuel Capper, during his tour of charity at the close of the war of 1870–71:—

'Very striking was the remark of Madame the wife of the Mayor of Toul: "My countrymen are always talking of their revenge; to make successful war upon Germany we must have plenty of men. How many children have we in our families? One or two. A Saxon colonel quartered upon me told me he had five sons, and all in the army."'

'The ordinary size of families in England and Wales' (we again cite Mr. Greg), 'judging by a comparison of the yearly marriages with the yearly births, is now about 4.15, and we may fairly assume that with us no artificial means, of abstinence or otherwise, are employed to prevent each marriage yielding its natural number of offspring.' What is the orthodox Malthusian limit to be fixed henceforth for the size of families? Mr. Mill did not say, though he would have had some such limit prescribed and enforced by public opinion, or by law, if necessary.†

It is worth noting that, whereas Malthus's essay was written expressly for the discouragement of the 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' enthusiasts of his own day, the staunchest Malthusians of later times have been writers so far in sympathy with the D'Holbach and Godwin school, that they have nourished an equal hatred with that school for all aristocracy, all priesthood, and all indissoluble conjugal relations. Mill, the elder (James), was full of what we should call the fanaticism of Malthusianism; to such a degree that he risked his own fairly-earned reputation with decent people, and involved in the like discreditable danger the youth of his son, by running a Malay muck against what he called the 'superstitions of the nursery' with regard to sexual relations, and giving the impulse to a sort of shameless propaganda of prescriptions

* 'Times,' April 6, 1871.

† 'Principles of Political Economy,' Book II. c. xiii. § 2.

for artificially checking population. We should not even have alluded to this grave offence against decency on the part of the elder and the younger Mill, had it not been forced upon our notice by recent events.

In an interesting conversation with Mr. John Stuart Mill, a few days before he left England, reported by the editor of the 'Fortnightly Review' in his June number, it is mentioned that 'he (Mill) made remarks on the difference of the feeling of modern refusers of Christianity as compared with men like his father, impassioned deniers, who believed that if you only broke up the power of the priests and checked superstition, all would go well; a dream from which they were partially awakened by seeing that the French Revolution, which overthrew the Church, still did not bring the millennium.' Somewhere in his writings—we cannot just now lay our finger on the passage—Mill the younger has expressed his apprehension that the new spiritual power of the press might prove as perilous to the pure cause of truth as ever had been the old spiritual power of the priesthood. We find in the 'Notices' above cited of Mill's 'Life and Work' the following astonishing sentence from the pen of Professor W. A. Hunter:—'Mr. Mill has never written one sentence to give the least encouragement to Christianity.' All who have studied, as we will charitably suppose this Professor has not, Mr. Mill's later writings, will know what to think of this sweeping and strangely worded assertion. Mill seemed to hold himself ready, almost as much as Bunsen, to conform to some 'Church' or Christianity 'of the Future.' His religion that was to be, like all his other aspirations, recked little of the past or present, and embraced, we should say, a cloud for a goddess looming in some far futurity. But his recognition of Christianity, as it flowed from its source, was frank and frequent. In his 'Liberty' he says—'I believe that the sayings of Christ are irreconcilable with nothing which a comprehensive morality requires; that everything which is excellent in ethics may be brought within them.' In his 'Utilitarianism' he says—'In the golden rule of Jesus of Nazareth, we read the complete spirit of the ethics of utility. To do as you would be done by, and to love your neighbour as yourself, constitute the ideal perfection of utilitarian morality.' The teaching of Christ then fulfilled Mill's idea of moral perfection. His error was in supposing, as he apparently did, that Christian belief might undergo, without fatal alteration, a metamorphosis into a vague Religion of Humanity with Man for its God. There is a homely proverb about

giving a hungry dog a piece of his own tail to eat, and it seems to us about as hopeful to seek to satisfy man's heart-hunger for a religion, by telling him as Comte did, to fall down and worship himself and Madame Clotilde de Vaux.

'Eh bien! me disent-ils,' says the honest republican Edgar Quinet, who has wonderful lucid intervals, 'adrez donc l'Humanité. O le curieux fétiche! Je l'ai vu de trop près. M'agenouiller devant celui qui est à deux genoux devant toute force triomphante! Ramper devant cette bête rampante aux milliards de pieds! Ce n'est pas là ma foi. Que ferais-je de ce dieu-là? Ramenez-moi aux ibis et aux serpents à colliers du Nil.*

ART. VIII.—*Beaumarchais et son Temps : Etudes sur la Société en France au XVIII^e Siècle, d'après des Documents Inédits.* Par Louis de Loménie, de l'Académie Française. Troisième édition, revue et corrigée. Paris, 1873.

'Le Mariage de Figaro,' Beaumarchais' masterpiece, formed an epoch in the dramatic, social, and political annals of France. Napoleon called it the Revolution already in action. The author was the type, the living, breathing, varying, multiform type, of his times. There is no eighteenth century without him, said Sainte-Beuve, any more than without Voltaire, Mirabeau, or Diderot. His adventurous, tumultuous career, marked by the strangest alternations of fortune, might be simultaneously presented as an exciting romance and studied as the most instructive introduction to his play. We cannot say that M. de Loménie has made the best of his subject. His views are just, his criticisms sound, and he has displayed a rare amount of discriminating research in the collection of his materials, which are rich and valuable; but they have been arranged and worked up with little regard to artistic effect: the interest of the narrative is marred by minuteness of detail, as well as by want of due proportion in the parts; and altogether we incline to think that our best mode of proceeding will be to give an outline or summary of the strictly biographical portions of his work.

Beaumarchais, who is even less known to the general public by his veritable patronymic than Voltaire, began life as Pierre-Augustin Caron. He was born January 24th,

* 'La Révolution,' vol. ii. p. 419.

1742, the son of a watchmaker in the Quartier St. Denis, which, although deemed the Bœotia of Paris, can lay claim to Béranger, the son of a tailor, and Scribe, the son of a silk-merchant. The family of Caron occupied so humble a position, that M. de Loménie pauses to account for their comparative refinement of tone and elevation of thought by the existence of a Court aristocracy, 'which mixing more and more with the classes of the bourgeoisie, without being confounded with them, promoted amongst all a rivalry of good manners and language, which has now completely disappeared.' This theory is confirmed by one of Beaumarchais' letters to his father from Madrid in 1765:—'The bourgeois of Madrid are the most foolish creatures in the universe, very different from what is seen amongst us, where all conditions have acquired the *bon air et le bel esprit*.' There is also a letter from the father to the son, betokening a degree of cultivation not usual in his class:—

'I have been five days and four nights without eating or sleeping, and without ceasing to cry out. In the intervals when I suffered less, I read Grandison, and in how many things have I not found a just and noble affinity between myson and Grandison! Father of thy sisters, friend and benefactor of thy father,—if England, I said, has her Grandison, France has her Beaumarchais—with this difference, that the English Grandison is only a fiction of an agreeable writer, whilst the French Beaumarchais really exists for the consolation of my decline.'

There was little affinity with Grandison in boyhood or in youth. Bred up an only son with five sisters, he was the spoilt child of the establishment; and the irrepressible joyousness and levity of his disposition were constantly leading him into every sort of folly. In the Preface to 'Cromwell,' to prove the necessity of allying the comic with the tragic element, Victor Hugo insists that this contrast is found in the authors themselves:—'These Democrituses are also Heraclituses; Beaumarchais was morose: Molière, sombre: Shakespeare, melancholy.' In nine cases out of ten, a man of genius, naturally if not necessarily susceptible and impressible, will be found alternating between gaiety and despondency. *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are sister poems. We do not believe that Molière was habitually sombre, or Shakespeare constitutionally sad; and all available evidence, external and internal, negatives the supposition that Beaumarchais was morose. The contrary was so notoriously the fact, that when (having been married only twice) he was accused of poisoning three wives, Voltaire, who disliked him, said, 'This Beaumarchais is not a poisoner:

he is too droll;' and, again, 'I persist in my belief that so gay a man cannot be of the Locusta family.' There were innumerable occasions when, without hoping against hope, without congeniality combined with hardihood, without glowing, electrical, sympathy-compelling energy, he would have been lost; when, like Charles Surface, he kept his spirits because he could not afford to part with them.

All we are told of his education is, that he was sent to the College (Anglican school) of Alfort; that, though an apt scholar, he gave slight indication of capacity, and that he was apprenticed to his father, with the view of succeeding to the business, at thirteen. This is the precise age of Cherubin, the precocious page whose heart beats at the rustling of a petticoat; and it is a plausible speculation of the biographers, that the page was copied from the life. Some verses composed by Beaumarchais at this period have been preserved, fully justifying the appellation of *polisson*, which is indiscriminately applied by himself to both copy and original. With an excessive fondness for music, which made him neglect his trade, he is said to have united other less innocent tastes, and his father strove in vain to subdue his turn for dissipation and extravagance. In one of the numerous diatribes levelled at him in the height of his celebrity, he is described as turned out of house and home at eighteen, and forming one of a strolling party of jugglers. That he was banished from the paternal roof is true, but this was no more than a temporary and provisional expedient for the reformation of his morals and his ways. He was received by friends with the connivance of the family, and when it was thought that a sufficiently impressive lesson had been conveyed, he was taken back, upon conditions which show that the profligate sons of those days could not resist paternal rule with impunity. One of them ran thus:—

'4. You will give up your unlucky music altogether, and (above all) the company of young people. I will tolerate neither. Both have been your ruin. However, out of consideration for your weakness, I allow you the violin and the flute, but on the express condition that you never play on either till after supper on working days, and never in the daytime; and that you do not disturb the repose of our neighbours nor my own.'

The conditions were signed by the culprit with the deepest sense of humiliation and apparently in good faith; for in less than two years he had obtained that celebrity in his profession which was the utmost extent of the father's wishes or expectations in his

behalf. In December, 1753, he addressed a letter (his first appearance in print) to the editor of the 'Mercure,' in which he laid claim to the invention of a new escapement for watches, stolen from him by one Sieur Lapante, and concluded by proposing to refer the question to the Academy. The affair having made noise enough to attract the attention of the Comte de Saint-Florentin, a high official, two Commissioners were named for the purpose by the Academy; and their decision was not merely that the invention belonged to Beaumarchais, but that, for watches, it was at the same time the most perfect yet hit upon and the most difficult of execution. In the course of the year following, June 16, 1755, he alludes to this and other mechanical improvements in terms showing that he had obtained some illustrious customers by his ingenuity:—

'By these means I make watches as flat as they are called for, flatter than have hitherto been made, without in any respect diminishing their goodness. The first of these simplified watches is in the hands of the King. His Majesty has had it for a year, and is quite satisfied with it. I have also had the honour, within these few days, of presenting a watch to Madame de Pompadour of this new construction, the smallest ever made; it is only four lines and a half in diameter, and two-thirds of a line in thickness between the plates.'

This letter is signed *Caron fils, Horloger du Roi*. In a preceding letter, July, 1754, he says that the King had ordered a facsimile of the watch made for Madame de Pompadour, and that all the lords were following the example, each eager to be served first. Till his twenty-fourth year, he was content with his prosperous business as a watchmaker, and it was an incident connected with it that led to his throwing it up and turning courtier, in the hope of contending for the prizes of love and ambition with his customers. He had one main requisite for success on an arena where so much depended on the favour of the fair. 'No sooner did Beaumarchais appear at Versailles, than the women were struck by his lofty stature, his well-proportioned figure, the regularity of his features, his clear and animated complexion, his confident look; by that commanding air which seemed to raise him above all around, and, above all, by that involuntary ardour which glowed in him at the sight of them.' A shade of coxcombry did no harm; and that there was something more than a shade, may be inferred from a sentence in one of his later pamphlets: *Si j'étais un fat, s'ensuit-il que j'étais un ogre?* It was not, however, to any of the great

ladies that he was indebted for the first step in his advancement. The wife of one of the minor functionaries—*contrôleur clerc d'office de la maison du roi*, which corresponds pretty nearly with deputy clerk of the royal kitchen—having seen him at Versailles, called at his shop in Paris under the pretence of bringing a watch to repair. She was a handsome woman of about thirty, with an old and infirm husband. They came to an understanding at a glance. The young artist requested permission to be personally the bearer of the watch when repaired. The favourable impression was rapidly improved; and the husband, after complacently sanctioning their intimacy for some months, was induced to make over his office, in consideration of an annuity, to Beaumarchais, who was formally installed in it by royal brevet of November 9, 1755.

Behold him now released from the degrading trammels of a mechanical trade, with his foot on the rung—a very low one, we must allow—of the ladder of Court preferment. The succeeding rungs were not attained or attainable by merit; they were a mere matter of money like the first. The explanation may be collected from a passage in the 'Persian Letters' of Montesquieu: 'The King of France has no mines of gold, like the King of Spain, his neighbour; but he has more wealth, for he draws it from the vanity of his subjects, more inexhaustible than mines. He has been seen undertaking or sustaining great wars, having no other funds than titles of honour for sale; and, by a prodigy of human pride, his troops were paid, his fortified places supplied, his fleets equipped.' Ingenuity was racked to invent offices or sinecures carrying rank or title; and the existing ones were multiplied at will. There were sixteen *contrôleurs clercs* when Beaumarchais joined the band, with whom he did not remain long. His predecessor added to the obligations already conferred by dying soon afterwards, and before the expiration of the prescribed year of mourning the widow bestowed her hand on the young Caron, who, three months after the marriage, at the beginning of 1757, assumed the name of de Beaumarchais in right of a fief belonging to his wife. What was the nature of the fief, whether it had any local existence or was a fief of pure phantasy, his biographers are confessedly unable to declare; and he must have winced at the sarcasm of his fellest adversary, Goëzman 'The Sieur Caron borrowed from one of his wives the name of Beaumarchais, which he lent to one of his sisters.'

His clerkship did not confer nobility, a privilege restricted to the more highly-

priced offices; and it was not until 1761, that he became regularly entitled to the coveted prefix *de*, by the purchase for 85,000 francs of the nominal charge of *secrétaire du roi*. Ironically referring to this transaction in 1778, he writes: 'I must take time to consider whether I ought not to be offended at seeing you thus rummaging in the archives of my family, and recalling my ancient origin which was almost forgotten. Are you aware that I can lay claim already to twenty (twelve) years of nobility: that this nobility is honestly mine, in good parchment, sealed with the great seal of yellow wax: that it is not, like that of many, uncertain and oral; and that no one could contest it with me, for I have the receipt (*j'en ai la quittance*)?' Well may M. de Loménie exclaim that this *j'en ai la quittance* says more in its comic insolence than hundreds of books on the degradation of the aristocratic principle in France.

To regain, as a gentleman by purchase, the familiar approach to royalty and royal favourites which had been permitted to the watchmaker, might have proved impracticable even for the happy audacity of Beaumarchais without one of those opportune incidents of which he was wont to make so adroit a use through life. Diderot writes in 1760: 'I was invited last week by the Count Oguiski to hear a performance on the harp. I was not acquainted with this instrument.' It grew into fashion by its novelty, and Beaumarchais not only learnt to play upon it, but introduced an improvement in the pedals and acquired so much reputation by his skill that Mesdames de France, the daughters of Louis XV., commanded his attendance. Pleased by his appearance and address, they began taking lessons from him, and he speedily became the manager and principal performer in a family concert given every week by the princesses to the King, the Dauphin, the queen Marie Leczińska, and their suite. With admirable tact he adapted his manners to his company, and was soon placed upon the easiest footing of familiarity. On one occasion the King, eager to hear him play and not wishing to derange the circle, pushed his own chair towards him and forced him to take it. On another, the Dauphin, after a conversation of some length, in which Beaumarchais affected an excessive frankness, said of him, 'He is the only man who speaks truth to me.' It need hardly be added that the ladies of the Court were not behindhand in giving a flattering reception to the handsome amateur musician on whom royal eyes beamed favour and royal lips heaped praise; or that he immediately became the marked object

of envy, scandal, and impertinence. A fine gentleman who had undertaken to disconcert the minion of Mesdames, came up to him in the centre of a numerous group, just after he had left the princesses' apartment in full dress, and producing a very handsome watch, said: 'Monsieur, as you are skilled in watch-making, have the goodness, I beg, to examine my watch, which is out of order.' 'Monsieur,' coolly replied Beaumarchais, 'since I left off this business I have become very unskilful in it.'—'Ah, Monsieur, do not refuse me this favour.'—'Be it so, but I forewarn you that I am very unskilful.' Then taking the watch, he opened it, and holding it high up under pretence of examining it, let it drop. Then, with a low bow, 'I warned you, Monsieur, of my extreme clumsiness.'

To set the princesses against him, they were told that he was on bad terms with his father. Finding himself coldly received, and suspecting the cause, he hurried to Paris for his father, brought him to Versailles, and contrived, in showing him over the palace and grounds, to fall in repeatedly with the princesses. Their curiosity was excited, and when, leaving the old man in the ante-chamber, he came to pay his respects, one of them asked him with whom he had been walking about all day. 'With my father.' The reaction was complete; the father was presented on the instant, and produced the happiest effect by a burst of honest enthusiasm in favour of his Grandison son.

The owner of the watch made no attempt to push matters to extremity. But the Chevalier des C. (the full name is suppressed) forced a duel on Beaumarchais, which ended fatally, and impressed him with a lasting feeling of regret. They fought on horseback, without seconds, under the walls of the park of Meudon. Beaumarchais plunged his sword into the breast of his adversary, who fell, but on seeing him on the ground with the blood bubbling from the wound, he dismounted and tried to stanch it with his handkerchief. 'Save yourself,' cried the wounded man, 'save yourself, Monsieur de Beaumarchais; you are lost if you are seen, if it is known that you have taken my life.'—'You must have help, and I go to seek it.' Beaumarchais remounts his horse, gallops to the village of Meudon, procures a surgeon, tells him where to find the wounded man, puts him in the track, and returns to Paris to consider what is to be done. The wound was declared fatal; but the Chevalier generously refused to declare by whom it had been inflicted. During the eight days which intervened between the duel and his death, his friends and relatives

could extort no answer from him but this:—‘I have my deserts: I challenged to please people for whom I have no esteem, an honourable man who had given me no offence.’ Whilst it was still uncertain whether the secret would be discovered and the family call for vengeance, Beaumarchais demanded the protection of Mesdames, to whom he communicated the whole of the details. They told the King, who replied, ‘Take care, my children, that nothing is said to me on the subject;’ and they are reported to have taken measures accordingly.

All this time Beaumarchais’ Court favour, far from being a source of profit or solid advantage, was a heavy tax on his income and his time. Mesdames de France, nicknamed by their royal father, Mme. Victoire Coche, Mme. Adelaide Logue, Mme. Sophie Graille, and Mme. Louise Chiffe, although excellent women in their way, had been brought up in habits which made them expect all their caprices to be gratified on the instant, and led them to believe that to charge a man with a commission of any sort was to do him honour. Madame du Deffant tells a story of the quince-preserve for which Orleans was famous, so impatiently desired by Logue, that the King sends in hot haste to the Premier, M. de Choiseul, who sends in equal haste to the Bishop of Orleans, who is called up at three in the morning to his extreme discomfort, to receive this missive from Louis XV.:—

‘Monsieur the Bishop of Orleans: My daughters are longing for quince preserve: they wish to have it in very small boxes. If you have none by you, I beg you,’—here intervened a pen-and-ink sketch of a sedan-chair,—‘to send to your episcopal city for some immediately, and let the boxes be very small. Whereupon, Monsieur the Bishop of Orleans, may God have you in his holy keeping.’—LOUIS.

Then a little lower down came a post-script:—

‘The sedan-chair signifies nothing: it was drawn by my daughters on this sheet of paper which came nearest to hand.’

A courier was instantly despatched to Orleans and the quince preserve arrived the next day; by which time (adds Madame du Deffant) the princesses were longing for something else. Beaumarchais, who had no courier at his disposal, was sent to and fro on errands equally frivolous. Thus a lady in waiting writes:—

‘Madame Victoire has a fancy to play this very day on the tambourine, and charges me to write to you on the instant to procure her one as soon as you possibly can. I hope that you

have got rid of your cold, and that you can execute Madame’s commission without delay.’

He had to buy a tambourine worthy of being offered to a princess; the next day it was a harp, the day after a flute, and so on. At length, having exhausted his means, slender enough at this period, in paying for the required articles, and driven to his wits’ end for money, he sends in an account, showing a balance of 2000 livres, to Mme. d’Hoppen, the *intendante* of Mesdames.

The manner in which he at length contrived to convert his credit with these royal ladies into the source of pecuniary gain was as strange and as little to be counted on, as the rest of the expedients which rarely failed him in an emergency. Paris Du Verney was a celebrated financier who had amassed a colossal fortune and attained a high degree of credit at Court; so much, indeed, that he was supposed to have brought about, through Madame de Pompadour, the appointment of Richelieu to the command of the army which, under d’Estrées, had won the battle of Hastenfeld in 1757. It was Du Verney who made the fortune of Voltaire, by giving him a share in the army contracts of 1741. Relying on the durable favour and support of the royal mistress, he undertook the construction of the Military School in 1751, but her influence diminished apace during the Seven Years’ War, and long before the completion of the establishment, the bare fact of his having patronised it caused it to be coldly regarded by the royal family and the ministry.

The main hope of Du Verney, in 1760, lay in procuring a state visit from the King, which he calculated would be deemed a kind of consecration and a pledge. After trying every direct interest in vain, the thought struck him of applying to the young musician whom he saw in daily communication with the princesses. Beaumarchais was not slow to perceive the advantages he might draw from obliging a man like Du Verney, and taking his stand upon the fact that he had never yet asked a favour from Mesdames, he made it his first, his last, his only request and prayer, that they would pay a visit to the Military School; frankly avowing to them that, in case of their compliance, he fully expected that Du Verney would be useful to him in return. They went accordingly: they were received in state by the Director, to whom they clearly intimated that they came to oblige their protégé; and a few days afterwards the King was induced by their representations, or driven by their importunities, to go too. The financier, who had opened the negotiation by offering ‘his assistance, his credit, his heart,’ kept faith.

'He initiated me,' says Beaumarchais, 'in the affairs of finance, in which all the world knows he was at home; I worked at my fortune under his direction; I undertook, at his suggestion, many enterprises; in some he aided me with his funds or his credit, in all with his advice.'

A Grandmastership of Waters and Forests having become vacant, the purchase-money, 50,000 livres, was advanced by Du Verney, and deposited with a notary; nothing was wanting but the royal assent, and this Mesdames de France had undertaken to procure, when Beaumarchais' colleagues that were to be (there were eighteen grand-masters when the number was complete), although five or six of them were not better born than himself, formally protested against the admission of the ex-watchmaker, and managed to enlist the minister on their side. The required assent was withheld, and Beaumarchais was obliged to cancel the arrangement, yet that his disappointment was exclusively owing to personal animosity, is proved by the permission soon afterwards accorded to him to purchase the more distinguished charge of Lieutenant-General of the Chase in the Captainry of the Warren of the Louvre, a sort of deputy-rangership which associated him with nobles, and carried with it judicial powers over poachers and trespassers. It was remembered among the anomalies of his life, when the game and forest laws had been swept away with the other relics of feudalism which he satirised, that he had condemned many a peasant to fine and imprisonment for snaring a rabbit or fencing a garden against deer.

His affair with Clavijo in 1764 has become famous as well by his own melodramatic recital as by being made the subject of a drama by Goethe. Two of his sisters were settled in Madrid: one married to an architect, and one unmarried but betrothed to a Spanish man of letters named Clavijo. They were to be married as soon as the gentleman should obtain an employment which he was soliciting, but when this preliminary was fulfilled, and the banns published, he suddenly broke off the engagement in a manner calculated not merely to affect the happiness of the lady but her fair fame. On being apprised of what had taken place, Beaumarchais hurried to Madrid, and by a combination of energy, coolness, and tact compelled the recreant lover to clear her honour at the expense of his own; nay, frightened or persuaded him into an overture for a reconciliation; and there seemed a fair chance of the marriage coming off after all, when Beaumarchais discovered that the treacherous Spaniard had been intriguing against him, and

by accusing him of a criminal plot had obtained a Government order for his arrest and expulsion from Madrid. He had an interview with the minister, managed even to get access to the King, procured the dismissal and disgrace of his enemy, and ended by marrying his sister, with her reputation repaired and her heart, it is to be hoped, not irremediably damaged, to a fellow-countryman. The importance of this episode (which was over in a month) lay not so much in the circumstances or the direct result, as in its bringing him to Madrid, where he stayed a year, engaged in a succession of speculations or projects, commercial or political, and accumulating the materials for the character, manners, and machinery of his plays. He wrote to his father in January, 1765:—

'If you heard of me from any inhabitant of Madrid, you would be told: "Your son is amusing himself here like a king. He passes all his evenings at the Russian Ambassador's or Lady Rochford's; he dines four times a week with the Commandant of Engineers, and drives about Madrid in a carriage drawn by six mules. He dines every day with the French Ambassador, so that his journeys are charming, and cost him very little." . . . It is in good company, for which I am born, that I find my resources (*mo-yens*); and when you see the products of my pen, you will agree that it is not walking but running to one's object.'

Amongst other products of his pen were Memoirs on commercial concessions, with plans for supplying all the Spanish colonies with negroes, and all the cities with white bread; for colonising the Sierra Morena and provisioning the Spanish armies in every quarter of the world. These schemes sound so wild, that it is difficult to conceive how they could have been seriously entertained; yet it is clear from the diplomatic correspondence of the period that he was living the life he describes, in constant communication with the ministers, and a favoured guest at the Russian, French, and English embassies. It was no idle boast that he was born for good company; for, whenever it fell in his way, he was received into it, and shone in it, as easily and naturally as if he had never known any other. With so many irons in the fire, it is no wonder that he sometimes burnt his fingers; and we learn from M. de Loménie that his industrial speculations in Spain proved failures, 'but he returned richer than he was himself aware; for he carried in his head the lineaments of those so strongly-marked and original figures of Figaro, of Rosine, of Almaviva, of Bartholo, of Basile, which, some day or other, were to make the glory of his name.'

The chapter following that on the Spanish expedition is devoted to a love affair, which

began in 1763. The heroine was a Creole heiress, endowed with considerable personal attractions, named Pauline. She was at one time much attached to Beaumarchais, or pretended to be. 'Adieu, love!' she writes, 'adieu, my soul, adieu, my all! When you come back, it will be for me the sun of a beautiful day. Adieu!' Yet, when the actual adieu came, she bore it with commendable equanimity, and conferred her hand on a rival without emotion or remorse. Beaumarchais, on his part, was not a very ardent lover at any time. Rochefoucauld says, 'It is with true love as with ghosts; which many talk about and few have seen: Love lends his name to an infinity of affairs which are attributed to him, but with which he has no more to do than the Doge with what is going on at Venice.' Beaumarchais was engaged in many such affairs, but they exercised no mastery over his imagination or his heart. 'Je me délasse des affaires avec les belles-lettres, la belle musique et quelquefois les belles femmes.' Such is his antithetical confession; which may be accepted as a correct statement, with the suppression of *quelquefois*; for it was rare to find him without some liaison of the lighter order on his hands. The affair with the Creole ended prosaically enough. During the engagement he had looked over the accounts of her property at St. Domingo, and advanced some money for its improvement, which her husband, the suitor who had cut him out, showed no eagerness to reimburse. There is a letter from her in 1769, three years after her marriage, which concludes, 'Let him sleep in peace, he shall be paid.' He never was paid.

Le Sage and Fielding are two striking examples (amongst many) of men of genius beginning in the wrong direction and only hitting upon the true vein by accident. If the pleasure of quizzing Richardson had not luckily led to the production of 'Joseph Andrews,' the author of 'Tom Jones' would be best known as the author of 'Tom Thumb'; and Le Sage was the chosen butt of the wits as an indifferent playwright when he flashed upon an astonished and delighted public with 'Gil Blas.' Beaumarchais committed a similar mistake when he started as a dramatist. Instead of the light, sparkling, vivacious comedy, redolent of fun and frolic, defying the conventions and proprieties, he broke ground in the domestic *bourgeois* drama which had been brought into vogue by Diderot; in which characters taken from ordinary life were to speak the common language of their class, and be placed in situations coming home to the genuine, if homely, feelings of humanity. In the preface of 'Eugénie,' the first of his plays composed on

this principle, Beaumarchais protests against the monopoly of tragic interest claimed for kings and conquerors. It is simply (he urged) our vanity that is gratified with being initiated into the secrets of a court: the spectator is really most affected by the misfortunes of a state of life approximating to his own: 'That is to say, a tradesman on his way to make a declaration of bankruptcy is more dramatic than a dethroned sovereign, or a warrior who has just lost a battle.' The *dramatis personæ* of 'Eugénie,' however, are taken from the higher class, the heroine being the daughter of a baron: the hero a marquis and nephew of the Minister of War. She has been deceived by a false marriage (like that in the 'Vicar of Wakefield') and arrives, far gone in the family way, just as he is about to marry a rich heiress. In the original manuscript the scene was laid at Paris: the seducer was the Marquis de Rosenpré, and the seduced Mademoiselle de Kerbaelec. But the false marriage was pronounced improbable, if not impracticable, in France: the censor, susceptible for the national honour, interfered; and in the acted play the scene is laid in London: Eugénie is the daughter of a gentleman of Wales, and a Lord Clarendon is the villain of the piece. The first representation is thus mentioned in the 'Année Littéraire' of Fréron:—

" 'Eugénie,' played for the first time the 29th January of this year (1767), was badly enough received by the public; and, indeed, this reception had all the air of a fall. It has been revived with *éclat* by dint of retrenchments and corrections. It has long occupied the public, and this success does much honour to our actors."

Grimm, who might have been expected to speak favourably of a drama in the style of his friend Diderot, wrote thus:—

'This work is the first attempt of M. de Beaumarchais in the drama and in literature. He is, I hear, a man of about forty (he was thirty-five); rich, holding a little place at court, who has hitherto played the *petit-maitre* and has been ill-advised enough to turn author. . . . This man will never do anything, even mediocre. There is only one phrase in all the piece which pleased me. It is in the fifth act, when Eugénie, recovering from a long fainting fit, opens her eyes and finds Clarendon at her feet. She throws herself back and exclaims, *J'ai cru le voir!* This phrase is so happy, it is so out of keeping with the rest, that I would wager he is not the author of it.'

In his second drama, 'Deux Amis,' Beaumarchais literally acted on his theory by making the interest turn on a bankruptcy: the friends being a merchant of Lyons who has a sum to make up, and a receiver-general who surreptitiously aids the other by slip-

ping public money into his strong box. The prosaic tone of the piece was a little elevated by a love affair based on his own with Pauline; but the failure, after a few days' struggle, was pronounced final and complete. A man in the pit gave the *coup de grâce* by calling out, 'The business in hand is a bankruptcy; I am in for my twenty sous.' Grimm has preserved the following epigram:—

'J'ai vu de Beaumarchais le drame ridicule;
Et je vais en un mot vous dire ce que c'est:
C'est un change où l'argent circule
Sans produire aucun intérêt.'

Whilst his failure was still freshly remembered, Beaumarchais, *à propos* of an unsuccessful opera, told Sophie Arnould, 'Within eight days you will have no audience or next to none.' She replied, 'Your "Deux Amis" will send us one.'

Although his dramatic career was suspended by this check, and his literary fame was still in embryo, his position at the beginning of 1770 was highly prosperous upon the whole. His first wife having died some years before, he had married in April, 1768, a young and beautiful widow of large fortune; and he was making money fast by a speculation in partnership with Du Verney. But his second wife died in the November of that year, and Du Verney in July. Although half her fortune consisted of an annuity for her life, he was accused of poisoning her; and although the balance on a signed settlement of accounts was against Du Verney, Beaumarchais was accused of embezzlement, fraud, and forgery, by the heir, a Comte de la Blache. There was no alternative but to commence legal proceedings for the balance, and, considering the nature of the defence, the Prince de Conti had some reason for the remark, 'Il faut que Beaumarchais soit payé ou pendu.' Beaumarchais, never at a loss, retorted, 'But if I gain my cause, I think my adversary should also pay "*cordialement* un peu de sa personne."

The Court of First Instance decided in his favour; their judgment, reversed upon appeal, was fully confirmed by the Supreme Court at the end of seven years' litigation, which incidentally gave rise to (with one exception) the most signal triumph of his pen. But before coming to it, we must notice an intervening adventure eminently characteristic of the period and the man. Mdlle. Ménard, a young and pretty actress, was living under the protection of the Duc de Chaulnes, a man whose faults of temper and frequent aberration of reason were ill redeemed by his acquirements and accomplishments. 'Banned for five years, he had visited the pyra-

mids, associated with the Bedouins of the desert, and brought back many objects of natural history, including an unhappy monkey which he overwhelmed with blows every day.' His mistress fared little better than the monkey. He had for some time inspired her with no other feeling than fear, when he suddenly took a great fancy to Beaumarchais, and introduced him to her. As a matter of course the Duke soon became jealous of his friend, who, at her request, discontinued his visits; but finding no change for the better, she took refuge in a convent, and did not return to her house till she had finally broken with the Duke. She then wrote to Beaumarchais to propose the renewal of their intimacy, which was renewed, and continued without interruption for some months, when one fine morning in February, 1773, the Duke broke into her room and announced his intention to have a deadly encounter with his rival within the hour. Beaumarchais was in the exercise of his judicial functions at the Captainry, when the Duke entered the court and insisted on his coming out to be put to death upon the spot. Although the Duke was a giant and had obviously lost all self-control, Beaumarchais, at the conclusion of the sitting, gets into the same carriage with him, and, in answer to repeated insults of the grossest kind, replies, 'Hold, M. le Duc, when a man really wants to fight, he does not talk so much. Come to my house with me: I will give you dinner, and if I do not succeed in bringing you to reason by four o'clock, and you persist in compelling me to the alternative of fighting or of having my eyes scratched out, the fate of arms must decide.' The Duke accepts, but his temper gets the better of him before the dinner can be got ready, and suddenly seizing Beaumarchais' sword, he falls upon him. A terrible scene of violence ensues. Beaumarchais, grappling with his powerful adversary, pushes him within reach of the bell, and rings.

'The servants hurry up. "Disarm this madman," I cried, holding him tight. My cook, as brutal and strong as the Duke, was about to knock him down with a billet of firewood. I cry the louder, "Disarm him, but do him no harm; he would say that he has been assassinated in my house." They wrest my sword from him. On the instant he seizes me by the hair and lays my forehead entirely bare. The pain made me quit my hold, and exerting all my strength, I struck him with my clenched fist in the face. "Wretch," he said, "you strike a duke and peer!" I own that this exclamation, so extravagant for the occasion, would have made me laugh at any other time; but as he is stronger than me and had grasped me by the throat, I could think of nothing but defending

myself. My coat, my shirt, are torn; my face is bleeding afresh. My father, an old man of seventy-five, in his attempts to part us, comes in for his share of the porter-like madnesses of the duke and peer. I myself had lost all self-command, and the blows were returned as soon as given. We find ourselves on the top of the staircase, where the Duke falls, rolls over my servants, and drags me along with him. This terrible confusion restores him a little to himself.'

After a short pause the Duke draws his sword, and before he can be disarmed cuts the coachman across the nose, pierces the cook's hand, and wounds a lacquey in the head. Then, losing sight of Beaumarchais, he runs into the dining-room, takes his seat at the table, devours a large plate of soup and some cutlets, and swallows two bottles of water; a tolerably clear proof that he was mad. Further extravagance was prevented by the arrival of the commissary.

That same evening Beaumarchais kept an appointment at a friend's house, where he had promised a reading of the '*Barbier de Seville*,' read his comedy with spirit, made a good story of the affair with the Duke, and passed a part of the night in singing Spanish songs and playing on the harp. The Duke, on his side, went about saying that, Beaumarchais not being entitled to the satisfaction of a gentleman, he would chastise him as a plebeian; but the tribunals interposed, the Duke was sent to Vincennes, and by way of conciliating the aristocratic spirit by putting the intended victim on a par with the aggressor, Beaumarchais was incarcerated in *Fer l'Evêque*.

This was a cruel blow, for besides adding to the scandals already associated with his name, it prevented him from personally attending to the lawsuit with *La Blache*, in which his fortune and character were at stake; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he obtained permission to leave his prison during the day-time under the surveillance of an agent of police. The judgment rescinding that of the Court of First Instance in his favour was delivered on the 6th April, 1773. It virtually declared him guilty of a fraud, and was immediately followed up by the seizure of his goods and the confiscation of his revenues. On the 9th April he writes to *M. de Sartines*, the lieutenant of police:

'My courage is exhausted. The current rumour is that I am entirely sacrificed; my credit shaken; my affairs in ruin; my family, of which I am the father and support, in desolation. Whatever vengeance may be wreaked on me for this wretched affair of *Chaulnes*—will it have no bounds? It is clear to demonstration, that my imprisonment costs me

100,000 francs. The substance, the form, all in this iniquitous judgment makes me shudder, and I cannot shake it off so long as I am detained in this dreadful prison.'

The minister, *La Vrillière*, moved by this appeal or thinking him sufficiently punished for having been insulted and assaulted by a duke, at length (8th May, 1773) signs an order for his release, and he is restored to the bosom of his family, persecuted and calumniated, impoverished and dishonoured, but never altogether crushed or fallen. There was an elasticity in his fortunes and his character which nothing could subdue. He is miraculously saved from the worst consequences of one prosecution by another which was expected and intended to consummate his ruin. He rises within a few months from a depth of abject misery, in which he says he was an object of shame and pity to himself, to the highest pitch of triumph. He was the horror of all Paris a year ago (writes *Grimm* in 1774): 'everyone, on the report of a neighbour, believed him capable of the greatest crimes: all the world is raving about him now.'

The key to this new and extraordinary situation is to be found in the state of public opinion brought about by the Chancellor *Maupeou*, when, backed by *Madame du Barry*, he ventured on the rash step of suppressing the old historic Parliament of Paris, and replacing it by one composed in a great measure of persons dependent on the Court. Loud, long, and wide-spread was the outcry: the provincial parliaments protested: the princes of the blood refused to recognise the new magistracy; but the Chancellor stood firm; he forbade the princes the royal presence; he cashiered the provincial parliaments; and laid about him, right and left, with such earnestness and goodwill, that *Madame du Defiant* exclaims, 'He is not a man, he is a devil; all here is in a disorder, of which no one can foresee the end; it is chaos, it is the end of the world.' To all outward seeming he had succeeded: inflated with his fancied triumph, he was already boasting of having rescued the crown from the gown; but 'when all that is at once honest and intelligent in a nation feels itself wounded in its dignity, the wound, which closes on the surface, is far from being cured: that which was at first a flame becomes a smouldering fire under the cinders, and may be rekindled by a spark. It was reserved for Beaumarchais to light up, with a lawsuit about fifteen louis, the flame which was to devour *Maupeou* and his parliament.'

The principal party, by turns plaintiff and defendant, in these proceedings was *Goëzman*, the judicial functionary, on whose

report the judgment against Beaumarchais by the Parliament had been based. The decision virtually lay with him; and if not venal in his own person, he was notoriously open to approaches through his wife, a young and attractive woman, who had been heard to say, 'It would be impossible for us to live decently on our pay, but we know how to *plumer la poule sans la faire crier*.' A bookseller, his agent, having given Beaumarchais to understand that a present of 200 louis to this lady would ensure the favourable report of the counsellor, he handed over 100 louis and a watch set with diamonds of equal value; and on her demanding 15 louis more for a secretary, they were paid. The agreement was, that if he lost his cause, all excepting the 15 louis should be restored. He did lose his cause, having got nothing for his money but a bootless interview with the counsellor; and he received back the 100 louis and the watch; but having ascertained from the secretary that the 15 louis had been appropriated by Madame Goëzman, he wrote to her to demand that they also should be repaid. She not only denied having received this sum, but charged him with a criminal and abortive attempt to corrupt her husband through her; and Goëzman, either believing her story or seeing no alternative but to brazen the matter out, adopted the charge and denounced Beaumarchais to the Parliament as a suborner and a calumniator. He had justly calculated on Beaumarchais' loss of credit, but he had made no allowance for the unpopularity of the judicial body or its liability to be fatally assailed through himself. Beaumarchais, who scented popular opinion in the air, who felt it in the loaded and lowering atmosphere, whose peculiar force lay in reflecting the public mind and reacting on it, saw instinctively that the hour of retribution, of restitution, of reparation, of triumph had struck. He threw prudence to the winds, placed his entire trust, like Danton, in *l'audace*, and dashed headlong into the fray exclaiming—

'Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.'

The *Mémoires*, or pleadings, which he composed are allowed on all hands to be masterpieces in their way. There is nothing in juridical writing, hardly anything in polemical literature, to be compared with them. Their effect was magical, electrical. The grand art obviously lay in representing Goëzman and his wife as types of a species, and conveying the impression that they were neither better nor worse than other counsellors and their wives; but to do this in the only way in which it could be done with im-

punity,—namely, by allusions, insinuations, suppositions, and illustrations, required an amount of nerve, tact, knowledge of the world, *à propos*, fancy, and vivacity, which were never more happily combined than in Beaumarchais:

'What a man!' writes Voltaire; 'he unites everything—pleasantry, seriousness, reason, gaiety, farce, the pathetic, all the kinds of eloquence; and he aims at none, and he confounds all his adversaries, and he gives lessons to his judges. His *naïveté* enchants me. I forgive him his imprudences and his impertinences. . . I fear that this brilliant hare-brained fellow may be right at bottom against the whole world. What rogueries, O heaven! What horrors! What debasement in the nation! What vexation for the parliament!'

La Harpe accuses Voltaire of being, *tant soit peu*, jealous of Beaumarchais on the strength of his having said in reference to these *Mémoires*, 'Il y a bien de l'esprit: je crois pourtant qu'il en faut davantage pour faire *Zaïre* et *Mérope*.'

Horace Walpole writes in the same strain, and Goethe has recorded the effect produced in Germany. *Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ*. Such was the levity of mind in elevated regions, that Louis XV. was amused by these productions, and Madame du Barry had proverbs played before her royal adorer, in which Madame Goëzman was confronted with Beaumarchais. The commencement of the fourth *Mémoire* is one of the most admired passages:

'According to the ordinary progress of prosecutions, the accused defends himself on the heads of the accusation brought against him, and keeps to them. Provided he gets out of the scrape, his friends care little whether he has expressed himself well or ill, nor he either. It is not so with my cause; bizarre to excess in all its ramifications. Not only am I forced to plead to the substance of the accusations, but to defend the very nature of my defence.'

'Many grave people have objected that, in an affair in which the happiness or misery of my life was at stake, the coolness of my conduct, the serenity of my soul, and the gaiety of my tone announced a want of sensibility little fit to inspire them with pity for my misfortunes. Severe as is this reproach, there is in it an element of kindness that touches me, and induces me to justify myself.

'But who told these worthy people that the happiness and misery of my life were at stake? How do they know that I am weak to the point of trusting my happiness to fortune, or wise enough to make it depend solely on myself? Because *they* are often sad in the bosom of joy, they reproach me with being cold and tranquil in the midst of misfortune. Why set down to the account of insensibility what may be in me the result of a philosophy as noble in its efforts as soothing in its effects? For such

very grave people, is not the reproach a little light?

'I would fain have them know that the courage which bears up against everything, the activity which is ready for everything, the patience which supports everything, do not render outrages less trying nor chagrins less poignant. But I take pleasure in reminding them that the habit of suffering alone suffices to cause resignation in creatures seemingly the most feeble.'

Then after gracefully dwelling on the resignation and powers of endurance exhibited by women, he continues:—

'Object of my worship at all times, this amiable sex is here my model. It is impossible to be more unhappy than I am from every point of view; but, in writing, I save myself from myself to occupy myself with those who may esteem and pity me, if I succeed in informing them of my wrongs without wearying them with the recital.

'Thenceforward, I am like Sosie: it is no longer the suffering and unhappy *I* that hold the pen, it is another *I*; courageous, eager to repair the injuries that malignity has done me in the opinion of my fellow-citizens. . . . In a word, I forget my wrongs in writing; and I am like the slave, who no longer feels the weight of his chains from the moment that he sees the money of his ransom in the act of being counted down.

'Moreover, I pretend to a philosophy of my own; and as this Memoir is less the dry and fleshless examination of a beaten question than a course of reflection on my condition as accused, haply I may be allowed to show on how widely different a foundation I plant the peace of mind of a man so cruelly persecuted that this peace of mind appears factitious to some and at least very extraordinary to others.'

Then comes the boldest and happiest apostrophe that ever was hazarded out of the pulpit; with perhaps the exception of Dupin's, when, in his defence of Béranger, he imagined the Tempter taking Jesus up again into the Mountain and showing Him all the kingdoms of the world:—

'If the beneficent Being who watches over all had one day honoured me with his presence and had said to me, "I am He by whom all is. Without me, you would not exist. I endowed you with a healthy and robust body; I placed in it the most active spirit. You know with what profusion I poured sensibility into your soul and gaiety into your disposition; but, penetrated as I see you with the happiness of thinking, of feeling, you would be too happy if this fortunate condition was not balanced by some chagrins. Therefore, you are about to be weighed down by unnumbered calamities; torn by a thousand enemies; deprived of your liberty, of your property; accused of rapine, of forgery, of imposture, of corruption, of calumny: to groan under the opprobrium of a criminal process; to be strangled in the bands

of a decree; to be attacked on all points of your existence by the most absurd *on dits*: and be long tossed to and fro in the scrutiny of public opinion to decide if you are no better than the vilest of mankind or simply an honest citizen.

'I would have prostrated myself and made answer, "Being of Beings, I owe all to Thee: the happiness of existing, of thinking, of feeling. I believe that Thou hast meted out good and evil in equal measure to us all. I believe that Thy justice has wisely arranged everything for us, and that the variety of pains and pleasures, of fears and hopes, is the freshening breeze that fills the sails of the vessel, and send it gaily on its track.'

The beauty of the concluding image is enhanced by the truth of its application. It came fresh and glowing from the heart. With all his sense of error, he felt that he was not a bad man—that he did not deserve the mass of suffering and ignominy heaped upon him—that he had done his duty in every relation of domestic life, as a husband, a brother, and a son—and might appeal with a clean breast and an unsullied conscience to the Deity.

The exasperation of the Parliament was in exact proportion to his success, and the fear of popular indignation alone prevented them from proceeding to the worst extremities. Their judgment was announced for the 26th February, 1776, on which day Madame du Deffant writes to Walpole: "We expect a great event to-day—the judgment on Beaumarchais. . . . M. de Monaco has invited him this evening to read a comedy in his manner, entitled the "*Barbier de Séville*." . . . The public are infatuated with the author; sentence is passing on him as I write. It is foreseen that the judgment will be rigorous, and it might come to pass that, instead of supping with us, he will be condemned to banishment or even to the pillory.'

His principal patron, the Prince de Conti, had told him, 'If you have the misfortune to come under the hands of the hangman, I shall be compelled to give you up;' and he subsequently declared that he had resolved on suicide if condemned to the pillory. He was obliged to attend at the bar of the court to undergo a final interrogatory, and sent an excuse to the Prince de Monaco. After the necessary forms, tired of waiting and worn out by fatigue, he retired to the house of his sister, Madame Lépine, went to bed and fell into a deep sleep. 'He slept,' says Gudin, 'and his judges were kept awake, tormented by the Furies, divided amongst themselves. They deliberated in tumult, gave their opinion in a rage, were eager to punish the author of the "*Mémoires*," recoiled from the clamours of the public, and

filled the hall with their discordant cries.' They at length agreed on a sentence by which they hoped to vindicate their outraged dignity without risk. They condemned Madame Goëzman to *blâme*, and to the restitution of the fifteen louis, to be distributed among the poor; her husband was put *hors de cour*, a sentence implying the forced resignation of his office. Beaumarchais was equally condemned to *blâme*. The punishment of *blâme* was tantamount to civil degradation: it rendered the condemned person incapable of discharging any public function, and he was to receive sentence on his knees before the Court, whilst the President spoke these words: 'The Court blames thee, and declares thee infamous.'

Startling as this sentence sounds, it was hailed as a triumph by the friends and partisans of Beaumarchais. All Paris left their names at his door. The Prince of Conti gave a fête in his honour, and M. de Sartines' warning reproof might also pass for a flattery: 'It is not enough to be *blamed*; one should also be modest.' When such discords are produced in a society, it is in a bad way, is the grave reflection of the biographer.

The sentence was one under which it was impossible to rest, and Beaumarchais was preparing to appeal against it, when he was despatched to London on a secret mission by the King, partly to get him out of the way, and partly to turn his proved boldness, tact, and dexterity to account. The reversal of the judgment was the condition of his success. The object of the mission was to buy off or silence a French journalist settled in London, who was publishing a series of libels against Madame du Barry, if the term can be applied to what was in fact the story of her life. Beaumarchais soon came to an understanding with this man, who, in consideration of 2,000 francs down and an annuity of 4,000 more, agreed to burn the three thousand copies already printed and the MS., and in future to make himself useful as a spy. 'I found him,' wrote Beaumarchais to M. de Sartines, 'a daring poacher; I have turned him into an excellent game-keeper.' On returning to Versailles, to claim the reward of his services, he found Louis XV. dying. Some days afterwards he writes: 'I am lost in wonder at the oddity of the fate which pursues me. If the King had lived in health, eight days more, I should have been restored to my civil rights, of which I have been robbed by iniquity. I had his royal word for it, and the unjust aversion with which he had been inspired against me was changed into a feeling of predilection.'

Services done to Madame du Barry's reputation were small recommendation to Louis Seize or Marie Antoinette; but they themselves were the subject of libellous publications, especially of a pamphlet aimed at the young Queen, of which two editions had been printed by an Italian Jew named Angelucci, one to be published at London and one at Amsterdam. Beaumarchais therefore received a fresh commission, strictly secret, but under the King's own hand, to whom he writes: 'A lover carries the portrait of his mistress hung to his neck, a miser his keys, a devotee his reliquary. I have procured a golden box, oval, large, and flat, in which I have enclosed the order of your Majesty, and suspended it with a chain of gold to my neck, as the thing most necessary for my work and most precious to me.' He saw the Jew in London, and induced him to abandon the publication for about 1400*l*. He next went to Amsterdam, and witnessed the destruction of the Dutch edition: there the Jew gave him the slip and started for Nuremberg with a reserved copy, which he intended to reprint. Beaumarchais gives chase, overtakes his man trotting quietly along at the entrance of the forest of Neustadt, near Nuremberg, grapples with him, pulls him off his horse, and ransacks his portmanteau, in which he finds the missing copy. The pursuit had led him some distance into the wood, and when, after leaving the Jew, he is returning to his postchaise in the road, he is attacked by two robbers, one of whom armed with a long knife demands his money or his life. His pistol misses fire; knocked down by a blow from behind, he receives full in his breast the thrust of a knife, which luckily encounters the gold box containing the royal order; the point glances on the metal, furrows the breast, and penetrates the chin of Beaumarchais. He regains his feet by a desperate effort, wrests the knife from the robber, the blade of which lacerates his hand, knocks the man down in his turn, and is about to strangle him; but the second assailant, who at first had taken to his heels, returns with the gang, and things were taking a fatal turn for our hero when the arrival of his servant and the sound of the postillion's horn put the brigands to flight.

With the view of effectually stopping the further operations of the Jew, Beaumarchais travels post-haste to Vienna to procure an order for his arrest; and, fevered with the journey and his wounds, presents himself before the Empress Maria Theresa in so flurried a state, that, despite the royal order in the gold box, she treats his story as the invention of a disordered imagination, and he is actually put under an ignominious arrest

for thirty days, at the end of which arrives a letter from M. de Sartines, and he is told he may go or remain as best pleases him. The sole compensation or apology he receives for the sufferings, losses, and affronts brought upon him by his excess of zeal, are the offer of a thousand francs from the Empress, which he indignantly refuses; and the consolatory reply of M. de Sartines to his complaints: 'What would you have? The Empress took you for an adventurer.'

He is obliged to undertake another royal commission, a negotiation with the Chevalier d'Eon, who was too much for him and fully persuaded him that he was dealing with a woman. But we pass over the details of this affair to come to his rehabilitation, satisfactorily effected on the 6th September by a solemn decree of the Parliament which had been substituted for the discredited Parliament Maupeou. One of the first uses he made of his recovered rights of citizenship was to take part on his own account in the quarrel between Great Britain and her revolted colonies, about to become the United States. His operations were conducted on a scale that gave him the importance of a belligerent; but whilst they were in preparation he brought out the 'Barbier de Séville,' composed in 1772, and acted for the first time in February, 1775. It was originally intended for an opera, with music arranged, if not principally composed, by himself. When employed upon it he wrote, 'I am composing airs to my words, and words to my airs.' It was rejected by the *Comédie Italienne* in this shape, and then he remodelled it as a comedy in five acts, subsequently reduced to four, for the *Français*. Expectation was on tiptoe. 'Never,' says Grimm, 'did a first representation attract a greater number of people,' and seldom was disappointment more complete. Beaumarchais makes a joke in his preface of the crestfallen appearance of his friends, and the title of the first printed edition runs thus:

'Le Barbier de Séville: Comédie en Quatre Actes, représentée et tombée sur le Théâtre de la Comédie Française.'

'I was yesterday,' writes Madame du Defant (February 26, 1775) at Beaumarchais' comedy, which was acted for the second time. It was hissed at the first; yesterday, it had an extravagant success—it was exalted to the skies.' Beaumarchais had the fatuity or audacity to assert that the 'Barbier' buried on a Friday was the same that so triumphantly rose from the dead on Sunday. The utmost he would allow was that he had put a deceit upon the public by reduc-

ing five acts to four. The truth, which one would have thought would have been equally flattering to his vanity—the simple truth was, that he effected a complete transformation within twenty-four hours, striking out, condensing, or polishing nearly all the passages which had disgusted or wearied an audience predisposed to be pleased. To take two examples:

'*Almavive*.—Je ne te reconnaissais pas, moi. Te voilà si gros et si gras.'

'*Figaro*.—Que voulez vous, Monseigneur, c'est la misère. Sans compter que j'ai perdu tous mes pères et mères: de l'an passé je suis orphelin du dernier.'

The pleasantry failed in the first representation from being overcharged, and the sentence in italics was omitted in the second. Further on Figaro was made to say, 'J'ai passé la nuit gaïement avec trois ou quatre buveurs de mes voisins.' Here the sex of his boon companions raised a murmur, and in the corrected copy we find *voisins*.

The success of the 'Barbier' had the incidental result of elevating the condition and establishing the rights of dramatic authors. They had hitherto been completely at the mercy of the actors, mainly through the operation of the rule that every piece, the receipts of which fell below a stated sum a single night, became thenceforth the exclusive property of the company, who might reproduce it as they thought fit without accounting to the author or asking his consent. *Ménage* thus reports the complaint of an actress, Mlle. Beaupré: 'M. Corneille has done us great injury; we had formerly theatrical pieces for three crowns which were made for us in a night. People were accustomed to them, and we gained a great deal of money. At present the pieces of M. Corneille cost us a great deal, and we gain very little.* The principal resource of authors of all sorts in early times was the dedication; but this was rarely available, and the foundation of those laws or customs which enabled Scribe to rival the millionaires of the Bourse was laid by Beaumarchais. One of his coadjutors in this reform was Marmontel, who writes:—

'Reason, strict justice, supported by your eloquence and your excellent judgment, are in no want of my assistance; and here I am reminded of a story of my Limousin. A Curé devoted to the *chasse* was saying mass, and just when he came to the *Lavabo*, he heard the barking of dogs that had started a hare.

* The best of these three-crown pieces were supplied to order by Hardy. His celebrated Spanish contemporary, Lope de Vega, averaged 500 reals, about 5*l.*, per piece.

He asked the clerk, "Is Briffaut with them?"—"Yes, Monsieur le Curé."—"Then it is all over with the hare. *Lavabo inter innocentes manus meas,*" &c.

Beaumarchais was Briffaut, and the company of the Comédie Française was the hare.

Whilst this affair was still in progress, September, 1775, Beaumarchais addressed a Memoir to the King, in which he clearly foretold the pending separation of our revolted Colonies, although in estimating the temper of the British people his political sagacity, as might have been expected, was at fault:—

“... The least check which the royal army receives in America, by increasing the audacity of the people and the opposition, may decide the affair at London, at a moment when it is least expected, and if the King finds himself forced to yield, I say it with a shudder, I do not think his crown more secure on his head, than the heads of his ministers upon their shoulders. This unhappy English nation, with its frantic liberty, may inspire the man who reflects with true compassion. It has never tasted the sweetness of living peaceably under a good and virtuous king. They despise us, and treat us as slaves, because we obey voluntarily; but if the reign of a weak or bad prince has sometimes caused a momentary evil to France, the licentious rage, which the English call liberty, has never left an instant of happiness and true repose to this indomitable nation. King and subjects are all equally unhappy.”

In the same Memoir, after mentioning a remark made to him by Lord Rochford, he adds:—

“On the other side, the Lord Mayor Wilkes, in a moment of joy and liberty, at the end of a splendid dinner, said to me publicly the following words: “The King of England has long done me the honour of hating me. For my part, I have always rendered him the justice of despising him. The time has come for deciding which of us has formed the best opinion of the other, and on which side the wind will cause heads to fall.”

Beaumarchais was called the French Wilkes. The object of this and another Memoir addressed to the King was to induce the French Government to supply the Americans under the rose with arms and ammunition. The French minister, M. de Vergennes, fell in with the plan to the extent of advancing, or causing to be advanced, two millions of livres, with which, and such other funds as he could command, Beaumarchais was to establish a commercial firm with a view to the proposed supply. He was to have arms and ammunition from the public arsenals, but on condition of replacing or paying for them, and he was to accept repayment from the Americans in products of their soil. It stood to reason that he could in no case claim

French protection, and must even submit in a highly probable emergency to be disavowed. He commenced operation at all risks, hired an immense house, called the Hôtel de Hollande, in the Faubourg du Peuple, installed himself in it with officers and clerks, and in a single day the comic author was transmuted into the Spanish firm of Roderigue Hortalez & Co. His first shipment was to consist of 200 cannons and mortars, 25,000 muskets, 200,000 lb. of powder, with clothing and tents for 25,000 men. He was to send these articles to Havre and Nantes, where the American agent was to find ships, and to do this without arousing the suspicions of the English ambassador, Lord Stormont, which naturally were aroused. In point of fact, it was Beaumarchais who was the proximate cause of the immediately ensuing war between England and France. The Americans having failed to find ships, he provided them, and the first cargoes for which he had stipulated arrived just in time for the campaign of 1777, along with forty or fifty French officers whom he had enlisted in the cause. Towards the end of the year he writes to the Congress:—

“Gentlemen, consider my house as the head of all operations useful to your cause in Europe, and myself as the most zealous partisan of your nation; *the soul of your successes*, and a man most profoundly filled with the respectful esteem with which I have the honour to be, &c.
‘RODERIGUE HORTALEZ & Co.’

On December 6, 1778, he writes to one of his agents:—

‘Paris, December 6, 1778.

‘I send on to you the privateer “Zephyr,” to announce to you that I am ready to put to sea a fleet of more than twelve sail, at the head of which is the “Fier Roderigue,” which you sent back to me, and which reached me at Rochfort on the 1st of October in good condition. This fleet can carry from five to six thousand tons, and is armed altogether like a fleet of war. Make your arrangements accordingly. If my ship the “Ferragus,” which left Rochfort in September, has reached you, keep it to send back with my fleet.’

The ‘Fier Roderigue’ was a vessel of war, mounted with sixty guns. Off the island of Grenada Beaumarchais’ fleet fell in with that of Admiral d’Estaing, who was preparing to give battle to the English under Admiral Biron. Setting the question of private property aside, he forthwith ordered the ‘Fier Roderigue’ to fall into line: she accordingly took part in the action, and did good service, but her captain was killed, thirty-five of the crew were killed and wounded, and damage was done to the vessel which it cost 90,000 livres to repair. The Admiral addressed a formal letter of apology and congratulation

to Beaumarchais; apology for the liberty taken with the 'Fier Roderigue,' and congratulation on the glory acquired by her. The second in command was decorated with the Order of St. Louis. Beaumarchais himself got nothing but evasive promises. Neither money nor products of their soil was forthcoming from the Americans, who pretended to believe, in the teeth of documentary evidence, that he was simply the agent of the French Government by whom the vessels and cargoes had been shipped, whilst the French Government maintained that, having acted throughout on his own personal responsibility, he had no claim for remuneration against France. The following document is enough to put the Americans completely in the wrong:—

'By Express Order of the Congress sitting at Philadelphia, to M. de Beaumarchais.'

'SIR,—The Congress of the United States of America, grateful for the great efforts you have made in their favour, presents you its thanks, and the assurance of its esteem. It grieves for the misfortunes you have suffered in support of its States. Unfortunate circumstances have prevented the accomplishment of its desires; but it will take the promptest measures for acquitting itself of the debts it has contracted with you.'

'The generous sentiments and the exalted views which alone could dictate a conduct such as yours, are your greatest eulogium, and are an honour to your character. Whilst by your great talents you have rendered yourself useful to your prince, you have gained the esteem of this rising Republic, and merited the deserved applause of the New World.'

'JOHN JAY, President.'

It is hardly credible after this that the settlement of his account was postponed, under one pretence or another, during his lifetime, and that it was not until he had been thirty-six years in his grave (in 1835) that one-fourth of the balance reported due to him by no less a person than Mr. Alexander Hamilton in 1793, was paid in full of all demands to his family. There is no transaction of the United States which a due regard to the national honour should make their historians and statesmen more anxious to clear up.

In the very thick of his American enterprise, whilst he is corresponding with ministers and commissioning his fleet, this extraordinary man undertakes two editions of 'Voltaire,' one in ninety-two volumes. A publisher named Panckoucke, who had purchased Voltaire's unpublished manuscripts, apprehensive of a prosecution, came to propose the speculation to Beaumarchais, intimating at the same time that the Empress Catherine of Russia would cause a complete edition to be printed at St. Petersburg if

prohibited in France. On hearing this he requested an audience of Maurepas, and expatiated on the disgrace it would be to France to suffer her greatest writer to be treated in this fashion.

'After reflecting some moments, M. de Maurepas said to Beaumarchais, "I know but one man who would dare to run the risk of such an undertaking." "Who, my lord?" "You." "Yes, doubtless I would venture it: but after I have embarked my fortune in it the clergy will appeal to parliament, the edition will be stopped, the editor and the printers disgraced, and the shame of France rendered complete and more evident than ever." M. de Maurepas promised that the king's patronage should be given to a publication, which would have the assent of all sensible people, and which concerned the glory of his reign.'

He set to work with his never-failing ardour, collected everything that had proceeded from the inexhaustible pen of Voltaire, paid Panckoucke 160,000 francs for manuscripts, founded a company under the title of 'Literary, Typographical and Philosophical Society' (consisting solely of himself); sent to England (at an expense of 6000*l.*) for the most approved printing types of the period, those of Baskerville; bought three paper-mills in the Vosges, and contracted with the Margrave of Baden for the use of an old fort at Kehl, in which he set up his printing-presses, so as to be beyond the reach of the French clergy in case the protection of Maurepas should be found unavailing. It took him three years to organise his plans. He superintended everything. He was reader, editor, and publisher, at once. The first volume appeared in 1783, and the last in 1790. Considerable difficulties were thrown in the way of the free circulation of the work, but, when these were got over, it was discovered that the demand had been extravagantly over-estimated. The subscribers did not exceed two thousand, although fifteen thousand copies had been struck off; and the very heavy losses sustained by Beaumarchais in this affair in the midst of his American embarrassments enhance our wonder at the energy and fertility of resource by which he contrived to keep his head above water to the end.

We have arrived at last at the culminating point, the crowning triumph of his life:

'Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.'

There is nothing in literary or dramatic history more curious than the composition and representation of the 'Mariage de Figaro,' as related by the author, handed down by tradition, or recorded from personal knowledge by contemporaries. He states in the preface to the printed play that

after the 'Barbier de Séville' had fairly got possession of the stage, every one said to him aside, "Write us pieces of this kind, then; for it is only you who dare to laugh at people to their faces." 'An author' (he continues), distracted by cabals and bawlers, but who sees his piece making its way, takes courage, and this is what I have done. The late Prince de Conti, of patriotic memory, publicly defied me to put upon the stage my preface to the "Barbier," and to produce on it the family of Figaro, which I indicated in that preface. "Monseigneur," I replied, "if I placed this character a second time upon the stage, as I should show him older, as he would know a thing or two more, there would be another kind of clamour, and who knows if he would ever see the light?" However, out of respect, I accepted the challenge. I composed this "Folle Journée," which is now making such a noise. He deigned to look at it the first. He was a man of a grand character, an august prince, a noble and proud spirit; shall I say it? He was satisfied.'

'After the forced labour of business,' he writes in one of his letters, 'every one follows his whim in his amusements: one hunts or shoots, another drinks, a third gambles; and I, who have none of these tastes, I stitch together a theatrical piece.' A garden called the Redoute had become the fashion, and one day the Comte de Maurepas, with all the ministry, passed several hours in it. The week following, Beaumarchais called on Maurepas, and, in the course of conversation, mentioned that he had just finished a comedy, the 'Mariage de Figaro.' 'And how, occupied as you are, did you find time?' 'I, Monsieur le Comte, I wrote it on the day when the king's ministers found time to go in a body to the Redoute.' 'Are there many similar repartees in your comedy?' said the Comte; 'if so, I answer for its success.'

There were many better, many equally calculated to undermine authority by exposing the weaknesses of the governing and upper classes, but almost the only one amongst them who foresaw that it was a rain laid for the explosion of a mine, or more correctly speaking) who foresaw the consequences of that explosion, was the King. Madame de Campan relates that, having received a note from the Queen commanding her attendance, she went and found her Majesty alone with the King in his inner cabinet:—

'A chair and a table were placed before them, and on the table lay some enormous manuscripts in several paper books. The King said, "It is Beaumarchais' comedy; you must

read it to us. This will be difficult in parts, on account of the erasures and references. I have already glanced over it; but I wish the Queen to be acquainted with this work. You will say nothing to anybody about this reading." I began. The King often interrupted me by remarks, always just, whether of praise or blame. Most frequently he exclaimed, "This is in bad taste. This man is continually bringing back to the stage the habit of Italian *concetti*." At the monologue of "Figaro," but especially at the tirade against the state prisons, he rose with vivacity, and said, "This is detestable. This shall never be played; it would be necessary to pull down the Bastille to prevent the representation of this piece from being dangerous. This man trifles with all that must be respected in a government." "Then it will not be played," said the Queen. "No, certainly, you may be sure of it," replied Louis XVI.'

The full title is 'Le Mariage de Figaro, ou la Folle Journée.' It was originally 'La Folle Journée,' a title which, according to Beaumarchais, had long the effect of putting the expectant public on a false scent:—

'Be this as it may, "La Folle Journée" remained five years in my portfolio; the players knew I had it. They tore it from me at last. Whether they have done well or ill for themselves, time will show. . . . Owing to the extraordinary eulogy that they made of it, all classes of society wished to become acquainted with it, and thence I was obliged to engage in quarrels of all sorts, or yield to universal requests. Thenceforth, also, the powerful enemies of the author did not fail to spread abroad that he assailed in this work (which they termed at the same time a tissue of *bêtises*) religion, government, morals, all ranks of society. According to them I had only shaken the State in the "Barber of Seville." In this new essay, more infamous and more seditious, I had turned it topsy-turvy.'

It would seem that he found his account in yielding to these universal requests, for every day (according to Madame Campan) one heard, 'I was present, or I shall be present, at the reading of Beaumarchais' play.' He prided himself justly on his mode of reading; he read from a manuscript tied with rose-coloured ribbon, and he prefaced each reading with an address (comparing himself to a yielding coquette), which the modest biographer says he should have suppressed, had it not been warmly applauded, or complacently endured, by audience after audience, composed of princesses and duchesses, cardinals and archbishops, the most virtuous ladies of the Court and the most distinguished ornaments of the Church.

It was said that it required more wit to get this play acted than to have written it. 'The struggle lasted four years. Add these

to the five of the portfolio; what remains of the allusions which people force themselves to see in the work? Alas! when it was composed, all that is in flower now had not even germinated; it was quite another universe.' But it was a universe much better fitted to produce the kind of audience which he desiderated, and things for which the public was not ripe in 1775, sent a quivering shock through the whole social edifice in 1784. It was the saying of Mirabeau père, 'Le Colin-maillard poussé trop loin finira par la culbute générale.' On the eve of the Revolution the whole of the higher class in France were playing at blindman's buff, and were rather amused than alarmed by the prospect of tumbling heads over heels in company. The Queen, the princes of the blood, the great ladies, the great functionaries (with the single exception of the Chancellor) and, strange to say, five or six selected censors in succession, had ended by siding with Beaumarchais, when the performance announced by permission at Versailles in June, 1783, was suddenly prohibited by royal order. 'This order,' says Madame Campan, 'appeared an attack on public liberty. The disappointment excited discontent to such a point, that the words "oppression" and "tyranny" were never pronounced with more passion and vehemence in the days which directly preceded the fall of the throne.' She adds that Beaumarchais declared in the anteroom of the Court theatre, 'Well, gentlemen, *he* does not choose that it shall be acted here, and I do not despair of its being haply acted in the very choir of Notre Dame.'

It was acted for the first time at Gennevilliers, the country house of the Comte de Vandreuil, on the occasion of a fête given to the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) and Madame de Polignac. The King's consent to this quasi-private representation was given before that of Beaumarchais was obtained, and he adroitly held out until it became clear that the complete withdrawal of the royal veto must inevitably result. The whole Court were present at these private theatricals, and the Queen was only kept away by indisposition. This first representation, however, was by no means an unqualified success, and the price underwent some important modifications prior to the grand appeal to the general public. The King gave way at last under an expectation that it might prove innocuous after all. 'Well,' was his Majesty's inquiry of M. de Montesquieu, who was starting for the theatre, 'what is your augury of its success?'—'Sir, I think the piece will fail.'—'And so do I,' replied the King. Monsieur, the Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.) went to the

royal box to witness its failure. He witnessed its triumph. 'There is something more mad (*fou*) than my piece,' exclaimed Beaumarchais; 'its success.'

'Never (writes Grimm) did piece attract an equal affluence to the Français. All Paris was eager to see these famous *Noces*, and the theatre was filled almost at the moment when the doors were opened to the public. Hardly half of those who had besieged them since eight in the morning could find places; the greater number forced their way in, throwing their money to the doorkeepers. It is impossible to be by turns more humble, more bold, more urgent, to obtain a favour at Court than were our young men of rank to secure a place at the first representation of 'Figaro.' More than one duchess deemed herself too happy on that day to find in the balconies, where women *comme il faut* are hardly ever seen, a miserable little seat by the side of Mesdames Duthé, Carline, and Company. . . .

'The "Mariage de Figaro" has had, since the first representation, a prodigious success. This success, which will last, is due principally to the conception of the work—conception as wild as it is new and original. . . . At every moment the action seems approaching its end—at every moment the author sets it going, and by words almost insignificant, but which, without effort, prepare new scenes and replace the actors in a situation as vivid, as piquant, as those that went before.'

The pervading laxity of the piece was epitomised by 'Monsieur' in a *bon mot* (reported by Grimm) which we cannot venture to reproduce. Grimm says on this subject:

'It is the picture of actual manners, of the morals and principles of the best company; and this picture is drawn with a boldness, a *naïveté* that might in strictness be dispensed with on the stage, if the object of a comic writer is to correct the vices and absurdities of his age, and not confined to painting them for amusement and from taste. . . .

'Moreover, it is not these somewhat hazardous situations, with certain traits more humorous than licentious, which have so long arrested the representation of this comedy. The author has indulged in the most cutting sarcasms against all who have had the ill-luck to have anything to do with him; he has placed in the mouth of Figaro most of the events which have made his own existence so singularly famous; he treats the great with a hardihood of which we have hitherto had no example, their morals, their ignorance, and their meanness; he dares to speak mockingly of the ministers, of the Bastille, of the liberty of the press, of the police, and even of the censors. He thought he owed the last a particular token of his gratitude, and it is a hit added to the piece since the rehearsal at the Menus. Behold what it was for M. de Beaumarchais alone to dare, and to dare with success.*

* As to the political importance attached to this play, see 'Histoire des Français,' by St

In La Harpe's description of the rush, three persons are crushed to death, one more (he slyly adds) than for Scudéry. Beaumarchais was seated in a private box (*grillée*) between two Abbés (de Calonne, the brother of the Minister, and Salathiel), whom he had invited to dine with and accompany him. His note of invitation to the Abbé de Calonne concludes: "I shall need some very spiritual comfort and aid at the moment of the crisis. I expect them from you and another ecclesiastic in a very obscure corner. *Venite, abbates, maledicimus de auctore*; but above all let us laugh at my vexations; I only accept them at this price." In reply to a duke and peer (or president), who asked for a similar box for some ladies of the Court, he wrote:—

'I have no consideration, M. le Duc, for ladies who allow themselves to see a spectacle which they think wrong, provided they see it in secret. I do not lend myself to such phantasies. I have given my piece to the public to amuse, not to instruct—not to offer to *déguenées* the pleasure of going to a private box to think favourably of it, on condition of speaking ill of it in society. The pleasures of vice and the honours of virtue,—such is the prudery of the age. My piece is not an equivocal production; it must be accepted or avoided. I am your humble servant, Monsieur le Duc, and I retain my box.'

This play had a run of sixty-eight representations without a check. The fiftieth having been given for the benefit of poor mothers with children at the breast, there appeared an epigram which may be freely rendered thus:—

'The mother, young, pure, undefiled—
Such charity well may deter.

The piece, which is milk to her child,
May be poison, rank poison, to her.'

In another, by the Chevalier de Langeac, after a series of sarcasms against the rest of the characters—

Mais, Figaro? Le drole à son patron
Si scandaleusement ressemble,

Il est si frippant qu'il fait peur;

Et pour voir à la fin tous les vices ensemble

Le parterre en chorus a demandé l'auteur.'

Resemblance so cleverly hit,

That we're startled, and ask ourselves
whether,

When the author was called by the pit,—

'Twas to see all the vices together.

M. Saint-Marc Girardin maintains that Figaro alone constitutes all the theatre of Beaumarchais. He has but one subject and

one personage—Figaro; a personage of whom he has not only created the character, but the history. The Barber, The Marriage, La Mère Coupable, form a sort of comic trilogy, a dialogue romance in three parts, of which Figaro is the hero.' This is a palpable exaggeration; but it was Figaro on whom Beaumarchais relied for the political interest of his piece: it was through Figaro that he struck the deadliest blows at the monarchy and the aristocracy, and made his most telling appeals to what was already powerful enough to overwhelm both, the *Tiers Etat*. If Figaro represented Beaumarchais, he also represented the entire audience, with the exception of the privileged classes, when, in the famous monologue, he apostrophises the Count:—

'Because you are a great lord, you believe yourself a great genius! Nobility, fortune, rank, places: all that makes so proud! What have you done for so many blessings? You have been at the trouble of being born, and nothing more: an ordinary man enough, into the bargain! Whilst I, *monbleu*, lost in the obscure crowd—I have had to display more science and calculation merely to subsist, than have been employed these hundred years to govern Spain with the Indies.'

Conceive the amount of nascent or disappointed ambition, of crushed hopes, of wounded ambition, of conscious talent kept down by poverty or low birth, that must have gone to swell the plaudits, loud and long, which this apostrophe invariably called forth.

Then again, when he alludes to the dangers of authorship and journalism:—

'A question arose on the nature of riches; and as it is not necessary to possess things to reason on them, not having a sou I write on the value of money and on its net product. Immediately I see from the interior of a *fiacre* the bridge of a fortress let down for me, at the entrance of which I left hope and liberty. . . .

'Tired of nourishing an obscure pensioner, they turn me one day into the street; and as one must dine though no longer in prison, I mend my pen again, and ask every one what is going on. They tell me that, during my economical retreat, there has been established a system of free-trade in productions, which extends even to those of the press; and that, provided I speak in my articles neither of authority, nor public worship, nor politics, nor morality, nor of people in place, nor of corporations in credit, nor of the opera, nor of other places of amusement, nor of anybody who belongs to anything, I may print everything freely under the inspection of two or three censors. To take advantage of this freedom, I announce a periodical, and not dreaming of encroaching on the beat of others, I call it, *Journal Inutile*. *Pou-ou*: I see a thousand poor devils by the street rising against me; I am suppressed, and

behold me again without employment. I was on the verge of despair: they think of me for a place; but by ill-luck, I was fit for it: an accountant was needed: it was a dancer who was appointed.'

This famous monologue must always retain an historical interest, but has had little or nothing to do with the continuing popularity of the play and the operas based on it.*

Beaumarchais soon found to his cost how little serious impression had been made on the people in power or the high personages to whom his lessons were addressed. A more outrageous, wanton, and utterly indefensible abuse of authority was never hazarded than that of which he was the victim when his play was at the height of its popularity. One of his bitterest assailants was Suard in the 'Journal de Paris,' who was occasionally assisted by 'Monsieur.' Beaumarchais closed the controversy by a letter (6th March, 1785), in which he said, 'When I have had to conquer lions and tigers to get a comedy acted, do you expect, after its success, to reduce me, like a Dutch maid-servant, to beating out the vile insect of the night?' Monsieur took offence at this contemptuous metaphor as wholly, or in part, intended for him; but, keeping back the genuine grievance, he contrived to persuade the King that the lions and tigers were His Majesty and the Queen. Louis XVI. was already irritated against Beaumarchais for getting his play acted against the royal wish, and gaining a triumph where the royal critic had prophesied a fall. He was playing at cards when his brother introduced the subject, and, without pausing to consider the absurdity of the interpretation, wrote in pencil on a seven of spades an order for arresting Beaumarchais and confining him in Saint-Lazare, then a prison in the nature of a reformatory appropriated to young profligates.

Considering the age (53) and reputation of Beaumarchais—above all, that he had been employed in confidential missions by the Crown—this was, perhaps, the very worst act with which Louis Seize can be personally reproached. It was a blunder of appalling magnitude: placing the monarchy in the worst possible light when its foes were closing round it and hostile eyes

were eagerly scrutinising its weak points. When, on the morning of the 9th March 1785, the news got abroad that the author of the 'Marriage de Figaro' had been arrested the evening before in the middle of his triumph and sent to keep company with the young scapegraces of Saint-Lazare, it was treated as a joke and the first impulse of the Parisian public was to laugh. He was depicted undergoing the punishment of whipping like a schoolboy. The next day the matter assumed a more serious aspect, and the third day, when the authorities, unwilling to give the true reason, gave none, the almost universal feeling was expressed by the journalist who, after recapitulating the facts, wound up by asking whether any one could make sure of sleeping that very night in his bed. On the fifth day Beaumarchais was released from prison, or rather (like 'Figaro') turned out into the street; for he insisted on remaining till his offence was formally specified, and he wrote a Memoir repudiating *l'exécrable démençe* of the notion that he had compared his Sovereign to a tiger.

So rapid was the reaction that the King was over-persuaded into an *amende honorable* which, however creditable to his feelings and flattering for Beaumarchais, clearly aggravated the mischief, so far as public opinion was concerned. M. de Calonne wrote to Beaumarchais that His Majesty considered his justification complete, and would seize with pleasure any opportunities for bestowing marks of favor. So far, so good; but, surely, it was an ill-chosen mark of favour to order the attendance of the whole ministry at the first representation of 'Figaro' after the author's discharge from Saint-Lazare: as if for the express purpose of giving point to the phrase in the dreaded monologue: *Ne pouvant avilir l'esprit, on s'en venge en le maltraitant*. Or again, when 'Figaro' supposes himself addressing one of these 'ephemeral potentates so careless of the evil they command.'

'I would tell him that printed follies have no importance except where their circulation is checked; that there is no such thing as flattering eulogy without liberty to find fault; and that it is only little men that dread little writings.'

Even this was not enough. The 'Barbier de Séville' was represented at the little theatre of Trianon: the author was invited to be present; and the Queen played 'Rosine,' the Comte d'Artois 'Figaro,' and the Comte de Vaudreuil 'Almaviva,' &c.

We should infer from the distribution of parts that the object of this representation was rather the amusement of the royal

* Mozart's opera, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, was brought out in Vienna in 1786, with complete success. Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* was first performed in Rome in 1816 or 1817. They are generally regarded as the best specimens of the comic opera; and their popularity is in a great measure due to the situations, the characters, and what has been preserved of the wit.

circle than the indemnification of Beaumarchais, who, in point of fact, never completely shook off the ridicule of his confinement in Saint-Lazare. It was one of those insults which leave a sense of degradation like a blow; and, sobered also by advancing years, he no longer dashed into conflict with his former spirit or wonted air of assured success. Indeed, he fairly quailed before Mirabeau in their controversy about the *Compagnie des Eaux de Paris*, which Mirabeau denounced in a flaming pamphlet as a bubble. He was then little known to fame except by the scandals of his life. His pamphlet was notoriously inspired by rival speculators who lent him money, and the company was a really useful undertaking. Beaumarchais, a director and large shareholder, was expected to put forth his peculiar powers in reply. In his happier vein he might have said with Marmion:—

'Had I but fought as wont, one thrust
Had laid De Wilton in the dust,
My path no more to cross.'

But he did not fight as wont. The avowed aim of his pamphlet in answer was simply to rectify the misstatements and miscalculations of his adversary; but, unluckily, he fell into his old manner just enough to inflict a flesh-wound without striking home. Comparing Mirabeau's pamphlets to the 'Philippics,' he termed them *Mirabelles*, and intimated a doubt of the purity of the motives which actuated the penman of the money-lenders. Mirabeau's rejoinder was an invective in his most trenchant manner, a genuine *Mirabelle*, in which he travestied and disfigured the whole life of Beaumarchais under the pretence of reviewing it, and held him up to public scorn in the names of order and morality. It was Satan reproving Sin, assuming everything he said to be true; and probably one reason which kept Beaumarchais quiet, was the consciousness that he could say nothing of Mirabeau that was not well known already, and could gain nothing by hanging up a companion portrait alongside of his own.

He might have made an effective commencement by relating the original cause of quarrel. Mirabeau, who was always in want of money and on the look-out for confiding capitalists, called on Beaumarchais (with whom he was not personally acquainted) as one man of wit and pleasure might call on another; and, after an animated colloquy, suddenly, with an affectation of nonchalance, requested the loan of 12,000 francs. Beaumarchais, with equal nonchalance, refused. But it would be easy for you to lend me this sum?—'No doubt; but, Monsieur le Comte,

as I should be under the necessity of breaking with you when your bills fell due, I prefer doing so at once. It is twelve thousand francs in my pocket.'

Four years afterwards a complete reconciliation was brought about, the first advance being made by Mirabeau, who applied to Beaumarchais to cede the purchase of a house in the Bois de Vincennes, which the great orator, then in the height of his fame, fancied as a retreat. The reply of Beaumarchais, who carried anger as the flint bears fire, begins:—'I am going to reply to your letter, Monsieur, with frankness and freedom. I have long been looking out for an opportunity to revenge myself on you. It is offered by yourself, and I avail myself of it with joy.' His revenge was a graceful cession of the house, after an explanation of the circumstances which made the act a real sacrifice.

The rest of Beaumarchais' life contains incidents, speculations and enterprises, literary, political, and pecuniary, enough to compose three or four ordinary biographies. He has another lawsuit, involving a prolonged and bitter controversy; in which, reversing his former position, he is condemned by public opinion whilst the courts declare him in the right. He composes an opera 'Tarare,' which defies all canons of criticism and all theories of art, yet succeeds to the extent of being the sole object of interest in occupied and revolutionary Paris three or four times over. He writes another play, 'La Mère Coupable,' of which M. de Loménie says:—'Weakly played at first (June, 1792), it had little success; afterwards revived in May, 1797, it completely succeeded; and even now, when it is represented by skilful actors, it produces a lively impression on the public.' He built a house and laid out a garden at a cost of between sixty and seventy thousand pounds sterling, which were the plague instead of pride or comfort of his old age; insomuch as they were at the same time the wonder of Paris, and the cause of his being marked out for persecution and confiscation as an aristocrat. He contracted to supply the French Government with 60,000 muskets to be imported from Holland, then an enemy's country. On the strength of this contract he was accused of being in secret correspondence with the royalists, and compelled to take refuge in London, where he was arrested by his English correspondent, and thrown into the King's Bench Prison, till an advance made on account of these same muskets was repaid.* He then returned to

* About this time he carried or sent to London

Paris, and (March, 1793) addressed a memorial to Santerre, the dreaded brewer, beginning: 'I have come to offer my head to the sword of justice if I cannot prove I am a great citizen. Save me, Citizen Commandant, from pillage and the dagger, and I shall again be serviceable to my country.'

During the Reign of Terror he was a refugee at Hamburg, inscribed on the list of *émigrés*; from which he could not get his name erased until the accession to power of the Directory, when (July, 1796) he returned to Paris to find his house and garden defaced and his affairs in confusion. His politics were much in the same state as his affairs; and it would be no easy matter to determine what form of government, or what kind of religion or irreligion, he preferred. He paid fulsome compliments in bad verse to Napoleon, and wrote some foolish letters in a sceptical sense about Voltaire. Ten days before his death he wrote to Talleyrand, to protest against what he called the 'murderous' commission which had decided against his claims on the State. On the 17th of May, being then in his sixty-eighth year, he spent the evening gaily with his family and a few friends. On the morning of the 18th, he was found dead in his bed, and though the palpable cause was apoplexy, a report got about that he had committed suicide with opium. He had described himself just before as

'Un bon vieillard, grand, gris, gros, gras.'

When the wrecks of his fortune were got together, he was found to have left more than forty thousand pounds sterling, besides claims on France and the United States, and his house; so that there must have been order in his disorder, prudence in his imprudence, and calculation in his extravagance, as well as sound sense at the bottom of his *étourderie* and real goodness underlying his irregularities. Whilst there is little or nothing to be said in excuse for his folly, vanity, and laxity of morals, it would be difficult to fix him with one selfish or ungenerous action, with anything mean or low in conduct or in thought. Not one of the many imputations on his probity in

and deposited with the Abbé Dulan (the founder of the well-known firm of Dulan & Co., in Soho Square) for safe custody a quantity of manuscripts, including the original copy of the 'Barbier de Séville.' These were purchased of the firm in 1863 by M. Fournier for the Comédie Française, and have been efficiently employed in perfecting the text of the best edition of the dramatic works of Beaumarchais. See *Théâtre Complet de Beaumarchais, &c., par G. G. d'Heylle et F. de Marescot*. Paris: Académie des Bibliophiles, vol. ii. Appendix.

money matters would stick. He was not a great or good man, any more than a great or good writer, but his life, like his works, is lighted up by a soul or redeeming spirit from within; and, taken together, they call up the image of something higher and better than that of a brilliant unprincipled adventurer—the descriptive phrase it is the received fashion to apply to him.

Inferior in genius to Sheridan (with whom Saint-Marc Girardin suggests a parallel), he was superior in every respect to Wilkes, whose conflict, under the double disadvantage of a damaged reputation and a shattered fortune, with the English House of Commons and the Ministry, bears a striking analogy to Beaumarchais' conflict with the Maupéou Parliament. But there was this essential difference: Beaumarchais created the situation, and Wilkes was created by it. Wilkes fell back quietly into private life when the flood-tide of popularity on which he floated had ebbed away. Beaumarchais used his victory as the stepping-stone to fresh triumphs: for his strength lay in universality and versatility, in fixedness of purpose and clearness of view, in high courage, in readiness at all times for all comers, in inexhaustible irrepressible vitality.

His actions are so blended with his words that it is hardly possible to dissociate the author from the man; and the critics who have tried to classify his writings or say smart things about his style, remind us of Figaro at work on his song: 'Je voudrais finir par quelque chose de beau, de brillant de scintillant, qui eût l'air d'une pensée. Thus Sainte-Beuve: 'By mingling the old French wit with the taste of the hour, a little (we should say a great deal) of Rabelais and a little of Voltaire, by throwing in a slight Spanish disguise and some rays of the Andalusian sun, he managed to become the most mirth-inspiring and stirring Parisian of his day: the Gil Blas of the Encyclopédic epoch on the eve of the revolutionary.'

The broad line of demarcation which separated him from the Encyclopédist is indicated by M. Saint-Marc Girardin: 'There needed some one to speak loud and clear. Beaumarchais was the man. He took up his contemporaries where Voltaire and Rousseau had left them, and led them farther on. He applied ideas to things. Before him the philosophers appeared to have written letters without daring to add the addresses. Beaumarchais undertook this.' At the same time it is far from clear that he contemplated or intended what ensued. Revolution lay in his way, and he found it. He had no particular wish to upset the existing order of things, so long as he could get rid of the

abuses by which he was personally oppressed; and he was one among the many voluntary or involuntary workers of mischief who, when they were whirling about in the vortex, might have been seen vainly struggling to lay the spirit they had raised.

ART. IX.—1. *A Journey through the Caucasus and the Interior of Persia.* By Augustus H. Mounsey, F.R.G.S., Second Secretary to Her Majesty's Embassy at Vienna. With a Map. London, 1872.

2. *Sketches of Persia.* By Sir John Malcolm. New Edition. London, 1861.

3. *The History of Persia, from the most Early Period to the Present Time.* By Major-General Sir John Malcolm, &c. &c. 2 vols. London, 1829.

4. *Histoire des Perses, d'après les Auteurs orientaux, grecs et latins, et particulièrement d'après les Manuscrits orientaux inédits, les Monuments figurés, les Médailles, les Pierres gravées, etc.* Par le Comte de Gobineau. 2 vols. Paris, 1869.

THE visit of the Shah of Persia to the West suggests links of the deepest interest between remote ages as well as between distant countries. The ancient empire of Persia stands out as the first great power with which both sacred and classical history bring us into contact. Its founder, Cyrus, the destroyer of the Semitic empire in Western Asia and the restorer of the captive Jews, is also the real historic starting-point of the great story of the decisive conflict between the East and the West. Its second founder, Darius, the son of Hystaspes, figures in the Old Testament as aiding the rebuilding of the Jewish temple,* and in the pages of Herodotus as the first Asiatic king who set foot in Europe, on his disastrous expedition into Scythia. His son, Xerxes, who again crossed the Hellespont on the greater enterprise of avenging the disaster of his father's generals at Marathon, only to encounter the crushing defeat of Salamis, returned to his dominions to display those alternate caprices of despotic tyranny and despotic justice which are recorded in the Book of Esther.†

Since him, no King of Persia has been seen in Europe till the visit of Nasr-ed-Deen, with a purpose and by a route which mark the revolution in power and civilization between the East and West in the course of 2353 years. That small but brilliant home of liberty, which repulsed the myriads led from all Asia, has long left little but the memory of those glories which have been the light of freedom and intellect ever since. But far north of the wild Scythian tribes, which baffled all the power of the Achæmenid 'King of Kings,' the modern 'Shahinshah' * has viewed the military splendour of an empire ruling over the same land and race, with many others, and threatening his own power with extinction. He has seen the great Emperor of Central Europe uniting under him a race unknown to the old Persian kings, with a title derived from Rome, which was an infant state, scarcely, if at all, heard of by them. Our own islands, which have been stirred to give him a reception worthy of the friendship and civilizing influence which he has come seeking, were then veiled from all the world (unless perhaps, seen by the adventurous mariners of that very Phœnicia which was a Persian province) by those mists which the Shah is said to have made the occasion of his felicitous compliment, that he now understood the truth of the saying, that Paradise is veiled in clouds; the word *paradise*, by the way, being borrowed from the Persian language. It is superfluous to dwell upon the contrast between the conqueror who, after subduing Asia from the Indus to the Ægean, sought to add Europe to his empire, and the king who, taught by the lessons of experience, seeks to redeem his country from long decay and from threatened extinction by the means and resources of European civilization;—the contrast between the proud self-sufficiency of Xerxes and Nasr-ed-Deen's concession to Baron Reuter.

The wide interval, however, which presents these contrasts is bridged over by links of connection no less interesting. The most obvious of these, though far from the most important, is formed by the unchanging external character of despotic monarchy in the East. On this point Mr. Mounsey observes, in the interesting book which we have placed at the head of the present article:—

'The Book of Esther is so graphically written, and the manners and customs of Persians

Persian *Kshaya*, 'king,' from which is derived the modern *Shah*.

* These titles are identical in meaning; and the former is found in the cuneiform inscriptions of the Achæmenid kings of Persia.

* Ezra iv. 5, 24; v. ; vi.

† It is now agreed by the best Oriental and Biblical scholars that the Ahasuerus, or rather *Achashverosh*, of the Book of Esther is, in name as well as in fact, the same as *Kshayaürshâ*, the Old Persian form which the Greeks made *Xerxes*. It is also agreed that the first part of the name (the *A* in Hebrew being a mere prefix) is the Old

have undergone so little change since her times, that on re-perusing it in my tent I could, without at all straining my imagination, easily conceive all the incidents of the story occurring at the present day. A modern Vashti might at any moment be disgraced and succeeded by a new favourite whose influence might become supreme with her lord. A modern Haman might, in like manner, arise to dispute her power over his sovereign's mind: he might, even at this day, obtain a decree for the banishment at least of all Jews from the kingdom. Now, as in the times of Esther, the favourite wife would "stand in the inner court of the king's house, over against the king's house," at the risk of her life: now, as then, she might procure the reversal of the decree, and "letters sealed with the king's ring would be sent by post on horseback and riders on mules, camels, and young dromedaries," to "the lieutenants and deputies and rulers of the provinces," countermanding the king's orders. Finally, now as then, her relations would at the king's command be "arrayed in royal apparel of blue and white, and with a garment of fine linen and purple," and the minister, her rival, might be hanged on a "gallows fifteen cubits high."—Pp. 305–306.

But there is a vital connection, far deeper than this, between ancient and modern Persia, and also between Persia and Europe. No land on the surface of the earth has been possessed so long and continuously by the same race, though it has been swept over by wave after wave of political and religious conquest. That race has dwelt in the land, within the limits of known history, for about two thousand five hundred years, from the foundation of the Median Empire; and how long before we cannot say. And that race is the same from which we, in common with the other great nations of Europe—whether Greek and Latin, Slavonic, Celtic, or Teutonic—derive our descent. In the language of the old Persian and Indian religious books, we are the 'younger branch'* of that great white stock, which still, in its primeval seats, boasts the name of *Arya* or *Arya*, 'the noble race.' This affinity is witnessed to by that sure test of language, which at the same time throws a flood of light on the condition of the ancestors common to the chief nations of Europe with those of Persia and India, proving that, even before their severance, they were a people considerably advanced in civilization, living

in fixed abodes (unlike the nomad Turanians); practising some rude tillage of the soil as well as pastoral pursuits, and knowing the art of working metals; and united by the bonds of marriage and family life, of a patriarchal constitution crowned by a royal power conferred on the wisest and the most courageous, and of a religion which preserved the fundamental idea of one living God.

The traditions respecting the migrations of these races are beyond our present subject. It is enough to say that, of the two divisions of the eastern branch, that with which we are now concerned established itself on the great table-land, between the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates on the west and of the Indus on the east, and between the valley of the Oxus on the north and the Caspian and Indian Ocean on the south, which has ever since borne the name of *IRAN*. This is, in fact, the proper name, by which its own people still describe the region to which the Greeks gave an appellation borrowed from the small district of highland and coast on the Persian Gulf, which was the cradle of the reigning dynasty. No national name, except perhaps our own, has been used to mark such various extents of country. The Persia, or, as the Greeks call it, *Persis*, from which Cyrus led forth his hardy mountaineers to subdue the effete monarchy of Media was the land which still preserves the name of *Pars* or *Fars* or *Farsistan*,* in the south of modern Persia, while the old name of the people is borne by the *Parsees* of India, the exiled devotees of the old Mazdean faith. The Medes, to whom the Greeks had hitherto been subject, occupied the western part of the table-land of Iran and the bordering mountains of Kurdistan, from the frontier of Persis to the mountains of Armenia and the range of Elburz, which skirts the southern shores of the Caspian. The monarchy, as conquered by Cyrus and recovered by Darius, extended over the eastern part of the table-land, as far as the mountains of Suleiman, which divide it from the Indus valley, and also the strip of coast between Mount Elburz and the Caspian, and the other northern slopes

* The name of *Yavanas* (etymologically equivalent to the Latin *juven-is* and our *young*) is applied in the Indian Vedas and the old Persian Zendavesta to the branches of the race which migrated to the West, while the *Aryas* remained in the East. There can be little doubt that the former name is the same as the *Javan* of Genesis x. and the Greek *Ionians*; *Javan* and *Ion* being in fact identical in their essential letters, apart from the vowel-points.

* In Persian names the labial mute and aspirate *p*, and *f*, are used interchangeably, being represented (with only a distinction of points) by the same character in the Arabic alphabet, which has been adopted since the Mohammedan conquest. The *p* belongs to the old language, the *f* to the modern. Thus the ancient *Aspadana* has become *Ispahan* and hence *Isfahan*. To avoid minute geographical details, we suppose the reader's reference to maps: the best, so far as our knowledge goes, are those of Kiepert, illustrative of Ritter's 'Erdkunde von Asien,' of which we now refer to those of *Iran*, *West Persia*, and *Turan*.

which descend to the valley of the Oxus. These may be called the natural limits of the Medo-Persian Empire, and they correspond to the extent of Modern Persia, except that the eastern half of the table-land has been lost to Persia by the incursions of the Turcomans and the Afghans and the Beloochees. But beyond Iran itself, not to speak of the gain of a part of India on the east, the great Achæmenid kings extended their power westward over the former dominions of Assyria, Babylon, and Syria, over Egypt and the region of Cyrene, and to the north-west over Asia Minor and its adjacent islands, and beyond the Hellespont over Thrace. This wide empire was the Persia known to the Greeks from the reign of Darius to the conquest of Alexander, by whom the monarchy was overthrown in B.C. 330; the empire of 'that Ahasuerus which reigned from India even to Ethiopia, over an hundred and seven and twenty provinces,'* while Nasr-ed-Deen reigns over eleven. Compared roughly with the modern division of territory, the ancient Persian Empire corresponded to the present Empire of Turkey and kingdom of Persia, besides provinces which lie beyond both.†

With its fall, the name of Persia shrank back to its old provincial dimensions, as a part of the Syrian kingdom of the Seleucids. These kings, amidst their struggles with their western Greek neighbours, especially with the Ptolemies in Egypt, were unable to keep their hold on the eastern provinces. The Parthians, a nomad people in the modern Khorassan, revolted under Antiochus II, and their leader, Arsaces, founded the kingdom of the Arsacidæ (B.C. 250), which gradually embraced the whole region from the Euphrates to the Indus, threatened the Roman empire in Syria, and inflicted the terrible blow by which Crassus fell on the plain of Carrhæ, the Haran of the Old Testament (B.C. 53). Internal dissensions and disputes about the succession, and about the possession of Armenia, led to a series of alternate alliances and wars with Rome, which recovered the line of the Euphrates under Trajan, and that of the Tigris under Septimius Severus, whose capture of the capital, Ctesiphon, gave a fatal blow to the Parthian power (A.D. 198). At length, after thirty kings bearing the name of Arsaces had reigned for nearly five hundred years, the Parthian monarchy was overthrown by a native Persian, who bore the proud name of

Ardeshir, or Artaxerxes, surnamed Babegan, from his father Babek (A.D. 226).* This scion of the old Achæmenid line, as he claimed to be, though his enemies assigned him a mean origin, had served with distinction in the wars of the last Arsacid, Artabanus, whose ingratitude drove him into exile. His successful appeal to the old national spirit proves that the mass of the people were still of the old Persian race. After conquering his native Fars and the adjacent province of Kirman,† Ardeshir defeated and slew Artabanus in a decisive battle in the plain of Hoormuz, and was hailed by the title of *Shahinshah*, 'King of Kings.' The name, as well as the kingdom of Persia, was now restored, and has lasted, though with varying boundaries, ever since; the religion of Zoroaster, which had fallen into corruption and disuse, was reformed and restored. If we may trust the Persian poet, Firdusi,‡ the goodness and wisdom of this new founder of the Persian state were equal to his power:—

'He was wont to observe that "when a king is just, his subjects must love him and continue obedient; but the worst of all monarchs is he whom the wealthy, and not the wicked, dread." "There can be no power," he remarked, "without an army; no army without money; no money without agriculture; and no agriculture without justice." It was a saying of his, "That a ferocious lion was better than an unjust king; but an unjust king was not so bad as a long war." He also used to say, "That kings should never use the sword where the cane would answer." — Malcolm's 'History of Persia,' vol. i. p. 73.

However far the successors of Ardeshir have fallen off from some of these maxims, they have been constant to the last. Happily there was no place among us for that constant attendant of the Shah, his executioner; but in his favourite June encampment on the cool slopes of Elburz, Mr. Mounsey saw, conspicuous among the white tents of ministers, courtiers, and guards, grouped around the scarlet marquees of the Shah and the forty ladies of the harem, 'the abode of the chief executioner, distinguished by the display before it of several *felleks*, and a plentiful supply of sticks.' If our readers ask, What is a *fellek*? here is the answer:—

'The reasons which induce English schoolmasters of the Squeers category to give their

* For the history of this revolution, see Gibbon, chap. viii.; and Malcolm's 'History of Persia,' vol. i. chap. v.

† The ancient Carmania, which was always a close dependency of Persia.

‡ Firdusi wrote his famous epic, *Shah Nâmah*, the 'Book of Kings,' at the beginning of the eleventh century.

* Esther ii. 1.

† In Africa, the furthest western boundary of the Persian Empire was at the bottom of the Great Syrtis.

rods the most prominent place in the school-room likewise cause Persians of rank and authority to keep a "fellek" and "chub" always conspicuously in view. The first of these implements is a stout pole six or eight feet long with two rope nooses in the centre; the second, a bundle of the most pliable sticks that can be found; and when the wholesome fear their aspect inspires is unavailing, they are put in requisition as follows. The culprit is laid on his back with his legs in the air; his feet are inserted in the nooses and held immovable, with their soles in a horizontal position, by two men, one at each end of the pole; two others commence beating with all their might, supplying themselves, when necessary, with fresh sticks out of the bundle, until the number to which he has been sentenced is exhausted, when he is allowed to creep home if he can, or is carried off by his friends. This punishment is a cruel one, but often unavoidable.—Mounsey, p. 192.

The Persian speaks of it as 'eating sticks.'

The revived Persian dynasty of the *Sassanians* (so called from Sassan, son of Bahram, an ancestor of Ardeshir) lasted above four centuries, amidst conflicts with the Roman Empire, and with the Turks pressing down from beyond the Oxus (A.D. 226–641). Shapoor (Sapor I.), son of Ardeshir, is famous for his conquest of Armenia, and his victory over the Emperor Valerian (260). The monuments of this king are preserved among the rock sculptures of *Naksh-i-Rustem*,* near the old capital of Persepolis, as well as at his own city of Shapoor. Another favourite hero of Persian traditions is Shapoor II., or Sapor the Great, a posthumous child, who was acknowledged as king before his birth, and whose reign of seventy-two years (A.D. 308–380) is only paralleled in history by that of Louis XIV. Nearly half of that period (337–363) was occupied in a war with Rome, marked by the episodes of the defeat of Constantius at Singara (248), and the death of Julian, whose successor Jovian, by the ignominious peace of Dura, gave up Armenia and the greater part of Mesopotamia to Sapor (363). The Persian accounts of these wars, compared with the contemporary history of Ammianus Marcellinus, furnish conspicuous examples of those poetic exaggerations which had rendered the native history almost worthless, from the time when Herodotus had to choose among the different

fables current respecting Cyrus. One writer, however, is content with saying that the details will remain engraven on the page of time till the day of judgment, leaving the reader (as Sir John Malcolm observes) to consult that page for all particulars. As some compensation, they preserve sayings which prove the wisdom of the great Sapor. 'Words,' he used to say, 'may be more vivifying than the showers of spring, and sharper than the sword of destruction. The point of a lance may be withdrawn from the body, but a cruel word can never be extracted from the heart it has once wounded.'

Bahram V., the Varanes V. of the Romans (420–438), is another favourite of the poets for his virtue, clemency, and liberality, his conquests in India, and his exploits against the Turks beyond the Oxus. But his chief traditional fame is that of the mighty hunter, who was surnamed *Gour*, from the wild ass which was his favourite game, and in the pursuit of which he was drowned in one of the fathomless black pools near Persepolis.

The monuments of Bahram are placed, with those of Sapor I., below those of Darius and Xerxes, on the cliffs of Naksh-i-Rustem. One of them, remarkable for the unusual representation of a female figure, the wife of Bahram Gour, is the subject of a pleasing tradition:—

'Bahram was very proud of his skill in the chase, and thinking his wife would like to witness his feats, one day took her out hunting. Arrived on the plain, an antelope was descried at some distance asleep. The king drew his bow and fired; the antelope, awakened by the passage of his arrow close to its ear, put its hind hoof to the spot to drive away the fly which it thought had been the cause of disturbance to its slumbers; the king drew again, and pinned hoof and horns together. For this shot he naturally expected much praise from his wife, but to his inquiries as to her opinion, she quietly replied, "Practice makes perfect;" which so filled his soul with fury, jealousy, and disappointment that he ordered her to be taken to the mountains and there abandoned to perish. Only half of this order was, however, obeyed, and, unknown to the king, she was allowed to retire to an obscure village, where she took up her abode in the upper chamber of a tower which could only be reached by ascending twenty steps. There she bought a young calf, and carried it daily up and down the stairs, in the hope that this exercise would increase her strength and beauty, which she still regarded as the property of the king. At the end of four years accident brought him one evening to the tower just as she was bearing the now full-grown cow in her arms. Astonished at such a display of strength on the part of a woman of apparently delicate form, he demanded to see her. She consented, on condi-

* This name, applied by the Persians to the sculptured tombs of the Achæmenids, and the monuments of the Sassanians carved lower down on the same rocks, signifies the 'pictures of Rustem,' one of the chief heroes of the mythic period of Persian history before Cyrus. For a similar reason, the ruins of Persepolis are called *Takht-i-Jemshîd*, 'the throne of Jemshîd.'

tion that he would come alone. The gallant Bahram went at once, and began expressing his admiration of what he had seen, when she begged him to curtail his praise; "for," she added, raising her veil, "Practice makes perfect." Recognition was immediate, explanation followed, and the king was so convinced that love for him could alone have induced her thus to spend the long interval since he had seen her that his love returned, and she became again, and ever afterwards remained, his favourite wife.—Mounsey, p. 210-12.

The glorious reigns of Khosru Nushirvan (531-579), and Khosru-Perwiz (590-628), who extended the Sassanian empire to the old boundaries of the Achæmenian under their namesake Cyrus and under Xerxes, by the conquest of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, were but the prelude to the disasters and civil wars, which prepared the way for the Mohammedan conquest. It will suffice to refer to Gibbon for the story of the obstinate battle of Kadesieh on the Tigris, in which Rustem, the lieutenant of the youthful Yezdegerd III., was surprised and slain, and the leathern apron of the mythical blacksmith Caveh, the ancient standard of the Sassanians, which was only unfurled when a king took the field in person, was captured by the victorious Arabs (A.D. 636). The victory which gave the conquerors the province of Assyria, since called *Irak-Arabi*, was followed by the sack of Ctesiphon, the old Parthian capital. A second battle, at Yalula, drove Yezdegerd a fugitive into the hills of Fars, from which Cyrus had come forth to conquer, nearly thirteen centuries before; but 150,000 Persians made a final stand at Nehavend, among the hills south of Hamadan, the site of the old Median capital Ecbatana, and their defeat was the final overthrow of the native Persian power and the religion of Zoroaster (A.D. 641). The standard of Mahomet was rapidly carried over the table-land of Iran and beyond the Oxus. The fugitive Yezdegerd, who had found refuge with a powerful chief on the Jaxartes, returned with an army of Turks to reclaim his kingdom, only to be betrayed and murdered (A.D. 651).* 'The male line of the Sassanides was extinct; but the female captives, the daughters of Persia, were given to the conquerors in servitude or marriage; and the race of caliphs and imams was enabled by the blood of their royal mothers' (Gibbon). We shall see presently how this example has been followed by the later reigns of another race. The Persians,

offered the usual alternative of 'the sword, slavery, or the Book,' chose the *Book*; and the remnant of steadfast Zoroastrians were subjected to a persecution which has lasted for twelve hundred years.

Such was the series of revolutions which imposed the conquering rule and religion of the Semitic and Mohammedan Arabs on the Iranian Persians. The result is the more interesting to us from the analogy to our own Norman conquest, especially in its effects on the native race and language. The stock of the modern Persians is still Iranian, just as ours is English, though the intrusive elements are greater in their case; and their language is still Persian, though enriched by a large infusion of Arabic words, and modified by the loss of inflections, a change strikingly like that undergone by our own 'English' tongue. Space does not permit us to pursue the interesting parallel; but the result is a combination of regular construction, simple syntax, and wealth of phraseology, unparalleled save by the comparison of the Persian language with our own. Besides this analogy with English, the combination has produced a flexibility and subtlety, peculiarly adapted to diplomatic uses, which has gained for Persian the title of 'the French of the East.' With this influence from their language, the Arab conquerors imparted to the Persians their taste for varied literature, in addition to the native love of poetry, while they imbibed in return the civilization and luxury of the conquered people.

We are not writing a history of Persia, but endeavouring to trace the sources of the peculiar interest with which the visit of its sovereign is invested. We must therefore only glance at the revolutions which have marked the twelve centuries of the Mohammedan dominion in Persia, during which the country has been a province of the Caliphs, and ruled by Tatar and Afghan chiefs, besides intervals of independence under its native princes, to come to the epoch of its modern stability, and its religious severance from the Turks. This was fully effected at the beginning of the sixteenth century by Ismail Shah, the founder of the dynasty commonly called the *Safis** (1502-1524). His acquisition of the throne was aided by a sanctity derived in part from the character of his immediate ancestors, and in part from his descent from the caliph Ali, the cousin and son-in-law of Mohammed. In this character he appealed to the spirit of national independence under the guise of a distinctive religious faith. The Mohammedans had long been divided into the rival sects of the *Sunnis* and the *Shiahs*;

* For the various accounts of Yezdegerd's death, see Gibbon, chap. li., with the notes of Dean Milman and Dr. Wm. Smith, vol. i. p. 299.

* More properly, *Sefi*, *Soofee*, or *Seffarcan*.

the former claiming to be the orthodox, and deriving their name from *Soona*, 'the law,' while they applied to their opponents the latter name, which signifies *sectarians* or *schismatics*. The two sects differ on some points of doctrine, but the real division between them rests on a question of succession, the Sunnis maintaining that the first three caliphs, Abubekr, Ali, and Othman, were the lawful successors of Mohammed, while the Shiahs contend that the right to the caliphate belonged from the first to Ali. The Sunnite doctrine is embraced by the Ottoman Turks, and by their Mohammedan kindred in Central Asia, while the Shiahs are represented by nearly the whole Persian nation, who adopted the contemptuous name as a mark of honour, and call themselves also *el-Adiliyyât*, or 'the upright.' The inveterate hostility between the Persians and the Afghans, who have robbed them of the best part of Eastern Iran, is inflamed by the Sunnite faith of the Afghans. The exact period at which the Shiah doctrines became the national faith of Persia is disputed; but it cannot be doubted that they were adopted chiefly from hatred of the Turkish conquerors. Ismail Shah rallied the independence of the nation under this religious banner, and persecuted the Sunnis. The great Nadir Shah, who for a time restored the power of Persia, endeavoured in vain to win back the people to the Sunnite faith, which he held as himself a Turkoman. One difference between the Sunnis and the Shiahs must be particularly noticed. The latter claim for the Shah of Persia no such spiritual supremacy as the Turks ascribe to their Sultan; but they hold that the dignity of Ali was transmitted, through his son, to nine successive Imams, making twelve in all, and that the twelfth is still alive, and will re-appear, in the company of the prophet Elijah, at the second coming of Christ. It is not a little remarkable that, just at the time of the Shah's visit to Europe, many of the Sunnite tribes of Asia are petitioning the Sultan to revive the Caliphate.

The dynasty of the Sofis was overthrown in 1722, after lasting 220 years, by the Afghan conqueror Meer Mahmood; but the crown prince Tahmasp recovered the throne in 1730 by the aid of his Turkoman general, Nadir-Kooli, who expelled the Afghans, and, after governing as regent under Abbas III., the son of Tahmasp, assumed the crown in 1736 by the title of Nadir Shah, that is, the Victorious King. His conquests in the East of Iran and in India, and his successful war with Turkey, were cut short by his murder in his own tent, a fate which his cruelty had provoked (1747). The Afghans now became finally independent; and the scene of

confusion that ensued was ended by the rule of Kereem Khan, of the Zend family, who refused the dignity of king, and governed with the title of Wakeel or Administrator (1759-1779). Another period of civil war, during which Russia won the long-coveted prize of Georgia, closed (in 1795) with the capture and death of Ali Khan Zend at the hands of his rival, Aga Mohammed Khan Kajar, who founded the present reigning dynasty of the *Kajars*, Turkomans by race, in 1788. Of this monarch Mr. Morier has given a living picture in his interesting novel, 'Zohrab the Hostage.*' Aga Mohammed was the son of a petty chieftain, who had been expelled from his states by Nadir Shah. In his youth he had fallen into the hands of the nephew of Nadir, who made him an eunuch.

'This act of cruelty was meant,' says Malcolm, 'to destroy every hope of accomplishing that very end which it ultimately promoted; for by depriving the representative of a great family of those sensual enjoyments which, in Eastern countries, too often enervate both the body and the mind, it forced him to seek gratification from other sources. The attention of Mohammed appears, from his earliest years, to have been directed to views of ambition; and he pursued them through life with a callous perseverance and unrelenting severity which marked the deep impression made by his early wrongs.'—*History of Persia*, vol. ii. p. 176.

He was in many respects an extraordinary man, and succeeded in making himself undisputed master of Persia. Sir John Malcolm thus describes him in his sixty-third year:—

'His person was so slender, that at a distance he appeared like a youth of fourteen or fifteen. His beardless and shrivelled face resembled that of an aged and wrinkled woman, and its expression, at no time pleasant, was horrible when clouded, as it often was, with indignation. He was sensible of this, and could not bear that any one should look at him. His first passion was the love of power; the second, avarice; the third, revenge.† In all these he indulged to excess, and they ministered to each other; but the two latter yielded to the first whenever they came into collision. His knowledge of the character and feelings of others was wonderful, and it is to this knowledge, and his talent of concealing his own purposes, that we must refer his extraordinary success. His

* We may refer our readers for an account of this novel to the 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xlviii. p. 391.

† Sir John states in another passage that it had been said that Aga Mohammed ordered on one occasion 'a certain number of pounds weight of eyes to be brought to him; nor is the tale in the least incredible.'—*History of Persia*, vol. ii. p. 176.

ever employed force until art had failed.'—*ibid.*

Agā Mohammed was succeeded by his nephew Shah Futteh Ali (1797–1834), whose reign was marked by a conflict for influence between France and England, the story of which is now out of date, and by no disastrous wars with Russia,* which ever gained the frontier of Araxes and the territory beyond its mouth, but the Shah recovered Khorassan from the Uzbeks and Afghans. It is not our present purpose to follow the conflict of English and Russian influence under his grandson, Mohammed Shah (1834–1848), whose son NASSER-OD-DIN ascended the throne at the age of 14, in the year of the great European revolutions (1848). This is the sovereign who, after a quarter of a century, has come from the remote land of Iran, chiefly to witness the wonders of that European civilization by which he hopes to restore prosperity and security to his own land. To understand the import of this visit, it is well that we should turn our eyes to the East, and learn something of the true state of Persia. For we question whether the strange ignorance of European countries and their affairs, which Mr. Mounsey found in Persia, would be put to shame by our general knowledge of a land so interesting in itself as Iran and so closely connected with our interests in Asia. In what remains to be said, we cannot do better than follow the steps of this competent guide, who traversed Persia from north to south and back again in the course of the year 1866 and the first half of 1867.

The following passage describes the extent, physical character, and population of the country now included under the name of Persia:—

'A reference to the map will show that Persia extends from the Caspian to the Persian Gulf, a distance of 700 miles from north to south, and from the frontiers of Turkey to Afghanistan, Seistan, and Beloochistan, or, round numbers, 850 miles from west to east, so that it contains within these limits a space about equal to France and Great Britain. Along the shores of the Persian Gulf there is a strip of plain varying in breadth from 10 to fifty miles, which is little above the sea level, and which, from its temperature, is called the Gherm-i-sir, or warm region. Along the shores of the Caspian there is another strip of country of about the same breadth, equally low and flat. But there is this difference between the two—the southern one is, except in early spring, rainless, almost riverless, and generally arid and burnt, whilst the northern one is

watered by continual rains and several considerable rivers, and is covered with magnificent forests, almost tropical vegetation, and dense jungles in which the tiger roams at will. The rest of Persia comes under the name of Sirhad (cold region), and forms part of the great Asian plateau above mentioned, which varies in altitude above the sea-level from 3000 to 4000 feet, and from which arise chains of mountains in all directions. The two principal chains are the Zagros, running along the western frontier of the kingdom, and the Elburz, which separates the plateau from the low land towards the Caspian Sea, rises to an average height of 9000 or 10,000 feet, culminates in Mount Demavend, some sixty miles to the north-east of Tehran, and subsides again east of Meshed into the deserts of Kharazm. Spurs from these chains traverse the adjacent country, and in the vastest of Persian plains one is never out of sight of mountains.

'In the eastern portion of the country there are enormous deserts of sand and salt which no effort of man could render productive, and it has been calculated that two-thirds of this elevated region are absolutely and entirely sterile. The soil of the remainder is good, and only requires water to make it excessively fertile. The rainfall is, however, very small; the rivers, which in general are only fed by the melting of the snow accumulated on the mountains, lose themselves, with few exceptions, in the sands and salt lakes; and the consequence is that, unless where artificial irrigation is employed, the eye in vain seeks relief on mountain or plain from the uniform and monotonous brown and grey colouring of the whole country. In early spring, it is true, herbs, generally of an aromatic nature, spring up and give a faint green tinge to the more favoured regions; but in a month or two they are burnt up, and their withered stalks and leaves seem to render the brownness more brown and the aridity more arid. Such are the general features of Persian scenery; though, as we shall see later, there are exceptions to the rule, and we shall find, especially towards the southern and south-western termination of the plateau, certain plains and valleys almost as green as those of Erin.

'Vegetation, then, depends on artificial irrigation, i. e. on manual labour. Now a gentleman, who has been long resident in the country, and has traversed it in every direction, states that the total number of inhabitants falls short of 5,000,000 souls. We may divide them into three classes—townspeople, nomads, and villagers. There are five Persian towns which contain more than 30,000 souls. They are—Tehran, 120,000; Tabreez, 120,000; Meshed, 70,000; Ispahan, 60,000; and Shiraz, 40,000. There are further twenty or thirty other places, which may be dignified with the name of town, and have populations varying from 5000 to 25,000. I shall, therefore, probably not be far wrong in allotting 1,000,000 to the first class; though, as a census is unknown, this and all other calculations are only approximative. The Eelkhanee of the Kaskāi, the most powerful and numerous tribe in Persia, has 25,000 or

* The existing boundary between Russia and Persia was fixed by the treaty of Turk manchai, 1828.

30,000 black tents; the Kelhor of Kermanshah have 11,000; the Zengeneh, 10,000; the Sheghaghee of Azerbaijan, 15,000 tents and houses. Besides these there are at least 100 other tribes of lesser importance, and at the rate of five or six persons to each tent, the total number of nomads may be set down at 1,500,000.

'There would then remain 2,500,000 villagers, tillers of the soil and producers of vegetation. From personal observation, I should say that few villages contain more than 2000 inhabitants; many of them are very small, and an average of 300 may be fairly given to each. At this rate we should have some 8000 villages, scattered over a country equalling in extent France and Great Britain; and it will thus be easily understood how the traveller may frequently ride for scores of miles without seeing either an atom of verdure or a single human being. The environs of Madrid present on a small scale the natural features of the greater portion of Persia.'—Mounsey, pp. 94–97.

To connect this description with the famous lands of sacred and ancient history, we may add that the greater part of the most important region of modern Persia corresponds to the ancient Media; the province of *Azerbaijan*,* west of the Caspian, answering to Media Atropatene, and that of *Irak-Ajemi* to Great Media. The northern part of Khorassan is the ancient Parthia, and the lowland round the south-east of the Caspian was Hyrcania. Thus it will be seen that the supreme power has become centred again in its most ancient seat, Media, and a like change has taken place, to some extent, in the population. Long before the Median capital was fixed at Ecbatana, the modern *Hamadan*, there is reason to believe that Media was occupied by a Turanian population, which had a large influence on the Iranian settlers, especially in corrupting their pure Mazdean religion with the Magian fire-worship. The poetic legends of Iran's earliest history turn chiefly on the great contest of the races of Iran and Turan, which has lasted to the present day. The constant inroads from Turan have given a prevailing Tatar character to the population of the northern and eastern regions, and we must look for the pure Persian blood chiefly in the central regions, and in its native cradle of Fars, and in great part among the *Eelyauts*,† and other nomad tribes, of whose marauding habits a vivid picture was given

* This name, which signifies 'the land of fire,' is supposed to refer to the numerous fire-temples in the region, which appears to be that part of Media in which the Magian religion was most prevalent.

† The remnant of the Persians settled in the towns are distinguished by the name of Tajiks, 'the subdued.'

some years ago in this Review.* The reigning family of Persia have been of the Tatar race for more than eight centuries, and the governing class, the diplomatists, and merchants, are almost all of the same race, and speak the Turkish language. But this class has been refined by a constant intermixture with the subject race; and nowhere are young children more beautiful than in Persia. The wives of the Shah have been generally chosen from the daughters of the Eelyaut chiefs, and the royal family have always been famous for their beauty.

The country may be entered by European travellers from the south or the north. To one coming from India, which has usually been the chief basis of our relations with Persia, the approach is by the Persian Gulf. From the port of Bushire (properly *Abu shehr*), a series of the most precipitous passes in the world give access, across the parallel ranges of the Persian highlands, to the heart of ancient Persis and to Shiraz, the 'City of Roses,' which was the capital under the Zend dynasty. A port of far greater value, as was found by our expedition in 1856, is Mohamrah, which Persia obtained from Turkey, with the line of the Shat-el-Arab (the united Tigris and Euphrates), not long ago, and which rivals the famous Turkish port of El Basrah (Bussora), on the other bank. Placed at the confluence of the Euphrates and Karun, it affords an entrance to the rich plain of Khuzistan, the ancient Susiana. At the junction of the hills with this plain, in a beautiful valley watered by the Eulæus (the *Ulai*, beside which Daniel saw his vision of Alexander's conquest,) and the Choaspes‡ (whose water was 'the drink of none but kings'), stood the chief Archæmenid capital of Susa, the *Shusan* which was the scene of the event recorded in the Book of Esther,† now reduced to one of the shapeless mounds of the Chaldean plain.

From the north, one approach is by way of Russia, from Astrakhan at the mouth of the Volga to Rescht, or rather its port Enzelli, and across the Elburz to Teheran the route (in the reverse order) by which the Shah made his journey to Europe. The distance from Enzelli to Rescht is twenty miles, half being by boat over a shallow lagoon, and the other half through a dense jungle covering a bog, a very Slough of Despond, where, says Mr. Mounsey, 'the Persians purposely abstain from making a road, on the supposition that, if they did so

* 'Quarterly Review,' April 1857, vol. ci.

† Dan. viii.

‡ Esther ii. 8, and *passim* in Nehemiah i. 1.

the Russians would next day march into and take possession of the province.* Russia long ago forced Persia to renounce the right of keeping armed ships in the Caspian, and he has established a naval station on the island of Ashorada, at the south-east corner of the sea, commanding the approach to Astrabad, which Sir Henry Rawlinson long ago pointed out as 'the true point of danger to our Indian empire; the line of least resistance lying between the Caspian and the Indus.† If this was true in the year of the Shah's accession, what shall we say now that, by a remarkable coincidence, the conquest of Khiva has been completed at the very time when the Shah was the Czar's guest; and Russia has not only become the neighbour of Persia along her whole northern frontier of Khorassan, but has established her posts in the valley of the Attrek within the Persian border? Up his valley lies the direct road to Herat, the key of Afghanistan, to protect which we made war with Persia in 1856.‡ Here, surely, is a call for the utmost vigilance of the British Government, and they have not been left without a warning. How the Foreign Office responds to that warning will be best told by the simple quotation of the following questions and answers in the House of Commons, on the 12th of June:—

'Mr. Bourke asked the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether the Government could give the House any information as to the intended occupation of the Attrek by the Russian Government; whether the Russian Government had claimed possession of that valley; whether the route along that valley was not the direct road from the Russian forts on the Caspian to Herat; and whether any communication had been received from any foreign Power by Her Majesty's Government or by the Government of India upon the subject.

'Lord Enfield.—With respect to the first and second questions of my honourable friend, the Foreign Office have no official information upon

* A railroad is about to be made from Tehran to Rescht, crossing the Elburz, and it is just announced that the survey is completed for the first fifty miles, from Tehran to Kaswin.

† See Sir H. Rawlinson's paper on 'Our Political Relations with Persia,' republished in his work on 'England and Russia in the East: a Series of Papers on the Political and Geographical Condition of Central Asia.' We desire to call the attention of our readers to these important essays, which are of special interest at the present time.

‡ Herat, the ancient *Alexandria in Ariis*, which was one of the landmarks of Alexander's conquests, has always been claimed by Persia; and as its people are Shiah, the contest for it with the Sunnite Afghans had the character of a religious war. It was won for Afghanistan by the famous Dost Mohammed in 1863.

those points. With regard to the third question, *I confess that I am not sufficiently acquainted with the roads and passes in Asia to be able to hazard an opinion*; and, as touching the fourth query, I may say that no such communication has been received by Her Majesty's Government, and the Government of India is not in direct communication with foreign powers.—*The Times*, June 13, 1873.

Might it not be safer to call in the knowledge and vigour of the Indian Government, at least till Lord Enfield and his chief have got up the geography of Asia?

But we must turn from the political question, the issues of which are too large, and at present too doubtful, to be mixed up with our more general subject, to accompany Mr. Mounsey on his journey into Persia by the road leading from the Caucasian region and Armenia. That primeval cradle of our race is now divided between Russia, Turkey, and Persia, the meeting of the frontiers being near Mount Ararat. On crossing the border stream of 'the swift-flowing yellow Araxes,' we find another of those contrasts between the past and the present which abound throughout the land—a telegraph station on the banks of one of the reputed rivers of Paradise:—

'A species of rudely constructed raft conveyed myself and chattels across the river, and my inquiries as to where we were to pass the night elicited from Lazar the reply, "Telgeraf." In order more clearly to indicate his meaning, he at the same time pointed with his hand to a low mud-built edifice, about a quarter of a mile off, with which I could see that the telegraph wires communicated. These wires form one of the three telegraphic lines which connect England with India. They had been my constant companions from Tiflis, and were to be the only traces of Western civilization up to the gates of Teheran; thence they are carried down to Ispahan, Shiraz, and Bushir, to meet the Persian Gulf cable which connects them with Kurachee. Of the other two lines, one proceeds through Asia Minor to Baghdad and Bussorah, and the other goes through Egypt, and thence by cable to Aden and Bombay.'—Mounsey, pp. 83–84.

Of the very few European residents in Persia (Mr. Mounsey reckons them at about 50 in Teheran and 100 more scattered over the country), no less than 50 were officers and men of the Royal Engineers employed upon the telegraphs*; and it is gratifying to learn that they have enhanced the prestige of the English name in Persia. The electric telegraph was just introduced at the time of Mr. Mounsey's visit; and he tells a

* This was in 1866–7. A new telegraphic treaty has been made this year between England and Persia.

good story of the first effect produced on the inquisitive Persian mind by the invention:—

'The Shah is a frequent visitor at the Telegraph Office, which is close to the Palace, and exceedingly fond of conversing directly through the wires with the governors of the provinces through which they pass. As the day approaches for the payment of their annual tribute, the governors have an uneasy time of it, and often, no doubt, curse this invention of the "Christian dogs;" for then his Majesty's visits are redoubled, and questions as to the amount of tribute and the time of its arrival become the burden of his messages. The Persian language is naturally deficient in words descriptive of most of our late inventions, and it is consequently difficult to make even educated men understand the theory and working of the telegraph. Thus, on one occasion, much of the time of one of our officers was occupied during several weeks in attempting to enlighten the mind of a provincial governor, who had got it into his head that the wires were hollow tubes, and that messages were transmitted through them, as in the pneumatic post. In vain was the whole apparatus shown to his Highness, in vain were all its parts explained and re-explained; he stuck to his idea, and it was only by the suggestion of the following simile that he was at last induced to relinquish it and declare himself satisfied: "Imagine," said the officer, "a dog whose tail is here at Tehran, and his muzzle in London; tread on his tail here and he will bark there." Similar difficulties were experienced, it seems, in conveying to the mind of Ferrukh Khan a correct idea of the machinery of the steamer which was to convey him from Trebizonde on his mission to the courts of Paris and London; for when, on going on board, he was told that the machine was of 500-horse power, his face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of seeing so many horses, and he at once asked permission to visit the stables!"—Mounsey, pp. 134-135.

From the Araxes the traveller proceeds to Tabriz, with its beautiful gardens, a favourite residence (says Persian tradition) of Haroun-er-Raschid, where, for some time, the jealousy of the reigning Shah has been accustomed to place his heir-apparent, while still a child, in an honourable exile as governor of Azerbaijan. This, the chief commercial city of Persia, owes its flourishing state to its position on the long-established route by which the wares of Great Britain and Europe are conveyed from the Euxine port of Trebizond, through Turkish Armenia by way of Erzeroom, to supply Persia and Central Asia. For Turkey to facilitate this trade is one of the best defences against Russian rivalry.

Proceeding along the southern foot of the chain of Elburz, through intense cold in winter, or burning heat in summer, or a trying interchange of both in spring, we

come to Teheran, a mud-built city of 100,000 inhabitants, which was made the capital by the founder of the Kajar dynasty in 1788. The frequent changes of the capital are one source of the hazy ideas which prevail respecting Persia.

'Thus in ancient times, under the Kaianian, Parthian, and Sassanian dynasties, the metropolis of the empire was moved from Persepolis to Pasargadæ, and thence to Susa, and thus in modern ones the Soofee, Zend, and Kajar reigning families have successively chosen as their respective capitals Ispahan, Shiraz, and Tehran. The latter, however, owes its present distinction perhaps less to this feeling than to the fact of its being within a few days' march of the native districts of the Kajar tribe, near Astrabad. For when, in 1788, Agar Mahomed Khan, the founder of the present dynasty, first got possession of the throne, his position was too precarious to admit of his fixing his court at a distance from his own clan.

'His choice has turned out a prudent one from another point of view. Russia, as far as any one can see at present, is the only power which can cherish annexationist designs against Persia, and whenever attempts are made to put those designs into execution, they can be more advantageously resisted from Tehran than from any other point. Hence, too, the wild Turcomans, who infest the north-eastern frontiers of the kingdom, can be best held in check and their incursions best repelled.

'The capital stands on a vast plain, on which to the west and south there is nothing to intercept the view except the faint outline of some hills which rise from its uniform level, like islets from the ocean, far away on the borders of the Great Salt Desert. Looking northwards from its walls, the Elburz mountains are seen raising, from advanced spurs some three or four miles off, their abrupt and picturesque heads to a height of 10,000 feet, and stretching out eastwards their massive limbs in gradual and jagged descent to the plain, whilst their loftiest peak, Demavend, its base hidden by intermediate ranges, and distant about fifty miles, towers high over all, 20,000 feet and more into the sky.

'Amidst natural scenery of these proportions, the most imposing architecture would soon lose half its effect; Tehran, which can hardly be said to contain any architectural building at all, is simply insignificant. It is built in the form of an irregular square, each side of which measures about an English mile, and is enclosed by a deep dry ditch and a thick mud wall, flanked at intervals with semicircular projections, and pierced by gates which are always guarded, and closed one hour after sunset. Outside the walls there are suburbs of considerable extent, several large caravansaries, and many enclosed gardens. Inside, the principal object is the Ark or Royal Palace, which occupies a large space of ground adjoining the northern wall, and is completely cut off from the rest of the town by its own circle of bulwarks. At all its issues sentinels keep guard and at night no one can traverse the

streets which skirt it without the password.'—Pp. 128-9.

Mr. Mounsey traces the decline of Persia in the very materials of its successive capitals:—

'At Pasargadæ and Persepolis we saw nothing but huge blocks of marble; at Ispahan, marble in less profusion, stone and kiln-burnt bricks; at Shiraz, stone and a mixture of kiln-burnt and sun-dried bricks; at Tehran, kiln-burnt brick is the exception, sun-dried bricks and mud being the rule.'—P. 224.

Standing on the edge of the table-land, and under the chain of Elburz, Teheran is subject to fierce extremes of heat and cold. In the summer the thermometer ranges in the shade between 95° by day and 86° in the night, and the people then live in the cellars and sleep on the house-tops, while the Court retires to the Shah's summer palace on the slope of Elburz, or to the tents under which the descendant of the Turkomans loves still to dwell. The short but severe winter has of course been used by the Europeans for skating; and the diversion gave the Shah an opportunity of showing his curiosity, and his love of practical jokes:—

'The cold weather lasted some days after my arrival, and skating on yakchals—long shallow ponds, excavated for the purpose of procuring a supply of ice, and, to this end, completely protected from the sun's rays by high mud walls—was still the amusement of the Europeans. A fortnight previously, the Shah, who was desirous of witnessing their performances, had been graciously pleased to invite the skaters to breakfast and a display of their skill at one of his country palaces, Kasr-Kajar, the castle of the Kajars, which Persians delight to compare with Windsor. It is a large lofty building, situated on a commanding hill about three miles to the north of the town, and, from a distance, has an imposing effect, which is much increased by a series of terraces connecting it with some spacious gardens. On the highest of these terraces, and in front of the castle—which, I need hardly say, on near approach, bears about as much resemblance to Windsor as a blank mud wall does to a Gothic cathedral façade—is a large tank, on which the skating took place.

'His Majesty, surrounded by his Court and some of his Ministers, stately long-bearded gentlemen in flowing robes and tall hats, took much interest in it, and highly applauded the performances of the two English engineers in his service. After a time, however, his interest flagged, and urged, no doubt, by the *espèglerie* inherent in the character of all Persians, he expressed a wish to see his courtiers try their feet on the ice. Now stateliness and dignity of movement have, by education, become an Oriental's second nature. Hence it is that, of all our European customs and accom-

plishments, none astonishes him more than dancing. At the sight of a number of ladies and gentlemen whirling about in a ball-room—or, as he would put it, giving themselves infinite trouble for a ridiculous result—his first impression is that they are mad, his second that they are foolish. For dancing being, according to his ideas, a pleasure to be seen, he so little understands the charms it has for the dancers that, if called upon to give expression to his thoughts on the subject, he would probably do so by asking them, "Why don't you pay people to dance for you?" Skating is, I suppose, regarded much in the same light, and the dignitaries of the Court cast deprecating looks at their sovereign when his wish was made known to them. But the more reluctance they showed, the more the idea seemed to tickle his Majesty, and the more he insisted; so the skates were attached to their feet, and they were launched on the ice. I refrain from attempting a description of the scene that ensued; its counterpart might, perhaps, be imagined by conceiving several Lord Chancellors in their state robes taking their first skating lesson on Virginia Water.

'Practical jokes of this nature are, it would seem, not unfrequently indulged in at the Persian Court. Not long after this incident, the Shah took such a fancy to a portable india-rubber boat that its owner, one of our officers, who had got it out from England with a view to exploring some of the rivers, begged, and of course obtained, permission to present it to him. It was at once transported to the Palace, and, when inflated, my friend had there the honour of paddling royalty about on one of the tanks. The amusement pleased his Majesty, and he took to paddling himself; the courtiers followed suit, and eventually the King caused a throne to be erected near the tank, in order that he might at his ease watch their progress in this new accomplishment. It was probably too slow to afford him satisfaction, for one day he announced that he should like to see how many persons his boat was capable of carrying. Three could sit comfortably in it, but there was room for a dozen, and accordingly a dozen A.D.C.'s and Chamberlains, in their handsome shawl dresses and gold brocade, stepped in. Meanwhile, some one in the royal confidence had secretly opened the valves; the boat was shoved off towards the middle of the tank, and, as the air escaped, gradually sank lower and lower, and finally disappeared with its gorgeous and unsuspecting freight in the water. For a moment there was nothing visible on the surface of the tank but lambswool hats and linen skull-caps: for a moment, too, there was silence. Then a dozen shaven heads were seen wagging their tufts and side-locks, and a dozen mouths and noses were heard puffing, blowing, and snorting as their owners struggled slowly to the side. The Shah laughed long and loudly, and was so much pleased with the success of his stratagem that, when his victims emerged, all dripping and dragged from their bath, and stood shivering and crest-fallen before him, he deigned to inquire, "What news of the fish?" Persians can take a joke, as it is meant, and,

though the courtiers no doubt wished the boat and its donor a speedy descent to a warmer climate, I dare say they all ultimately joined in their sovereign's laughter.'—Pp. 137-140.

Let us turn to the picture of "the King of Kings and Centre of the Universe," as he was seen in his own regal state seven years ago :—

'A few steps more and we entered the presence chamber, a moderately sized saloon, on three sides of which the walls were covered with paintings of birds and flowers—the loves of nightingale and rose—on a blue ground; the fourth was occupied by a window fitted with carved wood and painted glass, looking on to the court, and now open. The ceiling was vaulted and honey-combed, and glittered with gilding alternated with small pieces of mirror-glass. In the centre of the room, which was richly carpeted, played a rock-crystal fountain, a present from the Empress Catherine to a former Shah, and around it stood eighteen solidly gilded chairs. Near the window was a throne of sandal-wood thickly studded with large emeralds, and most incongruously cushioned with Manchester chintz; close to it, on a carpet sewn with pearls, stood Nasreddin Shah.

'He was then thirty-six years of age; he is a little above the average height, well proportioned, and has regular features, though his forehead is rather low and his nose somewhat too prominent. His eyes are dark, and overhung by thick black eyebrows, which give them a mistrustful expression. He wears a moustache and closely cropped beard. Altogether he is a handsome man, and the magnificence of his dress added not a little to his appearance.

'In his hat he wore an aigrette, the distinctive emblem of royalty, of diamonds and rubies; his tunic, cut square and descending to his knees, was a blaze of brilliants and pearls; and in his belt, from which hung a jewelled sword and scabbard, glittered the Daryanoor, or sea of light, a sister diamond of our Koh-i-noor. White trousers and socks completed his costume. At his feet lay another of the royal insignia, a large sceptre, completely studded over with precious stones. By the side of all these treasures, a pair of common cotton gloves of an ugly brown colour, over which he wore several sapphire and turquoise rings, looked as incongruous as the Manchester chintz.

'Our audience was a short one. The senior of the envoys addressed, through an interpreter, a few complimentary phrases to his Majesty, who was pleased to return a gracious reply; some presentations were made, and we then backed out, and, once more putting on our goloshes, were conducted to an upper chamber looking out on the grand court of the palace.'—Pp. 164-165.

Many of our readers can compare the description of Nasr-ed-Deen with their own impressions; but an older picture of Persian royal state may be acceptable. Sir John Malcolm, in his interesting work entitled

'Sketches of Persia,' which we reviewed upon its first appearance,* and which a reprint has now made easy of access, gives an interesting account of the interview of the Elchee or British envoy with Shah Futtah Ali, at Teheran, in 1800.

'When we came within half a mile of the palace all was silence and order; it was the state of Asia with the discipline of Europe. We passed through rows of men and horses; and even the latter appeared as if afraid to shake their heads. Many persons whom we saw in the first square of the citadel, before we entered the palace, were richly dressed, and some of the horses were decked out with bridles, saddles, and trappings of great value; but it was not until we passed the last gate of the palace, and came into the garden in front of the king's hall of audience, a highly ornamented and spacious building, that we could form any idea of the splendour of the Persian court.

'A canal flowed in the centre of a garden, which supplied a number of fountains, to the right and left of which were broad paved walks, and beyond these were rows of trees. Between the trees and the high wall encircling the palace files of matchlock-men were drawn up; and within the avenues, from the gate to the hall of audience, all the princes, nobles, courtiers, and officers of state, were marshalled in separate lines, according to their rank, from the lowest officer of the king's guard, who occupied the place nearest the entrance, to the heir-apparent, Abbas Meerzâ, who stood on the right of his brothers, and within a few paces of the throne.

'There was not one person in all this array who had not a gold-hilted sword, a Cashmere shawl round his cap, and another round his waist. Many of the princes and nobles were magnificently dressed, but all was forgotten as soon as the eye rested upon the king.

'He appeared to be above the middle size, his age little more than thirty, his complexion rather fair; his features were regular and fine, with an expression denoting quickness and intelligence. His beard attracted much of our attention; it was full, black, and glossy, and flowed to his middle. His dress baffled all description. The ground of his robes was white; but he was so covered with jewels of an extraordinary size, and their splendour, from his being seated where the rays of the sun played upon them, was so dazzling, that it was impossible to distinguish the minute parts which combined to give such amazing brilliancy to his whole figure.'

Those of our readers whose patience has been tried by the Shah's occasional want of punctuality will be the less surprised when they hear that his despotic power extends

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xxxvi., p. 353, foll. Our space forbids the insertion of several passages which we had noted in this lively little work, such as the stories of the sharp-witted Isfahānee and the Ghoul in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and that of the Cobbler who turned Astrologer.

even over his emblem, the sun, in so far at least as it regulates the calendar. Moham-medans preserve the good old custom of beginning the year at the vernal equinox.

In 1867, 'the astrologers, who had been busy with their calculations for some time, announced that the sun would enter Aries at half-past four A.M. on the 21st of the month, and it was fully expected that, in accordance with all precedent, the Shah would, like a good orthodox Shah-in-Shah, at that moment admit his ministers and the functionaries of his Court to the usual private salaam. The earliness of the hour, however, being inconvenient, his Majesty sent for the wise men, and assured them they were out in their reckoning, and that it was quite impossible that the year could commence before he had had his customary amount of sleep. Whether they were originally wrong in their calculations, or adapted them, subsequently to this interview, to the wishes of their master, does not appear; but it was not until half-past seven o'clock that the year 1288 of the Hejira began.'—Mounsey, p. 291.

We can now estimate the compliment paid to ourselves by the Shah's departure from Brussels at five in the morning. Perhaps he knew it would be harder to govern the tide than the sun.

Our limits warn us to draw to a close, leaving untouched a mass of illustrations of the present condition of the country. We have said enough to show how lively and painstaking a guide our readers will find in Mr. Mounsey; and his observations on the actual state of things may be profitably compared with the imaginative but not less real pictures in 'Haji Baba.' We will only add his estimate of the proverbial weakness of the Persian character, which has to be taken into account by statesmen as well as travellers:—

'I can't say much for their honesty: in ancient times the Persian was taught to shoot with the bow and speak the truth; these two acquisitions may possibly have been so closely associated in the national mind that when the one was disused the other was considered superfluous. However this may be, truthfulness is not now much cultivated: indeed, I remember a great noble, an educated man too, once asking me, somewhat after the manner of Pontius Pilate, "What is the use of speaking the truth?" With mendacity, cunning goes hand in hand in the Persian's character. He seems to derive so much occupation and amusement from their united practice, that he never is dishonest in a straightforward manner. He does not commit burglary, he seldom steals an article directly from your house, but he makes you pay double for whatever he has to buy for you, being in league with those with whom you personally bargain; he tells you your house and stable gear has been stolen, and must be replaced, and is intoxicated with pleasure if he

can smuggle back the article thus said to be lost as a brand new one. In short, his lively imagination must be gratified at the same time that his pocket is filled.'—Pp. 101-102.

A wealthy man of high station, whom a European doctor had cured of a dangerous disease, thought it an ample apology for the breach of his repeated promises of payment, 'I am not a European.' The faults of the Persian character are in great measure the poisonous weeds which grow up beneath the baleful shadow of oppression. It is needless to repeat the old story of Oriental despotism, enhanced by the tyranny of a dominant race and the power entrusted to selfish governors, whose rapacity is quickened by the sense of their own subjection to the sovereign's caprice. The picture which was drawn in this Review sixteen years ago is still true to the life:—

'The unlimited power conferred upon Persian governors is a source of misery and ruin to the inhabitants, and has laid waste the fairest provinces of the kingdom. The journal of every modern traveller teems with descriptions of acts of injustice and oppression on the part of the local authorities, of deserted villages, and of whole districts rendered desolate. Persia is daily becoming poorer, the population is decreasing, the most fertile provinces are laid waste, and the principal cities and towns are rapidly converted into burning heaps of ruins.*

Let us hope, however, that the lowest point has now been reached. The famine of 1870-71, which brought the sufferings of Persia to a climax, seems to have been a new starting-point for internal reform and European sympathy. The Shah, who had already announced himself a reformer, has now resolved to call European capital and science to his aid, and the comparison between Xerxes and Nasr-ed-Deen might be pointed by another between Mordecai and Baron Reuter. Our welcome has honoured the sovereign's designs. May the result bind together the distant members of the race of Japheth in the work of 'enlargement' predicted in the blessing on their forefather, and give new strength in the old conflict of Iran against Turan.

ART. X.—*Lessons of the French Revolution.* By Lord Ormathwaite. London, 1873.

2. *Les Assemblées Provinciales sous Louis XVI.* Par M. Leonce de Lavergne. Paris, 1863.

3. *Les Clubs Rouges pendant les siège de Paris.* Par M. G. de Molinari. Paris, 1871.

THERE are periods in the World's history when a single generation counts almost for nothing; there are others, when event succeeds to event and the rise and fall not only of dynasties but of races seem compressed within a short space. Those who live in such a time are dazzled by the circumstances, and whilst they easily mark the rapid succession of things or persons, with difficulty estimate them in their true relation and bearing to each other. Eighty years ago the French Revolution broke upon Europe rather like a new revelation of thought and human action than a mere political change. Ushered in by a new philosophy and by the most brilliant intellects of the age, it found its earliest disciples in Courts and drawing-rooms, who nevertheless failed to see that the doctrines which seduced them were destructive of their own existence. But as it gained strength, it revealed itself more and more—adored by some, loathed by others, misunderstood by most, recognised probably by none except Burke in its true character, raising everywhere a tempest of passion, yet acknowledged by all as a new page turned in the World's history, as a fresh starting-point for the human race. Eighty years have passed; human intelligence and invention have certainly not stood still, and in mechanical science, at least, society has made the most wonderful stride of which written history preserves a record; and still the great drama which commenced in 1789 is not played out. The actors of that time are gone, the scenes have often been shifted, the language is more or less changed; but the play is still the same. France is still the theatre, and, with the same struggles, aspirations, hopes, her situation is even more pitiable than it was at the close of the last century. Intense as is the interest with which we watch the conflict of principles, and living as we do in the midst of this great passion-play, we cannot with any degree of certainty estimate the results, scarcely even the lessons. We stand too near the stage, and our own interests are too closely concerned to allow us to form a perfectly unprejudiced judgment; yet as we watch the passing events—happily from the quieter retreat of our seagirt country—we may occasionally note some of the lessons which are to be learned from this great upheaval of moral forces, and more or less apply them to our own state.

It is perhaps worth observing—it is, at all

events, a significant lesson to political agitators—that the three great principles on which the French Revolution was founded, and which were thought to be established beyond recall, have by the effect of time and those marvellously subtle changes which disturb all human calculations been directly reversed. The authors of the French Revolution based their vast fabric of political change upon the equality of man, the sovereignty of the people, and the abolition of the Church as a civil institution. Strange to say, with no avowed opposition and with no human let or hindrance, time has falsified their designs; and the results of their great scheme have been exactly opposite to their intentions. Hereditary titles, the existence of which gives a direct lie to their principle of social equality, have proved under every change of government simply indestructible. It is true that both Louis XVIII. and Charles X. tampered with the hereditary peerage, and that Louis Philippe by the abolition of it gave the last fatal blow to the probable exercise of political power by the French aristocracy, as such. It was a blow that only a prince of the royal line could have given, and therefore it was all the more deadly. But the principle upon which titles are given, and upon which hereditary distinctions, exist remains unaffected. The policy of the first Empire was sustained by the second when the battlefields of Italy gave titular rank to successful generals, and nominal distinctions were as much coveted in France under the rule of Louis Napoleon as they had been under the Bourbons. Even now, in a declared Republic, not only have the greatest families in France found seats in the Assembly, but so indestructibly strong is the force of custom that they receive even from the lips of their most democratic opponents the fullest distinctions to which they would have been entitled under an earlier *régime*. Nor has the sovereignty of the people fared better as a political principle. Like other weapons taken from the democratic armoury, it has pierced the hand of the holder. Plebiscites in France have lost their charm for extreme Republicans, and the more thoughtful even amongst our English Radicals begin now to doubt whether universal suffrage, for which a few years since they clamoured so loudly, is really valuable for its supposed purposes. It is perhaps harder to define with precision the position of the Church. De Tocqueville once said that the crusade against it, at the time of the Revolution, arose not so much from irreligion in sentiment as from envy of its temporal possessions; but great as is his authority, we must question that opinion, unless the senti-

mentalism which Rousseau and Robespierre both professed is accepted as any form of religious belief. The debates in the Constituent Assembly and the measures which followed upon those debates, the confiscation of ecclesiastical property, the violence done to the purely spiritual functions of the Church, the eager persecution to which the non-juring priests and bishops were subjected, are the counterpart to the passionate outcry against religion invariably raised by Garibaldian Revolutionists and French Communists, and which found their practical expression two years ago in the deliberate desecration of the Paris churches and the murder of some of the most blameless priests. At such a time even the cooler and more far-seeing leaders of a Republican party, from whom moderate counsels might be expected, are generally carried away and swell the onslaught upon the Church and religion. The able historian of the 'French Church and Revolution'—himself a Liberal and a distinguished politician—says of the Liberal party in the Constituent Assembly, 'There was henceforward but one single wish—to crush their enemies, and there was but small care if, in crushing them, they also crushed out the liberty which they had sought to establish.*' And as is the action of the more moderate, so is the feeling of the more violent. With them there is no change. Their hatred of religion and the 'clericals' remains the same: threats and actual violence are as freely invoked now as eighty years ago, and, it may be added, with much the same effect; for civil coercion now, as heretofore, is a puny weapon wherewith to break the spiritual influence of the Church 'in foro conscientia.' Nor has the cause of Liberalism in its true sense gained in this struggle between religion and revolution. The old Gallican liberties, which made France at one time the centre of free religious thought, have either given place to a devout but rather narrow creed, or are overlaid by a crust of gross Ultramontane superstition which controls the mind and affects, to a degree formerly unknown in Europe, the political conduct of the nation.

Such has been the unexpected effect which time has wrought upon the three fundamental principles of the French Revolution, and if any lesson is to be learnt from it it is probably the vanity of doctrinaires and the folly of philosophers. They may, indeed, to a great extent, attribute the failure to their own teaching. They were not content with laying their hands upon the mysteries of religion, but they turned men aside from

the practical reforms for which they were disposed to a region of nebulous and impossible illusions, and in later times they have encouraged France to a constant endeavour to satisfy in politics that exact and mathematical genius which finds its legitimate place only in science, to reduce everything to a plausible and symmetrical form, to set theory above practice, and—unlike our past course in England—to sacrifice actual good and possible advantage for abstract principles and the rights of man.

The greatest effect, as probably the greatest evil of the French Revolution, is the vicious circle of subsequent Revolutions in which France has been, and is, inextricably involved. Charles X., Louis Philippe, the Republic, the Empire, the Republic again, are links in a chain which, apparently, no human statesmanship or patriotism can break. But they move on in a geometric proportion, and they have become so frequent that men's minds in France have gained an unfortunate familiarity with them, and that the overthrow of a constitution, with its attendant bloodshed and lawlessness, has almost ceased to be a crime in public estimation. In the country districts the most industrious and thrifty people in the world, to whom Revolution means a temporary destruction of credit and prosperity, have been so often brought under the spell of these frequent changes, that even whilst hating them they do not venture to offer a resistance. On the other hand, in the towns, Revolution is the food of the younger or more daring spirits, and the accustomed weapon of the unscrupulous and fanatical politicians who hold power with the mob. Liberal writers have denounced in the most unqualified language Louis Napoleon for his Coup d'Etat of 1852, but he only anticipated the attack, which his enemies were planning, and employed in defence of himself the weapon which they have repeatedly used; and French society in so freely condoning his act gave a clear but melancholy proof of the value which they attach to such a violation of constitutional obligation.

The result, however, of this has been to secure to Paris a larger and a more unquestioned ascendancy over every other part of France. Throughout the beginnings of French history Paris was turbulent, ferocious, and difficult of management in the then loosely compacted body politic, but unlike London, in the earliest periods of that history, she was only one of the principal cities of the kingdom. It was only on the consolidation of the French kingdom that her ascendancy rapidly grew, and that she began to give laws and to prescribe con-

* De Pressensé, *L'Eglise et la Révolution*, p. 140.

duct to all France. During the Merovingian reigns Paris was but one among many other seats of royalty; under the Carolingian it was overshadowed by towns that are now in the second and third order of cities: the Archbishopric of Paris dates only from the seventeenth century; it may almost be said, in the words of Sir F. Palgrave, that 'the city of Revolution begins her history by the first French Revolution.*' And then how different is the part which the two cities played.

'London,' says Mr. Freeman in comparing the English and French capitals, 'in no way formed England or guided her destinies. The history of London is simply that the City was found to be the most fitting and worthy head of an already existing kingdom; but Paris has been what London has been and something more. . . . Amidst all changes she has been clothed with a kind of mysterious and superstitious charm, and its possession has carried with it an influence which common military and political considerations cannot always explain.†'

Unlike London, too, when once she became the recognised capital she became the true Queen and Empress of France, absolute and tyrannical over act and even thought, shrinking from no measure of violence, and dragging all France after her by an irresistible attraction. 'This mad democracy is so untameable that instead of attempting to alter the temper of Paris, which is impossible, we must make use of it to detach the provinces from the capital. Never before were so many elements of conflagration collected in one single spot. A hundred pamphleteers whose sole livelihood is disorder, a multitude of foreigners subject to no control, who breathe sedition in every public place—the enemies of the Court—an enormous populace now familiarized for more than a year with successful crime—a crowd of rich men who dare not show their faces because they have too much to lose—a combination of the authors and agents of the Revolution—in the lowest class the dregs of the nation, in the highest a state of corruption—this is Paris. And the City knows her own power. She has exercised it in turn on the Army, the King, his Ministers, and the Assembly.'

Such was the description of Paris, centuries later, by Mirabeau, the ablest leader of the French Revolution, and on these grounds he secretly advised the Court to remove the States-general from the capital. Such, too, would be no unfair description of

Paris at the present day, and for such reasons her Parliament now sits at Versailles, fortunately beyond the reach of the intimidation and pressure which the great city has always known how to exercise. Yet nowhere can we see a stranger sight than how, even in our day, amidst excesses and crimes of every sort, she compels the allegiance and wields an undisputed sway over the mind of all classes whether Republican or Monarchical.

But whilst Paris acquired this ascendancy, and set the model and supplied the leaders and the organization, and inspired the language and even the thoughts of each successive Revolution and Republic, this pre-eminence naturally produced a further consequence in the consolidation of the Radical forces in the large towns. Happily for France her chief population has been, and is still, agricultural, for whatever morality of life and conservatism of faith yet exist are to be found principally in the rural districts; but in the large towns—in Lyons, Marseilles, Toulouse, Bordeaux—great bodies of workmen were massed together with all the keen intelligence and the passions of the South: the sight of wealth, of the creation of which, as they fancied, they were the sole authors, kindled the usual envy; there was unfortunately in the composition of society too little of charity and reciprocity of kindly offices to soften this feeling; and with the passion there soon came also the sense of power. Organized under skilful and unprincipled leaders, whose life was a professed war with society, they imitated and almost rivalled Paris in becoming the strongholds of a democracy that was even yet more extravagant in its pretensions. The force of such a power in France has been terrible, and from the first to the latest Revolution, when once the great towns are united, the pressure becomes almost more than the central authority can bear. During the recent war and siege of Paris, perhaps the most critical moment of danger, to which even such men as Gambetta were alive, was the threatened union of the great provincial towns of France.

These were indirect results of the Revolution which its contemporaries could not anticipate, however logically they have followed upon it; but the severest blow which has been dealt, has fallen upon property, as is in the custom and nature of revolutions. It was not, indeed, that the large properties in France were specially productive of abuse. As a French Liberal writer on English Agriculture has truly admitted, it is not the fault of an aristocracy that a considerable proportion of the land is in their hands; it

* 'History of Normandy,' i. 282.

† 'Historical Essays,' 208-9.

is not denied that they have been foremost in every improvement and public work connected with their estates; nor even that the cultivation of the soil and the agricultural property of the country can be most highly developed under their management; but in spite of all these admissions, his conclusion is, that they and their system should be broken up. In this spirit the revolutionary party in France have always acted, and, perhaps, the greatest and worst legacy of the French Revolution was the compulsory division of property. It is true, indeed, that that subdivision is not exclusively due to the Revolution. It existed long before in an excessive and mischievous form, it formed the subject of occasional complaint by French statesmen, and it was noticed by Arthur Young; but it was then confined to particular localities, it was due to the condition of the time and country, and it was subject to any modification that the inclination or the free contract of individuals might assign to its operation. In its present shape it has become universal and obligatory; and, connected as it is with those features of the Revolution which have most deeply impressed the French imagination—the flight of the nobles, the confiscation and sale of land—this law of compulsory division has sunk so deeply into the popular affections of the people, that it seems hopeless to look for change. Politicians and educated men of all classes have long been aware of its mischievous effects, and repeated attempts to introduce at least some modifications of it have been made under Louis XVIII., under Charles X., under Louis Philippe, during the Empire, and even within the last few months in the most Conservative assembly that has for many years sat in France. But they have invariably failed; for the existing law appeals alike to the best and the worst side of French nature, to their individual avarice and their family affection, and after a lapse of eighty years, it has become so deeply rooted in their customs, that of the whole revolutionary code it would appear to be that provision which can be least successfully assailed. And yet it is simply fatal—it maintains and perpetuates a low semi-pauperised, discontented, and envious class, incapable of developing French agriculture, and it strikes with an incurable paralysis those who from natural position might be leaders of the country districts, and give some stability to political institutions.

Thus it comes to pass that within less than a century, almost every political buttress and institution in France has gone, and that Frenchmen stand on the naked howling plain

of pure democracy, where, as has been eloquently said, every molehill is a mountain, and every thistle a tree. The fulcrum on which a political lever can be applied is wanting; and this want in France is both the practical obstacle to good government, and the source of utter despair to those higher and more capable natures, who under other circumstances might render to their country worthy service. With the exception, perhaps, of Spain, where boundless misrule and corruption have by different means produced the same effects, no country in Europe is swept so clear of all the institutions and influences which give stability to governments and security to property. Monarchy and Aristocracy have gone, Religion and the Church are paralysed, individual priests may, indeed, retain a personal, and, doubtless, a wholesome influence—and amidst much in their system which is open to objection, they contribute some little salt to the all-surrounding corruption—but their influences are jealously watched, and sometimes questionably exercised, and in the higher sphere of theology the old Gallican liberties and lights of which France was once justly proud, have gone out in the darkness of demagoguery. One institution alone remains with its false halo and its misleading fires of night. The army—grown into a part of French history—hailed with rapture when conquering and plundering, accepted as a necessity in less prosperous times, is bound upon the neck of France as a yoke from which there is no escape. A military conscription was at the end of the last century, as it is now, the base of French defence; but whilst it then claimed only 80,000, it now claims more than 600,000 men; and in this, its increased and ever increasing form, it has set an example to other nations which they have faithfully copied, till all Europe has been organised into standing armies, the result and end of which are still far distant. Thus whilst the Revolution left France as her principal legacy a forced testamentary subdivision of property, she bequeathed to Europe the conscription, the gigantic wars which flow from it, and the spirit in which they are carried on; till now by a not wholly unjust retribution, the detestable system of making war support war—the practice of “bons,” as the first Napoleon usually termed them—which France so unmercifully inflicted upon Europe, has in turn been imposed upon her. And yet it has happened in this, as it happens in so many human events, that the evil contains in itself, to a great extent at least, its own corrective. What was the greatest curse to France, has also been her greatest blessing. When two years ago Paris fell

into the hands of the Commune, when all constituted authority ceased, and the respectable classes were paralysed, the army saved society. Blood flowed profusely, resentment and excessive severity had their day; but France was saved out of the jaws of anarchy, and amongst the lessons which the French Revolution has taught, perhaps the most important to society in these times, is the vital necessity to every European State of a disciplined and obedient army. It may be a matter of abstract regret that a nation cannot, as in old days, answer for civil order without military intervention, but in the presence of the new agencies and forces which have been deliberately organised for the destruction of all that we value most dearly, we should be mad were we to leave our greatest interests to the mercy of men who, worse than the Goth or Vandal, may without exaggeration be classed amongst the enemies of the human race. 'When bad men conspire, good men,' as Mr. Burke somewhere says, 'must associate.' The responsibility of repressive measures in vindication of order rests upon those whose revolt against society has provoked them; and, as Bishop Butler says of resentment in one of his famous sermons, so we may say of revolution, that when once the floodgates are opened, it flows apace like water, and no man can limit its extent or force. But so long as an army exists, socialism in its modern form is powerless, provided always that the government of the country is not wholly wanting in honesty and courage. In every disturbance in Paris the troops when well led have shown themselves reliable, and when there has been any failure it has been through the fault of the superior authorities, who, from incompetency or an under-estimate of the crisis, have neglected ordinary precautions, or have left their men for hours without food, or have placed them in positions where they were exposed to the solicitations of the people. When Charles X. provoked the Revolution of 1830, he had a mere handful of men in Paris; when Louis Philippe lost his throne, the troops were kept face to face with the people for forty-eight hours, in some cases without provisions; when, two years ago, General Vinoy attempted to remove the cannon from Montmartre, he undertook the task with a wholly inadequate strength both of men and horses. During the Revolution of 1830, it seemed indeed as if a town populace, trained by democratic societies and armed with modern weapons in the then narrow streets of Paris, and with the aid of barricades, were a match for regular troops; but the organisation and science of modern armies command an overwhelming preponderance, and with every

circumstance and condition in their favour, the Communists of 1870, when once an entrance into Paris was effected, were hopelessly at the mercy of their military opponents.

If France is an illustration of the advantage that arises from an organised army, Spain presents a miserable counterpart in the ruin to which a great country can be brought by the want of it. There the first act of the Republican party, on obtaining power, was in accordance with their former theories to disband the army, to distribute arms freely, and to hand over the great towns to the mercy of the populace. A Spanish Republic under Prim was as safe for the maintenance of property and social order as is a French Republic with Marshal MacMahon at the head of two or three hundred thousand men, because Prim made the discipline and the payment of his troops the first care of the Government; but the windy bombast of Señor Castelar and of the still more fanatical members of his party is but a feeble barrier against the violence or acquisitive tendencies of a town mob. Even as we write, the rhetoricians of the early Republic have fallen, the populace are for the moment victorious, and the men who make it their distinctive boast, that 'reconciliation' shall be under their rule impossible, have succeeded to the direction of the State.

These are some of the results of the Great Revolution which are actually in progress. We see them with our own eyes, and we more or less appreciate their force, but the drama is as yet incomplete. The real point of importance, however, to observe is, that though there are variations and differences of detail, there is an essential identity between the spirit of 1789 and that of 1870. The brilliancy, indeed, is gone, but the fire burns as fiercely as ever. The genius that threw its halo over the actors of the first Revolution is now replaced by the commonest and most vulgar type of political intelligence: the legislative capacity of the Constituent Assembly, the splendid intellect of Mirabeau, the eloquence of the Gironde, the literary sentimentalism of Madame Roland, have left no successors; the clubs of Communist Paris played no part equal to their predecessors of the last century. Even Robespierre and Danton tower high above the level of to-day; it is only Santerre, Marat, Hébert, and the Père Duchesne that are adequately represented in the Commune. It would be interesting, if time allowed, to compare in some of their subordinate details the first and the last French Revolution. Whatever its faults, the close of the eighteenth century was a period unusually rich in ability of every kind. The lawyers, the writers, the

men of science, the soldiers—men, it should be remembered, who were born and trained before the Revolution under the old system, and not therefore, as so often is asserted by Liberal writers, the mere product of the Revolution—stand as far above their successors of the present day as the lower classes of the Revolutionary army, those who gave fibre and strength to the movement, were unquestionably superior in vigour and capacity to the present leaders of the Parisian revolution.

There is perhaps no better illustration to be found of this than in the debates of the democratic clubs during the siege of Paris in 1871—of which, fortunately, some record has been preserved in a little work compiled by the editor of the '*Débats*.' In these clubs there was the utmost freedom of discussion, and it was not until within a few weeks of the capitulation that the Provisional Government thought themselves obliged to suspend the licence which had till then been allowed, and it may be added, abused. As is usual in such cases, the clubs were in democratic sentiment far ahead of the actual Government, although an administration which included amongst its members such men as Gambetta and Crémieux would to English apprehension appear sufficiently democratic. Rochefort had scarcely joined the Provisional Government when he was accused of '*modérantisme*;' and as there is always a '*plus ultra*' in revolution, so Belleville was constantly threatening the *Hôtel de Ville*, just as Belleville itself, when its ardour became slack, was stirred up by still more violent and unscrupulous demagogues from other districts: but the tone and temper of these associations may be accepted as on the whole a fair illustration of the present character of French Democracy in its principal stronghold.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in these discussions is the extreme absurdity and childishness of the expedients which were proposed to meet the emergencies of the siege. During these debates some of the orators suggested Greek fire, others recommended that the Seine should be poisoned, in happy forgetfulness that Frenchmen might possibly suffer equally with Prussians. One was in favour of letting loose the wild beasts out of the *Jardin des Plantes* to devour the national enemy; a second proposed to build out a succession of forts until the hostile lines were pierced; a third was for limiting all fighting to the night time, and then by electrical lights so disposed as to show every Prussian, and to conceal every Frenchman; but all were agreed in favour of a general confiscation of food which the richer classes

were supposed to have stored against the emergencies of the siege, and of the clothing which still remained on hand in shops and warehouses, forgetting that plunder and confiscation imply a conclusion rather than a continuance of the means of defence. In the midst of all these puerilities there recurred at each interval, like the burden of some ill-omened song, the usual raving about reactionaries, aristocrats, and traitors, which correspond almost literally with the clamour of the first Revolution, varied by an occasional and still more senseless inquiry into the existence of God or the immortality of the soul.

Yet great as was this folly, it was crowned by the even greater lack of common sense in the discussion of political questions, and the worshippers of the sovereign populace had boundless opportunity of studying the drunken helot who thus delighted to expose himself to the public gaze. Sometimes a speaker assured his audience that, however it may be under the rule of monarchs, in a true republic there will and can be no poor; at another time he advised that all gold and silver coin should be suppressed by law, that those who received such coin should be liable to capital punishment, and that in lieu of specie, assignats should be distributed in sufficient quantities to provide for all the necessaries of life. But their notions of everything outside the walls of Paris were, if possible, even less intelligent and intelligible than their political economy. Thus the Prussians, it was gravely affirmed, on entering the city were to massacre all children under twelve and all men above fifty years old, sending the able-bodied into Germany to labour on public works, and reserving the women '*à discrétion*.' When, therefore, it came to a question of terms, the people of Belleville were exhorted by their leaders to consent to nothing short of an honourable peace. We pause in breathless suspense to ascertain the republican meaning of an '*honourable peace*,' but we have not long to wait. On the one hand Paris is advised, according to J. Favre's rhetorical flowers, not to surrender a single stone of the fortress, not an inch of territory, not a ship from the fleet; on the other hand, the Prussians are free to take as large a money indemnity as they may care to demand. We inquire in astonishment the cause of this extraordinary liberality, and the reason is one which all propertied classes, whether in land or money, may do well to ponder; it is '*because the people will take care to lay on the backs of the middle classes (bourgeoisie), as is only right and fair, the burden of this indemnity by means of a forced loan*.' In truth, the royal '*benevo-*

lences' of old times were gentle, indeed, when compared with these modern expedients of revolutionary finance.

Even Art—which has sometimes been claimed as the special care of democracies—fared badly at the hands of these fanatics. 'Fellow-citizens,' said one speaker, 'the Republic takes precedence of the Arts. Despotism has corrupted the great artists. Let them burn the Louvre'—the wish was father to the thought—'with its paintings of Rubens and Michael Angelo. The orator will not lament if only the Republic survives.'

And what is this Republic on which they dwell so fondly, and for which they are ready to sacrifice everything that has till now lent dignity or virtue or grace to human life? With the lowest stratum of the ignorant and miserable beings to whom these frantic appeals were made, with that '*couche sociale*' which Gambetta has since to such evil purpose invoked, the Republic undoubtedly implied the 'Commune,' and this again conveyed a general and happy idea of living comfortably at the expense of some one else. In all these discussions the Commune, long before it came into actual existence, was invoked and adored with the same ignorance and fanaticism as a fetish is worshipped by an African savage; but with the leading spirits it had a more distinct meaning, and occasionally it received at their mouths a plainer definition. As we should be unwilling to do injustice to their intentions, let us take their own words—and they have the true ring of the revolutionary levellers and anarchists of all ages:—

'The first Revolution freed us from the aristocracy of birth, and it thought to free us from the Clergy, but the Clergy has sprouted afresh like a foul weed, and in place of the old aristocracy, who at all events were not wanting in courage, we have seen spring up the middle class, who have grown rich (we will not spoil the delicacy of republican metaphor by the coarseness of an English translation), *en se grattant le ventre au coin du feu*. . . . 'And whence shall the Republic provide its ways and means? From different sources—first of all from the churches. She will confiscate the goods of the Clergy—of all religious Communities—of the Bonapartists, and all who may fly the country. With the produce of these confiscations she will provide food for the people, she will establish Workmen's Associations, who will take the place of Capitalists, of Companies, and particularly of the Railway Companies, whose shareholders, managers, and other parasites will be sent about their business' As to the owners of house property, 'it has been proposed to pay them one-half of the rent which they claim, and to allow them to borrow a part of the residue from Government—a shameless proposal for men who have

made their profits out of us during the last twenty years. We owe them nothing; and if they have the audacity to insist on their claims, the simplest course is to send them to the gallows.'

But if the Church and every religious community—if corporations and individuals of all kinds, from the wealthy capitalist down to the poor servant or labourer who has saved his 50*l.* and invested it in the shares of some railway or other company, cannot escape the clutches of these obscene harpies—if property is to cease, and Art to perish at their *fiat*, can morality or religion hope to survive? They make, indeed, nearly as clean a sweep of this latter consideration as do some of our modern philosophers. Here is a case of conscience which is so broadly and impartially stated that it may perhaps recommend itself to the consideration of these gentlemen, and which one of their speakers puts to the 'Club de la Révolution' at Montmartre. Can a young man, it is asked, who is a freethinker submit to the marriage ceremony in church? The answer is in the affirmative, but on the condition that the children of such marriage shall not undergo the rite of baptism. Once more, in a debate on the election of delegates the orator, in the midst of loud applause, declared himself in favour of Rochefort because he had announced himself to be a regicide.

'A regicide—fellow-citizens,' he said, 'a regicide—well, if such there be amongst us, I for one should not be satisfied with electing him as a delegate. I would make him my God; that is to say,' he added, recollecting himself, 'if I believed in a God, which I do not.'

It is useless and shocking to pursue the frantic ravings of these rebels against man and God, who combine the impiety of Titans with the intellectual stature of pygmies; but also it is not well that they should be wholly passed over. It is only on rare occasions that such a system as socialism speaks out. Generally it is smothered in the inarticulate maunderings of brutish ignorance, or it is veiled under the sophisms of its more educated and far-seeing professors; it maintains a cautious silence, or it equivocates away its true nature. It is only in these moments of supreme energy and excitement that it lays bare the secret springs and the real object of its being; during the rest of its course it shows itself only as it wishes mankind to believe it to be. Such a time was 1792, and such again, after an interval of eighty years, was 1871. In the latter there was a childishness and a pettiness of the reasoning element which find no place in the earlier revolution; but in its real ob-

jects and ends the identity of spirit during the two periods is complete and unequivocal. The public crimes are as atrocious in intention, and show no falling off in the sensational ghastliness of the act. The Jacobins of 1792 and the Communists of 1871 are fathers and sons of the same political family, deriving their descent from the same stock, aiming at substantially the same objects, and pursuing much the same means; with perhaps this difference, that if, as De Tocqueville says, religion was assailed in the first revolution from envy of her temporal advantages, she is now the object of attack from a feeling of pure hatred and antagonism.

In England we had almost forgotten the existence of Jacobinism as a living power capable of mischief, but recent events in Paris have opened our eyes, and after a generation at least of political scepticism we begin to understand the point from which such men as Mr. Burke regarded the French Revolution of eighty years ago, though we frequently seem to miss the true moral of the story. By one of those general and rough conclusions in which the popular mind delights, Englishmen are inclined to attribute the excesses of the Revolution to the supposed abuses of the pre-revolutionary period, and they assume that they have thus arrived at a full and sufficient explanation of one of the most complicated phenomena of modern history. Abuses doubtless there were, and the apologists of revolutionary crimes are never weary of enlarging on them—on obsolete laws, on feudal oppressions, on the profligacies of the Regency, on the cynical sayings of Louis XV. And the large majority of English readers, recognizing in all this a certain foundation of fact, and receiving Erckmann-Chatrian's novels as if they were solid history, are quite content to adopt such statements without further inquiry. But a truer view of the history of the time is at last gaining acceptance. French writers such as M. Leonce de Lavergne have had the courage to face the prejudices of their own nation, and to show how grossly the evils of the old system have been exaggerated, how great were the reforms of the earlier years of the reign of Louis XVI., how in those reforms were contained the germs and elements of future good government, and how fatally they were neutralized by the effects and tendencies of the Revolution. De Tocqueville indeed had paved the way for this by showing us in the ablest of all his works how the post-revolution system of government was but the development, sometimes the actual copy of the earlier administration of Richelieu and Louis

XIV.; how the political power of the nobles had often dwindled into mere pecuniary privileges; how, in a certain sense, the peasant rebelled, not so much because his lot was a hard one as because he was already a landowner in possession of considerable rights which he desired to enlarge yet further; and how scrupulously modern democratic administrators have cherished some of the most oppressive of the political engines by which the old absolutist Governments ruled. To this M. de Lavergne has added a valuable chapter of history in his account of the Provincial Assemblies which, with some modifications on their original constitutions, were recalled into existence during the reign of Louis XVI. It may be truly said that of those who in France have contributed most to redress the historical injustice done to the Ancien Régime none stands higher for clearness of thought and fairness of judgment than M. de Lavergne. This part of the story has yet to be written in England, but in a little volume which the present Lord Ormathwaite has just published, and which stands at the head of this article, the truer and sounder view at least is boldly asserted. Many years ago, amidst the storms of the first Reform Bill, Sir John Walsh won his reputation by the clearness and force with which he stated his opinions. More than the life of a single generation has passed, and now in advanced years, and with Parliamentary honours worthily earned, which we trust he may yet long enjoy, Sir J. Walsh, as Lord Ormathwaite, writes upon subjects familiar to him with a vigour and ease, and yet with that flavour of accomplished grace which particularly belonged to men of his school and time, and which younger writers might with advantage imitate. In most of Lord Ormathwaite's reasoning we are disposed to agree, but with all our dislike to the Revolution and its tendencies, we doubt whether we can attribute to it, without at least some qualifying expressions, as exclusively as Lord Ormathwaite does, every evil and misery under which France now labours; nor are we prepared in our hatred of mob rule to condone, still less to suggest an indirect praise, as we think he does, to the first Napoleon. Napoleon was to France—terrified by the excesses of the Jacobins—as his nephew after him, the preserver of Society, and the slayer of the Dragon of which he was born. But he was the real child of the Revolution, and the genius which he displayed in every turn of his marvellous career cannot blind us to the selfishness, baseness, and cruelty of his whole nature. The character which M. Lanfrey has so vividly drawn of him, coloured though it be with an al-

most unreasoning detestation, and forming one of the heaviest historical indictments ever presented in modern times against an individual, is perhaps, when all things are considered, scarcely too severe. So too of the Revolution;—it produced a harvest of atrocities and calamities; but they are ill read in French history who believe these to be the exclusive product of the years 1792–3. From early to late times the French people have, under the pressure of public excitement, shown the same characteristics; the famous sarcasm of their own greatest writer will never be forgotten, because it faithfully represents their strangely compounded nature; and the *émeutes*, the *baricades*, the massacres, and the cold-blooded cruelties of 1792–3 can find a parallel even down to very minute details in the earlier wars of the *Fronde* and *League*. For more than two centuries the French people have rarely deserved well of their rulers, as in turn their rulers have rarely commanded their loyalty; and of the many kings of France—and not a few were able and brilliant—none perhaps is remembered at the present day with sympathy or affection except Henry IV.

Lord Ormathwaite more than once insists that the first mistakes of the States-General led to all the subsequent miseries of the Revolution, and that these errors are in their effects still destroying liberty, and order, and civilisation in Europe; and he confirms that charge by quoting the well-known saying of Napoleon in St. Helena, that Necker was responsible for all the evils of the Revolution when he consented to the double vote of the *Tiers-Etat*. It was characteristic of this great genius to condense into epigrammatic, but not very accurate, sayings the thought of the moment, especially when by this process he could relieve himself of blame by transferring it to another. Doubtless the double vote—which, by the way, was a favourite expedient with Necker, who, having found a precedent for it in Languedoc, introduced it, in the face of some remonstrance and opposition, about ten years previous to the Revolution, into the constitution of the Provincial Assemblies which he persuaded Louis XVI. to establish—was a grievous mistake, as was also the indiscriminate abolition of all feudal rights, the confiscation of Church property, the reduction to a cypher of all monarchical power; but perhaps none of these mistakes and crimes, nor even all of them combined, need have been absolutely fatal to a nation which was sound at heart. Each and all, separately or collectively, may be matched by mistakes as serious, excesses as violent, in our own great Rebellion, and

yet because the nation was sound and the higher class fit to govern, in the words of South, 'the breaches were healed, the maladies cured, and the wounds of a bleeding nation were in time bound up.' The truth is, that every institution in France was inwardly decaying from the influence of that overshadowing centralisation, which the wisest of their statesmen knew and deplored, but which they seemed powerless to counter-act. There was occasional abuse of privilege, there was frequent distress in many parts and great discontent, there was a real want of money and an unequal, uncertain, and sometimes a crushing weight of taxation. Above all, there was on the part of the people that sullen and unreasoning distrust of every improvement, however obvious its merits, however clear the good faith of its authors, which makes reform hopeless and even dangerous. On the establishment of the Provincial Assembly of Orleans a labourer exclaimed,* 'Encore des mangeries;' and in a Report of the Committee of the Assembly of Berri, a few years earlier, it is said, 'Le peuple n'imagine jamais qu'aucune opération ait pour bût son soulagement; il croit toujours que ce n'est qu'un moyen d'augmenter l'impôt.'† Melancholy conclusion, unhappy state, where every effort for public good is received with suspicion and is neutralized before it is half accomplished—a grave lesson to rulers not to defer an act of justice, and to the ruled that in their churlish distrust they are often rejecting their own happiness. But must we then come to the conclusion that the Revolution was one of those necessary and fatal events which no conscientious labour and self-sacrifice could have averted? Was the corruption so deeply seated that under the rule of one of the kindest and most constitutionally-minded kings no temperate and prudent legislation could be of avail? Necker's earlier attempts at reform during his first ministry, and the opposition by which he was thwarted, certainly prove how difficult it was in the then state of France to create a healthy system in which the Crown and the three Estates might be fairly balanced for the purposes of practical government; but the old provincial and local liberties, which under any new and better system must have been made the basis of all lasting improvements, were not irrecoverably dead, though they had been so long overlaid by the corrupt and tyrannical centralization of Louis XIV.; and although the temper of the people, soured by past misery, was bad, there was no lack

* 'Assemblées Provinciales,' p. 166.

† 'Assemblées Provinciales,' p. 47.

of ability, and character, and willingness amongst the nobility and gentry in the country districts to redeem by personal exertion the evil days on which they had fallen.

In the remarkable list of the Provincial Assemblies there is nothing more remarkable than to trace the long list of distinguished names amongst their members, and to observe not only the awakening of political intelligence in all public objects, but the readiness of the privileged orders to make the personal sacrifice of every interest which could interfere with those objects. So far, indeed, from any reluctance on the part of the nobles to part with those rights or exemptions which were inconsistent with the wants of the people, there was perhaps rather too much than too little tendency to concession, as was afterwards shown upon a larger scale on the famous night of the 4th of August; when, with the impulsiveness of Frenchmen, the almost immemorial tenures and privileges of centuries were swept away at a single sitting. To a certain extent the records of these assemblies are curiously illustrative of the false liberalism which seems to have pervaded the political, or, with more truth it may be said the social, atmosphere of the age. Sometimes they commute an obnoxious right, sometimes they renounce it, sometimes they voluntarily undertake the exclusive burden of a money contribution for the discharge of provincial liabilities or the construction of public works,* as if, says M. Leonce de Lavergne, 'the privileged classes sought to make men forget their immunities and exemptions before they wholly abandoned them.' Occasionally, too, carried away by the pseudo-philosophical spirit then in vogue, the greatest men in the country gave themselves up to what is now called the 'enthusiasm of humanity,' and adopted language of a dangerously vague character, either advocating a 'fraternal participation in public burdens,' or professing to recognize in particular persons the marks of 'true citizens and zealous patriots.†' Words are often representative of the deeper passions and instincts of a community, and so in the ordinary conversation and nomenclature of the day, coming events were already casting their shadows before them. La Fayette was talking republicanism to an applauding court circle; the Parliament of Grenoble, comprising as it did men of the highest rank and oldest family, was formally declaring that the 'rights of man had their origin in nature alone, and were independent of all human contract;‡ the clergy inaugu-

rated the new doctrines, of which they were destined to be the first victims, by describing themselves on one occasion as 'led by the torch of reason to enrol themselves among their brethren and fellow-citizens;*' whilst the ship on board of which Louis XVI. but two years previous to the revolution visited, amidst the salvoes of artillery and the cheers of his people, the great breakwater at Cherbourg, bore the ominous name of 'Patriot.†'

In recent times France has worn the aspect of a united and homogeneous country, and the Republic of 1848, when it described itself as one and indivisible, appealed strongly to the popular feeling. But formerly it was very different. Before the Revolution France was composed of provinces, which had at various times been annexed by marriage, by treaty, or by force of arms, and which, with their several parliaments and courts of justice—all possessed of separate customs, and interpreting laws according to their separate systems—were, as regards each other, in the position of independent states, rather than members of a common and homogeneous nation. During the middle ages almost all these provinces were possessed of assemblies with powers of local taxation. If the districts over which these bodies had jurisdiction were various and ill-compacted, the assemblies were equally discordant in their composition and rights, and were convened at irregular periods, as the caprice of the existing minister dictated. By the reign of Louis XVI. most, or all of them, had ceased to have any substantive existence: the centralising system of Louis XIV. had crushed and welded them into a certain unity of ideas, and the Intendants, whose official tyranny was often as great as their power was uncontrolled, effectively prevented them from regaining their ancient rights. It is to Necker during his first ministry that the credit of their revival is due. By his advice four provincial assemblies were established, and, in spite of the jealousy of the parliaments, and the occasional opposition of the Intendants, Calonne and Brienne were a few years later on the eve of the Revolution (but then too late to be of any practical avail) compelled to follow his policy, and to recommend the re-establishment of a very large number. In composition they were substantially the same, combining for deliberation and executive purposes the three orders—Nobles, Clergy, and Tiers-Etat—but the principle on which their

* 'Assemb. Prov.', pp. 54, 179, 266.

† 'Assemb. Prov.', p. 384. ‡ Ibid. p. 291.

* 'Assemb. Prov.', p. 195.

† 'Assemb. Prov.', p. 268.

members usually voted had a singularly unfortunate influence upon the early stages of the Revolution. Whilst generally only half of the representation was assigned to the nobles and clergy, the other half was allotted to the *Tiers-Etat*; thus giving to that class a practical preponderance in all disputed questions. In some cases there was remonstrance on the part of the nobles; but the dangerous nature of the principle was not yet recognised, and Necker was, unfortunately, strongly biassed in its favour. Necker was an able and an honest minister; but, when he agreed to this double vote of the *Tiers-Etat*, he seems to have forgotten that a measure which might not be dangerous to a limited assembly of local representatives and nominees in a distant province, was no safe precedent for the large and all-powerful *States-General*, meeting in the turbulent capital of France at a time of extraordinary national excitement. One of the principal lessons which the errors of the *Constituent Assembly* teach is the danger of confiding an unlimited revision of the fundamental laws of an old and complicated society to a numerous and democratic assembly, and the fatal facility with which each act of downward legislation begets another of a yet more mischievous kind. It is prudent statesmanship to hedge in the divinity of old states with jealous restrictions, and—if not in accordance with classical custom, to insist upon the innovator proposing his innovation with a halter round his neck—to make change at least a matter of time and reflection.

It is remarkable to trace in the records of these assemblies the nature and amount of practical work which was done, and the energy and zeal shown by the members. The noblest and most historical names in France are to be found amongst them, and Arthur Young has left a graphic account of some of the great country houses whose owners were throwing themselves into the work of local reform with a heartiness which seemed to promise a brighter future for France than it has ever been her lot to achieve. By the side of Montmorency, Noailles, Mouchy, Liancourt, Talleyrand, Saint-Pol, Clermont-Tonnerre, Valentinois, were the country gentry, the '*nouveaux ennoblis*,' the lawyers, and even men of the humblest birth and station, small farmers, 'labourers;' whilst between them all, as far as we can judge, there was a singular accord in feeling and action. The same admirable eye-witness bears tribute, on one occasion when he was present, to the independent and manly yet modest bearing of the French farmers when thus brought into relations with the great proprietors. It would be well for France if

as much could now be said in regard to the intercourse of these classes.

The work to which these bodies devoted themselves with so much energy comprised such business as would in this country be transacted by Courts of Quarter Sessions, by Boards of Guardians, by Highway and Improvement Boards and by Vestries, whilst it covered a very large field of rural legislation, ranging from small to sometimes very large subjects. The assemblies applied themselves to the reform of hospitals, the suppression of mendicity, the making of roads—then one of the chief wants of France—the drainage of waste land, the canalisation of rivers, the manufacture of cheese, the reduction of the price of salt. They carried their labours into the formation of agricultural associations, the breeding and improvement of stock, the distribution of cattle amongst the poorer farmers, the creation of benefit societies against loss of crops. In some cases they rose into a higher sphere of administration. They addressed themselves to secure the uniformity of weights and measures, and to obtain a cadastral survey of parts of the country. Of many of the reforms, for which the *Constituent Assembly* has falsely obtained the credit, either the Provincial Assemblies or the King were the real authors. Civil rights had been long since accorded to the Protestant population—the Prime-ministership of Necker is in fact a remarkable proof and illustration of the change of feeling on this subject—the suppression or commutation of the *Corvée*, upon the abuses of which liberal writers are never weary of enlarging, as if it had remained in full force down to the very outbreak of the Revolution, had been effected in many, if not in most parts. The subdivision of the country into departments and *arrondissements*, which is generally supposed to have been the work of the *Constituent Assembly*, already existed for administrative purposes, and even the free circulation and export of corn voluntarily conceded by Louis XVI. had encouraged one at least of the provincial assemblies in the north to ask for a freer and more unrestricted commercial intercourse with England. But the Revolution tore up by the roots these really liberal ideas—the earnest of future international harmony—converted France and England into deadly enemies for the next two generations, and even now, in 1873, like some ill-omened ghost of the past, interposes the dead hand of its veto upon the moderate and reasonable provisions of a treaty of commerce between the two countries.

Lord Ormathwaite says, and in so saying he implies a regret, that the sole attempt in

France to copy our English Constitution was the Charter promulgated by Louis XVIII. in 1814-15, and he attributes the failure of that effort to the old Revolution. But would the failure of such a Constitution framed upon a supposed English model be really a matter of regret? We have had the doubtful credit of planting Constitutions in Belgium and Greece, in Spain and Portugal, but, with the exception of Belgium, is there anything in the manufacture of these political playthings upon which we can look back with extreme satisfaction, or which can encourage us to the repetition of such a policy if it were possible? Or, again, is it clear, if these Constitutions have signally failed elsewhere, that their failure in France is exclusively attributable to the Revolution? May it not be, though it is a doctrine seemingly hard of acceptance by Englishmen, that this strangely balanced government of ours, the slow product of many generations and circumstances, is a plant of purely native growth which cannot safely be removed across the seas? The reign of Louis XVI. was doubtless a critical period in the history of the nation, when old and new civilizations were brought face to face, and when, if ever, the Constitution might have received under a government that was at once liberal and firm that mixed and balanced character which Lord Ormawhite thinks to have been within reach. It is hard now to determine what might, and what might not, have been. That there were the best intentions on the part of the King, and of a large part of the aristocracy, is certain; that there was deliberative and administrative ability is equally certain, and that the abuses which existed were, as we have already said, in process of correction, and with time admitted of complete removal is also clear: and yet, if the truth must be told, we hold that a Constitution which could in any real sense be said to resemble our English system of government was more than unlikely, and we believe that the obstacle lay to a great extent in the French character. What the Frenchman now is he substantially was a hundred years ago; and though each political revolution, through which France has passed, has doubtless impaired her capacity for constitutional government, she was almost as ill-fitted at the end of the eighteenth century to pass from the iron-bound and bureaucratic centralisation of Louis XIV. to the comparatively free atmosphere of an English Constitution as she appears to be now incapable of an intelligent and balanced self-government. Since the Revolution, indeed, France has had many opportunities of establishing such

a system, had she possessed the natural genius for the work; but with the most brilliant gifts of intellect there is, both above and below, a fatal incapacity for the common business of every-day self-government. The natural leaders of the country cannot rule; the people can neither submit to authority nor govern themselves. Bourbons, Orleanists, Constitutionalists, Republicans, equally forget nothing and learn nothing. The nation is as one man in this. Louis XVIII., an exception to his race and dynasty, alone had the tact of 'reigning and governing,' and he alone handed down his sceptre to his successor. Charles X. fell by his own act alone, the rash incompetent policy of a man who staked everything on an extreme hazard, and omitted every precaution which could ensure success. Louis Philippe seemed, of all European monarchs, the safest on his throne, and so little was there a real necessity for his fall that his abdication surprised his enemies even more than his friends. The Republic, indeed, which filled up the short interregnum was obviously foredoomed, but the second Empire might have stood to this hour but for the incredible folly of its guardians. It tampered with liberal and constitutional principles which, whether good or bad in themselves, were inconsistent with the very being of Caesarism, and in the midst of Republican and Socialist warnings it rushed into a great war for which it was wholly unprepared. In fact, with every opportunity for the establishment of a sound system of government so far as France and Frenchmen admitted of it, rulers and ruled, like children who tear up a plant that is taking root to satisfy themselves of its growth, have in a fitful impatience of restraint repeatedly thrown over the whole system of government at the very moment when the first difficulties seemed to be overcome.

But whilst French character is such as we have described, it is fair to add that that character has been largely affected by the influences of the great Revolution. It has confirmed their former dispositions; it is the point for departure of modern French history; above all it is, as we have said, the as yet unexhausted Drama which she presents to Europe. Each act in turn has seemed to its contemporaries the termination of the tragedy, but each termination has only opened a fresh Iliad of national trouble and distress. The end of the first Empire, the exile of the order, the fall of the younger branch of the Bourbons, the overthrow of the second Empire have successively marked the great stages along the highway of nations; but as we look back upon the whole

we can mark the logical and necessary sequence of events. What other nation has gone through such great and varied misfortunes and lived? Such torrents of bloodshed, such internal strife, such national reverses, such loss of wealth, credit, fame—all sacrificed as in some Greek tragedy to the inevitable Atë of her original crime! Europe is sometimes tempted to forget this in the dazzle of her splendid genius and the marvellous elasticity of the national character which gathers courage from defeat, and, like the Glastonbury Thorn, blooms brightest in the depth of winter; and therefore those writers render a useful service who recall us to the common sense of facts, and bring forcibly before our mind that vicious circle of anarchy, bloodshed, Cæsarism, and foreign war which had its origin in the Revolution that eighty years ago broke up her institutions and gave her nothing in their place.

'Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit.' France broken, defeated, at the mercy of a foreign enemy, still claims to lead the opinion of Europe; and unfortunately with too much truth. The Encyclopedists, who were the fathers of the Revolution, gave the first impulse to religious and political scepticism in its widest sense, and though Germany now disputes the palm of learned unbelief, France still remains the recognised head of that mental activity which declines to be bound by any conditions other than those which natural science can assign. Eighty years ago such views were the monopoly of the educated classes, now they have descended to the artisan, and, in a less measure, to the peasant. The former is generally a disbeliever in all claims of authority, whether divine or human; the latter, on the other hand, though taught to regard the Revolution as the starting-point and cause of whatever happiness he enjoys, is so far a religious being that he is under the influence of his priest. So, too, his political doctrines are governed by a wholesome dread of diminishing, and an equally strong desire of enlarging, his own plot of land; though, unfortunately, the conservative influence of the first feeling is subordinated to the liberal tendencies of the latter instinct. The French peasant, as we know him, with his small holding deeply mortgaged, his miserable homestead and his wretched system of cultivation, was made by the Revolution, and he is frequently quoted as an instance of the conservatism which is the result of small landed proprietorship. We must own to a considerable doubt on the nature and value of the French peasant's conservatism. It applies indeed to the retention of his own, but it is a small safeguard for his neighbour's property. In

1848, when France was heaving with political change, and the wildest illusions were afloat, M. de Montalembert received a visit from one of his small peasant neighbours, who gravely informed him of a scheme in contemplation by his class for the appropriation and partition of all larger properties, and requested M. de Montalembert's good offices in making over to him as considerable a proportion of his estate as the conditions of the proposed division would allow. It is a question, indeed, if there exists a more narrow-minded, ignorant, and, as the late war shows, a more unpatriotic being than the Jacques-Bonhomme whom French writers are never weary of praising, and to whom Englishmen strangely enough point as a model of the homely and conservative virtues. Nowhere, probably, has France more severely felt the effects of the Revolution than in her rural districts, both in the dwarfed and denaturalized character of the peasant and in the starved and attenuated condition of her agriculture.

But it has been the boast of France to lead public opinion, and, in fact, till the late war, in all questions affecting Continental policy she was the foremost of the great Powers. For a long time she occupied that place in the estimation of Europe, partly by her own restless activity, partly by the ability of her rulers, partly by the jealousies and inaction of other States. The divisions of Germany, the reduction of Italy to a geographical expression, the habitual slowness of Austria, the cautious policy of Russia, and the gradual withdrawal of England from political intervention into a commercial and domestic sphere, combined to favour French pretensions. Under Louis Philippe she had become the referee of European differences, under Louis Napoleon she was the arbiter, and whatever power she had lost during the earlier part of the century she seemed to have regained in arms, in statesmanship, and in the brilliancy of her domestic administration about the period of the Crimean War. What wonder if smaller and greater States alike looked to her to set their tone and fashion; what wonder if each political disturbance in Paris communicated itself, like the shock of an electric battery, to every nation in Europe? In 1830 Holland felt the bitter effects of the Bourbon downfall. In 1848 not only Holland but all Europe shook to its centre, and thrones crumbled into dust when the Orleans dynasty was expelled. In England indeed, thanks to that silver streak of sea which has been said to divide us from the Continent, we have in a great measure been removed from its troubles.

There are those who view with aversion each barrier which separates us from our neighbours across the water, and who desire to cultivate to the utmost a cosmopolitan comity of unrestricted intercourse. We, on the other hand, in whose eyes England and English interests stand immeasurably above all other considerations—who believe that, in spite of some drawbacks, English insulation has been the source of public virtues and blessings—rather accept the restriction with gratitude as a happy provision of nature, which in an age of universal amalgamation tends to guard the sanctity of our national habits, and in some degree maintains our individuality of character.

But though this seclusion from foreign influences still exists, as it formerly existed in a yet greater degree, it is to be noted that we have never wholly escaped the effects of Continental disturbance. The shock may be broken in its force and may reach us after a longer interval of time; but for many generations there has never been a storm in France of which the waves have not ultimately beaten upon our shores. The consequences of course have varied with the circumstances and the existing temper of the country. In the earliest stages of the French Revolution the obvious existence of abuses and the comparative moderation of its leaders blinded many to the dangers which were veiled under those specious professions, and led captive even the masculine and really patriotic understanding of Mr. Fox. Fortunately the spell was of short endurance, and the true nature of the monster showed itself through the thin disguise of high-flown rhetoric. Disgust and horror succeeded in the English mind, and the final effect of the French Revolution was to place Mr. Pitt and the Country Party as the representatives of the real national feeling in unshaken power for many years. But when the next French Revolution came it found English feeling under very different conditions. A long period of internal and external repose had supervened, the warnings of the Revolution had become matters of history, the governing body in the State was divided, and our rulers were slow to perceive the social and political changes which had crept over the country and called for corresponding alterations in domestic legislation. There had been financial difficulty and social distress, whilst elements of discontent, fostered by demagogues of more than usual ability and scattered freely through the country, were ready for the spark of any unredressed grievance.

When, therefore, Charles X. fell, in an attempt to set aside by violent means the

Constitution, as indefensible as it was foolishly planned and weakly executed, he not only drew down with him the elder branch of his own Dynasty, but he inflicted a heavy blow on the principle of high monarchical government to which men were accustomed, and he gave an impulse to the liberalism and the craving for change that were seething in our great manufacturing towns. In that self-same year Sir Henry Parnell carried his famous resolution on financial reform, and in less than two years the Reform Bill had passed, under the threats of force and the dictation of mobs. But when once this great change was effected, the habitual moderation of English politicians came to our rescue, for the best traditions of Parliamentary government were still strong; the victorious party were led by men who were alive to the danger of carrying their victory too far, and the vanquished were under the guidance of leaders who were wiser in defeat than they had been in power. The country had time to recover her balance and to learn by practical experience that whatever was for her real and settled interest was within easy reach by constitutional means. Simultaneously the wealth and prosperity of all classes, but especially of that in which the main power now resided, received an enormous impulse, the Sovereign was at the height of a well-earned popularity, and when the next great storm broke, England was comparatively prepared. It began as usual in France, and thence gathering a deadly strength, it fell upon Europe with the force and suddenness of an avalanche. The Courts of Italy and Germany vanished for the moment; Austria saw Hungary in open revolt, Berlin was at the mercy of the mob, Rossi was stabbed on the steps of the Quirinal, Count Latour was murdered in the streets of Vienna, almost every throne was emptied of its lawful occupant, and the Pope was a fugitive from the Vatican in the livery of a lacquey. Of all the great Powers Russia and England alone rode out the storm unharmed—Russia under the iron guidance of Nicholas, England through the soundness of her Constitution and the temper of her people. But she was not untried; the elements of revolution were in and about her, and but for the firmness of the Government and the prudent alarm which all propertied classes felt, the 10th of April could hardly have passed over without bloodshed.

From that time may be traced a fresh change. The tide of popular alarm in England began once more to ebb, under the soothing spell of prosperity and a rapidly growing trade. The influences of the gold discoveries in California and Australia, and

of the International Exhibition of 1851, which seemed a guarantee of universal peace, contributed to lull apprehension to sleep, and to make men look with a more lenient eye upon republicanism as merely one form of foreign liberalism. Even the wars in Russia, Italy, and Austria, did not affect the general current of opinion: they were too short in duration, and they affected us as a nation too little.

The first marked revulsion of feeling in England arose from purely domestic legislation. It is not now our object to discuss the policy of the recent Reform Act; but no one will doubt that it was a change of enormously sweeping proportions, and one which materially altered the old distribution of political power. It came upon us unexpectedly. Rightly or wrongly, it gave a shock to that great body of cautious and sensitive persons who are guided by precedent, whose weight can generally turn the scale of parties, and who, though they are not professed politicians, could perceive that the old equilibrium was seriously disturbed if not destroyed. Nor was this feeling lessened by the simultaneous revelation of Trade-Union strength and outrages, by the repeated strikes of workmen, and by the growing violence of London mobs under their chosen leaders. Had the Government of the day, with its then enormous majority and the vast personal power which was wielded by the Prime Minister, shown itself the uncompromising defender of order, men's minds would have been reassured; but unfortunately Mr. Gladstone seemed to think that an alliance with the mob was part of the new Liberal creed which he had adopted; and he could not apparently resist the temptation of tampering for party purposes with the unscrupulous demagogues whom the agitation of the time had brought to the surface. It is the error of every well-intentioned leader of revolutionary Liberalism to believe that he can guide and keep popular movements within his own limits, until he finds to his cost that he has evoked a force which transcends his power of management, and that the idol of yesterday is to-day denounced and to-morrow is broken in pieces. It is an error generally fatal first to the individual and next to the State. Happily in this case it has proved more injurious to Mr. Gladstone's Government than to the country, where it has awakened a reactionary sentiment of loyalty to old institutions and alarmed the susceptibilities of the whole propertied class. Thus though his majorities remained unbroken and his parliamentary position to a casual observer might seem as strong as ever, there were doubt and anxiety in the

country as to the course which the Government was pursuing. And that feeling bore good fruit in preparing the public mind for the tremendous scenes of Jacobin violence of which Paris was shortly to be the theatre. With those scenes, indeed, the last scales fell from men's eyes. They saw that the moral character of revolution was unchanged and unsoftened, and that under the glittering skin of modern civilization the poisoned sting of the serpent remained the same. Thoroughly alarmed, for the first time men drew aside the prejudices and to a great extent the bonds of party, and without any formal or organized combination, at different times and in different places, they gave striking evidence of the resolution that the commonwealth should receive no harm.

This we believe to have been the general feeling of the country, and this is in fact the explanation alike of the growing support given to Conservative and Constitutional principles and of the curious phenomena presented by many recent elections, in which a Government that was but a few years since so popular can now scarcely preserve and can never gain a seat.

The future of France is very uncertain and dark; on one side are great gifts and resources, on the other a fatal maze of political disturbance which her revolution has entailed upon her. Yesterday the life of one old man seemed alone to stand between her and anarchy: to-day the head of the army has become the head of the State. In happier and quieter times no change could be of more mournful import to a country: but situated as France is, the funds rise, trade takes a new spring, there is in almost all classes a marked though silent satisfaction; and though the wisest and most moderate Frenchmen make no secret of the utter uncertainty that pervades all society from highest to lowest, they welcome the rule of the sword with all its evils as a blessed substitute for the ruthless domination of the Commune.

To us the annals of the Revolution will always be full of interest. So long as history is read there will be an irresistible fascination in that great struggle of good and evil—

'For this is darkness combating with light:
Earth's rival principles for empire fight'—

in the record of the virtues, the vices, the sublimest heroism and the basest wickedness which compose and illustrate that conflict; but its value to us is not so much in its marvellous picture of human frailties as in the inexhaustible mine of political lessons which it contains. Like all true history it shows

the double side of the shield; it impresses its warning upon those who would deny or indefinitely defer all concession to popular desires, as also upon those who can only see safety in a surrender of rights and powers which happen to be the object of public envy or dislike. The lesson must be read according to the circumstances of each age; but unquestionably, in our day, the warning is principally valuable to the latter class. There is little fear of mischief now from monarchical tyranny or aristocratical privilege, but there is great and reasonable cause to apprehend the excessive oppression of an unbalanced democracy.

Democracy when once released from the checks of a mixed government has no public opinion to restrain it, because it is, though in a different signification from that in which St. Paul applied the words, 'a law to itself.' It has no sense of responsibility, and it has been well likened to the grave because it takes everything and gives nothing back. And never has the world received a graver warning of the dangers of democratic rule than in the history of France during the last eighty years—never a more striking lesson of the fatal results of that false liberalism which plays with revolutionary principles as a child plays with fire, and of the cruel irresolution of those who, placed in a position of power, shrink from an unpopular exercise of it. To govern a people gently is not enough; even to govern firmly falls short of the highest standard; but to govern at once gently and firmly is an approximation, however faint, to that rule which distinguishes

the divine from the human order of things. This however, at least, is certain that, in every age and people, men have ever most respected those who, unmoved by the clamour of the moment, have been unswerving in their determination to maintain the true principles and purposes of government. Their contemporaries respect them, and their successors do them justice.

We live in an age of singular movement, when the foundations of old states and societies are shaken, and the ideas and forms of human Government are subjected to powerful solvents. It would be vain to attempt to predict the issue. We may have faith in the character and traditions of our people who have before now safely passed through constitutional changes almost as great as these by their singular moderation of temper; we may also place our faith in that moral government of the world, which, with a wisdom transcending that of human rulers, has through succeeding ages slowly but surely developed each political organisation, adapting each in turn to the special wants of mankind. But we cannot predict. The veil is on our eyes, and perhaps it is well for us that there is no Prometheus to withdraw it. But it is the true philosophy of History that to the prudent she teaches by example; and that however stormy and uncertain may be the ocean of change on which we sail, there are landmarks which rise above the flood, eternal as the mountains, certain as the stars in their courses, sure guides to a political wanderer. One of the greatest of these landmarks is the French Revolution.

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ART. I.—*The Penny Pulpit: a Collection of accurately-reported Sermons by the most eminent Ministers of various Denominations.* Vol. X. New Series. London, 1873.

IF we reflect on the number of sermons periodically preached in our churches and chapels, there is presented to the mind a vast spiritual instrument of undefined limitations and immeasurable influential possibilities which naturally suggests the comparison of means with result. We are led to ask what is the use made of the gigantic institution of the pulpit distributed through the length and breadth of the British Islands so unexceptionally that there is no spot beyond its attainable reach, scarcely a place where the sound of the 'church-going bell' is not more or less distinctly heard. We are prompted to inquire what the pulpit actually does towards furthering the religious and moral life of the enormous number of persons constantly exposed to its influence; if the effect of its labours is commensurate in any degree with its large claims, and the extent and magnitude of its operations, or if it obtains and holds a motive influence on the governing sentiment of the time at all corresponding to its virtual power and importance.

We think that these questions can only be answered in one way. There is no doubt the pulpit of our churches, considered as one of the spiritual motors of the time, is, with few exceptions, all but powerless. Whatever it may have done in the past, it now does nothing which can be reckoned amongst those large elements that give tone and character to society, and go to form (if the phrase may be permitted) the idiosyncrasy of the nation.

So notoriously is this the fact, that there are those who hold the opinion that the function of the pulpit is now utterly decayed, that there is no more use for it, that it must inevitably grow more and more effete, until it shall no longer retain an existence amongst us. This, however, is far too hasty and unreflective a conclusion. It does not follow from the imperfect fulfilment of the office of preaching that it is a vain or useless one. We believe the time will come when the pulpit will be again the means of disseminating the truth broadcast, its voice be heard above the clatter of the world's discords, and its illuminating capacities be displayed once more in the dark places of the earth. At present, it must be confessed, there is too much ground for despondency in regard to it. When we look back to the Middle Ages, or, indeed, to a much later period, we are struck with the large power it possessed then, compared with its almost utter impotency now. We see it in its position of former days, flourishing under the eye of the church; and, whether for good or evil, maintaining an irresistible and unopposed sway over the mind of the whole nation, ruling it at will, and moulding it into the form of its own mood, the inceptive animator of almost every large undertaking, the dominant instigator of almost every important national movement. If any testimony to its intrinsic power were required, we need only recall such names as those of Peter the Hermit, St. Augustine, St. Francis of Assisi, Savonarola, and a hundred others, which the pages of history abundantly furnish, whose discourses gave colour to the thought and feeling, and sometimes impelled the united action of the whole European quarter of the globe. Though the

flame has fallen, the material of combustion still remains. The human mind is still sensitive to contact with its fellow mind, still thrills with a magic vibration to the touch of sympathy, still aspires, and still suffers. It may be that only the fervent burning of the clear torch of truth is required to set on fire once more the slumbering enthusiasm of its mission, and light the dark day with a yet more brilliant radiance. But how can this be whilst we are trifling away the opportunities and advantages afforded by our pulpits, and wasting our religious energies upon the unfruitful performance of ecclesiastical observances, beginning and ending in themselves? How can it possibly take place amidst the struggle for new creeds, and the casting off of the old ones; in the clamour, and disorder, and confusion of polemical strife, and the fever of ecclesiastical law-courts; in the clash of contending speculations; in the struggles for personal notoriety; in the attempt to institute new offices, and a disregard for the availability of the old ones? When shall we learn that true religion—the religion which can alone give dignity to our nature, raise the soul out of the dust, and fix it on the ‘life beyond life,’ enlarge our sympathies, enrich our being, soothe us in trouble, and give a deeper zest to joy, lies beyond and without all these, in the calm regions of a spiritual condition into which they can never enter? Some time, perhaps, we shall ask if it had not been better worth while to leave some of these unnoticed for worthier objects of thought and more useful fields of labour; for the exercise of grander aims, and the satisfaction of more vital desires; for the fulfilment of a life more in consonance with our lofty destiny, and the hopes we strive to foster in the midst of so much which is calculated to quell and crush them.

Before entering on the consideration of the condition of the modern pulpit, it will be necessary to premise that the term ‘Church’ will henceforth be used in a broad sense, specially and chiefly referring to the Church of England, beyond which its precise limitation or extension may be left open, subject to the application of our remarks. It will not be necessary for our present purpose to define it more strictly. It must also be understood, that though these observations will apply to sermons in general, they are not intended to be absolutely universal in their application. There are, of course, many notable individual exceptions to the usual aspect presented by the modern pulpit. It will not, however, on that account be necessary to furnish any evidence that such a consideration as we propose is ill-timed,

exaggerated, or supererogatory, since we feel certain that every reader of these pages will at once recognise the truth of our position, and will, probably, have already felt within himself at least some portion of the substance of that which we intend to lay before him.*

Neither do we wish to detract from the good work which is done, nor to decry the praiseworthy usefulness, the disinterested activity, the broad and self-denying charity, which are so largely found in the National Church, and in many others. We are not oblivious of any of them. Our observations in regard to the present condition of the pulpit do not, and will not prejudice these. They are facts which we have infinite satisfaction in noting. They hold a place in the moral and religious history of the time, neither to be overlooked nor forgotten, not less honourable or important because frequently hidden from the public eye, and beyond the reach of the world’s rewards, or even its recognition.

An obstacle greatly detrimental to the efficacy of modern preaching is that its importance is not generally reckoned at its full worth. We are accustomed to attach less value to the function of the pulpit than formerly, and by right, belonged to it. In the Church of England this is particularly the case. Why it should be so is not very apparent. It is certainly neither through idleness nor indifference. There is, perhaps, no body of men to whom these terms are as little applicable as to the clergymen of the Church of England. There is no lack of conscientious desire to fulfil the duties of the most responsible of positions; and it is in the full recognition of this that we would wish the strictures which we are about to offer on this present condition of the pulpit to be received rather as friendly hints towards its improvement, than as the sour fault-findings

* A noteworthy testimony to the present condition of the English pulpit was given in a leading article in the ‘Times’ newspaper on the day after ‘Hospital Sunday’ (16th June, 1873). It will be recollected that on that day the sermons of the principal churches of the metropolis were reported, in a more or less condensed form, thus furnishing ample material for a correct generalisation of their leading tone and sentiment. The conclusions, based upon an examination of these, were thus summed up in the article in question:—‘We look in vain for any indications that the preachers by whom the cause of the Hospitals was advocated have seized upon this opportunity of strengthening their hold, of pressing home the influence that the Gospel teaching would exert upon many other of the more dark and cheerless aspects of life, and of convincing those who heard them—perhaps for the first and last time—that Christianity is something higher and better than a system or creed.’

of antagonistic censorship. The question is one more of the direction of energy and line of consideration, than the want of them. Other ministrations of the Church, as the visitation of the sick, the superintendence of the education of children and adults, and the personal care, interest, and attention bestowed upon the general welfare of those committed to its charge, may challenge comparison with any other religious community, and in these respects it perhaps excels all others. The office of the pulpit seems strangely disregarded as to its importance, contrary to the example of all precedent. It is quite true that in times past it stood almost alone in its mission. There were fewer extraneous interests in operation either to assist or hinder it. It held a more unlimited and independent sway over the popular mind, and the religious and moral sentiments. But whatever weight we may theoretically attach to these considerations, it is, nevertheless, an undeniable fact that the pulpit, far from being effete, was in in some respects never in a better or more influential position potentially than that which it occupies at present. Wherever there is a church, and a preacher of earnest, thoughtful views, whatever may be his individual tone, sentiment, or opinion, he never fails to gather round him a circle of listeners. The large congregations, consisting in a great part of men, which gather beneath the dome of St. Paul's and within the walls of Westminster Abbey every Sunday, show that there is no lack of interest in the message of the pulpit. Perhaps the general public never looked so earnestly as they do now towards the assistance and furtherance of the religious life by its means; they have certainly never had more need of it.

The importance of preaching, as a faculty of the Church, is undoubtedly better understood and accepted by many bodies of Dissenters than it is in the Church of England. Out of taste, as it frequently is, characterised by half-views, ignoring everything which lies out of its own immediate vision, too exclusively dwelling on one class of truths, and those often coloured with personal, prejudiced, and sometimes with superstitious elements, it does not fail to make as large a use as possible of so efficient a means for consolidating the spiritual bond of the members of its communion. It is almost always in earnest, giving its best energies and most powerful utterances to the fulfilment of its function. Occasionally it offers examples of a noble, disinterested, and enlarged view of Christian truth and the Christian life, from which the parent Church might take a lesson with advantage. If this earnestness

were always as sound as it is enthusiastic, experimental and practical as it is introspective and emotional, if it regarded the elements of actual life and practice more than mere spiritual exercise, it would perhaps leave little to be desired. Unfortunately, this is by no means the case. We may turn fearlessly from the results of its teaching as exemplified in the lives and characters of its members regarded generally, to those of the Church of England; for though the National Church cannot be said by any means to stand at the summit of its vocation, yet it must be allowed that whatever may be its faults and shortcomings, it practically embodies in the average of its members a more wholesome condition of mind and body, a better regulated social economy, a wider and more cultivated intelligence, a more tolerant charity, and, we believe, in the statistics of trade and commerce exhibits a higher standard of moral probity than is to be found in most, if not all, forms or bodies of religious Dissent.

The office of the pulpit, duly and rightly fulfilled, can never fall into desuetude. If it does so, it must be entirely through the abnegation of the proper means to maintain it. A discourse delivered *vis à voce* will always possess infinite advantages over anything received through the medium of the press. The pulpit is thus possessed of an element of power beyond the reach of literature. Not only is there an additional force inherent in the utterances coming directly from a fervent soul and brain, but there is a spiritual electricity which gathers energy from an assemblage of persons, passing from mind to mind with increased intensity, according to the numbers collectively submitted to its influence. For these reasons the mission of the preacher can never be rendered a vain or useless one. Preaching must always remain an instrument of power, not only indestructible, but superior to all other modes of personal influence in the propagation and dissemination of large truths relying on generally accepted bases, as those of religion may be said to do. At present there seems to be no generally accepted faith in its possibilities; preachers, as a rule, neither doing their utmost, nor making the most of its opportunities.* There is a *laissez faire* statement of formal truths or truisms which argues an entire disbelief in,

* Honourable exceptions to these remarks may be made in the names of the late Bishop Wilberforce, Canon Liddon, the present Bishop of Peterborough, and some others, whose earnest labours for the resuscitation of the pulpit are in all respects as praiseworthy as they have been successful.

mistrust of, or indifference to its commanding powers as a motive instrument. In some cases this may arise from the fear of coming into too close a contact with some phases of modern thought or certain conditions of modern feeling. It need not be so, however, since a bold exposition of absolute religious truth in its application to life and practice would quickly make its way to a responsive sentiment, whatever obstacles might appear to impede its progress or oppose its reception.

One argument of confidence in the office of preaching may be gathered from its present condition, namely, that people will listen with at least tolerance to anything whatever which comes from the pulpit. No church was ever deserted because its preacher spoke plainly. Human nature in the mass is not over-sensitive. It will listen and often like to listen to that which it is not always disposed to follow. The preacher, therefore, need not fear the effects of candour. All that is required is the tact to measure the average condition and requirement of the hearers. We do not, for example, advocate the too special exposition of the character and condition of the libertine and blasphemer in a miscellaneous congregation. It is as much likely to do harm as good. In this respect, as in many others, much must be left to the guiding tact of the preacher.

Amongst the reasons for the inefficiency of the modern pulpit there are a few external ones which may be profitably glanced at before entering upon the consideration of those profounder ones which underlie them, and in which this inefficiency fundamentally and essentially subsists. They are chiefly of two kinds; first, the manner of delivery; second, the structure and composition of the sermon.

In regard to the first, the modern pulpit is lamentably defective and unsatisfactory. Contrast a man's manner in the pulpit when informing us upon those topics which he tells us are of infinitely more importance than any other, with that by which he impresses his opinions and enforces his meaning when discussing the plans for a new house, the laying out of a new pleasure-ground, the ordering of household matters or personal business, or with his narration of an after-dinner story. Observe his directness, perspicuity, lively energy of speech and manner in these cases compared with the former. His action in the pulpit (if he has any) is a merely artificial thing, not dictated by the inward power, but assumed as a matter of propriety—perhaps, even learnt from some one else. His intonation and mode of utterance are purely artificial. His

preaching and reading tone is altogether different from his natural one, which at once removes what he has to say out of the close sympathy of his hearers. Every touch of vitality communicated by the lively motion of the mind acting upon its proper symbol is deadened as a leaf when its greenness is gone. Even the facial muscles of the preacher seem to be paralysed, as if by the aridity of his own discourse. We do not wish to see our preachers mimic the actor in their discourse. All action in the pulpit which is not natural must be bad and injurious to the effect of the sermon. Indeed it may very well be dispensed with altogether, as far as bodily movement is concerned, if the preacher's mental energies are given thoroughly to his work—if he only preaches that in which his most earnest interest is infused and deepest sympathies engaged—that which by its force, truth, and applicability must make itself heard and felt for its own sake. Then his manner is sure to be sufficiently vigorous to second his discourse and enforce his meaning without any direct effort on his part to make it so. The same principle may be applied to the matter of eloquence. Eloquence sought for its own sake—for any attraction resulting from itself—is sure to be mischievous and defeat its intention. It will only lead from the true object, however carefully and ingeniously its mechanism may be concealed. Genuine eloquence lies in the substance of that which is said. 'True eloquence,' says Milton, 'is the daughter of Virtue,' and there is no other. A sermon preached from sincere conviction and with a sense of the importance of its object, if not eloquent in the properties of speech and fluency, will be something better than eloquent. It will attain its mission by more assured means and find its goal on quicker wings than any which mere constructive eloquence can bestow upon it. Style should be studied from the side of a clear, succinct, and unencumbered mode of expressing the ideas, not from that of rhetorical effect and display. An important message faithfully and energetically delivered is never forgotten.

As regards the mechanical arrangement and distribution of the sermon, a good test of its constructive excellence is found in the degree of distinctness with which it is remembered by the hearers. Too much division and subdivision paraded before the substance of discourse are decidedly undesirable, as they frequently frustrate their own end by introducing perplexity and confusion in the attempt to follow the various headings if very numerous. On the other hand, a looseness of arrangement and classification is

just as much to be avoided. The better medium is that the connected plan of the sermon should be clearly laid down in the mind of the preacher, and then, without burdening the attention of the hearers with an enumeration and exposition of all the divisions of the discourse, to let it follow its natural sequence, which it will do insensibly and no less effectually than under a propounded system of distribution and subdivision. Of the comparative merits of extempore and written sermons much might be said, which would perhaps be as little to the purpose. Circumstances of idiosyncrasy, nature and interior propulsion must ultimately decide between the adoption or rejection of the one or the other. We believe that, as a rule, the most valuable sermons are those which are written, as the arrangement and relative value of the various parts of the discourse must be better preserved by that means than the other. On the contrary, in certain cases, doubtless, the extempore method may be desirable as more spontaneous, vivacious, and flexible. In either case the powers should be well measured, and no gift of mere loquacity cause the pen to be laid aside as useless. Barrow not only composed his sermons with the greatest care, but rewrote them three or four times. South inveighs strongly against extempore preaching, perhaps the more so because it was practised by the puritans. Robert Hall, on the contrary, followed it, but always after much and close preparation—sometimes even to the pre-arrangement of the paragraphs of his discourse. Others have adopted a middle course, that is, preaching from copious written notes, perhaps a valuable method to those who know how to make efficient use of it. Which plan soever be adopted, it is always desirable that the whole substance of the discourse should be carefully thought out beforehand, and set before the listener in some well-jointed order. Under no other conditions can it possibly live as an abiding influence or find a permanent place in the memory.

We must now approach a far more important series of considerations in regard to modern preaching, namely, those of the intrinsic qualities by which it can alone fulfil its proper end and object in impressing the hearts and minds of the listeners, and producing a practical effect on their lives and conduct. In examining how far these conditions are fulfilled by the pulpit of the present day, we shall simply state its obvious inadequacies to meet the requirements of the time without dwelling upon them from a purely religious point of view. That is to say, in enumerating some of those qualities

of character and disposition and states of feeling which ought to be more definitely and distinctly dwelt upon from the pulpit we shall not enter upon the consideration of the religious motives and sentiments which constitute their proper value, and which it is the special function of the pulpit to urge and demonstrate. But although we cannot do more here than indicate the defalcations of the pulpit in failing to reach in any corrective way certain tendencies and dispositions of the time, it must not be supposed that these are only placed in the category of morality, or that a mere appeal to motives of expediency and propriety is all that we would imply as necessary in dealing with them. The office of the pulpit is the ministration of religion; to appeal to that part of our nature and those feelings by which our lives and course of conduct are brought into relationship with a Supreme Being; to rouse the soul to a sense of moral *responsibility*—to appeal to it through all the motives of love, gratitude, desire, trust, and fear, as well as to its sense of justice and right. It is not merely to set forth the Gospel plan of redemption to the soul as an article of creed, but to enforce a noble, pure, and earnest life—an actual following of the steps of Christ in a singleness of aim and purpose, a sustained elevation of feeling, and a conscientious rectitude and thoroughness of living carried out to the simplest particular, without wavering and without compromise. It is the special mission of the pulpit to enforce this by motives of union with Christ, and in virtue of that large brotherhood which he has instituted against the sin we all inherit, and which he enables us to overcome and escape. These, to their fullest extent, must be understood to furnish the basis of all our observations, though not actually reiterated at every turn of our inquiry.

We have said that we do not intend to waste time in pointing out the need of a close inquiry into the present condition of the pulpit. It is only too self-evident that our pulpits are no longer the centres of that earnestness and unity of teaching which once characterised them. For the 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn' are substituted a Sahara-like dryness and barrenness, appalling in their wearisome monotony of sentences and unenlivened periods. In vain is the jaded and overtaxed attention roused and spurred in the endeavour to connect the succession of paragraphs set before us in any form or idea which can take a firm hold of the baffled faculties, or leave any trace or abiding influence upon the mind. We are compelled to hear that which put

before us anywhere else and under any other circumstances would not, and could not detain us for an instant—to which, in fact, nothing short of compulsion could induce us to listen. It is certain that from no person we ever meet, in no book, journal, or newspaper which we ever read would we tolerate or submit to nine-tenths of that which is given to us from the pulpit as representing matter of the gravest moment which can demand our interest or occupy our deepest consideration. Perhaps this may not be wholly the preacher's fault; perhaps the listener is somewhat to blame if he does not extract from the sleepy dialectics and stagnating platitudes of the pulpit something towards the furtherance of his spiritual life; but we are afraid that, at the most, it can often be no other than the merely negative gain hinted at by the good George Herbert:

‘If all want sense,
God takes a text and preacheth patience.’

In this respect, at least, we must allow there is ample room for the learner. The pulpit is no longer authoritative even in those things in the dealing with which it is most concerned. It would seem as if the preacher did not always really know whether he fully believed that which he thinks he ought to preach or not. He has perhaps never inquired into the reasonableness of the dogmas he utters so far as to ascertain if they are absolutely necessary to the spiritual life and well-being or not. He has never proved his principles by the test of their practical utility or necessity. He is by no means sure that they constitute a bank of strength sufficient to rest the moral life upon—if they will afford an efficient obstacle to evil, a steady support in affliction, an indicatory beacon in difficulty, and a reliable consolation in adversity. Generally, indeed, he is concerned in quite other matters, to prove a position or a thesis possibly nothing to the purpose of vital religion, having no bearing on or reference to life and conduct, which, proved or disproved, leaves us in regard to the larger object precisely where it found us. His discourse is of precedent, tradition, and ecclesiastical convention, of the transient and accidental rather than of the absolute and incontrovertible based upon real life and experience. The religious life is kept separate from the actual and secular one. It only touches us lightly, and moves us feebly. The slow, dry system of religious observance has no existence, no corresponding organ, in the life of human interests and activities which lies without the limiting walls of his Church. Into this circle it never enters—never even approaches it.

In entering upon an analysis of the condition of the pulpit in relation to some of the peculiar characteristics of the present time, it must be understood that it can only be a very incomplete and inadequate one. All that we can do here is to submit a few facts as indications of the way in which a wider reflection and a larger consideration of the principles submitted may develop results of a vaster and more substantial importance than we can venture to predict; for we are convinced that so much lies in them.

The pulpit of to-day does not condemn the real faults, vices, and shortcomings of the time with any degree of general force and energy commensurate with their strength and importance.

Our age is specially distinguished as an extravagantly ambitious and acquisitive one. In no age of the world was ever the love of wealth more absorbing, nor were men ever more desirous to obtain it. Perhaps one-half the evils of social life result from the excessive indulgence of this overmastering passion. It blinds the eyes to moral good, it saps the principles of virtue and honesty, it throws a veil of discontent over the simpler and purer enjoyments of life or blots them altogether out of view, it induces a thousand vanities, it fosters a world of sin, it is as unwise as it is unsatisfactory, for it makes men forget their truest interests—their allegiance to God, their duty to their fellow-men, and the general well-being of the society to which they belong. All the right enjoyment and best happiness of life are dislocated and perverted by it. It would hardly be inferred from the lax or indifferent way in which the pulpit ordinarily regards it that the uncurbed love and pursuit of wealth for its own sake was denounced in the strongest manner by the Divine Author of Christianity. But if the prevailing thirst for gold is reprehensible in itself, infinitely more so are the means used to obtain it. There is scarcely a principle of justice or honesty that is not more or less commonly sacrificed for its acquirement. No real intrinsic value is distinctly and impressively attached to the name of honesty. It is not generally received that the actual worth of a just principle brought into practice by a rightly constituted mind is in itself a thing of absolute value, and that a strictly organised life bears in itself a treasure analogous to that bestowed by large possessions in the realisation of a sublime condition of being and a loftier content and satisfaction than they can bestow. All these are left as philosophical axioms, but not enforced as religious truths. They are creeds of the lips, but not of the heart or mind. One scarcely ever hears them preached from

the pulpit as if they were really and vitally true; and yet they are amongst the first principles of a truly religious life. We are not advocating any Utopian views of impracticable and impossible conditions, nor do we desire to sketch an Arcadia of ideal men and women. Social prosperity as well as personal well-being demand an active use of the faculties and the exercise of a regulated ambition; but we must not forget that these may be unduly exaggerated or misdirected. A community of slovens and idlers would be the worst national calamity. The enterprises of business and the pursuits of commerce offer a noble field for energy and action; but why should they be followed to the exclusion of every other? The interests of a happy and healthy existence must be numerous and varied, yet how often are all others excluded by the all-consuming usurpation of these? Suppose the pulpit were to institute a universal protest, a kind of united crusade, against this monstrous and growing evil; suppose it were to point out studiously and clearly at what a sacrifice such a condition of things is maintained; suppose it were persistently to impress upon those who had obtained a competency in business, instead of going on adding gold to gold, house to house, field to field, the desirability of giving themselves to other objects and pursuits, and of allowing the hundreds of others comparatively indigent the means of obtaining a subsistence. If the pulpit were to do this vigorously and energetically, its advocacy might go far ultimately to infuse a new element and motive into society; to induce a new set of principles for its government and guidance; to reveal a fresh and wider horizon in the economy of life. Of course its influence at first would be relatively small. There would be a world of prejudice and predilection to be removed; there would be numerous cases in which the man of business would be tied to his occupation by attachments more or less inseverable. But supposing the pulpit were only faithful to its mission, supposing it was effective only on a moiety of the cases presenting no real obstacle to such a course, what an enormous measure of good might be brought about! To many the very idea would be a new one—a sort of revelation presented to them with the force of a desirable possibility for the first time. But upon this the pulpit is almost silent. It is able to give us sermons upon such occasions as the 'Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity;' it can even go far to invent theological and speculative difficulties in order to solve and answer them, but upon the large and allowed evils and mistakes of the time it is mostly silent. They are heard of everywhere before they

obtain a voice from the pulpit; and if, indeed, they are ever noticed by our preachers the appeal is generally so languid, so isolated, so wanting in the enthusiasm of a mission that we are hardly touched or influenced by it at all. It falls like the good seed on stony places, like rain upon the sea.

Besides the unrestricted desire for wealth, other prominent evils of our time are the false ambition for personal elevation in the social scale, and the effeminate and erroneous views of life it gives rise to.

Dissatisfaction with the existing social condition, and the eager desire to change it, are amongst the most mischievous elements in modern society. The fact that each grade in the social scale has its special functions, and that the lowest, when worthily occupied, is as honourable in itself as the highest is scarcely ever recognised as a governing principle. There are few to whom it is apparent that progress does not necessarily imply discontent—few who have no better wish than to remain in that class in which they are born and educated, and dignify its rank by the perfect fulfilment of its duties and functions; but the object of every one appears to be to get out of that which properly belongs to him as soon as possible, and to place himself in another; and this without regard to fitness, propriety, or any consideration of eligibility; that is to say, without ever inquiring in what way he will be the gainer by such an exchange, he wishes to annihilate the distinctions of class as far as it serves his purpose to do so. All this is based upon a mistake, and worse. It is a mistake to suppose that social and official distinctions can ever be dispensed with or superseded. The various classes of the social economy are just as widely separated now as they ever were. Men, it is true, approach each other more nearly, in a more generally diffused education, in similar modes of thinking, in a combination and community of interests; but the social grades are as distinct in themselves as they were a thousand years ago. Each has its appointed function, and if one gets out of that which properly belongs to him there must be another to fill his place. The falsity of view in supposing that rank and position in society are subvertible and transposable things, having, in fact, no real existence at all, excepting a personal one, gives rise, amongst other evils, to the fulsome sycophancy and false presumption which, by stepping out of its own position, endeavours to usurp that of another. The honourable independence which, in fearlessly acknowledging and abiding by its own social status, withholds no rightful acknowledgment to its

superior in the social rank—those having that pre-eminence which the economical constitution of the time agrees to recognise—is disregarded or ignored. It is not, however, the lower social ranks who are wholly to blame in this matter. A great proportion of the evil lies in the disregard of the upper classes to those special qualities which are entitled to honour and respect in those of a less elevated grade. The recognition of the full claims of the lower classes upon their rightful bases and footing is too often disregarded, and not unfrequently treated with contempt. The superciliousness of office and position is a serious fault in our national character. It is very often entirely overlooked by those occupying elevated positions that the peculiar importance they attach to themselves in virtue of these is quite a gratuitous and self-elected one as regards their mode of viewing it, and that the recognition and esteem of others must be sought and repaid by the same kind of consideration and respect which they themselves demand.

All this fundamental dissatisfaction at the heart of society is rarely alluded to from the pulpit; and perhaps it is never given that importance which it deserves. The remedies and alleviations based upon the Christian scheme which a thoughtful reflection might suggest and enforce find no name or adequate representation in our churches. However serious its contingent evils may appear to the humanitarian and the religious philosopher, remedial measures obtain no prevailing advocacy in the pulpit, though no one would deny that their consideration should occupy an important place in the economy of every religious mind as well as in the repertory of every serious thinker.

A third very crying evil of the time is the slight and perfunctory way in which business duties and workmanship are performed, and the disregard to thoroughness of practice in all the ways of life as an object desirable and valuable for its own sake.

The almost universal desire now is not to do something well, but to do something which shall have some other extraneous advantage attached to it; not allowing the accomplishment of a conscientious task to be in the least binding, or supplying any motive of pleasure in work for its own sake, or any inducement towards perfection in its labour as a thing desirable in itself. The manufacturer, producer, and vendor of every kind have generally no more than one object in view, and if their practice is not absolutely vicious, they do not appear to have any wholesome fear of making it so. But not only in our workshops, manufactories, and

markets are the most unjustifiable expedients resorted to, but our professions are disgraced by the most ignoble shifts and contrivances. It is unnecessary here to specify what is well known to every one. The worst of this want of conscientiousness and rectitude in workmanship and affairs is that they are continually transferring themselves to our conduct in other respects. The chicanery and deceptions we practise in these are constantly multiplied and perpetuated in our moral and religious life. They infuse miserable, self-compromising views into our minds. Each dereliction produces another and another, until the vitiation is complete. One cannot be honest because his neighbour is a thief; another has his principles sapped and undermined by the want of principle in his companion or fellow-workman. Every one acknowledges the evil, and yet nobody strives to remedy it.

All this, and much more of a similar kind, might offer a fruitful theme for the pulpit, and, if well and variously enforced, might furnish the subject for as many profitable sermons as could be preached in a lifetime. Against the evils of drunkenness, and others also, societies are formed, and large preventive means organised, but against the perversions we have indicated there are no societies formed, and no public means taken to repress or prevent them, though they are still more dangerous and deleterious from their not being apparent. Now and then, it is true, the press will make an outcry against some one of them when it becomes specially flagrant or notorious, which ends in, perhaps, a score or two of letters being printed on the subject—just enough to show the necessity of dealing with it vigorously—but no large machinery is set to work to make a deadly war against it. Some might urge that these considerations do not strictly come under the religious category. However that may be, it is certain that as operative fruits of the religious life we cannot afford to dispense with them. Though they do not constitute religion independently, it is beyond contradiction that there can be no genuine religion without them; and that the religion which fails to meet evils of so serious a nature in any remedial manner, must either be of a very dubious nature and imperfect kind, or else very badly and inefficiently expounded and enforced.

But if the pulpit does not reach the faults and vices of the time, neither does it meet its wants and requirements.

We live in an age of inquiry. Inquiry naturally generates doubt. Our religion has not been exempted from close and

strict examination. It is the nature and essence of Protestantism, if not to doubt, at least to seek for the assured foundations upon which it builds itself. In the numerous aspects in which religion is from time to time viewed, it is, perhaps, natural that although its fundamental principles are indisputable, doubts should arise, particularly in young and unformed minds, as to certain of its forms and phenomena. At all events, it is sufficient for our purpose here to notify the fact that whether rightly or wrongly, reasonably or unreasonably, doubts do actually arise not admitting of an easy or superficial solution. It is one of the characteristics of the pulpit of the present day, that it scarcely ever fully recognises these doubts by dealing with them fairly on their own grounds. It does not acknowledge that any question, arising even from a legitimate source, can be beyond its reach for dogmatical discussion or refutation if desirable, and contradiction if necessary. A great section of the pulpit, indeed, ignores doubt: brands it as a sin, or leaves it unnoticed beyond condemning it in a more or less tacit manner. This is sure to be disastrous, for it at once separates the doubting element from the religious one, and establishes enmity between them. Let doubt be recognised where it cannot be answered. The certainties which most nearly concern us will always remain. At the utmost need there is a specific for doubt, in the living of such a life as the Author of Christianity prescribed and exemplified. How many noble souls are torn with doubts and perplexities which a life of action would end at once! Doubt, even upon speculative subjects, vanishes in the exercise of a sincere and energetic activity in the way of duty—in a persistent attempt to glorify God by a fulfilment of the obvious duties of life and devotion to the benefit of His creatures. There is no room for doubt in a soul fully occupied about its Master's business.

It should be distinctly understood that the pulpit is *not* called upon to settle all the difficult questions of the age—nor, indeed, any of them. Its true force lies in preserving its own course—that is, the direction of the moral life and the conduct of the soul's religious health and well-being—not in the reconciliation of this or that newly-discovered fact or freshly-started theory to certain creeds and beliefs which, however true fundamentally, are not always capable of being made answerable in a moment to every novel phase of thought or object of inquiry. The pulpit, for example, is not called upon to determine the precise value of the theories or inquiries of a Dar-

win or a Huxley—neither to accept nor reject them. What is true will ultimately assert itself: but if the reception of religion must wait upon the decision of every difficult question which may arise, not directly within its category, we fear the good and useful life will be long to live and far from us. The verities of true religion are of an independent order and nature. They are *always* true. No discoveries of science, no change of speculative belief, can ever interfere with them. The essential truth of Christianity is not a matter of logical evidence at all; it is a matter of fact: for it is based upon the highest spiritual laws, and embodies the loftiest conception of our reason, as well as our best and purest feelings. Its defence may be safely left to itself. The Christian life refutes every argument against the truth of Christianity, placing it far beyond the reach of question or cavil: but if this life is absent no measure of argument will be able satisfactorily to substantiate it.

Again, the pulpit usually makes no allowance for social, scientific, and political progress, nor for those eligible changes which the advancement of the race renders necessary.

At the most it tolerates these, but seldom or never makes use of them. It is always the last to recognise the course of Law. It does not dwell on the fact that the universe is framed on the unchangeable principles of physical laws which are inelastic; that life has to be wholly and uncompromisingly governed by these laws, and that the sole condition upon which we subsist is by submitting to them. It loves the supernatural and extraordinary, frequently ignoring the very wisdom of those principles and conditions into which we are born and in which we live, and whose exposition shows the Creator in the noblest light in which it is possible for the human soul to behold Him. It supposes every modification of the views and teaching which differ in any degree from the conventional standard to be bad; quite forgetting how large is the religion it advocates, how vast is the power of God in the ministration of circumstances, how the very nature of the moral universe occasionally renders it necessary for us to alter our points of view, and how a more beautiful truth continually emerges from the twilight of temporary perplexity—just as the wonderful and elevating discoveries of astronomy, though at first opposed, as endangering religious faith, were afterwards seized upon and made use of as affording the most sublime and stupendous illustration of the Divine power as exemplified in the wonderful instances of undeviating order and law. The

attempt to arrest or contradict facts because they appear to militate against certain present conditional aspects of our religion is not only wrong in itself but shortsighted and unwise. It is sure to have to retract the mistaken protest, and confess with shame its precipitancy and folly. In the antagonistic contraposition of religion and science, however, it must be confessed that the pulpit is not wholly to blame. It is too much the fashion for men of science to challenge or decry the office and function of the pulpit, ignoring the spiritual life altogether, or seeking to supersede the wholesome principles and influences of religion by the mere substitution of a series of physical phenomena for those internal and instinctive indications and predilections which, judging by their universal and persistent existence, are a necessary part and condition of the soul's life and being. Probably many of these difficulties dwelt upon so vehemently by some scientific men only lie on the surface, and are of those which a wider knowledge may explain without any material change in either the one or the other set of views. At all events, this opposition of science to religion is both over-hasty and ungraceful, since perhaps those who press it the most ardently would be unwilling to see the doctrines they insist upon with so much exclusiveness absolutely carried out in all their unbending vigor. Our being is a wide and complex one, which frequently admits of apparent contradictions, but which a closer examination or a clearer spiritual light might show us to be no contradictions at all. Science and religion should have faith in each other, and whilst each follows the course that specially belongs to it, be satisfied that if the tenets and conclusions of the one are true, real, and important, those of the other are not less so; that those irresistible sentiments and instincts normal to every mind, and co-existent with every nature, are doubtless as real, substantial, and unconditional, as the natural laws which govern our bodies and regulate our physical economy, although belonging to quite another category and requiring another order of faculties for their understanding and appreciation. An expanded and thoughtful exposition, and the instigation to a course of action based upon these views, which we think every one will allow to be just, would go far to soothe and destroy the very wrong and unnecessary bitterness too frequently subsisting between religion and science—a bitterness which generally arises from a mutual ignorance of each other's claims due to an education given too exclusively to a single and isolated order of facts and experiences. This course, how-

ever, is rarely taken. The pulpit, which from its principles and nature should be the first to abandon the animosity, prosecutes it with more energy, not to say rancour, than the other, until the interests of truth are lost sight of in the hostility of party, and the bewildered mind, alienated from that which should furnish its chief nourishment and sustenance, and constitute its highest form of rest, turns with perplexity from both one and the other party, refusing to join hands with either.

There is another serious defect in the teaching of the modern pulpit. It does not declare and enforce common rules for the right government of life—not so much even as the heathen philosophers. That is to say, it almost disregards religion in its human or naturalistic aspect.

It has little or nothing to say on the subject of self-dependence and self-respect as divine gifts and measures to be made use of in the furtherance and sustenance of the soul's religious life. It does not rest sufficiently upon the uses of the moral faculty as the proper instrument for the attainment of moral power and elevation. It lays too great a stress upon religious observances considered in the light of a dogmatic duty; as an end, and not as the vehicle and means of reaching higher religious energies in actual life, which alone gives them their just significance and expresses their true intention. In some places it admits devotional feeling and religious emotion as indications of the religious status and condition, and does not fix its standard absolutely and entirely in the degree and extent to which the Christian life is lived in its fullest and widest interpretation. It does not proclaim distinctly and inexorably that every religious sentiment, every act of devotion, which does not produce a corresponding elevation of life and practice—which does not, for instance, insist upon the most scrupulous honesty, the most chaste sobriety, the widest charity; which does not, in short, result in some Christian grace of act and conduct—is worse than useless; that it is simply pernicious and depreciating, as ministering to self-deception with its consequent train of ills, intruding an evil under the name of good. We do not say that this would not be acknowledged as the creed of the pulpit; but that it is not clearly and emphatically brought forward as an unconditional part of its doctrine. It loves rather to appeal to a vague presumption on the Divine power arbitrarily exerted and accidentally bestowed, and not operating through the appointed vehicle of the moral and religious faculties conferred upon us as the ordained means for

its reception and agency. The standard of the Divine power in relation to our lives and conduct is placed outside of us, not within. We are taught to look to an abnormal rule of circumstance in our particular favor, rather than to depend upon that Divine power which it is the office of religion to implant within us, which enables us to meet any circumstance bravely, and subjugate it by the sheer force of a spiritualised will. That noble fruit of the conscientious faculty existing within us as self-respect is rarely alluded to or appealed to, and yet in the morals of social life it plays a large, important, and very influential part. The dignity of manhood, and the respect which is due to it as bearing the mark of the Creator's highest workmanship, are rarely alluded to, and perhaps never as facts significant enough to influence our religious life and conduct. We are not taught that humanity has any inherent dignity, honour, or credit to support for its own sake as the head and crown of creation, and that wrong doing and wrong living add a shameful disgrace to its name, though no other responsibility were attached to it. The typical *manly* element in our nature is overlooked. A noble independence and uncompromising reference to an internal standard in itself worthy of respect and consideration is virtually ignored. Yet all this is clearly implied in the teachings and doctrines of Christianity. If man is created in the image of God, however much disfigured by sin and obscured by time, the primary model is infallibly there. It is something to appeal to, and demands recognition and culture, however contemptuously or indifferently treated from the pulpit. That this mode of dealing with our humanity is one of formalistic aspect merely, is apparent from its being recognised nowhere else but in the pulpit. For of those who most studiously ignore anything like an appeal to our humanity from the pulpit, there is not one who does fully recognise its claims, nature, and rights outside of it. To those who would deny the legitimacy of allowing the human element to speak in the offices of religion, we would ask if it may or may not be made an instrument of good; and if it really may (as undoubtedly is the case) be so enlisted in the service of religion, why is it overlooked? To say it is unnecessary, is beside the purpose, seeing that it really does take a large part in the rule and conduct of the moral life in its secular relationship and transactions.

This brings us to a second consideration under this head, not often dealt with from the pulpit, namely, the duty and the desirability of loving what is right and true for its

proper value. It does not point out how inherently lovely a right life and truthful course of action are in themselves, or how vile and ugly the contrary. Its general tone is rather calculated to repel philosophic in difference than to bring before it a series of considerations likely to impress it from its own point of view. Different classes of mind require different kinds of presentment of spiritual fact to influence them. The pulpit, as a rule, only submits one, often full of harsh and forbidding lineaments, narrow in its application and stifling in its oblivion of the wholesome breadth and airiness which to many minds would be the sole condition upon which the spiritual life would be accepted, and which, indeed, intrinsically belongs to it, as seen in the life and heard in the words of its Founder. It is not presented to us in those colours and with the natural fascination which a good and beautiful thing ought to possess. The Platonism of ancient Greece is far less lovely, narrower, less real, than Christianity; yet how beautiful does it become by the glowing colours and tenderly drawn lines in which it finds a setting! We are continually touched by its appeal in some of the richest feelings of our nature, and raised by its attractive spiritualism into the regions of pure sentiment, as it floats through the soul in visitations of the most soothing and delightful harmony. Christianity has infinitely more to offer of the same kind, but immeasurably more noble and worthy, because it has for its ultimate object the transformation of the whole life and its absorption into the grander atmosphere of actual and practical energy. Not only is Christianity generally robbed of its proper attractiveness in our pulpits, but it is represented to us under an aspect which experience does not justify. Its attractions are placed in certain special privileges of emotion and external, or at least extraneous, reward, which are calculated to draw the mind from the consideration of its desirability for its own sake and the peculiar intrinsic worth which gives it a value far greater than anything which is derived from it, or contingent upon its adoption. It is represented as inducing a certain condition of spiritual luxury, rather than as a noble and vitalizing energy which beautifies life with the strength of an immaculate purpose glorified in the act, and receiving its chief loveliness from the robust power and wholesome activity which it infuses into our nature in the noblest courses of humanity.

The pulpit takes but a faint recognition of Moral Law as forming the basic element of the Christian religion, but dwells almost wholly on the dogmatical side. Google

If the Christian religion were not Divine, nothing could be more wonderful than its comprehensiveness as an exposition of Moral Law. It holds within itself the concentrated essence of the united wisdom of all the philosophies; not in the shape of axioms and abstract principles, but embodied in an actual form so simple and unmistakable that every one can understand and appreciate it without any difficulty whatever. How much better would it be to expound and dwell upon some of the eternal and essential principles on which it is based than attempt to wrest more or less irrelevant facts in the vain and mistaken desire to corroborate what needs no confirmation more than the internal one—to show that the essential and ruling principle of a right life is as necessary and as little accidental as the laws which govern and support the physical universe; that the farthest star pulsing light in the infinitude of space keeps time to the throbbing of every rightly set human heart which seeks the fulfilment of the loftiest law of its being in carrying out the grand principles of a just, pure, and pious life!*

The pulpit expresses painfully little faith in the intrinsic and essential truth of Christianity as self-confirmatory. Every attack from without seems to disturb its equanimity, for the reason that its considerations are too much fixed on the accidents and non-essentials of mode and form instead of on those universal laws which form its real bases and are the conditions of its inexpugnable immobility. The pulpit constantly seeks its means and instruments for the defence of religion from the outside, instead of appealing to the unchangeable elements in which it fundamentally subsists: for it is a great truth that no one can live, or be permitted to live, entirely without virtually accepting some portion of its principles and doctrines.

Another want of the modern pulpit is the inculcation of a recognition of the sincere religious opinions and feelings of others which differ from its own.

There is a great deal of energy thrown away in many religious communities upon the errors or shortcomings of other religious denominations. This wasteful and unworthy manifestation of party spirit, as unchristian as it is mischievous, not infrequently finds its expression in a virulent invective and denunciation, which quite overlook the

fact that the persons against whom their peevish and petulant tirades are levelled, and who could alone be benefited by them—if there were any benefit to be derived from them at all—are precisely those who would be the last to place themselves under their influence. The only possible way to destroy error is by the unsectarian teaching and propagation of free and independent truth, which recommends itself by the force of its own irresistible power, and does not wait on the rancorous iconoclasm of malevolent and over-zealous declamation for the accomplishment of its mission. We think we need not dwell on the uselessness, at least, of this flagrant misuse of the office of the pulpit, whose function, rightly considered, is rather to overlook or disregard religious differences as much as possible, in order to secure some degree of friendliness or freedom from ill-will from those whose feelings and opinions are opposed to its own, instead of fomenting them to the widest possible degree of difference, and thus driving away the opposite party altogether from the reach of its influence. St. Paul affords a fine example of quite another mode of operation, in always seeking the points of resemblance between the faith or observances which he sought to supplant with his own; never making the breach wider by dwelling on their differences.

The Christianity of the pulpit is too controversial, speculative, and dialectic, to accomplish any large practical end. How often do we hear from the pulpit sermons exclusively confined to the consideration of the grounds for a speculative belief in the truth of the Christian religion! And this in the face of those who would willingly take something for granted, who bring their yearnings, cares, hopes, fears, and perplexities, seeking a little help from the ministrations of the Church of their fathers and forefathers; a Church in whose creed and belief thousands of temples have been raised; a Church for the propagation and enforcement of a religion upon which is virtually based every social and political institution under which we live, and whose religion, as a form of creed, at least it is presumable, is accepted by every one joining its congregations. And yet, in place of words of guidance or counsel, comfort or assistance, properly belonging to the function of the pulpit, and specially to Christianity itself, which would be received unquestionably, what do we hear? A wearisome disquisition from a rhetorical and logical point of view, to assure us that our religion is simply a true one: and this after almost nineteen centuries of adoption, trial, and experience! Such dis-

* For a definition and exposition of the absoluteness of the Law of Moral Right, see Butler's three masterly discourses on 'Human Nature,' in which he says of Conscience (in its widest acceptance), 'Had it strength, as it has right; had it power as it has manifest authority; it would absolutely govern the world:' and he proves it.

courses suggest to us the illustrative case of the possessor of an estate who, instead of using it and improving it for the benefit of himself and others, should occupy himself in proving that his title is good and tenure valid. It is difficult to see what purpose they can serve. They give no direction to energy, no stimulus to a noble life; they throw no new light on difficult subjects—even if to do so (which never formed a part of the mission of the Author of Christianity) were within the systematic range of the pulpit's function. They aim at nothing which the occasion demands, rendering assent and dissent alike indifferent; they are followed by no operative result whatever; they are only a fruitless burden to the hearer, fit to be consigned at once to the oblivious portion of 'weeds and worn-out faces.' How much more would a few hearty words weigh, the growth of experience fitted to the needs of ordinary and actual life—words breathed into the necessities of common humanity, with its continually flagging energies and wavering resolutions, dictated by the 'still small voice' which speaks to us all in our heart of hearts, only requiring the rightly directed appeal to make itself heard within the soul, and its tender messages to be appreciated!

Another defect of our pulpit-teaching is its want of speciality.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor, in his 'Rules and Advices concerning Preaching to the Clergy of his Diocese,' is very explicit on this score. He says:—

'Do not spend your sermons in general and indefinite things, as in exhortations to the people to get Christ, to be united to Christ, and things of the like unlimited signification; but tell them in every duty what are the measures, what circumstances, what instruments, and what is the minute meaning of every general advice. For generals not explicated do but fill the people's heads with empty notions, and their mouths with perpetually unintelligible talk; but their hearts remain empty, and themselves are not edified.'

Would it have been sufficient for us to have known that the whole of the Christian religion is comprised in the terms, love to God and our fellow-creatures? The Author of Christianity conceived a different method in its dissemination. The religion of speculation finds no place in the Gospel as reported by the Evangelists. It is specifically and thoroughly the religion of life all through, and no other. It is not without significance that we are rather left to infer the principles of Christianity from facts and cases than to depend upon our own deductions for the practical application of its rules

and laws. It cannot be said that the broad truths of the Christian religion are, as a rule, either garbled or suppressed in our pulpits: on the contrary, they are commonly stated with sufficient clearness and distinctness. There is an abundant insistence on the fundamental principles of our faith: but that is all. They fail to accomplish their proper object from the want of a special application to the circumstances of life and the actual conditions of living. As we have already shown, the peculiar wants, oversights, errors, shortcomings, and more virulent evils of our present social condition, seldom meet with any careful or discriminative analysis from the pulpit: indeed it may be said to exhibit a negative acquiescence in the faults and misdirections of the time more than to offer any vigorous protest against them. Instead of investigating the moral, social, and religious condition of the time, and being the first to institute inquiry and suggest or afford means of help in difficulty, it is the very last; seldom even following the lead given by the contemporary press or the indications expressed in other ways in matters quite within its range, and in which its aid might be most useful in disseminating sound practical opinions and a correct tone of feeling.

In preaching general truths, therefore, and even speculative ones—for these, although they occupy at present far too exclusive a place in the pulpit, cannot be wholly proscribed a subordinate and occasional use in it—it is necessary continually to confront the auditory with their concrete bearing, to treat them persistently as much as possible in their personal and individual aspect and relationship, to pause from time to time during their enunciation in order to apply them to the test of life and experience. The judicious preacher will never forget that his appeal is to the personality of his hearers. Broadly general truths expressed without their connotative personality are quite as liable to do harm as they are to do good, since their very abstraction and impersonality cause them to be referred to an absolute category in which the hearer has no idea of placing himself. The self-deception which is a part of our nature must be met in the closest and most vigorous manner, by means so direct and explicit as to leave no doubt as to the intention of the appeal. It is very easy for a congregation to go from a sermon dealing with abstract views well-pleased with themselves and satisfied with the discourse without being reached or touched by its statements in any particular whatever, however strongly and with whatever logical force these may have been given. Close, special, uncompromising application.—a driving

home, so to speak, of the matter under treatment—is indispensable to the proper efficacy of every sermon, and to this its first aim and most strenuous efforts should be directed.

It may be urged that all we have been particularising is included in a general exposition of the main truths of Christianity. It certainly ought to be. That it is not so to that appreciable extent which should make it a component part and ruling element in the lives of those who profess to accept it, we think we need adduce no evidence to make apparent. We are not arguing for a logical position, but simply stating and maintaining a series of incontrovertible and irresistible facts. Theoretically our pulpit may be right. This is a question we are not discussing. That it is actually almost powerless as a practical influence on the age is an unmistakable and unavoidable conclusion. On the other hand it might be said that at least some of the specialties which we have dwelt upon do not properly belong to religion, and are not within the legitimate object of the pulpit. To this we would reply, that in the spirit of Christianity as first promulgated they are included, or are supposed to be included, to their furthest element, and that if they are not comprised in the religion of our day it is through an imperfect recognition of what that religion ought to embrace.

In order to accomplish all or any of the objects which we have laid down in the foregoing enumeration it would be necessary that the pulpit should be united in a common purpose. It is of little use occasionally and incidentally to mention this or that fault or want peculiarly incident to the time or to given circumstances. To accomplish a large object 'agitation' is required. Great moral and religious questions, wants or abuses should be taken up systematically, not for speculative discussion, but for practical solution by the strongest incitements, in the warmest and most emphatic manner. They should go simultaneously through all the pulpits dispersed over the length and breadth of the land. For every political movement and matter for social and economic reform these are the means used. In the bringing forward of the great moral and social abuses and wants of the age there would be an infinite advantage over the advocacy of political or economic changes. In the great proportion of cases there would be no difficulty of opinion as to the desirability of correcting or supplying them. The battle would be at once conceded as far as argument goes. The only thing would be to alter them. The whole force and energy of the movement

might be put into pressing the accomplishment of the necessary changes to the utmost degree: nothing would need to be wasted in apology and substantiation as matters of opinion. For this end episcopal indications for the concentration and direction of a common effort might be periodically given, general clerical meetings periodically held specially set apart for the consideration of the same, and other means, as that of the press, for giving force and vitality to the movement, be instituted. What an ennobling of the office of the pulpit would this be: the voices of all preachers united as one with the whole nation for a listener! Of the fruits of such a mode of procedure perhaps no calculation would be adequate to give an idea. Instead of wasting its time in the discussion of vain appointments and extraneous observances, suppose the pulpit were to give itself vigorously and unitedly to a new reformation in this broad interpretation of the term, what a different condition would the aspect of society assume! How much more revered would be its function! How much grander and worthier would be the result of its labours! How infinitely truer and more Christian its religion!

As it is, what a saddening experience meets us in our churches! We rarely hear a sermon which touches us with the nearness of an intimate sympathy with the Christian life. We may hear the Christian truths and doctrines expounded that we are sinful and fallen, and the means of redemption pointed out in general terms, but they are for the most part represented as the merely conventional conditions for undergoing appointed spiritual changes whose end rather lies in realising certain moods of personal feeling and emotion than the entering upon that large Christian life whose function is in the world of active dealing, and in carrying out the initial principles of sound moral law, and an uncompromising rectitude of life both in regard to ourselves and our fellow-men.

We do not wish to secularize the pulpit. We would not have it to fall one degree below its high calling as the messenger of God, nor to be the mere echo or exponent of the shifting opinions of men. We do not wish to see it giving lectures upon ethics, science, or social economy, on the basis of utility and self-interest; but we do wish to see all these elevated into the category of religion, infused with larger motives, ensouled with a more emphatic significance, the right observance of their laws and rules considered as a part of our duty and service to God, and not merely contingent regulations to be indifferently observed or not, at the

option of an arbitrary human convenience. We do wish to see our workmen and merchants, our professional men and statesmen, bring some other than merely human and trading considerations to the fulfilment of their several duties and vocations. We do wish to see responsibilities of a higher sort acknowledged than those which find a name in the legislative decalogue; and, towards this end, we would have all these recognised as a part of our Christian religion from which modern laxness or self-interest has so long and so wrongfully separated them.

Having thus cursorily glanced at some of the requirements of the modern pulpit necessary to place it on a more influential footing, we will now apply ourselves to a short inquiry into the reasons for its inefficiency, and if there be any other means more than those already suggested of restoring to it something of its former power and efficacy.

The main causes of its present inoperative condition may be of two kinds: one, the inadequacy of the education preparatory for the pulpit, and the other, an imperfect recognition of the requirements of the pastoral office. We think we have already sufficiently clearly indicated its narrowness and exclusiveness, and the more expansive and extended footing on which it is desirable to place it in regard to the sphere of its range and the scope of its teaching.

By the term education, we do not refer to the acquirement of academic knowledge, the training of the intellect and information of the understanding—we will suppose these already accomplished as far as scholastic discipline goes—but to the wider education of life and feeling, which is the result of deep reflection upon human experience, and profound inquiry into the sympathetic and emotional phenomena of our nature. The supereminent characteristic of Christianity is its warm human sympathy. In its primary and essential nature it has no bigotry, no intolerance, no hardness, no dogmatism. Its tenderness rises above every other quality; it loves without reserve—without recognition of creed or party. It only denounces the hypocrite and the irreclaimable. If this loving sympathy forms the essence of Christianity as promulgated by Christ Himself, it is obvious that without it nothing is to be done—nothing attained. It implies an absolute disregard of self and personal interests, whenever these stand in the way of the interests and welfare of others, or the general good. It implies a sincerity of soul which looks honestly and unreservedly to the bottom of its own nature with the most

searching scrutiny, in order that by the attainment of a knowledge of itself it may gain the knowledge of others as the basis and groundwork of its ministry. Beneath all the affectations of vanity and waywardness of folly, the cares of riches, the pride of office and position, the noise and bluster of ambition and the dissipations of vice, there is always the underlying humanity, the embryo of something better waiting to be touched into life, the witness of truth and justice and purity planted by God in every human soul. We are all brothers in affliction and in our common necessities. It only needs the invasion of a foreign enemy to bring all classes together in the closest sympathy. Such an enemy is sin; the wrong and folly which are calling upon us everywhere to redress them whilst we are still standing upon our narrow individuality as if they were matters in which we have no incumbent interest or united concern. The precious opportunities of the pulpit are lost in its virtual fusion with the commonplace social elements of the time—making no independent stand of its own to distinguish it from that by which it is surrounded. It is occupied about the transient and ephemeral accident instead of the immutable and eternal essence. It perceives no nobler destiny before it than the delivery week by week of a conventional discourse, so far removed from our interest and sympathy, as to leave us exactly where it finds us, with only the added tedium of a wearisome space passed in the attitude of listening.

The other and more intrinsically personal condition necessary for the efficient discharge of the duties of the pulpit is a freedom from petty ambitions and jealousies, social and ecclesiastical. The worthy representative of the pulpit must be free from those vulgar aims and cares which absorb and distract so large a proportion of the lay world. He must be able to see place, riches, honour, and distinction pass by him without compunction and without regret. Anything like worldly ambition is perfectly incongruous with the right fulfilment of the ministerial duty. Some predilection or predisposition for the sacred office, previous to its assumption, has been thought indispensable at all times, and amongst all religious communities. This should undoubtedly exclude every trace of personal ambition based on the desire for self-aggrandisement. All the objects of the dedicated teacher of religion should be centred in one, that of elevating his fellow-mortals into the region of the divine, showing mankind its proper destiny in the attainment and fulfilment of the Christian life. He who cannot fix his

motive here should shun the responsibilities of the sacred office, for he will assuredly not be able to fulfil them worthily.

For this purpose it is necessary that the worthy occupant of the pulpit should raise himself as much as possible above the disturbances of the lower life by all the helps which his religion, united with philosophical study and reflection, can supply. He will consider that all the restlessness, ignoble competition and contention which he sees around him, are but the fashion of the time which future and better directed generations may see reason to correct; that the proper value of riches and honour lies in contentment, in the realisation of a world of happiness of which their meagre proportions, with their uncertain and unsatisfactory possession, are but the false shows and cheating semblances; that the highest, noblest, and purest enjoyments of life are cheap and common to all; that the abuses of the age result, in a great measure, from an imperfect, shortsighted, or mischievous education, which it must be his object to correct and reform. Above all, he may be assured of the value and importance of his mission. Labour in the right direction will be amply repaid to him in its fruits; and if he sow with much and laborious devotion, although it may be with great misgiving and in uncertainty of heart, he will assuredly return in the end bearing his sheaves with him, crowned with the accomplishment of a lofty destiny, and pleased in the pleasure of his Master's eye.

It is scarcely necessary to say here, that all preaching which is not embodied in the life of the preacher must be practically useless and thrown away. It may influence to religious emotion; it may lull into self-contentment and self-satisfaction; it may produce some maudlin sentiment usurping a religious title: it can never infuse that vigorous and robust growth into the Divine life and energy which is the fortress of truth and only proper ground of genuine religion. In this respect it is impossible there should be any concealment. Individuality will make itself felt. Personal insincerity and untruthfulness will be accurately measured in their results, however little they may be apparent in themselves.

In the desire to deal with the circumstances of the modern pulpit as completely and justly as possible, we do not wish to pass over some of the natural obstacles which in some degree prevent it from attaining its right and normal position and which imperil the usefulness of its legitimate function. We must, however, be free to confess that,

in bringing forward these, it is more with the object of treating the subject fairly, than for any very definite practical suggestions which we can make towards surmounting them. One is the difficulty of establishing and maintaining a probationary standard for appointments to the ministerial office; for neither is it the most learned man, nor the deepest thinker, nor the most earnest, nor the most gifted in the quality of speech, nor the most devout, nor the warmest, tenderest, and most disinterested in character or disposition who is necessarily fitted above all others for the ministry; but rather one who has the happiest union or combination of all these. They are all more or less necessary, so that a perfect fulfilment of the office of the pulpit could not place its standard of appointment upon any of them alone. In the imperfection of human institutions perhaps the one adopted in the Church of England is as good as any other: a fair amount of learning, a special sense of fitness for the duty, the feeling of a solemn call to its office, and a life accredited socially blameless. That it must prove ineffectual over and over again (as must every other) in an exact discrimination of those precisely adapted to the ministry, is an accident for which it is not wholly responsible, and one which could hardly be obviated. In the test of competency, it is compelled to depend in a great measure on those who present themselves; for abuses, after all, must chiefly lie in their hands to correct. A full knowledge of the requirements for the sacred office should be definitely recognised and enforced. Under a broad interpretation of its function, the test of the Church of England, as clearly laid down in its offices, if carried out strictly and faithfully, is as likely to be successful on the whole as any other.

Another obstacle to good and legitimate preaching is the number of sermons usually required from each individual.

The least number of sermons generally demanded from each occupier of the pulpit is one a week—fifty-two in the course of the year, varying in length according to the habit of different pulpits: quite enough, in the present state of things, to draw out all the freshness and a great deal of the force of the average preacher. Generally, however, it is much more than this; two sermons, and even three, a week not limiting the number in every instance. This is an allowed difficulty—a task so great as to make its execution a marvel in the confined range of the pulpit of the day, with its conventional paucity of views and scantiness of aspects for consideration. If such a labour can ever be accomplished with a satisfactory

result, we believe the suggestions we have been making for an enlarged appliance of the function of the pulpit will do more towards making it possible than any other means or plan. Where sermons have to be so numerous as seriously to endanger their usefulness, they might be very reasonably curtailed in length. A short exposition, strongly felt and well studied, or a few opportunely-chosen words, might have all the usefulness and efficacy of a longer treatment and more elaborately constructed discourse. A sermon is not to be considered in the light of a literary exercise. It need not be always original in its theme. It is sufficient if the preacher make it his own by the sincere and earnest energy necessary to enforce it. An enlarged freedom of discourse, a mind filled with the importance and value of its office, and a clear impression of the requirements of the occasion, will do much to render the labour of preaching a comparatively light one, by the interest which they are sure to throw into the subject of the sermon. What the preacher often wants is more interest, not less work. A preacher absorbed in his topic, and capable of retaining the attention and interest of his listeners, rarely suffers the fatigue of collapsed energies; whilst to the 'pulpit drone,' the least effort must be a fatiguing and oppressive burden.

We have thus set before the reader, as candidly and fairly as possible, the present condition of the English pulpit; we have dwelt upon the mistakes or inefficiency of our present form of preaching in its most general phase, and made suggestions for extending its power and influence; we have taken into consideration some of the natural difficulties to be overcome in order to fill our pulpits worthily: we will now close these observations with a few hints towards a right, useful, and pertinent mode of preaching. We do this with some degree of diffidence, first, because they must necessarily be incomplete; and, secondly, because it must be infinitely difficult to lay down rules of general application where almost everything depends upon individual mode of view, and the specific force given to the discourse by personal sentiment and enthusiasm.

In the first place, dialectics should be abandoned, or almost abandoned, in our pulpits. We do not want long disquisitions to prove to us that the grounds of our faith are true ones, or that the Christian life is a good thing. These may fitly find a place in the literature of the day which circulates everywhere. We go to church to exercise our faith and to realise what the Christian life actually is, to receive

the profit and enjoyment of a common worship and faith in the same Almighty Being, to acknowledge our union under the same Divine Head, to feel the influence of a dependence upon and living in the membership of Him whom we acknowledge as the Redeemer of our race, and to share those spiritual supports, privileges, and strengthenings flowing from a communion with Him in whom dwells the fountain of light and purity. What an impossible task useful teaching would be if every error had to be uprooted before truth could be propagated! And yet there is no reason if one kind of error must be overcome in order to inculcate and attain what is right that all forms of it should not have to be treated in the same manner. Instead of spending much time in refuting error real or supposed, let the pulpit confine itself more particularly to the exposition of sound and earnest practical Christian truth, which will prove a much more perfect weapon than any argumentative discourse directly addressed against it.

In the same manner, it is not by a special substantiation of the Church as an institution and organisation that its efficacy is maintained. It is by the penetrative and disinterested preaching of those sentiments and doctrines which form the essence of Christianity of which it is the means and vehicle that it is to be held together and obtain a prevailing influence over society. This is the only way to give root and permanency to a church, as it is to make it efficiently useful, since these never change. As long as time lasts, as men progress and pass from one phase of thought and aspect to another—mutations which must be continually taking place in an advancing society—the forms and modes of religion will be liable to modification. But, as has been already said, the stable and central elements of religion will be always the same, for they are based on the primary foundations of our moral life and nature. Let these therefore be taught, preached, and insisted upon by those who would wish to render their Church impregnable. The points we have already laid down in the course of our inquiry are without controversy. Nobody would deny that they should be insisted upon more or less prominently in every pulpit professing to be the interpreter of Christian doctrine and the advocate and apologist of the Christian life. A Church which practically embodied in its members these and all other qualities necessary to the Christian life would need no propping from the side of controversy and speculation. It would be impregnable from without, for it would be possessed of the end and object of all religious creeds

and doctrines. No largest measure of questioning could move or stir it a hair's-breadth from its rocky foundations. It would need no arguments to strengthen or substantiate it. Its beliefs would be the symbol and development of its life; they would be the natural induction from its faith and practice, growing out of the soul from its inner vitality, not forced upon it from the outside.

Let the preacher recollect that whilst in the pulpit he is in communication with the actual facts of life, and not with a merely philosophic dream or theory of them; that he is called upon to confront the cruelty of nature and the scorn of time, the vanity and turbulence of youth and the obduracy of unregenerate years, the half-formed sin and the lukewarm repentance, the sharp pain of regret and the rankling sting of unkindness, the weariness of hope deferred and a joyless life, the sickness of a present sorrow and the bitterness of a new bereavement, the consuming fires of unbridled passion and the too weighty burden of many cares which crushes the soul down to the ground, and there is none to help or raise it up again. Let him recollect that he talks to the fathers of thankless children, to the struggling artisan or tradesman, to the young man about to enter life or who has just begun it, to the poor sempstress with her sorely tried powers, and the young gentlewoman who seeks some clue to her destiny in the best mode of distributing her energies and employing her time, to the widow and the fatherless, to the prosperous and wealthy, with their dangers and responsibilities. All these varying circumstances of life, and many others, which are found in every church and in every congregation, should be distinctively recognised and admonished with an earnest, fervent, and loving thoughtfulness. It is not enough that they should be grouped under one heading and addressed without any special meaning or intention. The proper function of the pulpit and its worthy fulfilment implies something more than this. It should seek its proper field in the common experiences of life, its business, sufferings, and pleasure, not in the emotional transports of a vague and purposeless enthusiasm, which has no reference to anything beyond itself, its circle, and its Church; which leaves every-day virtues and simple offices of good for transcendental sentiments sought for their own sakes, whose effects die with themselves.

To fulfil the duty of the pulpit usefully and satisfactorily some intelligent knowledge should be acquired, not only of the present position of science physical and moral in its general bearings and direction, but also of the precise foundations for its creeds, theories,

and beliefs on its own ground and from its own points of view. If the missions of the pulpit and of science are ever to be in concord, it is by such means alone that they can be united. It is absolutely necessary that the preacher should know exactly the relative position which his function occupies in regard to the scientific condition and circumstances of the time, if it be only to enable him to avoid collision with the progressive aspects of science by the fearless confidence in its issues which this knowledge will be sure to give him. He will never forget that the object of his desire is conclusive truth, under whatever form and in whatever manner presented, but that whilst decision is impending he can well afford to leave the extraneous for that which is intrinsic to his mission. A legal advocate in bringing his case before the adjudicator of the laws, thinks it necessary to make himself acquainted with the full basis upon which it stands; the statesman, also, in submitting a measure to the Legislature of his country, masters his position so well that he not only knows clearly beforehand all that he wishes to urge in its favour, but he has also calculated the full force and weight of every objection which may be raised against it. He does not permit himself to be surprised or to ignore anything; well assured that if he does so, his neglect will recoil upon him so strongly from without as to endanger the measure he wishes to carry. In the pulpit it is just the contrary. The reckless statements made upon subjects inadequately investigated or not at all, the way in which established truths and well-authenticated facts are either contradicted or disregarded, the utter disrespect for all the ways of induction and the experimental labours of the time, and the presumption on the impossibility of remonstrance or reply, must not only weaken its power, but, if persisted in, cannot fail ultimately to bring it into absolute indifference and contempt.

Let the preacher ask himself candidly what is the proper end and object of preaching. Is it to bolster up untenable dogmas, to further personal interest, to amuse a vacant hour with time-honoured platitudes? Is it to be the petted idol of a foolish and superficial people, to tickle the ears of worldlings, and gloze over the follies and wickedness which it is too timid, too weak, or too indifferent to denounce? Is it to exercise the pedantic acumen of the schoolman, to air the logical motives of the academic, or to display the rhetorical ability of the orator? Is it to fill the mind of the enthusiastic with fruitless emotion, or to minister to the self-confidence of the decryer of the creeds of others? Is it for these that our churches are built and our

preachers ordained; that society in regard to religious progress may stand still, and sit and listen, and come and go, without being really touched or permanently influenced by them in any of the practical relationships of life?

Such questions can only receive one answer. Here our inquiry must terminate. We do not pretend to have prescribed all that is necessary for the resuscitation of our pulpits; but we believe we have indicated enough to show in what way they may advantageously be remodelled. Let us have the pulpit of our churches reanimated by the soul of a living interest, and its sound may yet go like a trumpet-call through the land and rally the disrupted forces of holy living and righteous dealing, breathing over England a breath of Divine spiritualism which shall infuse temperance in living, moderation in affairs, and teach us that there is yet a Power above the ruling disorders of the age which, if rightly invoked, may answer the perplexities of doubt, relieve the burden of sorrow, control the violence of passion, and allay the restless fevers of avarice and ambition in the cool recesses of a soul informed by the Divine Will living in the highest laws of our nature and being, recalling that substantial faith in our religion which can alone unite us to the purposes of the Creator in the furtherance of the true progress and elevation both of the individual and the species.

ART. II.—1 *Voltaire et la Société au XVIII^{me} Siècle*. Par Gustave Desnoiresterres. Vol. I. *La Jeunesse de Voltaire*. Vol. II. *Voltaire à Cirey*. Vol. III. *Voltaire à la Cour*. Vol. IV. *Voltaire et Frédéric*. Vol. V. *Voltaire aux Délices*. Paris, 1871-3.

2. *Voltaire*. Sechs Vorträge von David Friedrich Strauss. Leipzig, 1870.

3. *Voltaire in Frankfurt am Main, 1753*. Denkwürdigkeiten von K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. Achter Band. Leipzig, 1859.

4. *Jean Calas et sa Famille. Étude historique d'après les Documents originaux, suivie de Pièces justificatives et des Lettres de la Sœur A.-J. Fraisse de la Visitation*. Par Athanase Coquerel fils. Seconde Édition, refaite sur de nouveaux documents. Paris, 1869.

5. *Voltaire*. By John Morley. London, 1872.

SINCE the character and career of Voltaire were last reviewed in our pages (on occasion

of the appearance of the late Lord Brougham's 'Lives of Men of Letters'),* much has been added, in the shape of circumstantial and accurate detail, to the knowledge of that strange subject previously accessible to general readers.

M. Gustave Desnoiresterres' five volumes, the last of which brings Voltaire to the end of his personal *démêlés* with 'thrones and dominations,' and to the beginning of the period facetiously distinguished as that of his Ferney Patriarchate, are distinguished in a remarkable degree by minute research and exact citation of every accessible document that can throw fresh light on his subject. They are not less distinguished by the skilful *mise en scène* of the motley Voltairian drama, which kept Europe amused or scandalised during its whole performance, and in which the author successively brings on the stage the minor actors in due relation and subordination to the chief performer. The recently published Voltaire-readings to the Princess Louise of Hesse and a select circle of hearers, by Dr. David Friedrich Strauss (the general tone of which provokes little recollection of the graver and more questionable antecedents of the veteran controversialist), condense so much of the results of M. Desnoiresterres' previous labours as could be brought within one small volume; and supply, in addition, a complete and entertaining narrative of the twenty years of Voltaire's Ferney Patriarchate, and a critique of his philosophical and theological writings, which appears to us itself open to criticism. M. Athanase Coquerel fils, who has figured lately as M. Guizot's 'Liberal' antagonist in the debates of the Synod of the French Reformed Church, contributes very usefully in his volume on 'Jean Calas et sa Famille,' to the authentic illustration of the most creditable and not least characteristic episode of Voltaire's later life—his persevering and successful efforts for the reversal of an atrocious sentence, and the rescue from ruin of the innocent family of an equally innocent and legally murdered parent. And, finally, Mr. Morley brings up the rear of recent Voltaire-literature. His apology for Voltaire exhibits the character, if it exaggerates the enduring effects, of his irregular onslaughts on the creed of Christendom.

Biographers have differed as to both the place and precise time of Voltaire's birth, and he himself has assigned different dates to it at different periods. As if the spirit of scepticism had been destined to beset his life from the beginning, the first exercise of it has been made at the expense of his bap-

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxvi.

tismal register, which bears date 22nd November, 1694, and certifies his birth as having taken place on the day previous. M. Desnoiresterres' researches have fixed his birthplace at Paris about the date given by the register; and there is no reason whatever for crediting by preference any of the various fancy dates scattered about in his correspondence. The older he made himself, the less, he imagined, would the authorities dare to persecute him. 'Don't say, I beg of you,' he writes to D'Argental, in January, 1777 (the year before his death), 'that I am only eighty-two: it is a cruel calumny. Even were it true, according to a *curse* baptismal register, that I was born in November, 1694, it must still be granted me that I am in my eighty-third year.'

François Marie Arouet (we shall see in the sequel how he came to assume the name of Voltaire) was almost condemned to death in the hour of birth, and, it is said, was *on-doyé* (the term employed for informal sprinkling with water at home), lest there might be no time for the ecclesiastical rite. He was all his life, or always said he was, on the point of dying, and was resolved, all the while, to live as long as he could—and longer.

Voltaire owed much that afterwards peculiarly distinguished him to his Jesuit college-training, notwithstanding the ridicule which he afterwards threw upon it in his 'Dialogue entre un Conseiller et un ex-Jésuite.' The rhetorical and poetical exercises through which he was put by the good Père Porée, not only in Latin, but in French also, and the dramatic performances, which made a conspicuous figure in all the Jesuit establishments, supplied the first aliment to his genius for poetry and the drama, to which he owed so much of his contemporary celebrity throughout his career.

As Voltaire's father was a highly respectable notary, entrenched in his *morale bourgeoisie*, though of eminent and extensive aristocratic business connexions, it seems singular that he should have selected for friend of the family, and godfather of the infant François Marie, a certain Abbé de Châteauneuf, whose clerical reputation chiefly lay in the line of gallantry, and whose idea of carrying out the spiritual relation between himself and his godchild was first decisively illustrated by introducing the young Arouet to the old Aspasia of French hetairism, Nion de l'Enclos, who was then turned eighty. The lively lad found favour in the eyes of the lively old lady, who left him 2000 francs in her will to buy books with. Godfather Châteauneuf introduced his youthful charge into worse company than old Ni-

non's, exceedingly good company indeed in the sense of the day. While yet a pupil of the Jesuit college, he was taken into the so-called *Société du Temple*, where, during the last dreary years of hypocritical devotion of the Grand Monarque's reign, princes and dukes solaced themselves with gallant and poetical abbés for their compelled gravity at court by the most unrestrained derision of religion and morality altogether.

'The little Society of the Temple,' says M. Desnoiresterres, 'presided over by the Abbé de Chaulieu, though chiefly composed of old men, was none the more chaste, sober, or orthodox on that account.' To these voluptuaries the nearness of the tomb seemed only an additional reason for making haste to enjoy their last days of grace. It was the philosophy of Tom Moore's Regent in the 'Twopenny Post Bag':

'Brisk let us revel, while revel we may,
For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away;
And then people get fat,
And infirm, and all that,
And a wig, I confess it, so clumsily sits,
That it frightens the little Loves out of their wits.'

Vincennes and the Bastille had for a while avenged the sinking monarchy of the bacchanalian outrages of the princes, aged abbés, and adolescent acolytes of the Temple. But the death of Louis XIV. instantly freed from exile or durance vile the Chevalier (Grand Prieur) de Vendôme, and the Abbé Servien, the two most audacious of that audacious brotherhood. Vendôme was sincerely and profoundly respected for his vigour in vice by the new Regent. 'I have seen him,' said St. Simon, who knew him well, 'in perpetual admiration of the Grand Prior, who for forty years had every night gone to bed drunk, always publicly kept mistresses, and never ran dry of sallies of impiety and irreligion.' Amongst these *débauchés à outrance*, says M. Desnoiresterres, 'of whom Chaulieu was the patriarch, the prejudice of age no more existed than any other. Greybeards retained all the gaiety and vigour of adolescence; the lapse of years was ignored altogether; they glided by like river-water, leaving no trace behind. If they developed *embonpoint*, that only increased the resemblance to Anacreon and Silenus, the saints held most in honour of the Bacchic Olympus.' Their ranks indeed were ever and anon thinned by death. Godfather Châteauneuf was carried off amongst others. But new guests instantly filled the places of the old; and the religion, or rather philosophy, of the place proscribed superfluous mourning for the departed.

Aronet the elder, says the son, gave him up for lost, because he kept good company, and made verses. A set of men who became the *roués* of the Regency would scarcely be considered good company by a sober man of business, with whom decorum was part of the stock in trade. Old Aronet had two sons; and seems to have had little pleasure in either. He was himself a Jansenist, but in moderation. His elder son, Armand, became a gloomy fanatic, and participated with the party in the Church to which he belonged in all the enthusiastic extravagances, which culminated in the miracles of muscular tension exhibited at the tomb of the Abbé Paris. These apparently preternatural feats, which have found meretric parallels in our days, caused the cloisters of St. Médard, the theatre of their performance, to be closed by royal ordinance—a police measure which provoked the well-known couplet placarded on the walls of the cemetery:—

*'De par le Roi—défense à Dieu,
De faire miracle en ce lieu.'*

Old Aronet used to say he had *two fools* for sons—one in prose, one in verse. But he made a mistake as to the capacity of the younger for carrying on the paternal craft of money-making. The time which he was compelled to spend in law studies, and at the desk of a *procureur*, was by no means lost to his future fortunes, whether in the pursuit of fame or wealth. During that hated apprenticeship he doubtless caught up some knowledge of law and business, which stood him in good stead in after years. In his autobiographical '*Mémoires pour servir à la vie de M. de Voltaire*,' he expressed himself as follows, with perfect frankness, as to his art of getting on in the world, for which he had been shrewd enough to see from the first that literature, in that age and country, offered but poor prospects.

'I have been asked by the exercise of what art I have contrived to amass means to live like a *fermier-général*. I may as well explain this, that my example may serve others.

'In France one must either be *anvil* or *hammer*. I was born *anvil*. A small patrimony becomes every day smaller, since everything in the long run rises in price, and Government is ever and anon tampering with the funds and the currency. One must keep an eye open to all the operations made in finance by a ministry always needy and always tottering. There is always sure to be one or other of these out of which an individual may make his profit without being beholden for it to anyone; and nothing is so sweet as to owe one's fortune solely to oneself. The first step costs some trouble, the rest is easy. One must practise economy in

youth, and then one is surprised in old age to find what an amount one has by degrees accumulated. That is the time of life when fortune becomes most necessary, and that is the time at which I now find myself in enjoyment of it. After having lived with kings, I live *chez moi* like a king, notwithstanding immense losses.'

It is a notable instance of Voltaire's good understanding (and good advice) in financial matters, that even in his 'hot youth,' and with all the acquisitive ardor which accompanied him from youth to age, he never was the dupe, as half the nation was, of Law's paper system, and of the Mississippi scheme. We find him writing, in 1719, to a young friend, Genonville:—

'It is time, my dear friend, to take refuge in the country, when Plutus is turning all heads in the town. Have you really run all mad in Paris? I hear no talk but of millions. *Has half the nation found the philosopher's stone in the paper-mills?* Is Law a god, a rogue, or a quack, who poisons himself with the drugs he administers to all the world? It is a chaos I cannot fathom, and about which I imagine you understand no more than I do. For my part, I abandon myself to no chimeras but those of poetry.'

On the suppression of Law's notes, Voltaire remarked, '*Paper is being reduced to its intrinsic value.*' It was the succinct funeral sermon of the system.

There was little in Voltaire's early *coups d'essai*, whether in life or literature (except levity), to indicate the predestined Prophet of the French. He did not enter in earnest (as much in earnest as was in his nature) on that prophetic function till after his Hegira—his three years' exile from France and residence in England—the England of Locke, Newton, and Bolingbroke, three not precisely homogeneous objects of his after-adoration. Love-making and verse-making, loose company and large expenses were the sources of his first scrapes in life. The courses of his true loves never did run smooth, nor could, in the channels he dug for them. His watchful parent took umbrage at his late hours and lavish spendings, and, to get him out of Paris, made interest with the Marquis de Châteauneuf, surviving brother of his godfather Abbé, to take him in his suite as page to the Hague, where the Marquis was French ambassador.

From the Hague, however, young Aronet was speedily sent back to Paris, on the representations made to his patron ambassador by another watchful parent—a certain Madame Dunoyer, a Protestant refugee, of literary and other notoriety, whose younger daughter and Voltaire fell violently in love with each other. They concocted plans be-

tween them for invoking the aid of the French ecclesiastical authorities to rescue the daughter from her heretical mother in Holland, and restore her to her father in France, a good Catholic, if otherwise rather good-for-nothing, as he seems to have been. This orthodox project naturally never got any further than the first conception: the lady missed the beatitudes of Voltairian Catholicism, but retained Voltaire's friendship, which he proved in later years.

In poetry as in love, Voltaire's first essays assumed a colour of orthodoxy. He competed for the prize offered for an ode on Louis XIV.'s restoration of the choir of Notre Dame, in fulfilment of a pious vow of his father. The ode was unsuccessful, and the author was fain to confess that sacred subjects were not his forte. *En revanche*, the satirical pieces, rightly or wrongly imputed to him under the Regency, had the success of lodging him in the Bastille, where he spent some eleven months in a detention which had not much of penal in its character. Some time after his liberation, he happened to meet at the table of M. le Blanc, Minister of War, a certain Captain Beauregard, a Government spy, to whom he imputed his late imprisonment. 'I knew well,' young Aronet exclaimed with natural warmth, and with the indiscretion equally natural to him, 'that spies were employed, but not that they were paid by invitations to Ministers' tables.' The spy revenged himself in the dastardly manner which, as we shall presently see, some of his betters were not ashamed of imitating. He laid wait for Voltaire by night, at the bridge of Sèvres, cudgelled him soundly, and even left a mark on his face. Voltaire got a warrant from the Mayor of Sèvres for the arrest of Beauregard, but the latter in the meantime had joined his regiment. The aggrieved party thereupon had recourse to criminal proceedings, with the fiery persistency with which he always pursued the grievances, whether of himself or others. All the satisfaction he got, the year after, was the placing of Beauregard under arrest for a time.

A quarrel more conspicuous, in proportion to the rank of the aggressor, was that which was picked, a year or two later, with the young poet, who had, in the mean time, assumed the name of Voltaire,* by the

Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot, scion of a noble stock, and Field-Marshal to boot, albeit he never had seen a battle-field. This high-born and high-ranked gentleman met Voltaire one evening at the opera, and, offended apparently at something said, or not said, by the latter, accosted him scornfully, 'M. de Voltaire—M. Aronet—or how do you call yourself?' Voltaire made a quiet answer, and the matter passed off for the moment. A night or two after, they met again at the theatre, in the presence of the actress Lecouvreur; and Rohan, to show his spirit perhaps before the latter, repeated his impertinent question of the former evening. This time Voltaire's spirit was also up, and he replied, 'It was true, indeed, he did not drag after him the appendage of a great ancestral name, but he knew how to do honour to the name he did bear.' The Chevalier raised his stick; Voltaire laid his hand on his sword; mademoiselle fainted; and so ended the second act of this absurd drama. The third opened with what we can only call a rascally ambushade. Voltaire was dining, as he often did, at the Duke de Sully's. A servant whispered him that some one was waiting to speak to him at the house door. He found there a hackney coach, with two men, who requested him to get on the step, and then laid hold of his clothes, and belaboured him with sticks over the shoulders, while the Chevalier de Rohan, from another carriage, encouraged 'his workmen' to their work, but enjoined them not to hit their victim on the head. The beaten man ran back into the house, and called on the Duke de Sully to go with him to a commissaire, and have a *procès-verbal* made of the outrage. The Duke refused, and in so refusing, as Dr. Strauss rightly observes, showed as inadequate a sense of his own honour as of that of his guest, since the former was not less outraged by this cowardly *guet-à-pens* than the latter. But the Rohans were a noble family, of powerful and extended connexions, and the poet was only a bourgeois by birth, after all. The Prince de Conti, though he had written romantic verses on Voltaire's first tragedy, lately performed, remarked that the cudgelling bestowed on him had been wrongly given but rightly received. The Bishop of

* The young Aronet was said to have derived his new surname from a small estate he was supposed to have inherited from his mother, only no one has ever been able to discover where that estate was situated. A more probable suggestion is, that his new name may have been formed from an anagram of the letters which

composed his old one—*Aronet l. j.* (le jeune)—the *u* being converted into *e*, and the *j* into *i*. In like manner, an old college-tutor of his, Père Thoulié, transformed himself, by a similar anagrammatic process, into the Abbé Olivet—omitting only the unnecessary *h* from his original name. This method of reforming a plebeian name into one more distinguished-looking seems not to have been uncommon in those times.

Blois said, 'It would be a bad look-out if poets had no shoulders.' Condorcet, in his 'Life of Voltaire,' contents himself with the dry remark, 'The Duke de Sully deigned to manifest no resentment—persuaded, doubtless, that the descendants of the Franks retain the right of life and death over those of the Gauls.'

Voltaire set strenuously to work to take fencing lessons. The Rohan family were uneasy—the police on the *qui vive*. It was thought best that a poet who would not take a beating kindly, should reoccupy his old apartments in the Bastille. Here, as before, he was treated with all indulgence imaginable, dined at the Governor's table, and received visits *ad libitum* from the court and city. There was no desire to keep him in the Bastille, nor, indeed, in the country. Voltaire offered to take a run across the Channel, and the offer was gladly accepted. From the land of *lettres de cachet* and arbitrary arrests he longed to fly to the land of law and liberty. So the order was issued, on the 2nd of May, 1726, for his liberation. But the authorities, inspired by the Rohans, would have the assurance that he should really leave France. Accordingly, his gaoler bore him company to the port of embarkation, Calais. Such was Voltaire's Hegira, which became the turning-point of his whole after-action on his age. The princes and prelates who drove him forth, or let him go, foresaw not the remoter consequences. His leaving France was their work; the mind he brought back was indirectly their work also. Voltaire afterwards took vengeance poetically, if not heroically, on the pride and pusillanimity of his noble friend Sully, by striking the character of his great ancestor out of the 'Henriade,' in the first draught of which poem the austere figure of Rosny was presented in contrast with the heroic type of the Béarnais. In the poem as published, he substituted for Rosny (Sully) the lesser personage of Duplessis-Mornai.

Dr. Strauss observes that what first made a man of Voltaire was his three years' residence in England. In the next breath he adds, that all through his life he never quite matured to manhood. 'Even in old age he surprises us not only by outbursts of passion, but by fantastic escapades which we should scarcely excuse in youth. Seriousness of mood, calmness or dignity of demeanour, remained ever strange to him.' Condorcet, in his 'Vie de Voltaire,' observes:—

'The happy qualities of Voltaire were often obscured and distorted by a natural mobility, which was aggravated by the habit of writing tragedies. He passed in a moment from anger

to sympathetic emotion; from indignation to pleasantry. His passions, naturally violent, sometimes transported him too far; and his excessive mobility deprived him of the advantages ordinarily attached to passionate tempers—firmness in conduct—courage which no terrors can withhold from action, and which no dangers, anticipated beforehand, can shake by their actual presence. Voltaire has often been seen to expose himself rashly to the storm—seldom to meet it with fortitude. These alternations of audacity and weakness have often afflicted his friends, and prepared unworthy triumphs for his envenomed enemies.'

Soon after his return to France, Voltaire prepared for publication his 'Letters on England,' the substance of which has been since reprinted in his works, principally in his 'Dictionnaire Philosophique,' under other titles. His object was, to make his countrymen better acquainted with the philosophy, literature, sects and politics of England. His thoughts on these subjects had been partly thrown upon paper during his stay in this country; and after his return he had endeavoured to adapt them to the meridian of France, by circumspect softenings of expression on many points on which, in England, plain speaking would have been permitted. He felt his way with Cardinal Fleury, who had lately become Prime Minister, by reading him some carefully pruned passages of his Letters about the English Quakers, much, it is said, to the amusement of his aged Eminence. But when the book appeared in print, the authorities took up arms against it, the copies were seized by the Government, and the publisher thrown into the Bastille, as the author would have been also, if he had not had timely warning from his friend D'Argental, and taken refuge in Lorraine, and afterwards on the Rhine, while his book was torn to pieces and burned in Paris by the public executioner, as offensive to religion, good morals, and respect for authority.

There was certainly no contesting the last count of this indictment. In these *Lettres anglaises* not an authority in France escaped some note of disrespect. 'The English nation,' says Voltaire, 'is the only one which has succeeded in restricting the power of kings by resisting it.' Take that, royalty by right divine! In another place he says, 'You don't hear in England of *haute, moyenne et basse justice*, nor of the right of hunting over the lands of a citizen who has not the liberty of firing a gun in his own fields.' Take that, privileged *petite et grande noblesse*! Elsewhere—'That indefinite being, who is neither ecclesiastic nor secular, in a word the *Abbé*, is a species unknown in England. Anglican ecclesiastics

are all decorous, and almost all pedants. When they are told that, in France, young men, known only by their talents for debauchery, and elevated to prelate rank by female intrigue, pursue their amours publicly, give or accept exquisite and late suppers nightly, and then betake themselves to imploring enlightenment from the Holy Spirit, and boldly call themselves successors of the Apostles, they thank God they are Protestants. But of course they are vile heretics all the same—*à brûler à tous les diables*, as Master Francis Rabelais says, and therefore I give myself no concern with their affairs.

Voltaire's scientific imports from England were scarcely less obnoxious. To seek to substitute Newton's newly discovered law of attraction for the *Vortices* of Descartes was at that time an outrage for police-repression, and to venture to recommend inoculation for the smallpox was at once to fly in the face of the Faculty and the Sorbonne. In these unlucky *Lettres anglaises*, in short, there was something to offend everyone; and Voltaire had apparently good reason to apprehend treatment of unusual rigour, if he had obeyed the summons to give himself up into custody, as he took good care not to do. 'I have a mortal aversion to prison,' he wrote to D'Argental. 'I am ill; a confined fire would have killed me, and I should probably have been thrust into a dungeon.'

The strange story of Voltaire's fifteen or sixteen years' *liaison* with the Marquise Du Châtelet—the 'divine Émilie'—need not be told again.* It was an union of Poetry and Science, however illicit, singularly constant for that age. The lady's studies and talents lay in the direction of mathematics and physics, on which she published several works. She had begun a translation of Virgil in her youth, and read Tasso and Milton in the originals. She had musical and mimical talents to boot, but sometimes excited Voltaire's impatience by showing more interest in a discovery of Newton than in a verse of Virgil—or Voltaire. With all this, she by no means played the learned lady in the great world, but followed all the courtly and fashionable frivolities of that day with not less ardour than her scientific studies in the country. Voltaire gave her the title of *Venus-Newton*.

Voltaire had flattered himself, in prose and verse, for awhile into favour with the Pompadour, though Louis XV. persistently turned the cold shoulder on the courtier-philosopher. Voltairian philosophy and ethics, however, exactly suited the polite circles of the eighteenth century in France.

His writings showed a sharp and clear sense on all subjects which lay not too deep for his ken or theirs, and an accommodating morality worthy of a pupil in the schools of the Jesuits, summarised in the closing line of his 'Gertrude'—'*Il n'est jamais de mal en bonne compagnie.*' The semi-persecution he was always dodging, and seldom suffering, only served to attract attention and to add piquancy to his Protean forms of attack on whatever was orthodox, venerable, or established, and served also to absolve from serious responsibility his bush-warfare (often under false names) with '*les grands anthropokaies*,' and '*les petits anthropokaies*,' who had ceased to burn, and could only tease their assailants—an art in which they met their match in Voltaire. At the same time he was intimate with many of the higher clergy, and coaxed Pope Benedict XIV. to endorse his orthodox testimonials of fitness to fill a chair among the sacrosanct 'Forty' in the Academy. He represented an age in which Life had ceased to be regarded in any of its serious aspects by those classes who figured in its front ranks, engrossed its privileges, and discharged none of its duties. Voltaire's moral doctrines did not fall lower than the average practice of his age: posterity's quarrel with him is that they did not rise higher:—

'Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!'

In Voltaire's eyes man was a very poor thing, and that he should seek to erect himself above himself was, with him, sheer tartuffianism or charlatanism. There was the vice of his system, if system he could be said to have had. In his scheme of life no presentiment ever showed itself of our 'pleasant vices' making themselves 'whips to scourge us.' The whimsical soliloquy, from his own pen, of a man falling swiftly and softly from the top of a steeple, might typify the whole period of Voltairian ascendancy in the eighteenth century—'*Bon, pourvu que cela dure.*' But *cela ne pouvait durer*. In the last quarter of that century came the eclipse, at least partial, of Voltaire by Rousseau, of aristocratic iconoclastic pastime by democratic iconoclastic passion. After the apologist of all the levities of his age, their Avenger appeared, and farce closed in tragedy.

The peculiarity of Voltaire's position towards powers and dignities, all through his life, was that, while he was persecuted by authority, he was petted by high society lay and clerical; his genius and writings were always in fashion, though always contraband. His precociously cultivated social tact and

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxvi.

talents had much to do with securing for him this privileged personal position. 'Voltaire was too vain himself,' says M. Desnoisterres, 'not to have great consideration for the vanity of others, and he had too much tact not to discern what might wound it, however imperceptibly.' Accordingly his only personal enemies were amongst second-rate men of letters, to whom his superiority was, of course, odious. The high *noblesse*, many eminent persons among the dignified clergy, and his leading literary and philosophic compeers were his constant allies.

With one exception—Rousseau. That exception may be considered as having been mainly owing to the radical opposition in the genius and temper of the two men. It is to be noted that in all his many quarrels with authors, Voltaire was rarely, if ever, the first aggressor. Once offended, his wrath was unmeasured, his vengeance always unscrupulous, and, too often, implacable. There was no imputation, however infamous, or however monstrous, that this great exemplar of the *genus irritabile* ever hesitated to fling at the head of any critic of his whom he considered formidable, and whose reputation was not altogether above aspersion. All the atrocities ever put on record in the annals of crime, or in the tomes of casuistry printed for the practitioners of the Romish confessional, were not too many to ascribe to those guilty of the one unpardonable crime—that of having found fault with anything whatever produced by Voltaire. Models of sarcasm, which he closely imitated, were furnished by our English satirists, such as Pope's 'Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis' and Swift's 'Account of the Death of Mr. Partridge, the Almanack-maker.' The Abbé Desfontaines, the Marquis Lefranc de Pompignan, and 'Maitre Aliboron' Freron suffered, as it were, at second hand from the light artillery which had first been brought against Grub Street, and the sorry heroes of the 'Dunciad.' When Voltaire's vigour beyond the law was challenged, in sending Freron to the galleys by a stroke of the pen, he treated with all Swift's cynical indifference the question whether Freron had ever been really sent, or whether he was not merely predestined to be sent there some day or other. Slightly inconsistent with the unbounded licence which Voltaire allowed his pen against all assailants, was the habit he had of employing his influence with his friends in the Government for the arrest of the persons, or the suppression of the journals, of his foes, in the press. The first offence, however, comparatively rarely came from his side. He had too much of poetical power and fancy, and was besides far too

much a man of the world, to need, or to be in any degree disposed for, personal controversy merely as a source of supply of piquant subjects for writing. On the other hand, Rousseau's *nature de polémiste*, as M. Desnoisterres terms it, continually prompted him to find or make antagonists, against whom to air his paradoxes. Rousseau's genius was declamatory and controversial. Voltaire never declaimed, and never answered declamation, unless indirectly, in the shape of satire in prose or verse. His reply to Rousseau's rebuke for his pessimist poem on the earthquake of Lisbon was the publication of 'Candide, ou l'Optimisme;' and Rousseau's revenge was, to say slightly that he had not read it. It was a fight of hawk and fish in different elements. 'Rousseau,' says M. Desnoisterres, 'was a polemist, for whose extraordinary talent of impassioned rhetoric combat might almost be said to be a condition of existence. Voltaire, on the other hand, could not descend into the controversial arena without interrupting his daily habits of composition, correspondence, and country amusements.' To have a quarrel with him, Rousseau was accordingly compelled to pick one. But as it was not till the period of the second exile of his redoubtable rival, and his choice of a residence or residences in Switzerland, or on the Swiss frontier, that Rousseau opened his war of the pen with Voltaire—at first with caution and courtesy,—we shall defer our notice of the first cause, or pretext, of hostilities till we arrive at that period.

It may seem inconsistent with the exquisite social tact of Voltaire, that he was always getting into scrapes which seemed ascribable to sheer want of tact—of knowledge of the nature of men and things; and may be said to have lived in an element of hot water of his own boiling. '*Il y a des gens*,' wrote his friend the President Henault to Madame du Deffand in 1742, '*que les aventures vont chercher, et qui rencontreraient des hasards à la Trappe*.' The contradiction may be solved by that insatiable and irrepressible activity which was the leading trait of his character, and which the *vis inertiae* of Louis XV.'s administrations, beginning with Fleury, constantly and vexatiously impeded in every field of its attempted exercise. Voltaire's impatience of these impediments was intensified tenfold by his three years' enjoyment of an opposite régime in England, and never did absolute monarchy make a greater mistake than when it sent such a spirit to such a school. Inaction was impossible to him; he must be bestirring himself in something, for or against somebody, every hour of his life. Conceive such

a spirit struggling under such a system as was personified, in Fleury, whose whole wisdom might be summed up in the maxim *quieta non movere*, and whose prime precept, like that of Talleyrand to his subordinates, would be '*Surtout, point de zèle.*' It is 'as good as a play' to read the correspondence between Voltaire and Fleury—the former pushing eagerly for diplomatic employment in secret negotiation with his royal friend Frederick—the latter veiling under unctuous phrases of clerical-courtly evasiveness his want of initiative and capacity for vigorous decision or action. Frederick, on his part, in the interviews in which Voltaire endeavoured to sound his policy, knew, as well as a great Prussian minister has known since, how to cloak under the frankest communicativeness and unreserve of speech the depth of designs which he would have none penetrate till in course of execution. While Voltaire was essaying his amateur diplomacy against Frederick's kingcraft, the royal author of the '*Anti-Machiavel*,' on the other hand, was practising the most Machiavelic artifices to make Paris and Versailles too hot for Voltaire, and compel him to transfer the literary glory of his presence to Berlin and Potsdam. 'Frederick,' says M. Desnoiresterres, 'was capable of proceeding to any extremity to get Voltaire to Berlin; and the surest way of doing so was to render it impossible for him to stay in France. His father, in time of profound peace, had been in the habit of kidnapping the flower of the population of Christian states to recruit his grenadiers. Frederick was a different man, no doubt, from Frederick William. He was his father's own son, however, on more than one point; and in whatever he might differ, it was not in failing to inherit a certain ferocity of race, which he knew how to dissemble, but which betrayed on occasion shrewd signs of existence.' While Voltaire was employing himself for the French Government, in an unavowed diplomatic mission at Berlin, Frederick was working underground to cut off his retreat into France. The King wrote to his ambassador-extraordinary at Paris, Count Rothenburg, 'I send you an extract from a letter of Voltaire, which I beg you to find some indirect channel, without committing either yourself or me, to put into the hands of the Bishop of Mirepoix' (then an influential person at Court, and who was ridiculed without mercy in this letter of Voltaire to Frederick). 'I want to make an irreconcilable quarrel for him in France; it is the only way to make sure of having him at Berlin.'

It is amusingly illustrative of Voltaire's shrewdness, not to say sharpness, in money

matters, that he got himself paid twice over for making his first journey to Berlin. First, by Frederick, whose invitation he had accepted on condition of payment of his travelling expenses, a condition which the King, who looked as sharply into money-matters as Voltaire himself, grumbled at extremely, writing to his confidant Jordan, 'His six days' apparition will cost me five hundred and fifty crowns a day. It is paying high wages for a Court fool; no great lord's buffoon ever had such wages.' Secondly, Voltaire got paid by his own Government for his trip to Berlin, in the shape of a lucrative share in Government war-contracts, which he solicited, under the name of a relative, and obtained on the strength of his secret mission. 'All this,' says M. Desnoiresterres, 'would not have loaded Voltaire's memory very heavily (as he simply turned to the best advantage the friendships he had made in high quarters, and the capital he had accumulated by previous successful operations), if he had not stigmatized with extraordinary severity, in a letter to President De Brosses, about this time, the monstrous fortunes, to the building up of which all the plagues which afflict nations contributed. "How long," he asked, "will the people suffer themselves to be ruined to pay for defeats in Germany, and enrich Marquet and Company?"—

"Et Paris, et fratres, et qui rapuere sub illis."

Considering that the brothers Paris had let in Voltaire for a good thing in their contracts, there was something passing strange, not to say impudent, in '*rapuere sub illis*,' from his pen.

After losing the 'divine Émilie,' Voltaire had soon to experience, in male as in female friendship, what Louis XIV. in his old age gracefully expressed to one of his beaten generals, 'Ah, Monsieur le Maréchal, on n'est plus heureux à notre âge!' The excessive *empressement* and occasional obtrusiveness of his courtiership had thrown him more out of favour than ever with Louis XV., and the death of Madame Du Châtelet having severed the closest of his private ties to his country, Frederick became more pressing than ever with his invitations to him to take up his permanent residence at Berlin. With his usual worldly shrewdness Voltaire, before he would agree to make the journey, again stipulated for the *advance* of his travelling expenses, as he said he had no cash in hand for that purpose. The King took the hint, and, as he himself expressed it in verse, poured the requisite golden shower into the lap of his Danaë. He sent him, moreover, with a profusion of verbal blandishments, the key of royal chamberlain, the cross of

the Order of Merit, and the grant of a yearly income of twenty thousand livres, with house, table, and equipage free. The warmth of welcome entirely corresponded with that of invitation. But presently *surgit amari aliquid*. 'What could be more natural,' Frederick had written, 'than that two philosophers, indissolubly linked by likeness of tastes and sentiment—*formed to live together*—should give themselves that satisfaction?' In this rose-coloured programme two things were forgotten. First, that one of the two philosophers, 'formed to live together,' was a wit; secondly, that the other of the two was a sovereign.

The story of Voltaire's quarrel with Frederick, of which the former retained the recollection all his life with his usual vehemence of vindictiveness, has been told humoristically by Carlyle in his 'History' of that monarch, and with matter-of-fact precision by M. Desnoiresterres, and afterwards by Dr. Strauss. Frederick's favourite hobby had been to encage round him at Berlin a French literary 'happy family'; if such a family could have foregone its instincts, and forgotten its teeth and claws! No such association could hold Voltaire to his good behaviour; he was as 'impossible' in a coterie not of his own selection or his own *épuration*, as the late Lord Brougham in a Cabinet where he could not be King and Premier rolled into one. Submission to authority, whether lay or clerical, was an impossible thing to Voltaire. His wit was an indomitable and irrepressible will-of-the-wisp, which would dance and flicker over whatever miasmata fed its flame; and there were such to feed it under the sabre sway of Potsdam, as under the alternate priest and petticoat sway of Versailles. On the other hand, Frederick was resolved to be master in his own house, and in his own Academy; and, of the two wills, that of 'the master of thirty legions' of course proved the stronger. Voltaire offended Frederick by overwhelming with merciless ridicule the head of his Academy, Maupertuis—formerly his (Voltaire's) friend and Newtonian oracle, and that of the divine Emilie—in the inimitable '*Diatrise du Docteur Akakia*,' and in supplementary farewell Parthian shots after leaving Berlin. He had further offended the king (and, we may add, discredited himself) by one of his habitual financing operations,—this time of a more than ordinarily shady complexion. We may refer our English readers to Carlyle's 'History,' and readers of French and German to M. Desnoiresterres' and Dr. Strauss's volumes, for the details of Voltaire's illicit transactions in Saxon bonds, under cover of purchases of jewelry from the

Berlin Jew Herschel. Neither Israelite nor Philosopher came well out of them. It so happened that Lessing, then a young man of two-and-twenty, was at Berlin, in needy circumstances, glad to find penwork of any kind. He was employed by Voltaire to translate into German his correspondence in the legal proceedings against Herschel. Lessing was indiscreet enough to keep and communicate to others a proof-sheet, which had fallen into his hands, of Voltaire's 'Louis XIV.' then printing at Berlin, and the first sight of which was, of course, reserved for royal eyes. His indiscretion got wind, and Voltaire expressed his displeasure, well-founded as it was, in terms so insulting to Lessing as made that German Voltaire his lifelong enemy. The first fruit of that enmity was an epigram by Lessing on Voltaire's contest with Herschel, the concluding lines of which may be freely translated as follows* :—

'To cut it short, and make it clear to view
Wherefore the Jew
No better *versus* Herr Voltaire succeeded—
We can but say,
'Tis plain as day,
Voltaire much better played the Jew than
he did.'

The indignities of Voltaire's arrest at Frankfort, on his route from Berlin to Plombières, to which place he had made health his pretext for taking flight from the intolerable constraint of intercourse with his royal fellow-philosopher, were, for a century or so, known to the world only through the narrative of Voltaire himself, and that of his confidential secretary Collini, in which it is needless to say that Frederick and his stupidly blundering (as intensely servile) local satellites came off second-best in the eyes of the whole European reading public. No contradiction to that narrative issued from the Prussian Chancery; and it was not till the late Varnhagen von Ense obtained access to the royal archives, in which the official documents about that affair had long lain buried, that its exact circumstances were made public. More than a hundred pages of Varnhagen's posthumously published '*Denkwürdigkeiten*' are devoted to a detailed account of it; and from that account it appears—as every one acquainted with Voltaire's free and easy way of dealing with

* We here subjoin the original lines of Lessing :—

'Und kurz und gut, den Grund zu fassen,
Warum die List
Dem Juden nicht gelungen ist,
So fällt die Antwort ungefähr—
Herr Voltaire war ein gröss'rer Schelm als er.'

facts in which he was personally concerned would have expected—that he had caricatured and exaggerated the language and conduct of Frederick's resident at Frankfort, Freytag, and his coadjutors, on every point which could enhance the odium of their proceedings. But we are not sure that Varnhagen's official details do not make them more odious still. The less truth there was in Voltaire's description of Frederick's Frankfort functionaries as mere ignorant and brutal ruffians, the more deliberate and systematic appears their non-recognition of all law, municipal or international, by which their '*allerdurchlauchtigster grossmächtigster König, allergnädigster König und Herr*' could be frustrated of his will, or balked of his vengeance. All Frederick wanted, except to show his ill-humour, was to get back from Voltaire, before he left Germany, his key of chamberlain, his cross and ribbon of the Order of Merit, and his copy of a privately-printed volume of the royal rhymester's (so-called) poetry, some of which, being of a scandalous complexion towards other powers, Voltaire might make mischief with. The King's orders were brief, rough, and peremptory, but, unluckily, vague also in the wording; and his local functionaries thought it safer to exceed than fall short of the rigour with which it was apparently intended they should be enforced. Accordingly, from the end of May to the beginning of July, Voltaire was detained in Frankfort, even after he had surrendered without demur the key and cross, and '*livre de poésie du roi mon maître*,' as he thought fit to travesty Freytag's demand for that special treasure. Frederick's absence from Berlin at some of his military musters created delay in getting his orders on each fresh incident of this absurd transaction; and Voltaire's impatience, leading him to attempt to escape from Frankfort, Freytag regarded as a strong presumption that he must either have perpetrated, or else must meditate the perpetration of something altogether *enorm*, or he would, of course, have remained quietly under royal arrest until his '*allergnädigster König und Herr*' vouchsafed to send him marching orders.

Frederick soon forgave Voltaire for having been ill-used by him; but Voltaire never forgave Frederick. His vanity, indeed, found its account in renewed correspondence with the once-idolised monarch; but his rancorous and vindictive feeling smouldered in his breast to the day of his death. In the autobiographical fragment left behind him by Voltaire, his desire to blacken Frederick on the most exposed points of personal character is indulged without mea-

sure or modesty; but it is impossible to suppose all false in the picture of mingled philosophy and ribaldry he has left on record of the royal suppers at Potsdam. Whatever Frederick's nature may have been originally—however his heart may have been 'formed for softness, warped to wrong'—his whole moral frame had received a violent wrench in youth, and never recovered from its effects. Frederick, indeed, gave that 'terrible man,' his father, credit for having made him all he afterwards became as a king and conqueror; but his father may be said, probably with equal truth, to have unmade him as a loving and lovable man. His sentiments towards mankind, as a '*verdammte Race*,' deserving and doomed to wretchedness—a sentence which, as a belligerent autocrat, he certainly did his part to execute—might well have originated in his own terrorised and tyrannised boyhood. Whatever its source, the heart's core of Frederick's married-unmarried life was bitterness. Voltaire's more cheerful cynicism may have given him, or rather promised him some refreshment; but between two such spirits it was not in the nature of things that there should be permanently safe or satisfactory intercourse. They should have remained contented with a commerce of flattery from a distance; and Voltaire could have rendered Frederick quite as well from a distance the only real service he was capable of rendering him—that of correcting his verses.

To kings most or least Christian, Voltaire owed only one final obligation—that, when his skittish tricks had exhausted their not too-enduring royal patience, they kept him determinedly at a safe distance. On this one point of policy at least Frederick II. and Louis XV. were fully agreed. Voltaire tried to make use of his continued intimacy with Frederick's beloved sister, Wilhelmine, Margravine of Bayreuth, to procure for him a renewed invitation to Berlin, not probably with the intention of accepting it, but of making a merit at the Court of France of declining it. To Paris and Versailles, the theatres of his triumphs as a dramatist, if not as a courtier, his real wishes always pointed. Thither also pointed those of his widowed niece, Madame Denis, who contrived, some twenty odd years afterwards, to entice her aged relative to Paris to die there. At the earlier epoch now before us, of his return from Germany, he received intimations from his friends at Court that the great objection to him in that pure moral sphere was the religious one. The matter in hand, then, was to make some conspicuous demonstration of orthodoxy; and to Voltaire's way of thinking, says Dr. Strauss, there was

never any difficulty about that. At Easter, 1754, he communicated in the church at Colmar, with all signs of devotion, which, however, did him no good at Versailles or Paris. Most unluckily for the convert (of Reynard the Fox's fur), copies of the 'Pucelle,' yet unpublished, had found their way to Paris, in which not only saintly personages were satirised, but, what was worse, unsaintly ones—the King and the Pompadour. Voltaire resorted to his customary disclaimers of the authorship of the obnoxious passages, and sent expurgated copies of the poem to the Ministers and the Mistress. The device was too stale. He next attempted to enlist on his side his old friend the Duke de Richelieu, now Governor of Languedoc; but in an interview with the duke at Lyons got cold comfort from him as to his hopes at Court. Then he paid his devoirs, in grand gala-dress, to another old friend of the epoch of the '*aimable Régence*,' the Cardinal Archbishop de Tencin. But the Cardinal bowed him out of his archiepiscopal palace at Lyons in a minute or two, saying he could receive no one at his table who stood so ill at Court. Voltaire hobbled back to his carriage (afflicted with gout as well as with vain hopes and aims), and, after some moments of moody silence, said to his secretary, Collini, 'My friend, there is no footing for us in this country.' He contrived, however, to keep one foot in France and one in Switzerland, for nearly another quarter of a century, by purchases of estates on both sides the frontier. 'A philosopher,' he said, 'with the hounds at his heels, must have more than one hole to run to.' His turn for financing had yielded to an earth-hunger for landed property. Accordingly he purchased estates and houses in French, Genevese, and Bernese territory, and thus had the choice of three distinct governments in case of necessity to seek a city of refuge. Ultimately, however, he settled down on his French property, to which he made considerable additions, and from which he derived the title he was latterly known by—that of the Patriarch of Ferney.

The quarrel of Voltaire with Rousseau, or rather of Rousseau with Voltaire, began about this time, when the latter first came to reside among the compatriots of the 'Citizen of Geneva,' who found or took occasion for his first declaration of war with the reigning Parisian philosopher and its recognised chief, from the appearance of D'Alembert's article *Genève*, in the 'Encyclopédie.' That article had been partly written to promote the success of Voltaire's project of setting up a theatre at Geneva, a project which had combined against it the entire forces of ecclesias-

tical and political conservatism in the city of Calvin. There was something rather amusing than edifying in the austere attitude of Rousseau on this occasion—himself an enthusiastic votary of the theatre, and a dramatic author—standing forth all of a sudden to proclaim, in the pulpit style of Geneva, that the drama universally, however moralised, was pernicious, and that no calamity could befall his country to be compared for a moment with that of imbibing a fatal taste for theatricals. Voltaire, on receiving the first intelligence of Rousseau's letter, and before he had read it, exclaimed, 'They say he has pushed sacrilege to the pitch of blaspheming the drama, which is becoming the third sacrament of Genevan Protestantism. In this country of Calvin, everyone is going mad for the theatre. Three new pieces have been acted within three months at Geneva, and of those three pieces one only is mine.'* Eight years afterwards, when Rousseau thought fit to include Voltaire in the imaginary machinations against his fame and peace with which he charged David Hume (!), Voltaire again wrote to D'Alembert, 'Imaginez-vous que Jean-Jacques m'accuse aussi d'être de ses ennemis, moi qui n'ai d'autre reproche à me faire que d'avoir trop bien parlé et trop bien pensé de lui. Je l'ai toujours cru un peu charlatan, mais je ne le croyais pas un méchant homme. Je suis bien tenté de lui faire un défi public d'administrer les preuves qu'il a contre moi; ce défi l'embarrasserait beaucoup, mais en vaudrait-il la peine?'

The question of theatre or no theatre at Geneva was not first raised by Voltaire. Wherever there were Frenchmen in the last—(may we not add in the present?)—century, there must needs be theatres; and, in the France of Voltaire's day, the politics of the green-room were the only politics left besides those of the boudoir. Seventeen or eighteen years before Voltaire's sojourn in Switzerland, the ambassadors of France, Sardinia, and the Swiss cantons had held conferences at Geneva for the purpose of restoring concord in that little commonwealth much vexed with factions. These assembled diplomatists, in the intervals of business, missed their accustomed amusements, and besought the 'Magnifiques Seigneurs' of the governing Council to provide a theatre for them at Geneva. Much against the grain, the Council did permit the erection of a temporary wooden edifice of that description; but the ecclesiastical consistory only waived their opposition, on condition that the

* Lettre de Voltaire à D'Alembert, 2 Sept. 1758.

licence should be limited to one year. That term expired, the Venerable Consistory summoned the Magnificent Council to keep its promise; and the reason they gave for thinking the drama a less suitable recreation at Geneva than anywhere else, was the 'prodigious taste' for it, to which they held it therefore of vital importance to administer no further aliment.* Well, the theatre was closed, and *théâtres de famille* innumerable were opened. The Magnificent Council and the Venerable Consistory went on waging an unequal conflict with the 'prodigious taste' of considerable numbers of their fellow-citizens, when Voltaire suddenly swooped down amongst them, and the conflict from doubtful seemed to have become desperate.

The civil and ecclesiastical authorities maintained, indeed, their *veto* against the erection of a public theatre at Geneva; but the Magnificent Council and Venerable Consistory were sorely beset with remonstrances against the manifest iniquity of a police which had two weights and two measures for persons of quality on the one hand, and the plebeian theatre-going public on the other. While the citizens of Geneva were rigorously refused indulgence of their 'prodigious taste' for theatricals, it was alleged too truly that M. de Voltaire enticed 'persons of both sexes' to his château, to 'commit the indecency' of seeing and acting in plays just outside the Genevan frontier. But what remedy? The *crème de la crème* of the society, not of the cantons only but of the adjacent French provinces, flocked to 'assist' actively or passively in the same indecency of setting at nought the united wisdom of the Magnificent Council and the Venerable Consistory of Geneva. The Seigneur of Ferney always gave them good words in reply to their pompous representations, and always good suppers to those who came to see his plays. There matters rested, 'to the great indignation,' says M. Desnoiresterres, 'of austere people, and also of artisans and common people, who denounced with justice the too evident inequality in the practical application of the law to different classes.'

In Gibbon's 'Memoirs of My Life and Writings,' the following description is given of the impression made on him by the earlier dramatic performances started (and shared in) by Voltaire before his final establishment, which, of course, included a theatre *en permanence*, at Ferney:—

'The highest gratification which I derived from Voltaire's residence at Lausanne, was the

uncommon circumstance of hearing a great poet declaim his own productions on the stage. He had formed a company of gentlemen and ladies, some of whom were not destitute of talents. A decent theatre was framed at Monrepos, a country house at the end of a suburb; dresses and scenes were provided at the expense of the actors; and the author directed the rehearsals with the zeal and attention of paternal love. In two successive winters his tragedies of 'Zaire,' 'Alzire,' 'Zulime,' and his sentimental comedy of the 'Enfant Prodigue,' were played at the theatre Monrepos. Voltaire represented the characters best adapted to his years—Lusignan, Alvarez, Benassar, Euphemon. His declamation was fashioned to the pomp and cadence of the old stage; and he expressed the enthusiasm of poetry, rather than the feelings of nature. My ardour, which soon became conspicuous, seldom failed of procuring me a ticket. The habits of pleasure fortified my taste for the French theatre, and that taste has perhaps abated my idolatry for the gigantic genius of Shakespeare, which is inculcated from our infancy as the first duty of an Englishman. The wit and philosophy of Voltaire, his table and theatre, refined, in a visible degree, the manners of Lausanne; and, however addicted to study, I enjoyed my share of the amusements of society. After the representations at Monrepos I sometimes supped with the actors.*

It is curious to contrast the moderate estimate formed by Gibbon of Voltaire's makeshift theatre and amateur actors with the fine frenzy of the elderly poet and performer of elderly parts himself, all whose geese were swans, even that fat little goose, Madame Denis, the *Zaire* of the *troupe*, whom Voltaire did not hesitate to compare to Clairon, and even wrote something to that effect to Clairon herself, then the recognised Queen of Tragedy at Paris. The latter, who (talent apart) was only five- or six-and-thirty, could not feel much flattered by the comparison with a jolly old soul (*grosse réjouie*) of fifty years of age; and Voltaire, whose dramatic prestige at the capital was, in good measure, in Clairon's keeping, had to disclaim the impiety of having meant to compare anyone with *her*. Madame d'Epinay, who paid Voltaire a visit about this time, has left, in a letter to Grimm, a speaking portrait of Madame Denis, which we cannot resist extracting:—

'Voltaire's niece is enough to make one die of laughing. She is a fat little woman as round as a ball, of about fifty—*femme comme on ne l'est point*—ugly, good-humoured, an enormous liar, without ill-intention or ill-nature—without talent, while seeming talented—for ever screaming at the top of her voice, laying down the law, talking politics, tagging verses, *raisonnant, dé-*

* 'Représentation du Consistoire au Magnifique Conseil du 20 et 27 Avril, 1738.'

* 'The Life of Edward Gibbon, Esq., with Selections from his Correspondence,' &c., by Millman, p. 108.

raisonnant. All this without too much pretension, and without giving any offence to any one. Through all this peeps out a little pervading tinge of partiality for the male sex. She adores her uncle, *en tant qu'oncle, et en tant qu'homme.* Voltaire loves her, laughs at her, and holds her in reverence.'

This lively letter-writer represented all Paris in the eyes of Voltaire, who paid her the most assiduous and admiring attentions, and kept her amused and flattered, though she pretends impatience :—

'One can find no time for anything in the house with Voltaire,' she writes to her *bon ami*, Grimm. 'I have passed the day alone with him and his niece, and he is fairly tired telling me tales. When I asked permission to write four lines to you, that you might not be uneasy about my health, which is excellent, he begged to stay in the room to see what my black eyes were saying while I wrote. He seats himself opposite me, gets up to poke the fire, laughs, and says he knows I am turning him into ridicule, and that I look as if I were writing a critique of him. I reply that I am writing all he is saying, as it is at least as much worth writing as anything I am thinking.'

This period was beyond comparison the most productive of Voltaire's literary existence, if we consider the extended scope and influence as well as the mere number of his writings. Voltaire's dramatic works, which held the highest estimation in his own mind and day, have long lost that pre-eminence; and his other histrionic career of courtiership, at Versailles and Berlin, had, as we have seen, been anything but successful. In both spheres the satirist had been too much for the courtier; but his latter *rôle* having finally been abandoned in the period now before us, satire on State and Church flowed from his pen, throughout its whole duration, without impediment and without respect of persons. 'For forty years,' he wrote to D'Alembert from Ferney in 1761, 'I have endured the outrages of bigots and blackguards [*polissons*]. I have found there was nothing to gain by moderation, *et que c'est une duperie.* I must wage war openly and die nobly—

'Sur un tas de bigots immolés à mes pieds.'

From henceforth his writings assumed a character more distinctly polemical against everything that excited his displeasure in Church or State; and as, in all his writings, he aimed especially at immediate effect, and his natural and acquired gifts were better fitted for the light cavalry movements of wit and satire than for the heavy artillery engagements of erudite controversy, his literary activity at this period took in great part the shape of fugitive and occasional pieces. 'He set fly-

ing,' says Strauss, 'from the Swiss and Dutch presses a regular wasp swarm of such writings all over France and Europe.' Almost every month produced some novelty of this description, and each in succession went forth under the names of different authors—men who were dead or men who had never lived. His maxim was to hit the mark, but not show the hand of the marksman. 'I am a warm friend of truth,' he wrote to D'Alembert, 'but no friend at all to martyrdom.' A friend of truth with limited liability. We believe, however, Dr. Strauss is right in saying it would be misunderstanding Voltaire to ascribe his disguises solely to regard for his personal safety. Quite irrespectively of any danger from revealing himself, this playing at hide and seek with the French and European public was a never-failing source of amusement to one of his tricky temper.

The optimist Theodicee of Leibnitz and Pope, to which he had shown some earlier leaning, became a pet subject of Voltaire's satirical vein, as indulged especially in his poem on the 'Earthquake of Lisbon,' and afterwards in his 'Candide.' In earlier years he had shown himself quite as ready to do battle against pessimist views of life and nature, when these assumed a religious shape, in Pascal's 'Pensées,' as afterwards against the systematically opposite view of 'the best possible world,' which he made to cut such an absurd figure in the Pangloss of 'Candide.' His final consolatory conclusion seems to have been that, if everything is not exactly good, everything is at least passable; and he puts in the mouth of the angel Ithuriel, with obvious reference to Paris, the indulgent sentence, '*Il n'y a pas de quoi brûler Persepolis.*' Here we may remark parenthetically that every successive horde of Parisian political levellers has declared and demonstrated an opposite determination to Voltaire's Ithuriel. Each in succession has uniformly uttered the threat that he would possess the fair Lutetia, or make a holocaust of her. The last and most desperate horde of anarchists in our own day went nearer carrying that threat into execution than any of their precursors.

What, however, most justly rendered illustrious Voltaire's so-called Patriarchate of Ferney, besides his liberal patronage and encouragement of local industries, was, his persevering and ultimately successful efforts to repair, so far as the tardy intervention of public justice could repair, the atrocious iniquities perpetrated by the second Parliament of the kingdom, that of Toulouse, on the impulse of popular fanaticism, against the innocent Calas and Sirven families. His equally energetic, and still more protracted,

efforts were not crowned with success, to obtain the reversal of the scarcely less outrageous sentences of the Parliament of Abbeville against La Barre and D'Étallonde, the former of which was actually carried into execution. The last named of the two youths capitally sentenced for offences which, *if proved* (and it does not seem that they were proved), amounted to nothing more heinous than some sword-cuts or cane-cuts inflicted on a wooden image, the singing of some ribald rhymes of Piron, and the omission of obedience to a Capuchin procession—saved himself by flight, and received, at Voltaire's request, a commission in the Prussian service.

In devoting a volume to the revindication of the memory of Jean Calas, more than a century after his memory had been already vindicated by the highest judicial authorities of France, M. Athanase Coquerel has discharged a pious office, not only to the posthumous good repute of an innocent man, iniquitously condemned and executed, but to the historical good repute of an entire religious communion, which it is shameful should have been otherwise than superfluous in this latter half of the nineteenth century. He has, however, discharged it thoroughly. If Count Joseph de Maistre, of papacy-defending memory, were now sitting down to write his '*Soirées de Saint-Petersbourg*,' he would scarcely have the more than Ultramontane assurance to indite the following sentences of his first '*entretien*':—

'Rien de moins prouvé, Messieurs, je vous l'assure, que l'innocence de Calas. Il y a mille raisons d'en douter, et même en croire le contraire.'

It might, indeed, have been enough to reply to the revivers of such groundless calumnies, that a royal Commission composed of the highest judicial and administrative functionaries in France reversed *unanimously* the sentence which had been pronounced and executed against Jean Calas, exactly three years before, by the Parliament of Toulouse. It may, nay it must, be admitted that there had been nothing very exceptionally atrocious in the procedure of that body in the case of Calas. Atrocity was the rule of the old judiciary administration, not the exception. On the impulse of Voltaire's disinterested and determined agitation of that case, as afterwards of the not less crying cases of Sirven, La Barre, and D'Étallonde, France was awakened to the sense that, in the middle of the eighteenth century, the lives and properties of every subject of the realm lay at the mercy of tribunals, whose modes of procedure, rules of evidence, and

employment of torture had been formed on the model of the Holy Inquisition of the fourteenth century. The procedure of the Parliament of Toulouse in the case of Sirven, shortly subsequent to that of Calas, showed that it was sensible of no deviation from precedent in the first of these cases; and that of the Parliament of Abbeville, in those of La Barre and D'Étallonde, furnished Voltaire new subjects of impassioned and just invective, and of active intervention through every channel open to his personal influence.

The case of Jean Calas has been so often set before general readers, especially readers of Voltaire, that a brief notice may suffice in this place of the most salient and shocking points of it as brought out in bold relief by M. Coquerel.

Jean Calas was a Protestant tradesman in Toulouse, that most Catholic city. He had been established in trade forty years there, and had won the respect and confidence not of his fellow Protestants only, but also of his respectable Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, with whom he had always lived in perfectly amicable relations of business and intercourse. One of his younger sons had gone over to the dominant Church, having been aided and abetted in that transition by a Roman Catholic female servant in his father's house. It is characteristic of the tolerant religious temper of the family that, notwithstanding the injury, as they must have considered it, thus done them, this woman, Jeanne Viguier, continued undisturbed in their service, and steadfastly attached to the unfortunate family all the rest of her life. The eldest son, Marc-Antoine, was ambitious to enter the profession of the law; but, having passed the examinations requisite for admission to the title of advocate, had been refused the certificate of Catholicity further requisite for that admission, which was commonly granted without inquiry, as a matter of form. The same obstacle stopped him at the threshold of other professions, and, greatly to his disgust, he found himself thrust back behind his father's counter. The young man became idle and irregular in his habits; at home sombre and taciturn. According to his mother's evidence, he was fond of repeating whatever he could find in Plutarch, Montaigne, or Gresset (Werther and René had not yet loomed lurid on those days) in the nature of apology for, or glorification of, suicide. The day of his death he had almost wholly spent in the billiard-room and tennis court, and had given no account of a sum of money entrusted to him to exchange silver for gold. That evening Marc-Antoine supped as usual, about seven o'clock, with the

family, and, as usual, sat moody and silent, and he quitted the table early. The rest of the party, including a young man of the name of Lavaysse, who was in Toulouse for a day or two, and casually invited to supper, stayed together in the upper room, where they had supped, till about a quarter to ten, when Lavaysse took leave; and a younger son, Pierre, went down to show him out. When these two got downstairs with a light, they instantly gave the alarm to those above of a catastrophe that had happened. A surgeon was called in, and the younger son, Pierre, ran wildly about the neighbourhood, as he said, 'demander conseil partout.'

Now *what* had happened on Jean Calas' ground-floor? By the subsequent testimony of Pierre Calas and Lavaysse, they had found Marc-Antoine hanging to a log of wood (such as was used to wind bales of calico round) placed on the top of the two leaves of an open door which divided the front and back shops. The first thing done was, of course, to take him down and attempt resuscitation. The next thing that suggested itself unfortunately to Calas, the father, was to beg the rest to say nothing of the situation in which the body had been found, in order to spare it the public ignominies inflicted on suicides. In the mean time, the alarm given by Pierre Calas had brought a mob round the house. The dissimulation attempted by the father as to the cause of death created a mystery which the mob instantly solved after mob-fashion by improvising a Catholic legend of a Protestant religious murder. This monstrous supposition, echoed by every tongue, was at once, with blind precipitation, assumed as fact by the magistrate, David de Beaudrigue, who first showed himself on the spot. That over-zealous functionary, without the slightest pains to take an exact survey of the place and circumstances—especially two most significant circumstances—that the upper garments of the unfortunate youth were found set aside, neatly folded, and that the body and the rest of the apparel bore no marks of a struggle—hurried off to prison the whole family party found in the house, including the Catholic servant-maid and the chance guest, who had come back here voluntarily after having left it, and had found some difficulty in readmittance. Truly two most likely accomplices, by their conduct and antecedents, in the presumed Protestant crime!

The legend started at once in full panoply from the popular brain. Marc-Antoine, it was fabled, had shown signs of approaching conversion to the Catholic faith. The Protestant body, it was further fabled, made it

a point of principle to assassinate all seceders from their Huguenot heresy. That body had held a sort of *Vehmgericht*, no one could say where, to pass the sentence of death, *de rigueur* in all such cases, on Marc-Antoine. The young Lavaysse had acted as a delegate from that body to help the parents of Calas to carry the sentence of their co-religionists into effect. But the Catholic servant-maid, who had promoted one conversion in the family already, with perfect impunity as well to herself as to the convert—was she, too, a party to this Protestant capital punishment of the eldest son of the family for the (invented) intention of following the example of his younger brother? She must! But how could she? A mystery of iniquity, none the less easily credited because passing comprehension.

The moment the family party found themselves charged with a crime, the imputation of which, with their well-known antecedents, they could scarcely have conceived as possible, they abandoned all attempt to save the memory of the suicide, and each separately stated the facts of the case as above narrated.

But M. David de Beaudrigue, a *titular* Capitoul of Toulouse, (*i. e.* one who, as Voltaire expressed it, had bought for money the right, as a Councillor of Parliament, to administer injustice,) was resolved that about this Protestant murder of an intending Catholic convert there was, and could, and should be no mistake. The crime was self-evident from the moment it suggested itself to an orthodox mob. But something that should look like corroborative evidence still appeared wanting, or something that could be extorted as direct evidence from the prime culprit by torture. Accordingly on the one hand, a fulminating *monitoire* was issued, by the Archbishop of Toulouse, quite in the style of the fourteenth century, to be read from all pulpits for a series of weeks, enjoining, on pain of excommunication, on all persons who should have learned, *by hearsay or otherwise*, anything whatever on the several heads of accusation enumerated in that precious document,—(in which were assumed, not only the guilt of the Calas family and their alleged accomplices, but the maxims of murder calumniously ascribed to the whole Protestant body.)—to make their depositions before the proper authority. Evidence *in favour* of the accused was neither invited nor accepted when tendered. Thus were collected, to do duty for evidence, all the idle hearsays afloat in Toulouse, utterly unsupported, utterly unsifted, though the facts lay open to any impartial scrutiny. But, as all did not suffice to bring home

guilt to parties perfectly innocent, the unexceptionable method, sanctioned by many a time-honoured precedent, remained, to extract the truth by torture, ordinary and extraordinary, from Jean Calas himself. Accordingly, this man, who, for more than sixty years, had led a life on which no reproach ever rested, this father of a family, whose family rule had been one of tolerance and indulgence, was put to tortures the blood runs cold to read, for the sole purpose (his own doom had been already pronounced) of involving in that doom his equally innocent wife, son, servant and guest. If Calas had flinched from the extremest torments flesh could endure, and retain life and speech, if his undaunted soul had for one moment been betrayed by his aged and enfeebled frame, his torture and death would have been shared by all the survivors of that fatal supper party. But the fortitude of innocence sustained Jean Calas to the bitter end; and the honest priest, who stood at his side during his last two hours of agony on the wheel, thought it is his duty to go round to the members of the mediæval judiciary, who had condemned him, to attest that the innocent man had, to the last, asseverated his innocence, and that of all involved along with him in the same monstrous accusation. This saved the family: even the Capitouls of Toulouse durst not repeat the procedure which had failed of the effect mainly intended in the case of Jean Calas. The popular sympathies were by this time changing sides. Mr. Morley is in error in stating that 'the widow and the children of Calas were put to the torture,' and also in stating that they eventually fled to Geneva to take refuge with Voltaire. One of them alone did so.

That such a sentence as that of Calas should have been passed and executed in the kingdom of France at the date of the opening of the reign of our George III.—a prodigy of bigotry, any Protestant parallel to which, in England, must be sought as far back as the reigns of our Charles and James II.—was disgrace enough to the inquisitorial judicial procedure under the old *régime*—a procedure, by the way, which has left its *mauvaise queue* behind it in France to our own times. But some worthy descendants of the Toulouse Councillors of Parliament in 1762, and some worthy representatives of that inveterate intolerance of religious dissidence, which, in the South of France, has smouldered on from generation to generation, under *cineri doloso* from that day to this,—have, in quite late years, thought fit to take on their own shoulders even a worse disgrace than that of their great-great-grandfathers,

as regards the case of Calas. After all, their ancestors acted on popular impulse, as ours did in the Popish Plot trials. But to seek to reassert in these days the justice of the preposterous procedure which convicted Calas, in the teeth of the solemn and deliberate reversal of the results of that procedure, is much as if the ultra-Protestant champions of our own day should set about rehabilitating the judges and juries who did legal murders on the evidence of Oates and Bedloe. The only explanation of the obstinate tenacity of life of such strong delusions in the minds of men who, by courtesy, may be termed educated, is, that the cause of innocence, in the persons of the Calas family, owed its triumph to Voltaire, and there are minds so constituted that they will not serve God if the devil bids them. The Abbé Salvan, one of the recent apologists of the judicial murderers of Jean Calas, expresses himself as follows in reply to the first edition of M. Coquerel's work: 'That philosopher [Voltaire] has done a great deal of harm to Calas. Many people have believed the guilt of the Toulouse Protestant solely because Voltaire took up the defence of his memory, and went so far as to pay the costs of the final proceedings.' Truly that was going farther than ecclesiastical charity would have gone in Voltaire's day. But 'that philosopher' would as willingly have advanced the cost of Calas' defence *before* he had been racked and broken on the wheel as after. Had Voltaire been in time to arrest the execution of an iniquitous judgment, instead of merely obtaining a tardy reparation for those who survived it, would the reverend Abbé have ventured to affirm that 'that philosopher' had 'done a great deal of harm' to Jean Calas, by preserving his home from being broken up, his property confiscated, his body racked in the gaol, and his limbs fractured on the scaffold? That was what Voltaire would have done doubtless, or endeavoured to do, had he had earlier notice of the proceedings against Calas, while they were yet pending. What the Abbé Salvan's ecclesiastical predecessors at Toulouse did, was to foment to their utmost the popular zealotry which, from the first moment, prejudged the case. Even after the reversal of the judgment of the Parliament by royal authority, the Archbishop of Toulouse, to requite the religious zeal of *Messieurs du Parlement*, and to administer spiritual consolation for their secular snubbing, granted each and all of them the singular privilege of having mass celebrated in their houses on Sundays.*

* It would seem, however, that not even the

It was, as we have said, during the twenty years of Voltaire's Ferney patriarchate, that his pen took the widest range over the whole field of philosophy and theology, after his own discursive fashion. In his writings and correspondence of those years the Abbé Barruel and Professor Robison found their strongest 'Proofs of a Conspiracy' against all Thrones and Altars. Voltaire and his encyclopedic Paris correspondents at any rate conspired aloud. There never was much mystery about the mark aimed at, though, as we have said, there might be some effort to conceal the marksman's hand. What, then, was the mark aimed at? What was the occult sense of that mystic formula, '*Ecrasez l'infâme*,' which customarily closed Voltaire's letters of that period to D'Alembert, and his former patron, and still philosophic brother, Frederick of Prussia? Dr. Strauss has the following observations on this much-vexed question:—

'No lesser name than that of Jesus Christ has been said to be intended by the "Infâme;" no lesser offence than blasphemy has therefore been charged on its use. But what sufficiently shows that such cannot have been the intention of the Voltairian use of that name is, that the word 'Infâme,' in most instances in which it is used, is not masculine but feminine. This appears from those passages in which the phrase is carried out into length, and in which this strange personified attribute is represented by a feminine pronoun. Thus Voltaire writes to D'Alembert: "*Adieu, mon dur philosophe, si vous pouvez écraser l'infâme, écrasez-la, et aimez-moi.*" Frederick writes to Voltaire: "*J'approuve fort la méthode de donner des nasardes à l'infâme en la comblant de politesses.*" Well, but who then is this feminine "Infâme," to whom Voltaire and his friends have vowed destruction? Upon this point, also, his correspondence leaves us in no doubt. "I would wish," writes Voltaire to D'Alembert, "that you crushed the *Infâme*—that is the essential point. *Vous pensez bien que je ne parle que de la superstition; car, pour la religion, je l'aime et la respecte comme vous.*" Again, D'Alembert

to Voltaire: "*Cet infâme fanatisme, que vous voudriez voir écrasé, et qui fait le refrain de toutes vos lettres,*" &c. The "Infâme," then, is Superstition—fanaticism. These, however, are abstract notions. What is their intended application to actual facts? When Voltaire writes to D'Alembert that he wishes to see the "Infâme" reduced in France to the same condition in which she finds herself in England, and when Frederick writes to Voltaire that philosophers flourished amongst the Greeks and Romans, because their religion had no dogmas—"mais les dogmes de notre infâme gâtent tout"—it is clear we must understand by the "Infâme," whose destruction was the watchword of the Voltairian circle, the Christian Church, without distinction of communions, Catholic or Protestant.'

In other passages of Voltaire's correspondence with D'Alembert, he distinctly declares his conviction that the philosophers 'will certainly not destroy the Christian religion; but Christianity, on the other hand, will not suppress the philosophers. Their number will continually go on increasing, from them will young men, destined to important public stations, seek enlightenment. Their increasing influence will render religion less savage, society more soft. They will prevent priesthoods from sapping religion and morality. They will render fanatics hateful, superstitionists ridiculous.'

No regimen could have been conceived more certain to convert expansive into explosive forces, than that which was maintained throughout the eighteenth century in France, down to the actual outbreak of the great Revolution of 1789. There was just enough of authoritative restraint to give zest to resistance, just enough of feeble attempt at persecution to excite public curiosity and interest about the obnoxious opinions. There was just enough of vexatious censorship of literary productions, and occasional confiscation of literary property, to exasperate without effectually disabling the class which had most influence over the public mind. But what we are chiefly led to take notice of by our present subject, is the effect produced by this regimen on the *mode* of discussing the most serious questions. All that authority really succeeded in doing, was in forming the controversial style of Voltaire. Such a style of controversy could admit of no apology in a free country. In proportion as discussion on the highest subjects is free, flippancy is indefensible. But, as Shaftesbury has observed:

'If men are forbid to speak their minds seriously upon certain subjects, they will do so ironically. And thus railery is brought more in fashion, and runs into an extreme. 'Tis the persecuting spirit has raised the bantering one; and want of liberty may account for want of

privilege of Sunday masses *à domicile* could 'minister to the mind diseased' of David de Beaudrigue. That busy municipal, who must be held the prime mover of the murder of Jean Calas, had thought fit, without any official obligation, to be present at his execution—not, says M. Coquerel candidly, to feast his eyes with the torture and death of his victim, but from the ardent desire to convince himself that he had not made a cruel mistake, and to catch at a last dying confession from that victim, were it but by a word or a look. 'David n'était pas un monstre; c'était un fanatique plein de précipitation et d'empressement. Il avait besoin de croire que les Calas étaient coupables, et à mesure que le dernier moment approchait, il renfermait avec effort au-dedans de lui les premières angoisses du doute épouvantable qui finit par le rendre fou.'

true politeness, and for the corruption or wrong use of pleasantry and humour.*

Voltaire's sharpest stabs at the creed of his Church are usually followed by the most edifying exhortations to sacrifice reason on the altar of faith, and the most vehement disclaimers of all concurrence in the audacious heresies which he repudiates, while promulgating them. The disguise is transparent; but even a pretext for assuming it would have been wanting, if authority had not ever and anon had recourse to the secular arm, to seizures and burnings of books and imprisonment of authors.

'In our own times,' says Mr. Morley, 'the profession of letters is placed with other polite avocations, and those who follow it for the most part accept the traditional social ideas of the time, just as clergymen, lawyers and physicians accept them. The modern man of letters corresponds to the ancient sophist, whose office it was to confirm, adorn and propagate the current prejudice. To be a man of letters in France in the middle of the eighteenth century was to be the official enemy of the current prejudices and their sophistical defenders in the Church and the parliaments. Parents heard of a son's design to go to Paris to write books, or to mix with those who wrote books, with the same dismay with which a respectable Athenian heard of a son following Socrates, or a respectable modern hears of one declaring himself a Positivist.'

Where Mr. Morley got his notion that the literary men, or the professional men of our times are remarkably prone implicitly to accept traditional doctrines, we cannot pretend to conjecture. It is indeed true that neither men of letters nor men of science, for the most part, show themselves prepared to exchange old dogmatisms for new. A 'respectable modern' would probably hear of his son 'declaring himself a Positivist' with the sort of amusement with which older men are in the habit of hearing other 'positive' declarations, made by younger ones who have not yet sown their philosophical wild oats. There is an old story of Robert Owen's father-in-law, Dale the Quaker, saying to him, after hearing his confident programme of a complete new social system: 'Thee should be very right, Robert, for thee's very positive.' Minds which have not yet reached (and minds that never reach) maturity readily grasp at whatever offers itself in the shape of plausible projects of entire intellectual and social revolution. So much study is saved by them! 'Positivism' shelves so summarily all theology, and all metaphysics, as lumber of bygone ages—and even in physical science narrows so

authoritatively the field of requisite study! Indolence and conceit (the besetting failings of youth, and which stick for life to those who have not stamina to reach mental manhood) find their account in welcoming a world-philosophy, which, while it taboos, *ex cathedra*, from all future 'scientific' inquiry the highest subjects of study which have hitherto exercised the highest minds amongst men, cuts down those subjects which it dogmatically admits within the domain of 'positivism' to just so much of misunderstood science as came within the imperfect vision of the most purblind of pseudo-philosophic mystagogues.

But enough of Comte and Positivism—topics which indeed have as little to do with Voltaire as muddled brains can have to do with clear ones. In turning over the 'dreary and verbose pages,' as Professor Huxley truly terms them, of the '*Philosophie Positive*,' pages at every second or third of which the word '*spontané*' or '*spontanément*' recurs regularly with no precise meaning, one is sorely tempted to explain—Oh, for one hour of Voltaire! Oh, for a stroke or two from the satiric pen of Doctor Akakia!

To a lady who once complimented Voltaire on his exquisite phrases, he replied, 'Madam, I never made a phrase in my life.' Neither did he. He talked with the pen to all readers on all subjects, and his winged words flew over all Europe as light as thistle-down, depositing, like thistle-down, abundant seeds for prickly growth. Sixty odd years and seventy volumes were filled with his conversations with all Europe—with all in Europe capable of the charm of literary conversation. That conversation was, indeed, conducted under difficulties; but these gave zest to the appetite with which the forbidden fruit of his writings was produced and plucked, despite the official frown and impotent interdict of authority. '*Je tiens infiniment à ce qu'on me tise*,' was [his own frank avowal, and the difficulties often thrown in the way of bringing himself before the public doubtless kept him the more alive to the requisites for catching and fixing public interest. If his sense and taste made Voltaire averse to phrase-making, he was not less averse to punning—a sort of wit, he said, cultivated by those who have no other. His own wit, however, was sometimes exercised in plays upon words, as when an English visitor, Sherlock, dined with him once at Ferney, and asked him '*comment il avait trouvé la chère Anglaise?*' '*Très-fraîche et très-blanche*,' replied the Patriarch.

The twenty odd years of Voltaire's life, spent on the borders of Switzerland, were, as we have said, the most productive, and

* 'Characteristics,' i. 71.

certainly the least perturbed, part of it. But his own impatience (still more that of his housekeeping niece, widow Denis) of life-long exile from Paris, lured him back at last to be whirled to death in the metropolitan Maelstrom. Louis XV. had for once shown enough of the royal virtue of decision to keep Voltaire at a distance from his court and capital. Louis XVI. seldom had will enough of his own to be capable of frustrating the will of others. Widow Denis (who, as she proved within a year after the death of her uncle, had no wish so strong as to find opportunity for indulgence of the long-cherished impulse *convolare in secundas nuptias*) had able and not over-scrupulous accomplices at Ferney in her feminine plot to coax the old patriarch back to Paris. A protégée of hers was married to a fashionable and philosophic Marquis de Villette, and the pair were domiciled at that time with Voltaire at Ferney. They contrived amongst them to get epistolary reports from Paris, that Court and city were alike prepared to do homage to the old poet-philosopher. He had just completed a new tragedy, 'Irene,' the last child of his dramaturgic old age; and his familiar fiends tempted him with suggestions that it could not be put well on the stage without his personal presence in Paris to school the actors. The ruling passion, strong on the verge of death, prevailed. His judicious physician, Tronchin, predicted—a prediction too soon verified—that so old a tree could be transplanted so late—only to perish.

Voltaire, when asked at the barriers of Paris if there was anything contraband in his carriage, replied, 'Only myself!' Poems, addresses, and deputations came thick upon him, and he had something lively and pleasant to say to all who came. The Hôtel de Villette, where he had taken up his temporary abode, was crowded all day with visitors. Other crowds followed him whenever he showed himself in the streets. The popular voice hailed the old patriarch especially as the defender of Calas; and his old coach, as well as his old-world costume, everywhere drew the public gaze. He went about in a red coat lined with ermine, a black wig unpowdered, a red cap also trimmed with fur, not the last cap of that colour destined, at no long interval of time, to be seen in Paris. He had come from Ferney in his old coach, which was painted sky-blue studded with gold stars, and was dubbed by the wits of Paris 'the chariot of the empyrean.' Another car of Voltairian triumph, under another régime, was destined to be dragged through Paris some few years later. It was said of him epigrammatically, in the days when

Revolution was sanguine, and before it had yet become sanguinary on a grand scale, '*Il n'a pas vu tout ce qu'il a fait, mais il a fait tout ce que nous voyons.*'

Not foreseeing Revolution, Voltaire soon saw he had no friends at Court—none, at least, who could help him to regain his footing there of some thirty years before. The Count d'Artois, indeed, afterwards the Most Christian King Charles X., but who was then as liberal as youth and vice could make him, would have been well disposed to give courtly and cordial welcome to all that was worst in Voltaire. Queen Marie Antoinette would have liked, it was said, to have gone to his play, with the longing, says Strauss, of a crowned daughter of Eve after forbidden fruit, or with a not less natural curiosity to set eyes on the old Tree of Knowledge himself. But here for once Louis XVI. interposed his royal and marital veto, and Versailles left Paris to apotheosise unassisted the old Proteus of literature on the old-accustomed scene of the successes most prized by him—the stage. Voltaire was present in his box, the observed of all observers, while his bust was being worshipped in rhyme and crowned with laurels, and the house rang with the reiterated plaudits of the Parisian public. 'You are stifling me with roses,' he exclaimed. All that glorious noise was indeed his death-knell. Not only were his nerves strained beyond his strength with excitement, he had filled his hands with work. He had undertaken to aid the Academy in their Dictionary of the French language: he took the letter *A* on his hands, and wound himself up to his task with strong coffee. This produced a return of inflammation of the bladder from which he had formerly suffered, and then he gave himself overdoses of opium to still the pain. The beginning of the end was evident. Tronchin was called in too late. Too late also for the purpose were called in the offices of the clergy, whom the dying man could not satisfy that he died believing enough to entitle his corpse to Catholic burial.

Voltaire had always expressed great horror at the idea of such indignities befalling his own remains as he had seen inflicted on those of his actress-friend Adrienne Lecouvreur, and which he had branded soon afterwards in indignant verse. An actor or actress dying in harness (like Molière or Lecouvreur) was refused burial in consecrated ground as a matter of course. *A fortiori*, a writer such as Voltaire, dying unreconciled to the Church, would assuredly not be suffered to repose in consecrated ground. Accordingly, Voltaire, on his death-bed, invited the offices of the clergy, and signed volun-

tarily a declaration that he died in the Catholic religion in which he was born, and, if he had ever given cause of scandal to the Church, asked pardon of God and of her. The clergy demanded a more explicit and more ample retraction, and the aged patient expired without having put his signature to the prescribed document. His Genevan physician Tronchin, who had made way in Paris, like many less skilful innovators, on the strength mainly of his innovations on the old medical practice, must be accepted as a not unfriendly though unsympathetic witness of Voltaire's last moments. The moral temperament of the two men was antipathic. Tronchin might have stood for the *σώφρων*, Voltaire for the *ἀδόλαστος* of Plato. But the whole incompatibility between them must not be set down to the charge of Voltaire. It was calm prosaic science contrasted with poetic fire, fancy, and impulse. Tronchin imposed respect on Voltaire—Voltaire by no means equally so on Tronchin. 'He is six feet high,' wrote the former, 'has the skill of *Æsculapius*, and the form of *Apollo*.' Tronchin, on the other hand, scanned Voltaire with the keen eye of the physician and physiologist, and condensed the expression of his physical, and indeed moral state, in the few following words:—'Bile always irritating, nerves always irritated, have been, are, and will be the perennial sources of all the ills of which he complains.' Tronchin, in a letter to Bonnet, compares to a hurricane the terrible excitement of Voltaire's dying moments, and declares that it reminds him of the Furies of *Orestes*, and that, if anything had been wanting to confirm him in his principles, Voltaire's end would have done it. Tronchin was doubtless right; but his acquaintance, professional and personal, with Voltaire having dated from the first arrival of the latter in Switzerland, he could scarcely have expected composure, resignation, and dignity on his death-bed from one who had displayed those qualities at no crisis of his life previously. That unlucky letter *A* of the French Academy's Dictionary seems to have worked his over-excited brain to the last.

Voltaire's executors had to run a race against the ecclesiastical authorities to obtain for his body the decencies of interment at a distance from Paris. His nephew, Counsellor Mignot, happened to be titular abbot of Scellières, near Troyes, and made pious haste to put Uncle underground, 'ere the bishop could bar.' Episcopal inhibition followed—the day after the funeral. Thus the old *persifleur's* last trick on the clergy was as complete a success as had been all his other tricks on that order during his long life.

Our readers, who have thus far borne us company in once more reviewing the most prominent passages of Voltaire's strangely chequered career, may perhaps expect that we should not conclude without laying before them some general estimate of his moral and intellectual influence on his age, for good or evil.

'There has been no distinguished man,' says Dr. Strauss, 'on whose whole personality it has been more customary to pass judgment in decisive and trenchant terms than Voltaire, and gone to whom that treatment has been more inappropriately, we might say senselessly, applied. The same thing, indeed, might be said of such treatment as applied to any really distinguished person. But amongst such there are, so to speak, monarchical souls, whose rich and manifold endowments, whose impulses and inclinations, all converge towards some one grand all-overruling object of effort. It might be a bald and shallow, but not absolutely absurd way of writing of such men, to deal in general epithets—as noble or ignoble, selfish or self-sacrificing, earnest or frivolous. But Voltaire, in that sense, was no monarchical soul. If, indeed, the effects produced by him were pretty much in one direction, they were, however, the results of the complex play of powers very various, of impulses pure and impure, crossing and jarring with each other as motive forces in his mind. My name is legion, Voltaire's Demon might have said, like that of the Gadarene. In that legion, however, there were good spirits as well as evil. Even of the latter few were exactly fitted to pass into swine, if many into cats or apes.'

What more, after all, can be said on a final review of Voltaire's life and writings, than was said long ago in his epigrammatic epitaph—'*Ci-gît l'enfant gâté du monde qu'il gâta ?*' It may, however, be worth while to examine a little more closely in what respects his age spoiled him, and he spoiled his age. A writer, whom we have before had occasion to quote, on the revolutions of his country,* has observed justly:—

'When you see these great flaws—which it were puerile to deny—in the French national character, don't forget that France (at the epochs of the Saint Bartholomew and of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes) had torn out her own heart and entrails by exterminating the persons or stifling the convictions of nearly two millions of her best citizens. These are wounds which do not heal for centuries. The infliction of such wounds becomes a habit in our history. The amputation first of one member of the body politic, then of another, is the rule amongst us at every difficult epoch. Beware lest, after every noble part has been successively severed, nothing remain at last to France but an enslaved trunk. She had severe virtues; the old régime constrained her to become frivolous—to

* Quinet, '*La Révolution*,' vol. i. p. 213.

scatter abroad amongst foreigners her best gifts, her most solid faculties. She has retained only half her genius,—*éclat*, brilliancy, mobility. But it is not with this mobile temper any nation can found its liberty.*

With this mobile temper, however, Voltaire was infected by the age in which his impressible youth was passed. The *roués* of the Regency had in that age succeeded the real or pretended bigots of the last years of the Grand Monarque. The dominant Church had silenced or exterminated the *religious* dissidents who had invaded (very wholesomely to herself) her monopoly of Christian teaching. The angel that troubled the waters was put to flight, and the Bethesda of orthodoxy stagnated. But out of the stagnation sprang new and venomous swarms of *irreligious* dissidents, whom the Church had left quite out of her reckoning. All that can be said of Voltaire is, that he condensed and concentrated the irreligious ideas, which were bubbling up on all sides at the opening of the eighteenth century, into succinct and sparkling forms of expression, which had never before been equalled, and have never since been surpassed. As for his moral character, that also, it must be confessed, partook of the general laxity which dates more especially from the Orleans Regency. Then was the grand *débâcle* of all that had preserved public respect for the titularly and ostensibly leading classes in France—of all that had preserved respect in those classes for the moral bonds which hold society together. The world of rank and fashion framed for its own use a practical philosophy, which Voltaire rationalised and idealised for it in prose and verse. He became, as it were, the spiritual director-general of fashionable Irreligion, as his youthful teachers, the Jesuits, had been of fashionable Religion in the preceding century.

But the irreligion of the age got beyond Voltaire. Horace Walpole wrote from Paris to Mr. Brand in 1765:—

‘I assure you, you may come hither very safely, and be in no danger from mirth. Laughing is as much out of fashion as pantins and bilboquets. Good folks, they have no time to laugh. There is God and the king to be pulled down first: and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane for having any belief left.’

The same lively writer mentions an atheistic philosopher in petticoats, who exclaimed of Voltaire—‘*Ne me parlez-pas de ce bigot-là; il est Déiste!*’

The conceit of philosophical *honnêtes gens* in France, during the eighteenth century—till the crash came—was that they

could have their irreligion all to themselves, leaving a safe residue of superstition to the *canaille*. Thus, Voltaire writes to D’Alembert:—

‘La raison triomphera, au moins chez les honnêtes gens; la canaille n’est pas faite pour elle.’

Again,—

‘Il ne s’agit pas d’empêcher nos laquais d’aller à la messe ou au prêche.’

In another place,—

‘Je pardonne tout, pourvu que l’*infâme superstition* soit décriée comme il faut chez les honnêtes gens, et qu’elle soit abandonnée aux laquais et aux servantes, comme de raison.’

Even after the first growls of revolutionary thunder were audible, in June, 1789, we find the following entry of the Diary kept during his first visit to France by that shrewd American observer, Gouverneur Morris:—

‘June 11, 1789.

‘This morning I go to Reins. Arrive at eleven. Nobody yet visible. After some time the Duchess (of Orleans) appears, and tells me that she has given Madame de Chastellux notice of my arrival. Near twelve before the breakfast is paraded, but as I had eaten mine before my departure, this has no present inconvenience. After breakfast we go to mass in the chapel. In the tribune above we have a bishop, an abbé, the duchess, her maids, and some of her friends. Madame de Chastellux is below on her knees. We are amused above by a number of little tricks played off by M. de Ségur and M. de Corbières with a candle, which is put into the pockets of different gentlemen, *the bishop’s among the rest*, and lighted, while they are otherwise engaged (for there is a fire in the tribune), to the great merriment of the spectators. Immoderate laughter is the consequence. The Duchess preserves as much gravity as she can. *This scene must be very edifying to the domestics, who are opposite to us, and the villagers who worship below.*’*

‘Ah, Monsieur!’ said a Parisian hair-dresser, about the same epoch—(resolved not to lag behind the *honnêtes gens* whom he curled and powdered, at least in the article of atheistic enlightenment)—‘Ah, Monsieur, *je ne suis qu’un pauvre misérable perruquier, mais (proudly) je ne crois pas en Dieu plus qu’un autre!*’

Twice in the eighteenth century France imported—first from England, afterwards from a new England—systems of philosophy and politics which, borrowed as they both were, inspired her with the conceit that it was hers alone to regenerate the whole world of thought and action in all countries, and

* ‘Life of Gouverneur Morris,’ by Jared Sparks, vol. i. p. 312.

for all ages. England and America, first through the medium of Voltaire, next of Lafayette and his fellow-comrades of Washington, set France on fire with doctrines, which had left comparatively cool the lands where they were first conceived and promulgated. Locke and Newton never made the figure at home of incendiary innovators; Bolingbroke, admired as a speaker, never set the Thames on fire as a philosopher. Washington and Franklin were the most sober-minded of men whom events ever roused into revolutionists. France showed no originality but that of extravagance in her mode of appropriating theories of Mind, and Rights of Man, which, in the lands of their origin, turned no one's brains, whether of their teachers or learners. Now how came this? May we not be warranted in saying that the main cause of the difference was that England old and new possessed, and France had lost, an unmutated and independent middle class?

Where such a class has made its opinion respected in society, and its power felt in politics, it is impossible that the grave realities of life, with which it is constantly in contact, should come to be treated with that reckless levity and frivolity which marked the age of Voltaire. And it is not too much to say that in a moral and social atmosphere more bracing, Voltaire himself would have been quite a different man. That we do not speak without book is sufficiently proved by the zeal, energy, and ability with which he threw himself into any the smallest opening which presented itself for action, whether in benevolent interest for oppressed individuals, or in public affairs. We have cited the cases of the Calas, Sirvens, La Barra, and D'Étallonde. And if it be said that Voltaire's anti-Christian zealotry alloyed the merit of his Christian charity in those cases, this cannot be said of his earnest and disinterested efforts to save Admiral Byng. That unfortunate commander, we scarcely need remind our readers, was judicially sacrificed to political faction and national pride, which could not brook a single instance of French naval triumph over England, and would have imposed on Byng the Spartan alternative of destruction or victory. He had shrunk from that alternative, not, it may fairly be supposed, from want of courage; and Voltaire obtained and transmitted to Byng, in aid of his defence, the most distinct testimony from Marshal Richelieu, 'the hero of Port-Mahon,' that by acting otherwise his antagonist would have uselessly sacrificed his ships and crews. All was in vain; a court-martial capitally convicted Byng of not having done all he might have done to

achieve victory. And on such a sentence, passed on such grounds, he was condemned to be shot, as Voltaire bitterly expressed it in 'Candide,' '*pour encourager les autres.*'

Voltaire gave proof of political sagacity and patriotic feeling, which might have made him an important public man in a free country, by his persistent efforts to move that equally sagacious old profligate Cardinal Tencin (with whom he had become reconciled by that strongest of earthly motives, *idem sentire de republicâ*) to induce the government of Louis XV., or rather of Madame de Pompadour, to entertain the overtures of peace made by Frederick II., at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, when his destruction by the combined arms of Austria, France, and Russia, appeared all but inevitable. The question arose for France, as Voltaire pointedly put it (certainly without any personal tenderness for his old patron-persecutor), why she should aid Austria to destroy an enemy whose destruction must draw after it that of the whole pre-existing balance of power in Central Europe. Frederick, it was said, had his capsule of corrosive sublimate ready in the last resort. Voltaire seriously and strenuously dissuaded him from the suicide he was avowedly meditating; but the imbecility of Soubise and the victory of Rosbach proved more effectual antidotes against despair. Voltaire and Tencin, in their well-meant and well-motivated pleadings for peace on the eve of defeat and the brink of bankruptcy, were contending fruitlessly with Petticoat the Second, who then ruled supreme in France. Frederick had repulsed the advances and ignored the sovereignty of the Pompadour: Maria Theresa, with more policy, if at some sacrifice of imperial-queenly dignity, condescended to messages of friendship and esteem for that royal mistress. All the foresight of Voltaire and all the experienced tact of Tencin found themselves unequally matched against the petty spites of the seraglio. Frederick was unlucky with women—always excepting his devoted sister, and natural and constant ally, Voltaire's not less constant friend, Wilhelmine—or rather his wayward misogynic temper never would allow him to learn how to deal with them. He was as nearly as possible precipitated from his throne and driven to his dose of corrosive sublimate, by the conspiring exasperation of Maria Theresa and the Marquise de Pompadour. The imbecile arms of France were the saving of Prussia at Rosbach and Crefeld. But Austria and France might have been saved *their* hour of humiliation by the wit of Voltaire.

Voltaire reigned paramount in French literature and philosophy for nearly half a

century; his reign opening, it may be said, at his return in 1729 from his three years' exile in England, and closing with his life, 'stified with roses' by the Parisian public, in 1778. The influence which he exercised during this long period is well described by Dr. Strauss:—

'Voltaire's historical significance has been illustrated by the observation of Goethe that, as in families whose existence has been of long duration, Nature sometimes at length produces an individual who sums up in himself the collective qualities of all his ancestors, so it happens also with nations, whose collective merits (and demerits) sometimes appear epitomised in one individual person. Thus in Louis XIV. stood forth the highest figure of a French monarch. Thus, in Voltaire, the highest conceivable and congenial representative of French authorship. We may extend the observation farther, if, instead of the French nation only, we take into view the whole European generation on which Voltaire's influence was exercised. From this point of view we may call Voltaire emphatically the representative writer of the eighteenth century, as Goethe called him, in the highest sense, the representative writer of France. The two characters coincide very well together, as will be seen if we trace back the respective shares taken by the several civilized European nations in the achievements of the last three centuries. The great work of the sixteenth century—the Reformation—was principally performed by the Germans. In the transition period of the seventeenth, while Germany was tearing herself to pieces in intestine strife, Holland and England were laying the foundations of modern politics and philosophy. At the beginning of the eighteenth, refugees from England, like Lord Bolingbroke, and French visitors of England, like Montesquieu and Voltaire, communicated from that country to the Continent the first sparks of that new light which soon afterwards, especially by Voltaire's exertions, burst from France on the world, as the day-star of that century of universal enlightenment. If the French—the Parisians especially—were the chosen people of this new dispensation of Reason, Voltaire was incontestably its high-priest.'

'To win and keep a position of such eminence—of such predominance over a whole age—not only intellectual gifts and favourable external circumstances were requisite, but also and especially there was requisite *length of life*. Neither Louis XIV. in France, nor Frederick the Great in Germany, would have been in a position to set their stamp each on his own age, had the former died at the epoch of the peace of Nimeguen, or the latter at Kollin or Hochkirch. As little could Goethe have been recognised as the Prince of German poets, had he been summoned from life just after the production of "Goetz" and "Werther"—had he not, in his own person, during three generations, lived through the youth, maturity, and old age of German poetry. Voltaire was an after-birth of the classical period of French

poetry; but he himself opened the era of enlightenment-literature in the eighteenth century, and shared in all its conquests till they culminated and closed on the opening of the French Revolution era. The latter years of Louis XIV. were those of Voltaire's childhood and early youth; his first years of manhood were spent under the regency of Philip of Orleans; his maturity and decline extended over the long reign of Louis XV.: and he hailed, as an octogenarian, the dawn of Louis XVI., which promised a brighter day. As a river carries down with it from the mountains and plains through which it flows contributions from every soil and culture to the end of its course, so traces might be recognised through life in Voltaire of the impressions received by him in the different periods, especially the earlier, of his chequered career.'

ART. III.—1. *Report of the Committee of Council on Education, with Appendix.* 1871-72 and 1872-73.

2. *Report of the School Board for London to the Educational Department.* March 1872.

3. *School Board for London. Tables of the Elementary Schools within the District of the Metropolis.* August 1871.

4. *Report of the National Society for the Education of the Children of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church.* 1871-72, 1872-73.

5. *School Board Chronicle.*

6. *Verbatim Report, with Indexes, of the Debate in Parliament during the Progress of the Elementary Education Bill, 1870.* Prepared under the direction of the National Education Union.

7. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Elementary Education Provisional Order Confirmation (No. 1) Bill, 1873.*

8. *School Board Returns presented to Parliament.* Nos. 1 and 2. 1873.

9. *Report of the Bye-Laws Committee of the London School Board for the Quarter ending June 27th, 1873.*

10. *Return of 'any Reports submitted to the Education Department by School Boards of the accommodation, and the average attendance of Children in the Schools, in their respective Districts on the 25th day of March, 1872, and the 25th day of March, 1873,' &c. &c.* 1873.

THERE is always danger lest overhaste and excitement should be exhibited in carrying out important work that is commenced amid hesitations and delays, and which subsequent

occurrences show to have been necessary or inevitable. Others will have been more prompt in seizing opportunities, or have been driven by the position in which they found themselves to undertake what we shrank from; and then when we see those who were wiser concerning the future, than events have proved us to be, reaping the fruit of their forethought or better fortune, whilst our task is still to sow, it is difficult to restrain impatience and impetuosity. If under such circumstances individuals, and still more if nations, possess great resources, they are tempted to try a short road to success, and to endeavour by a lavish expenditure of treasure to overtake those who are before them in the race.

Such is our present position with respect to the education of the masses; and of that position we can only form a correct estimate by looking at the events from which it sprang. Our share of suffering during the wars of Napoleon was very different from that of the nations on the Continent. Our sacrifice was chiefly a pecuniary one; theirs included the loss of many blessings which freemen most prize. We contracted an enormous debt in assisting the rest of Europe to oppose the aggressive ambition of France. Prussia, Austria, the German States, saw their armies defeated and their country overrun by conquering soldiers; whilst their kings became tributaries to a foreign State, or were supplanted by a scion of the house of Buonaparte. Even before the ambition of the French Emperor was finally placed under restraint,* and Europe delivered from the fear of his arms, the task was commenced of providing for the future against the recurrence of the evils from which they had so grievously suffered, and when peace was restored it was still more diligently prosecuted. These nations had failed in the open field; their armies had been unable to cope

with those of France. Their first task therefore was to train the children who would become their soldiers in future, to implant in them a spirit of patriotism that should inspire them with more courage and resolution in braving dangers and hardships. With such an object it was necessary to make school life the introduction to military life. Attendance at school was made compulsory, just as attendance at drill would be compulsory when the children grew older. Our starting-point after the peace of 1815 was quite different. We had suffered no such reverses in war as those by which the Continental nations had been stimulated to educate the children of their peasantry. Instead of that, we had loaded ourselves with a national debt which heavily burdened the resources of the country, whilst our self-satisfied consciousness of our national superiority had been greatly increased by the events of the war. The discovery of the steam-engine late in the last century, and the perpetual application of steam-power to new fields of industry, was ever opening fresh avenues to enterprise, affording additional opportunities for the multiplication of riches. This materially tended to deter the nation at large from caring to provide education for children of the poorer classes; their labour was needed in the great workshops of the country, and it would have been considered unpatriotic to divert them from employments which ministered to the increase of wealth.

The first efforts therefore to educate the labouring population met with a very different reception in England from that which they had encountered on the Continent. Instead of being welcomed they were decried. The dangers certain to result from education becoming general were gravely insisted upon by a large and influential portion of the community. It was seriously asserted that if we educated domestic servants, factory hands, farm labourers, we should soon lose the service of these necessary members of society; for that, if educated, none would be found willing to serve in such capacities. Prejudice was further excited by the action of trades' unions and similar bodies, the leaders of which had received a little instruction. And so for years the cause of popular education had to struggle against national indifference and a certain amount of positive opposition.

The State took no part in this important work until 1833, or nearly a quarter of a century after organised efforts had been made to promote popular education by the National Society and the British and Foreign School Society. Great success had been achieved before the modest subsidy of 20,

* When peace was once again established in Europe in 1815, the Governments I have named (Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Bohemia, Wirtemberg, Baden, Hesse Darmstadt, Hesse Cassel, Gotha, Nassau, Hanover, Denmark, Switzerland, Norway, and the Austrian Empire) began to feel that the condition-of-the-people question was one of vital importance, and that there was no time to lose. Recognising this truth in all its magnitude, they all resolved to educate the children, knowing that this must be the commencement of their work, however much more they might find necessary for its perfection.' *'Social Condition and Education of the People in England and Europe'* (1850), by Joseph Kay, ii. 5.

The Prussian Government, in 1809, undertook systematically the work of improving the elementary schools, as a means of creating and diffusing a patriotic spirit among the people.' *Barnard's 'National Education in Europe,'* p. 29.

000*l.* a year was voted out of the national exchequer in that year to further the efforts of those important societies. For six years the amount remained unchanged; it then grew to 30,000*l.*: then came a transition period, when, under the able management of Sir J. K. Shuttleworth, the foundations of the system that was in possession of the field till 1870 were laid; but so doubtful of the intentions of Government were the people upon whose self-sacrificing exertions the establishment of new schools was largely dependent, that from 1839 to 1846 only 305,000*l.* were expended by the Committee of Council in promoting by grants the building of schools on improved plans and with better arrangements, and in founding, extending, and inspecting.* After 1846 the cause of popular education progressed with accelerated speed, which has continued to the present day, except when temporarily checked by economical changes unwisely introduced, such as were some of those contained in the Revised Code.

Upon this system, thus commenced and carried on, the Education Act of 1870 burst as a great experiment. Dissatisfied with the progress made, and with the rate at which improvement was being effected, it introduced a principle novel to the inhabitants of this country, though familiar enough to the people of other lands, by which to stimulate efforts and to secure the wished-for success. It is interesting to watch how far cosmopolitan influences have affected us, and to note to what extent the Englishman of the nineteenth century may be willing to profit by what would certainly have been most repugnant to his predecessor of the eighteenth.

The Education Act of 1870 seemed to owe its existence to a conviction, rightly or wrongly entertained, that many Continental nations and the United States of America gave much better primary education to the mass of their people than we were doing; that, in consequence, our manufacturing supremacy was in danger of being lost; and that, as we had resolved to entrust political power to the multitude, the institutions of the country would be seriously imperilled if we failed to educate the millions of our poorer classes for the right discharge of the responsibilities which we were placing in their hands. The object of the Act therefore was to do—and that at once—all that had to be done. It was framed with the avowed intention of providing school accommodation for every child in the land that ought to be under instruction, and for

sweeping into school all whose duty it was to be found there. To effect this, large powers of taxation were given; local authority was to be strengthened, and, if necessary, superseded by a State Department; non-attendance at school was to be treated as a crime, punishable by the civil magistrate; and nothing was omitted that the wit or wisdom of Parliament could invent to thrust aside religious or other obstacles that might interfere with the attendance of all children at school, or that could tend to promote their receiving such an education as would qualify them for a more intelligent discharge of the duties of life. To effect this object, Parliament has not hesitated largely to rely upon the theory of *paternal* government. Hitherto this theory has not found much favour with Englishmen, but with very general consent it has been thought that assumed present necessity justified departure from ancient precedents. At a time when it was looked upon as impossible for men to discharge aright the duties of citizens if their belief was erroneous, or their reception of the true faith was insincere, coercive measures were not popular in England. Never was there a stronger or more universal feeling against the impolicy, as well as the wrong, of such measures for the spread of religion than there is at present. But education and religion, which were once regarded as twin instruments in promoting moral culture, are now looked upon as so alien from each other, that what would be denounced as persecution if applied for the furtherance of religion is insisted upon by the self-dubbed champions of liberty as essential for the right government of a free State, when employed for the spread of education. It now seems to be taken for granted by leaders of popular opinion that for children to grow up without the rudiments of knowledge is so prejudicial to the interests of the State and so dangerous to the well-being of society, that the civil power must step in and compel parents to discharge their duty of educating them, as it cannot be neglected without risk to the community. It has been argued that, as we do not shrink from interfering with individual liberty so far as to compel vaccination in order to protect our people against the plague of small-pox, so we are bound to employ measures as stringent against ignorance which is fatal to the material and moral prosperity of the country.

One portion of our inquiry therefore must be into the success which has attended the practical application of this principle to the primary education of the country. But before proceeding to it there is another

* 'Memorandum on Popular Education,' by Sir J. K. Shuttleworth (1868), p. 7.

point which demands our serious attention. The Education Act of 1870 did not inaugurate efforts for the education of the working classes of the country. It found* a system at work that had done much to carry out its object. This system was purely voluntary in its character; it depended upon religious and moral influences both for providing schools and for filling them with scholars. It had no power to compel unwilling people to establish or maintain schools however grievously they might be required; whilst it had to rely entirely upon persuasion and moral influence to induce children to take advantage of the schools when they had been erected. However grievously some children might be contracting idle or vicious habits in the streets, it could no more interfere with them against their will than it could snatch the cup of ruin from the hands of the drunkard. The Act of 1870 was not designed to supplant this system, but to supplement it. As Mr. Forster said in introducing it,† 'We must take care not to destroy in building up, not to destroy the existing system in introducing a new one.' This we must bear in mind in estimating the results of our recent legislation. What was done for education previous to the passing of the Act of 1870 is not only a standard by which to gauge the success of that measure; but also by the system then existing so much was accomplished, that if what is now being attempted should uproot the good it effected, it must be held responsible for what it destroys as well as for what it achieves. As the new system has now been in operation nearly three

years, and its first set of administrators are about to appeal to their constituents for a verdict on the manner in which they have discharged their functions, it is desirable to examine what they have done, and the manner in which they have adhered to the principle of procedure laid down by the Vice-President of the Education Department.

As the first object of the Act of 1870 was to cause provision to be made for the education of all the children in the country, it was necessary to begin by taking a complete educational survey of every parish in the land. It is not less strange than true that no census of the kind existed that professed to be complete. The Committee of Council on Education ignored all schools which did not receive Her Majesty's Inspectors. The decennial statistics collected by the National Society only included Church-schools. In the Appendix to the Report of the British and Foreign School Society there was a list of all schools in union with it in London, and within twelve miles, but none others were mentioned. The Conferences of the various bodies of Wesleyans published annual statements concerning the schools belonging to their connexions. Information about Roman Catholic schools could probably be gathered out of some of their publications; and possibly the number of schools belonging to the Jews might be learned from some other printed statements. But even though all the information required could have been obtained it would have been piecemeal, the districts for which the schools were intended would not have been conterminous, and the best attainable knowledge of what was being done, would by no means have conveyed a clear impression of the deficiencies that still needed to be supplied. Moreover, it was not always easy to ascertain from the information given whether the schools did or did not receive Government annual grants, so that unwittingly the same schools might have been reckoned twice over or not at all.

The Education Department has now made a complete census of what is being done to educate the people of England and Wales. As far as we can judge from the scattered notices in the different Inspectors' Reports included in the Blue Book, the work has been well and ably executed, and we think the Department would confer a great boon on the educational world if it published as a parliamentary paper the exact state in which it found the educational plant of the country. The first effect of such an examination is to bring to light a number of neglected parishes. An apathetic or feeble

* In 1870 there was accommodation for 1,878,584 children in schools receiving annual grants from Government; and of this, accommodation for 1,365,080 children was in Church of England schools. Up to that time 4,334,883*l.* had been expended in providing or enlarging Church schools for 816,162 children in connexion with the Committee of Council on Education, and of that sum 1,237,363*l.* had been furnished by the State, the rest by private benevolence. The whole cost of schools for the remaining 548,918 children had been contributed by Churchmen. In addition to this the National Society reported as the result of its educational census in 1866-7, that there were then 449,882 children in average attendance in Church schools not receiving Government grants. The accommodation in these schools would probably suffice for 600,000 children, and was wholly provided at the cost of Churchmen. One effect of the Act of 1870 has been to bring these latter schools under Government inspection, and so to cause them to receive Government grants, and to have their scholars reckoned in the returns made to Parliament; in this way the apparent increase of children at school is greater than the real increase.

† Elementary Education Bill. Debate in Parliament, p. 8.

clergyman, a penurious or spendthrift squire, local indifference or feuds, had left a certain number of parishes insufficiently supplied or entirely uncared for. Happily the number of places without any school was comparatively insignificant. The National Society's statistics of Church of England schools for the poor, collected in 1866 and 1867, showed that there were only 338 parishes in England and Wales destitute of either separate or conveniently adjoining schools belonging to the Church. More than one-half of these 338 parishes had a population of less than 1000 each. But though the Church had made some provision for nearly all the parishes under her care, it is clear that insufficient provision must have been made by her in many more. It is impossible that it should have been otherwise when all that was done owed its origin to voluntary zeal, and no authority in Church or State took accurate account of whether the work was done or left undone. The investigation made by the Education Department has caused great excitement throughout the length and breadth of the land. From fear of it, and before it was actually commenced, many parishes applied for building grants, and set diligently to work to make good their deficiencies. Several dioceses collected a special fund, so that the Church might still make good omissions of which she had been guilty. Probably at no time has the Church made so large an addition to her schools as she has done since the passing of the Elementary Education Act of 1870. But, after all these efforts have been made, Mr. Forster tells us* that the Education Department has issued 5086 notices, requiring a greater or less addition to be made to the amount of accommodation already existing in that number of parishes, and there still remained some thousands of parishes to be dealt with.

It seems obvious that the amount of school accommodation needed cannot be satisfactorily decided by a mere rule-of-thumb examination into the population of a parish, or of the number of children of school age that it contains. It ought to be regulated by the numbers who can be persuaded or compelled to receive instruction. For whilst it is most desirable to have ample accommodation for all who can thus be brought to school; it is most undesirable to have a number of large schools scantily filled, or of rival establishments in close proximity, and educating between them a much smaller

number of children than one of them could profitably instruct within its walls. The only fair criterion by which to decide whether we are multiplying schools with sufficient or too great rapidity is the comparison between the growth of schools and of the number of children attending them. The same rule will apply whether we rely upon persuasion or compulsion; in either case we must judge by results. And further, we can only determine the value of the two systems for bringing children under instruction by comparing what they have done. It is never safe to regard men, sometimes possessing obstinate or intractable wills, as though they were pieces on a chessboard who must move as they are moved. In this practical spirit let us examine what compulsion has effected, and what anticipations it justifies us in entertaining of its being the perfect success that its promoters asserted it would be.

The Report of the Committee of Council on Education claims a great success for the compulsory bye-laws; it says:—

'We continue to receive satisfactory reports of the effects which the bye-laws have already had upon the attendance of children at school. It appears, for example, from these statements, that since the passing of the bye-laws, the average attendance of children at school has increased in Wednesbury, 12 per cent.; in Derby, 13 per cent.; in Stockport, 15 per cent.; in Bath, 17 per cent.; in Wrexham, 22 per cent.; and in Manchester (in 15 months) the weekly average has risen 36 per cent. In London, the increase in the average attendance has been 36,041 in the two years ending December, 1872; in Hull, the attendance has increased by 3580 since February, 1872; in Sunderland, the number on the rolls has increased by 3819, or 32 per cent.;' and so on.*

We turn at once to the 'General Summary of Statistics of Inspection' in the same report of the Committee of Council on Education, and compare it with similar summaries in previous years, and the result surprises us. We anticipated from these percentages of improvement that we should find a great advance had been made, and that our primary schools were now becoming filled at a rate to which they had previously been strangers. The result is very different; but we cannot do better than place the figures as given in the official reports before our readers, only premising that the year for which the returns are made up runs from the 1st September in one year to 31st August in the next:—

* In his speech in the House of Commons on 26th June last.

* Report for 1872-3, pp. xix., xx.

Year.	School Accommodation allowing 8 sq. feet per Child.	Average Attendance.	Increase in School Accommodation.	Increase in Attendance over previous Year.
1866-7	1,547,585	911,681	82,262	48,361
1867-8	1,668,043	978,521	116,458	66,840
1868-9	1,765,944	1,062,999	102,901	84,478
1869-70	1,878,584	1,152,389	112,610	89,390
1870-1	2,012,679	1,231,434	184,095	79,045
1871-2	2,295,894	1,386,158	283,215	104,724

It will be seen that year by year the school accommodation increased more rapidly than the average attendance of children; and that during the last two years the accelerated progress is in school accommodation, rather than in the attendance of children at school. The Royal assent was given to the Education Act on 9th August, 1870, so that the figures for 1870-1 were all collected after it had become law, and the increase of children at school is 10,000 less in that year than it was in the previous one. If we look more carefully into the figures we shall find no cause for congratulation. It will be observed that till 1870-1 there is each year an accelerated ratio of increase, and that during the three years 1867-70, each year upon an average had added 13,709 children to the increase realised in the previous year. In instituting a comparison between the two systems it is only fair to assume that this steady growth would have continued. The large sums since voluntarily expended on education are a presumption in its favour. If it had done so, in 1870-1 we should have had an average attendance of 103,099, or 24,054 more than was obtained under the new system; in 1871-2 we should have had an average attendance of 116,808, or 12,084 more children than Mr. Forster reports to have been at school last year. It is necessary to explain why we commence our comparison with 1866-7, and not earlier. It is the first year after the subsidence of the storm occasioned by the Revised Code. Before that event popular education was making rapid advances. The average attendance in schools receiving annual grants from Government increased in 1858 by 72,267; in 1859 by 70,455; in 1860 by 84,560; then for three years the progress was at a much diminished rate; in 1864, when the effect of the Revised Code was first fully felt, the progress was converted into retrogression, and there were actually fewer children [who attended State-aided schools than there had been in the previous year. During the two following years there were violent fluctuations, such as we might expect after a great excitement; the returns show an increase of 51,383 in 1865, and of 15,376 in 1866, and then we come to the year which we have made our starting-point, as from that date there has been steady progress, only

broken in upon by the Act of 1870, which was specially designed to accelerate it.

It may be asked how we reconcile the figures on which we have just commented with the statements made in the Education Report, a large part of which were embodied in Mr. Forster's speech in the House of Commons, when moving the Educational Estimates this year. We can only give the solution supplied by Mr. Forster himself in that speech. He says:—‘As yet the increase has not told in the returns published in the yearly estimates, but it was an increase which was telling in the inspection which was now going on from month to month.’* Mr. Forster therefore appeals to a future which has not yet arrived; to returns known only to the office. We shall consider the value of this prophecy about the results of this year's inspection, for such it really is, presently.

There is another statement made by Mr. Forster that has an important bearing on this subject. He tells us, that whereas upon an average during the years 1862-69 492 schools had been annually brought under Government inspection; in 1870, 1114 were so added to the list; in 1871, 1353; and in 1872, 1530. The average attendance in each day-school receiving grants in 1871 was 96·29, in 1872 it was 95·43. If, therefore, the 1353 schools, coming for the first time under inspection in 1871, were attended by as many children as were the other schools, they must have added to the number of children in average attendance 130,280, but the actual increase that year was only 79,045. Therefore either the new schools were less wanted than those already in operation, or else they must have withdrawn children from those schools; either the number of children taught within their walls was less than the average, or they must have lowered the average elsewhere. And so in 1872, if the 1530 schools for the first time inspected by Her Majesty's Inspectors educated as many children as an average calculation would lead us to expect, they would have added 146,007 to the average number of children attending school that year, but the actual increase was only 104,724. These figures are important, because they show that the additions to the number of children in our primary schools are more than accounted for by the increased facilities for attendance afforded by new schools. Then the new schools must either have been in places where there were, or were not, School Boards and compulsory bye-laws. If they were wholly or partially in places where there no School Boards, then so far the addition to the number of children under instruction

* As reported in the *Times*, June 27, 1873.

must be credited to that enthusiasm for religious education which had previously done so much for the country, but quickened by that increased sense of responsibility which the passing of the Education Act of 1870 imparted. If they were in places where there are School Boards, then it shows that no special claim can as yet be made for the benefits of compulsion, as the attendance at each school has not reached what it was before compulsion was introduced, and the additional number of children attending school may be accounted for by their having a school in their immediate neighbourhood, which they lacked before. But whilst we thus attribute to a considerable extent the increase in the number of scholars to the additions made in the number of schools, it is necessary to note the rapidly augmenting amount of unused school accommodation. Every return tells that the growth of schools has been largely in excess of that of scholars, that we are adding to the opportunities for education more rapidly than to the number of children receiving education; by the last figures presented to Parliament it is shown that more than two-fifths of the space in State-aided schools is unoccupied, and that the number of vacant places in them had grown from 781,245 in 1871 * to 959,736 in 1872.

We have already stated that Mr. Forster, in moving the Educational Estimates last June, claims that the coming year will show a large increase in the number of scholars in average attendance. He even goes so far as to tell us the exact number we are to expect that he will then announce—1,557,910, or an increase of 221,752 over that reported this year. We only hope that these anticipations may be realised. But perhaps it may be well for us to remember that these figures did not even exist when Mr. Forster made his speech. The returns are made up to the 31st August, the speech was made on the 26th June. But beside this, we fear to trust too confidently the ground on which he bases his calculation; he thus explains it:—‘The monthly increase in the actual payments, as compared with last year, furnished very striking facts as regarded the larger number of schools, and the larger average attendance, and he believed he might safely put the average number of attendances this year at 1,557,910.† Each child last year, in average attendance, earned 11s. 9½d.‡; supposing it to have earned 12s. (it

could earn 15s.) and the same sum to have been disbursed for Government grants, we should have had 20,878 fewer children in average attendance than we had. Where so small a difference in the average earnings makes so great a difference in the average number of children under instruction, there must necessarily be a considerable element of uncertainty in the calculation. We can only add, though we have thought it right to warn against too confident anticipations, that we should quite expect to find the prediction of the Vice-President of the Education Department realised. We had expected a larger growth than it claims, after the prodigious increase in schools—according to Mr. Forster, 3997 in three years, adding school places for 529,950 children. For it is not one party only that has been exerting itself in this cause, but all. Most of the schools reported by Mr. Forster must have been erected chiefly by private benevolence, and whilst it has been so active, and whilst School Boards are working in the full fervour of their early youth, opening temporary schools, building permanent ones, employing armies of visitors to enforce compulsion, it shows how much had been already done, when an increase such as that claimed by Mr. Forster for next year, is all that can be expected after every agent has had ample time to do his best. It may possibly show that the temper of Englishmen revolts at the idea of compulsion, and that many send their children to private schools who previously sent them to State-aided schools. We certainly require some hypothesis of the kind to account for the very small success that has been obtained by such a mighty exhibition of effort.

After examining the results achieved, we naturally ask what the cost has been. The old voluntary system was necessarily inexpensive. Its funds were provided by private benevolence, always obtained with a certain amount of difficulty, frequently given at the cost of much personal self-sacrifice, and therefore expended with the most rigid economy. Under the new system we must expect to find a different state of things. The ratepayers must furnish whatever amount the Board may see fit to expend, and whenever there is a purse without a bottom it is difficult to be economical. Moreover, a very liberal outlay upon school-buildings is encouraged by the repayment of the expense incurred by their erection being spread over fifty years. The money will all have been spent before any of it has to be repaid, so that Boards may generally rely upon the apathy of ratepayers until the schools are completed. The managers will

* The Blue Book gives the school accommodation as 2,295,894; the number of children in average attendance as 1,336,158, there must therefore be unoccupied space sufficient for 959,736 more.

† See report of Speech in ‘Times,’ June 27, 1873.

‡ Report, p. 3.

seldom have had much practical knowledge of educational matters, and, no personal responsibility being involved, they will be content to leave all that relates to the detail of expenditure to subordinate officials. And so, whether we look at what is expended in gross or in detail, we shall find, on comparing the cost in Board Schools with similar outlay in voluntary schools, that the nation is receiving a very different return for its money from what the promoters and managers of denominational schools are receiving for theirs.

Take first the gross outlay. During the first year after the passing of the Act, and ending on 29th September, 1871, the expenditure of the School Boards amounted to 34,562*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*,* and of this only 495*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.* went towards the payment of salaries of teachers in schools, and more than three-quarters of the rest were consumed in discharging obligations which the voluntary system would never have incurred. In the following year the expenditure amounted to 279,672*l.* 10*s.* 2*d.*,† and the 'liabilities on 29th September, 1872' to an additional 210,843*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.*, and of the large sum expended only 1375*l.* had gone in repayment of loans, whilst 3253*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.*‡ is the whole sum charged in the balance-sheets of Board Schools submitted to the Educational Department between September 1, 1871, and August 31, 1872, as having come from the School Board rates, and a further sum of 1832*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*§ in paying the school fees of children in denominational schools under Clause 25.

Let us turn to the detail of expenditure on the one point where we are at present able to compare the sums which are being spent under the old and under the new system.

The Education Report tells us § that 'in the year 1872 the sum of 96,176*l.* 4*s.* 9*d.* was paid in building grants. These grants provided additional accommodation for 86,542 scholars, and were met by voluntary subscriptions to the amount of 399,825*l.* 13*s.*' So that school accommodation was provided for 86,542 children at a cost of 496,001*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.*, or 5*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.* per child. The whole management was voluntary; the sums were taken from balance sheets that had to be submitted to the Education Department, and would include cost of land, conveyance, architect's commission, and every expense of every kind that would be incurred in the erection of schools. When these

are given, the value of them has to be included in the statement of accounts submitted to the Department in obedience to its directions.

In the same Report it is said:—'*Exclusive of loans of 250,000*l.* to the School Board for London, we have recommended the Public Works Loan Commissioners to make 321 loans to School Boards, amounting to about 1,100,000*l.*, by means of which accommodation will be furnished for 115,677 scholars.* This would be at the rate of 9*l.* 10*s.* 2*d.* per child, as against 5*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.* under the voluntary system. In addition to this sum there would be a proportionate share of the office expenses already spoken of.*

So far as we have seen, School Board schools are not better than those erected by voluntary committees; and as none of the schools included in this estimate are in London, whilst no doubt some of the voluntary schools are, there is no reason why the cost in the one case should be greater than in the other: a large part of the difference, therefore, must arise from difference of management. The voluntary schools are erected by those who are personally responsible for providing the funds: this check upon expenditure is lacking where Board Schools have to be built.

We next turn to what is, perhaps, the most important consideration of all,—the relations of the new system to the old one where the two are being worked side by side. The idea maintained by Mr. Forster throughout the debates in Parliament was clear and consistent. He would be no party to destroying a system of education which had done, and was doing, so much for the country. Rigid impartiality was the principle on which he was unalterably determined to act. Church schools were not to be recklessly overthrown by the establishment of Board Schools when they were not needed; whilst a special clause (the 98th) was introduced into the Act, to make it more difficult to establish denominational schools in rivalry to those opened by a School Board.

It was to be expected that the greatest forbearance and consideration would be needed to make the two systems work harmoniously. The managers of denominational schools would naturally feel how much they had done, and what great sacrifices they had made, for the cause of Education. They would be disposed to resent any interference with their work, even though it was evident to impartial observers that they failed to do

* 'Report of Committee of Council on Education for 1871-2,' p. lxxvii.

† Ibid. for 1872-73, p. lxxxii.

‡ Ibid. p. i.

§ Ibid. p. xvii. note.

* 'Report of Committee of Council on Education for 1871-72,' p. xix.

all that was required. On the other hand, a School Board possessing unlimited powers of taxing their fellow-citizens, would feel that they had authority from the State which the voluntary committees lacked, and that therefore they ought to have under their control the lion's share of the education of the district. Moreover, it was possible that leading Nonconformists would become active members of School Boards, and this in places where Church schools had hitherto occupied the whole ground; and in such cases it was not impossible that special efforts might be made to erect schools to rival those already existing, and at the cost of the rate-payers to destroy what had previously been the predominating power of the Church in the matter of Education. It was with surprise and pleasure that the well-wishers to the act saw so many clergymen and managers of existing schools seeking places in the new School Boards. They hoped that through their influence, assisted by the overpowering authority of the Central Department, anxious and difficult questions would be adjusted, and that, as the representatives of very different views concerning education would be found working together on the same Boards much would be done for the spread of instruction amongst all branches of the community. Some were so sanguine as to expect that the new Act would soon cause all the children of the labouring classes in this country to possess as large an amount of book knowledge as is acquired by children in any of the countries on the Continent. They anticipated that our skill in organising and our unbounded ability to provide whatever funds were needed, would enable us speedily to overtake those nations which had possessed for a much longer period a system of popular education.

So far, the new Act came into operation under exceptionally favourable circumstances. Managers of existing schools had dreaded lest it should contain provisions more directly hostile to the schools in which they were interested, and they were satisfied because they found that it would be possible for them to continue their work if its provisions were carried out in the manner uniformly advocated by Mr. Forster. They sought to strengthen their position by making great sacrifices to extend the schools under their control, and they did their best to further the erection of voluntary schools where they were needed; but they did nothing to interfere with the successful working of the new Act. The Church of England could receive no benefit from anyone of its provisions; some of them were directly antagonistic to her interests: all of them could be used

to thwart her educational work. But her clergy and earnest laity had the real welfare of the people at heart; they were anxious for them to be educated; and therefore they were content to risk much that they valued if all the children in the land could be educated in a manner of which they did not positively disapprove.

It soon became clear that these feelings were not shared by the political portion of the Nonconformist party. They had done their best in Parliament to weight the Bill against the interests of the Church; and there is no doubt that its enactments were much more antagonistic to those interests when they emerged from the Lower House of Parliament than when they were first introduced into it by Mr. Forster. But still, in spite of all, Churchmen seemed content to work on. They built schools. They were not frightened by the appearance of rivals. They did not, to any great extent, discontinue their subscriptions to voluntary schools. And in many country parishes they found themselves greatly helped, for farmers and others, who had never contributed to schools, were willing to do so rather than have a new rate annually levied upon them. They preferred taxing themselves, by giving a voluntary subscription, to being compulsorily taxed by a School Board. And so what was intended for a hindrance to Church schools, unexpectedly, in some places, turned to their advantage. This greatly provoked those who sought the overthrow of Church schools, and to this feeling the Education League gave expression in a circular dated January 27, 1872. It says:—

‘The National Education League was founded to promote the establishment of a national system of education—locally administered, compulsory, unsectarian, rate-supported, and free. The intention of the founders was to supplement the deficiencies of existing schools by the creation of new schools, under the management of School Boards, elected by, and responsible to, the ratepayers in all districts of the country. It was hoped and believed, that by the influence and example of such schools, and by the superiority of their management, the conductors of all existing schools would ultimately be led to associate themselves with the new system, and that a really national system would gradually take the place of the denominational schools, which, in private and irresponsible hands, have afforded, and can afford, only partial and inefficient means of instruction, in consequence of subordinating secular teaching to the inculcation of sectarian theological doctrines. These hopes and expectations have been disappointed.’

It is perfectly clear from this that the League had attempted to make the Education Act of 1870 its instrument for over-

throwing the existing system of education. It is obvious that in many places this could not be done by acting in the spirit of fairness enunciated by Mr. Forster. For in towns or country parishes where there was already a sufficiency of schools, there was legitimately no room for the erection of those new schools that by their 'influence and example, and by the superiority of their management,' should persuade the managers of all other schools to become like them. Therefore, wherever the influence of the League has extended, efforts have been made to erect rival schools to existing denominational schools. The great topic of open discussion has been the 25th Clause of the Act,* which empowers School Boards to pay the fees of poor children in denominational schools; but the special object to which active efforts have been really turned, is an excessive multiplication of schools. To have announced this end openly would have defeated itself; the partisans of the League have therefore acted covertly, and have only declared their policy under special provocation. It is a matter of comparative indifference to Church schools whether School Boards do or do not pay the fees of a few semi-pauper children sent to be instructed within their walls,† and whose presence fre-

quently injures the school more than the fee paid for their education benefits it; but it is a matter of life and death to them whether Board Schools are allowed to be erected where they are not wanted, as these can only find scholars by emptying, and so starving, existing schools. In many ways the contest between schools so differently supported is unequal. Enthusiasm may languish, and one school depends wholly upon enthusiasm or sense of duty stimulating self-sacrifice; the other relies upon that perennial fountain—rates. Beside this, wherever there is compulsion, Board Schools must have a great advantage; for it is obvious that the visitors who are employed by the School Boards will make it their first object to persuade children to attend Board Schools, as their own interests will thereby be best consulted. And wherever the result is found not to bear out this conclusion, it must be attributed wholly to the instincts of the people, which, in spite of inducements to the contrary, prompt them to send their children to schools in which religious instruction is held to be the most important part of education.

So much in the future depends upon the manner in which the Act is administered, that we will next proceed to show how the determination of the extreme anti-Church party to be dissatisfied, if the Education Act be not administered wholly in its favour, has found vent in action.

* Few things have been more discreditable to the Dissenters than the controversy about this clause, and after all that has happened it is difficult to believe that they care for it, except as an engine of offence against the Church. It is really a conscience clause for poor religious parents, to secure that those who wish to have their children religiously educated shall not be deprived of the privilege through their poverty. The Dissenters object that it is possible some of these children may be taught a religion of which they (the ratepayers) disapprove, and that so an infinitesimally small part of their rate may go to uphold a religion they dislike. For years these same Dissenters have been struggling to force a conscience clause on Church schools. The founders and supporters of these schools believed in religious education, and spent their money to promote it. Then, it was a gross hardship that they were not compelled to admit children into their schools to receive an education, which in their opinion would do these children harm and not good. The very people who so loudly exclaimed against the bigotry of not forcing Churchmen to educate children at their expense in a manner of which they disapproved, now plead 'conscience' against the remote possibility of the fraction of a farthing of their money being so appropriated. Churchmen were then to be compelled to spend pounds to promote an education which they conscientiously disapproved; Dissenters feel it an intolerable hardship that they may accidentally pay farthings for such a purpose.

† This is said only of the practical value of the money so paid to the schools receiving it. The clause is so essential in the interests of equity that Churchmen could not consent to part with it.

An early case that attracted notice was at Nottingham. The School Board there consists of thirteen members, and was elected in November 1870. It found the population for which it was responsible to be 86 608; the number of children of school age, in May last, requiring primary education to be 11,665*; and the school accommodation in existence, or in course of being provided (to a small extent by itself), to be sufficient for 13,991.† The average attendance at school in January 1873, was 8397.‡ There was therefore room for 5594 children more than were ever found in school, and if every child in the town of school age had been at school, there would have remained 2326 places unfilled.

Notwithstanding these figures, it was decided to erect Board Schools for 1050 children; but the League party wanted more, and by their votes it was determined to have an additional school, which, by being less needed, would more distinctly assert the principle for which they were contending, and enter into more direct rivalry with de-

* Return relating to School Board Districts, p. 21.

† Ibid. p. 22. Digitized by Google

‡ Ibid. p. 23.

nominal schools. By a majority of one, a proposal was carried to erect this additional school, and the Education Department promptly assented to the request. An accidental vacancy then occurred in the School Board, and had to be filled up by a new election. The election took place on 26th February last, and turned wholly upon the building of an additional school: its result placed beyond all doubt the opinion of the town on that subject. A popular local Liberal, advocating the erection of this additional school by the Board, received 3411 votes, whilst for his opponent 4949 were recorded. At the next meeting of the School Board six of the members who had sought the erection of an additional school resigned, and in their note of resignation to the Clerk of the Board, expressed views in close harmony with those put forth by the Birmingham League.

We will turn next to a small rural population in the same county. The village of Keyworth, at the last census, contained 749 inhabitants. It had a Church school capable of educating 105 children, and in which, last year, the average attendance was 53, and in the previous year 54. The Vicar, fearing lest a School Board might be called into existence, applied to the Education Department before the close of 1870 for the usual assistance towards erecting a class-room that would add school accommodation for 28 children. This gives provision for 133 children, or more than one-sixth of the whole population; and of this, three-fifths were unused. A School Board was formed in April 1871, and if there be a strong Dissenting feeling in the poorer classes of the population, it must be easy to do this, as the labourer who is rated on a rental of 2*l.*,* has equal weight in the election with the owner of the parish, who may be rated on 2000*l.* This School Board, it appears, wished to build an additional school for 241 children. With this proposal the Education Department professed itself unable to interfere; but in an answer since made by Mr. Forster in the House of Commons, to an inquiry by Mr. Heygate, we learn that provision is to be made for 150 children. There will therefore be provision for educating 283 children

out of a population of 749. Tenders have been obtained for building the new school;† but the Education Department will not sanction a loan from the Public Works Loan Commissioners. In the interval, the Board has opened a school in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, and the rates of the parish are in course of rapid augmentation. In the year ending 29th September 1872, the school-rate was 3*d.* in the pound;‡ and when the proposed school is built it must be much heavier. All this has been done in a parish where the parochial school is fulfilling every condition required to make it a public elementary school, and where, of course, the time-table conscience clause is in full operation.

There is another case of a very different kind to which it will be well to call attention. The Corporation of Salford petitioned in the prescribed form for a School Board. The usual order was made for the election of a Board, when the friends of denominational education secured a substantial majority. It was found by a general educational census that the schools in existence and in course of erection more than sufficed for the wants of the town. The population is 124,805;§ the number of children requiring accommodation in primary schools was found to be 20,727; and there were schools sufficient for 25,325. The Board resolved to build no schools, and it declined§ to undertake the management of two offered to it by the Congregationalists, and of one offered by the managers of the Working People's Hall, John Street, Pendleton. Its expenditure has been confined to what is needed for putting into operation the compulsory bye-laws, and paying children's fees under the 25th section. It is almost needless to say that such a course of procedure has angered the supporters of the League. Of the controversy raised by them, Mr. E. H. Brodie, Her Majesty's School Inspector for the district, writes:—

'Very hard things have been said and written of the majority in the Salford School Board. Politically, I am not of their party, and I have neither the wish nor the right to be their advocate; but I am bound to speak truth, and to say what I know. I believe the charges brought against them are groundless and unreasonable. These charges mainly are,

* The Rector of the Parish in a letter to the 'Standard' says "that ratepayers who represent over two-thirds of the rateable value of the parish (2568*l.*) have asked for a public inquiry from the Education Department (which has been denied them), whilst the three members of the School Board, who have voted to charge the parish with the repayment of a loan with interest of 1000*l.* (if they can obtain one), stand in the rate books at under 20*l.*"

* 'School Board Chronicle,' August 2, 1872.

† 'Report of Committee of Council on Education, 1872-73,' p. 56.

‡ 'Report of the Inspector of Returns for Salford.'

§ 'Salford School Board Report of Proceedings, 1870-72,' p. 5.

¶ 'Report of Committee of Council on Education, 1872-3,' p. 55.

that they will allow no Board School to be built; that they will not take over any denominational school for conversion into a Board School; that they have not worked compulsion fairly or wisely; that they pauperise many parents by paying fees needlessly, where the parents can and ought to pay; and that they pamper the existing denominational schools by sending Board pupils to them, and paying fees for them. Now as to building a Board school, Mr. Robbins (Inspector of Returns) and I most decidedly came to the conclusion that, as regarded school accommodation in Salford, it was well in excess; therefore, so far, no Board school is needed. It must, therefore, be needed for some other cause; and this must be either as a model school, or as one for the pauper class. In either case, the School Board, I humbly submit, do well to wait to see their way before them.'

These examples serve to show the kind of contests that are now going forward.* The disputed points at Nottingham, Keyworth, and Salford, are the disputed points everywhere. The decision of them varies widely; but there is a smothered fire on both sides, ready to burst into a blaze. There are signs of a large and increasing amount of dissatisfaction that may give trouble hereafter. The wholesale attempt to compel adjacent small parishes to co-operate in supporting a common school has been made too recently for us to be able to judge of its ultimate success.† But there are mutterings of discontent which are not unlikely to wax louder as plans get matured, and compulsion with recalcitrants is attempted. We fear everything shows that we are no nearer to general agreement as to the principles on which

primary education ought to be conducted than we were.

But our illustrations would be very incomplete if we omitted to record what has been done by the London School Board, which for many reasons stands in an exceptionally prominent position. It was not elected upon any narrow issue, but able men of very different views were chosen, and it was thought to be fairly representative of all schools of opinion. It numbers in its ranks men who are probably members of the League, and others of diametrically opposite views; but it is certain that a party cry would injure any proposal made to it. It numbers in its ranks men of great name and of distinguished position, who have done good service to their country in very different ways, and when elected, it was largely trusted by its constituents. It entered upon its duties with a firm resolve to grapple manfully with the task entrusted to it, and it has certainly spared no labour in fulfilling its duties. But there was one radical fault in its composition; very few of its members had any practical knowledge of the subject with which they were called to deal. They had for the most part views about education, theories about elevating the working-classes, but, unfortunately for the London rate-payers, most of them had had no previous opportunities of trying to reduce their views and theories to practice. The few who did possess a large amount of special knowledge have never been permitted to guide the decisions of the Board: the theorists have had it all their own way.

The facts with which they had to deal demanded their first thought. By a census, partly undertaken by themselves, and partly by the Census Department, they ascertained that the number of children in the metropolis between three and thirteen was 681,101;* from this number they deducted 97,307 for children educated at home, or in schools where the fee exceeds ninepence a week. They then made a further deduction of 95,975 for children hindered from attending school by sufficient reason, and insisted that the remainder, 478,718, ought to be at school. When it is remembered that there are included in the 681,101 children, 139,095 between three and five years old, and a considerable number of blind, lame, sick, and otherwise disabled, it will be seen that the deduction is not excessive. But beyond expressing an opinion that the allowance for non-attendance is almost ludicrously insufficient, we forbear to discuss the point.

* We quote, in further illustration, the following from the Third Annual Report of the National Education Union (p. xviii., note). 'Halifax.—You will doubtless recollect the great fight we had with the Education Department about the two Board schools that were proposed to be erected in the two districts here, when two Church of England schools were already in course of erection, and you will recollect the decision the Department came to, viz., that the Siddall school was refused and the one in St. Augustine's district was allowed. This decision was evidently a compromise. What do you think this wonderful Council of Education has done since? Why, simply undone all they did before, and have actually given the School Board permission to build their school at Siddall, and within three hundred yards of the one our firm are now erecting. The School Board has therefore succeeded in erecting four schools in Halifax, not one of which is required, and Mr. Forster has helped them to ruin the denominational schools.'

† First notices have been issued to 2817 grouped parishes. 'Report of Committee of Council on Education, 1872-3,' p. xxxv.

* 'Report of the School Board for London, 1872,' p. vii.

Having resolved that 478,718 children ought to be at school, the Board has never suffered itself to entertain a doubt that on the completion of its schools it will find them all there. It reported that there was accommodation thoroughly efficient for 312,925* scholars, and partially efficient for 37,995* more. It, therefore, resolved at once to build schools for 106,600† children, so that a place in school should be found for every child that ought to be there. It also reported that there were 180,365‡ children in actual attendance in efficient schools, and 23,400 in semi-efficient schools; this would leave 132,560 vacant places in efficient schools, and 14,595 in semi-efficient schools.

So impatient was the School Board to be doing something, that before it had received the statistical returns which its officers were collecting, before it knew if there were any educational deficiency at all, it resolved, on the proposal of Lord Sandon, to make arrangements to begin. It also determined to hire rooms wherever possible for temporary schools. This last arrangement has been a perfect godsend to a large number of Dissenting chapels. Having large rooms underneath them, or in connexion with them, they were only too happy to hire them out to the School Board to be used as day-schools,§ and some thousands a year of rate-payers' money are now being expended as

rent for such buildings. We believe that in some instances these rooms had been previously used as day-schools.

But there is a bitter in every cup; and in that of the London School Board there must be two. The first is that the voluntary system had made such excellent provision for the educational wants of the people, that the Board must have found it difficult to discover where sites for new schools could be found not intrusively near existing schools. The second is that an increase of children at school at all proportionate to their anticipations cannot be obtained. We will illustrate both points by details, gathered from the Board's own publications; the first by returns made by them to the House of Lords, in reply to an address moved by Lord Salisbury on 21st February last:—

School Board Division.	Sites purchased or leased for Schools.	Accommodation allowing 8 square feet for each Child.	Sites purchased or leased for Schools under Government Inspection within ½ mile.	Accommodation in these existing Schools.	Average Attendance.		School Fees in 1872.	
					1870.	1871.	1872.	
Chelsea.....	4	3,507	3	860	382	382	404	2d. and 8d.
Finsbury.....	12	10,472	10	18,460	9,546	10,145	10,736	Free to 9d.
Greenwich.....	9	7,156	8	3,874	2,137	2,237	2,844	1d. to 6d.
Hackney.....	15	16,560	15	24,965	13,661	14,777	14,861	1d. to 9d.
Lambeth.....	17	15,878	16	17,028	9,608	10,398	11,277	Free to 9d.
Marylebone.....	9	7,708	8	17,081	6,415	6,986	8,986	1d. to 9d.
Southwark.....	10	9,961	7	9,111	5,009	5,481	5,403	Free to 9d.
Tower Hamlets..	18	15,319	16	28,102	14,640	15,354	16,031	Free to 8d.
Total.....	94*	86,861	83	119,511	61,448	66,565	70,000

* 'School Board Report, 1872,' p. ix. The latter of these numbers has since been reduced.

† Ibid. p. xi. The Rev. J. Rodgers says in his evidence before Select Committee of House of Lords, 'We have authority from the Department to build for 126,000.' 'Evidence,' p. 129.

‡ 'School Board Report for 1872,' p. 53.

§ The following is the view entertained of these schools by one of Her Majesty's Inspectors: 'As regards these temporary schools, I would express an earnest hope that they may be only temporary. Most of them are conducted in rooms underneath or connected with certain Nonconformist places of worship. They are managed by Committees consisting in great part of ministers or members of the congregations from whose trustees they are rented, and they are fitted up at the expense of the School Board with desks and seats which are frequently of a size and character better adapted for congregational use than for the purpose of a school. One of the best that I have yet seen, consists of a lofty mission hall, with a basement floor below. The latter has been fitted up for infants, but a better provision for them is desirable; the former labours under the disadvantage of acoustic properties, which, however helpful to an orator, render it highly inconvenient for use as a school. One of the managers (who was good enough to meet me) expressed a hope and belief that the School Board would find it necessary to continue the occupation of the building for some years to come. I sincerely trust that this may not be so.' Mr. Fussell's Report, 'Report of Committee of Council on Education, 1872-3,' pp. 83, 84.

We suppose the School Board erected its first schools where they were most needed; if so, these tables show us that in the most educationally destitute parts of the metropolis, only eleven sites could be found which are more than a quarter of a mile from some

* The other sites are not yet selected. In the preface to these returns it is stated, 'that where the circles overlap, as they must necessarily do in densely populated parts of the metropolis, the same school will appear more than once' as within a quarter of a mile of a projected school.

existing school or schools,* whilst the other eighty-three new Board Schools are to be erected within five minutes' walk of schools capable of accommodating more than 100,000 children, and with a large proportion of their space unoccupied. The other day we saw a detailed statement by a member of the Statistical Sub-committee of the London School Board, of efficient schools within a radius of half a mile of some premises which they have hired at a rental of 500*l.* a-year, and opened as temporary schools, because of the extreme pressure of educational destitution. Within the radius of half a mile in a region so neglected as to demand such costly provision for its wants, there are 37 efficient schools, capable of educating 13,879 children.

The next point is the attendance of children in the schools opened by the Board and in those previously existing. This we find in the last returns collected by the Bye-laws Committee of the School Board, which tell their tale very clearly.

These returns give the accommodation in efficient voluntary schools as 281,093,† and in Board Schools as 37,509, together 318,602.

The average attendance for the quarter was 223,970, whilst in 1872, it is stated to have been 180,365 ‡ in efficient schools, and 23,400 † in semi-efficient schools. This would give an increased attendance of 20,205, or ten per cent. in the year and a half between the two periods when the returns were taken. The increased average attendance in schools under Government inspection in England and Wales during each of the four years previous to 1870, was about seven per cent.; this therefore equals the increase of attendance in the metropolis under the compulsory system.

These returns of the Bye-laws Committee also tell us that there are 101,566 § children attending non-efficient schools; at the time of the Educational Census in 1871-72, § 1876 schools having accommodation for 63,097 children, were condemned as inefficient.

* In a letter in the 'Times' of January 23, 1873, Canon Cromwell, a really practical and well-informed member of the School Board, states that in each of the school divisions of the metropolis there is a large amount of unused school space in existing denominational schools. In the City 3547 more children could find accommodation in them, whilst in Lambeth 18,180 could do so. With schools needing 106,224 children to fill their empty space, the Board is building for 100,600 more.

† Report of the Bye-laws Committee for the Quarter ending June 27th, 1873, p. 8.

‡ School Board Report, 1872, p. 63.

§ 'London School Board Returns, 1873, p. x.

Possibly some schools originally classed as semi-efficient are now in this rank, whilst it is not impossible that dislike of compulsion has called into existence a still larger number. We should have thought it specially difficult to obtain correct statistics of the attendance at these schools, as in many cases the only available source of information would be the children or their parents, when threatened with the compulsory powers of the Education Act.

Another point for which we looked to these returns with great interest was the relation between the number of children whose names are on the boards, and of those in average attendance. Compulsion has been in full operation more than a year, and during the Spring quarter there can be no complaints of weather; not even infants can be irregular from the action of those causes which are often justly pleaded in the previous quarter. The number of children reported as attending schools in the quarter ending 27th June last is given as 402,873,* and as attending efficient schools 301,297, whilst the average attendance at these latter was 223,970.† The difference is very great, showing that upon an average more than 44 per cent. of the children nominally under instruction were always absent from efficient schools, and that of the children who attended only at such schools, nearly 26 per cent. were always away from school. Such an amount of absence from school is as large as it was in well-appointed schools before compulsion was known; and as the School Board calculations are founded upon an anticipation of reducing the number of temporary absences‡ to 5 per cent., this is a point to which special attention must be turned.

Hitherto we have spoken of London as a whole. This may leave an inadequate impression. We will therefore proceed to speak of particular parts of it. We fear to weary our readers with statistics, as we know how much they are generally shunned; but in the question with which we are dealing, they are inevitable. The principle is proved by the detail. We will, however, be as brief as possible, and will try to illustrate a large class of cases by a single example.

The case we select is that in Lambeth, that was brought before a Select Committee of the House of Lords. The Board proposes to build a school in Albion Cottages, Vauxhall Street; but as it needed compulsory powers to obtain possession of the site, an Act of Parliament had to be obtained for

* 'Bye-laws Committee Report,' p. vi.

† Ibid. p. viii.

‡ 'Evidence before Select Committee,' p. 127.

it, and some other sites similarly circum-
stanced. When it was before Committee
in the House of Lords objection was raised,
and the Bill was referred to a Select Com-
mittee.

It was asserted that no more schools were
needed; and the grounds for this assertion
will be seen at once from the following*
table of Schools under Government Inspec-
tion within a quarter of a mile of the pro-
jected school:—

NAME.	A com- mode- tion.	Average Attendance.			School Fees for 1872.
		1870.	1871.	1872.	
		223	206	238	2d. to 9d. 2d. and 3d. 1d. 2d. to 9d. 2d. to 4d. 1d. to 3d. 1d. 2d. to 4d. 2d. and 3d. 1d.
British (Boys), 43, George Street.....	356				
St. Mary the Less National (Girls and Infants), Prince's Road..	404				
St. Paul's National, Vauxhall Walk and Gye Street.....	614				
St. Peter's National, Miller's Lane, Upper Kennington Lane.....	731				
Wesleyan, Vauxhall Walk.....	383				
St. Anne's Roman Catholic, Vauxhall Walk.....	412				
St. Saviour's, Salamanca, National, Anderson's Walk.....	260				
British, Escher Street, Upper Kennington Lane.....	103				
St. Mary the Less National (Boys), Park Street.....	246				
Board School, Doughty Street.....	575				
Total.....	4,072	2,148	1,992	2,120	

With nearly half the existing accommodation
unused, the urgency for new schools did not
seem very pressing; but the Board had di-
vided London into blocks, and as some of
these schools were on the other side of the
imaginary line which separates the blocks,
and by these means it could be shown there
might not be a place in school for every
child that could by any possibility be found
there, this unlikely possibility weighed more
than the ascertained fact, that every day
there was unused school accommodation for
nearly 2000 children, and the Select Com-
mittee† permitted a site to be purchased for

500 additional children in the midst of the
above schools, though from some of them it
could not be distant 200 yards. In the case
of the site of another school which was ob-
jected to on the ground of its not being
needed by the people in the block in which
it was to be built,* the chairman of the Sta-
tistical Committee stated that it was selected
because it was wanted for an adjoining
district, and not by that within which it was
placed. It is a little difficult to understand
how these opposite reasons were regarded as
equally convincing by the Committee before
which they were urged, but so it was.

There is another point in connection with
these schools that it is important to observe.
In a memorial presented by the managers of
St. Peter's schools, Vauxhall, to the Vice-
President of the Committee of Council on
Education against opening a temporary
school in the district just spoken of, it is
stated‡ that the room hired is exactly oppo-
site St. Peter's Schools, and that the lane
that divides them is not more than twenty
feet wide, and that the rent to be paid for
the hired room is 50*l*. With such surplus
accommodation as is set forth in the above
table, it seems somewhat reckless to open a
temporary school within a few yards of one
that had vacant places for more than the hired
building would contain; but let that pass.
One of the witnesses (a member of the School
Board interested in this temporary school)
says:§ ‘The greater part of the children
who attend the Miller's-lane School come
from the other side of Vauxhall, up to the
Wandsworth-road district; we have not
school accommodation there.’ The distance
at which the Board proposes to build a
school for these children is a mile and a
quarter from the hired room. But though
we are thus told that the children gathered
into this school are from so great a distance,
and that a school hereafter is to be provided
for them nearer their own homes, the secre-
tary of the School Board says in his evi-
dence, ‘There is an excess of provision for
boys in the division spoken of in the last
paragraph, and I say the only reason for
having a boys' school there is, that we had
collected the children together, and thought
it undesirable that they should be scatter-
ed.§’ The children are collected from a
distance, are to have a school built close to
them, into which it is supposed they will be
gathered, but because they were first sent to
a school in another parish where there is a
surplus supply of boys' schools, therefore

* ‘Evidence,’ pp. 104, 105.

† Ibid., p. 54.

‡ Ibid. p. 43.

§ Ibid. p. 88.

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a new one is to be built in it, though one is not wanted. The course proposed has been approved by the Education Department; it would be interesting to see it justified on the principle of equal dealing with existing schools enunciated by Mr. Forster.

This is, more or less, a sample case. As we look over the returns we note a new school in Tower Street, St. Giles's, with five schools within a quarter of a mile having accommodation for 2967 children, and an average attendance last year of 1842; another in St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell, within a quarter of a mile of eight denominational and one Board schools having accommodation for 6077 children, and an average attendance last year of 2799; another in New North Street, Shoreditch, within a quarter of a mile of six voluntary schools having accommodation for 3358 children, and an average attendance last year of 1753; another in Old Castle Street, Whitechapel, within a quarter of a mile of six denominational schools having accommodation for 4979 children, and an average attendance last year of 2669; another in Angler's Gardens, Islington, within a quarter of a mile of six denominational schools having accommodation for 2407 children, and an average attendance last year of 1528. And so we might go on, with very few cases quite so bad as those we have enumerated, but with many approaching more or less nearly to them.

It may help us to judge what need there can be for such a multiplication of schools, if we examine what has been accomplished in Prussia, which we may perhaps assume to be the country in Europe in which popular education is most widely extended. 'The population of Berlin at the last census, December, 1858, exclusive of military and students, was 463,645, of whom 15,000 were Jews. The total number of schools of every kind is at present (April, 1859) 200; the total number of children attending these schools 54,894.* The population of London at the last census was 3,265,065; if the children attended school at the same rate as they did in Berlin, there ought to be in school 386,572 children of every kind. The School Board tells us that there are 97,307 under education at superior schools.† For London therefore to have as many children in primary schools as there would be at Berlin, we ought to find 289,268 scholars in our schools; we have actually in attendance according to the School Board

223,970 with accommodation in school for 318,602; but to equal Berlin will not satisfy our educational theorists, they are providing for 450,000.

The cost of maintaining schools does not materially differ whether they are full or empty, but their income not less than their usefulness is crippled when they are stripped of their scholars. To multiply schools that are not wanted must diminish the attendance at existing schools, and so increase the difficulty of supporting them. This is being done, or attempted. Schools to supply the educational wants of the people no one can fairly object to, but schools to found a system of instruction approved by a portion of the community, on the ruins of a system upheld by another portion, must encounter the strongest opposition. The result of compulsion is an important factor in the consideration of whether this is being done, because it is obvious that upon its success, and upon it alone, depends the possibility of justifying what has been done. The number of children at school is steadily increasing, as it has been doing for years past; but the efforts to make that increase vastly more rapid have as yet accomplished little, and there is every reason to expect that such will continue to be the case. We therefore fear that a large proportion of the schools in course of erection must be themselves useless for a long time to come, or render useless other schools which are now fulfilling their task with efficiency and advantage to the community.

We must therefore look boldly in the face the issue that is raised by some of the proceedings on the part of School Boards which we have described. The question is not whether we will have Board Schools and compulsory bye-laws to supplement the existing system, but whether we will permit the schools, which religious zeal has founded, to be swept away. The question is one of grave principle. It affects property, as well as religious liberty. Whenever the people have had an opportunity of speaking they have declared in favour of the preservation of existing schools, and of their religious character. But by unwearying agitation and skilful administration there is danger that a comparatively small minority will overbear the will of the majority. The Cowper Temple clause goes far to make Board Schools secular in all but the name; whilst rival schools supported by rates may in time close those maintained from voluntary sources as effectually as direct legislation. This is no narrow party struggle, as some venture to affirm, and which others are so foolish as to believe. It turns upon

* 'Report of Education Committee of 1861,' iv. 190.

† 'Report,' 1872, p. 7.

a principle which must materially affect the social as well as the religious life of the country. Hitherto we have trusted largely to influences which we may call moral, for the elevation and improvement of the people, and entirely so for the promotion of popular education. Clergymen, persons of superior station, those interested in the welfare of the poor, have sought to persuade parents of the working-classes, directly and indirectly, to send their children to school. They have been largely influenced in this by the feeling that at school the children would best learn to fear God and honour the King; that they would receive there a better moral training than they would gain elsewhere. The children's future welfare in this world, their better preparation for fighting the battle of life, was thought of, but it was not the first or leading motive. It is obvious that such motives will have no part in promoting the new system. Board Schools will depend upon very different influences. The loving persuasive agency that grouped itself round the denominational schools will be unknown to them. Their administration will differ, as does that of charity when dispensed by the benevolent, and when doled out at a Union workhouse. The Act by which they are called into existence ostentatiously declares that their primary object is to give secular instruction. Religious teaching is never named but once (Clause 76) in the Act, except for the purpose of being placed under bonds, or at a disadvantage. Rigorous precautions are introduced against teaching definite religious truth in the way in which it is ordinarily taught; whilst there is a complete omission of all safeguards against schools brought into existence under the Act becoming purely secular, or positively infidel. The policeman and the magistrate are to supply the greatest portion of the influences by which schools are to be filled with children; and if the statements* of the visitors of the London School Board are at all accurate, we have already evidence that under a system of paternal government people soon cease to be guided by a sense of personal responsibility, and are content to act like children, doing only what the State *in loco parentis* compels them to do. Further it may be shown that the objects and appliances on which Board Schools depend are material, they express feelings not un-

commonly entertained that those who have money may get whatever they wish, and that people will only do what they ought when they are compelled. They suggest that many feel about education what was said about the capture of Sebastopol: 'Give Messrs. Peto and Betts a contract to get possession of it, and pay them a good round sum, and you will soon make it your own.' The governing principle of the Act of 1870 is to pay plenty of money in providing the machinery for educating the children of the land, and in making them attend school, whether they like it or not, and then it is assumed that the work must be done. There are, however, influences at work—social, moral, religious—which such a system ignores, but which we believe to be as essential for educational success as courage and military skill were in the Crimea. Prussia is not pre-eminently a religious country, and recent experience has shown us that the civil power there is not very tender of the feelings of the Clergy when it has a point to gain on which it is resolved. But in order to secure the universal spread of primary education the State has ever sought the co-operation of the Church. As illustrating the advantage derived from such co-operation in securing the education of all, we find it stated in the report of the Rev. M. Pattison, on the state of elementary education in Germany—

'There is, indeed, one point where the pastor can do more than any other authority finds itself able to do—that of school attendance. The moral influence of the clergyman reaches here what the law cannot reach. Again, the perpetual intrusiveness of the central government is apt to produce, in country communes, an opposite feeling to that just described—that is, one of indifference to, or alienation from, the school as a Government institution, an indifference which can best be combated by the zeal of the clergyman.*

We are persuaded that it is only by the joint efforts of the various religious bodies of the country and the Government that elementary education can be imparted to all who need it. An educational machinery created to be antagonistic to the Church can never command general approval or support. It will array against itself influences that must make its general success impossible. Recent elections have shown that the policy of the league is not popular even with Liberal constituencies. To make education universal, therefore, we must be fair to all parties. Churchmen who have done so much for education are not likely to stand passively

* The increased average attendance in the quarter ending June 27, 1873, is said ('Report of Bye-laws Committee,' p. 8) to have been 21,828; which was secured by the issue of 21,395 notices A, 6049 notices B, and 1023 summonses. (Ibid. p. 5.)

* 'Education Committee, 1861.' Report iv. 180, 181.

by to see their work destroyed. They have no wish for the slightest favour from the State. They ask for justice; that what has been guaranteed to them in the past shall not be stripped from them in the future. By all means let Nonconformists be encouraged to do what they can to supply instruction to those for whom they are responsible; let them have every advantage which has ever been accorded by the State to the Church in this matter. But let them understand that it is constructive, not destructive, efforts that will be permanently popular. There must be no paltering with permissions to Nonconformist Boards to build schools with the ratepayers' money to destroy existing schools; there is sure to be a cry against an education rate, and it is only by proportioning the supply of schools to the number of children who can be made to attend them that we can expect the ratepayers to continue to tax themselves for the instruction of the poor. The erection of schools that can only be useful when they have closed rival schools which they were created to destroy, will never be approved by those who have to pay for the experiment. The first struggle has not been directly about a religious question, but about the extent to which the new system shall be allowed to supersede the old one. If it had been more insidious in its operations, it would have been more likely to be successful. No objections would have been listened to if only admitted deficiencies had been supplied, and if successful in supplying them, and in increasing the attendance of children by compulsion, it might gradually have covered the country with its own schools. But this aggressive party has been too hasty in snatching at all that it wishes to obtain. It has either over-estimated its strength in the present, or it possesses so little faith in the future that it has sought to take by a *coup de main* what could only have been won by long and patient siege. And when the League party admits, as at Nottingham, that it aims at swallowing up existing schools, or when, as in London, schools are multiplied out of all proportion to the actual wants of the people, a strong reactionary spirit is evoked that must practically postpone its prospects of success for an indefinite period. We have seen this result at Nottingham: we shall be surprised if next November does not witness a somewhat similar appreciation by their constituents of the labours of the London School Board. The pressure of local taxation is severe, and perhaps few ratepayers are so enthusiastic in the cause of the education imparted by the School Boards as to agree with the member of the London School Board who said, 'We

can only go to 3*d.* in the pound, and I consider that insignificant for such a great work as this: even if we go to the full extent of that, I consider it excessively insignificant for so great a work.* There are people who think the work has been better done in every way, without costing the ratepayers a farthing, than that which is now performed by the School Boards. And we feel assured that no body of men will have done more to make that feeling general than the London School Board which was elected in November 1870.

ART. IV.—*Holland House.* By Princess Marie Liechtenstein. In 2 vols. London. 1873.

As Henry Bulwer (Lord Dalling) was leaving Holland House one evening with a friend, after pausing at point after point till they reached the corridor, he said: 'I have seen most of the palaces and palatial residences of Europe, and if I were told to choose one to live in for the remainder of my life, I should choose this.' His companion quietly added:

'And I said to myself if there's peace in the world,
A heart that is *humble* might hope for it here.'

All things considered, it is certainly the pearl of metropolitan or suburban houses. Take Northumberland House, Devonshire House, Chesterfield House, Cambridge House, Lansdowne House, Stafford House: extend the area so as to comprise Sion House, Strawberry Hill, and Hatfield. Where have you such a continuous stream of historical, literary and political associations, reaching nearly three centuries back? Which of them calls up so many striking scenes, characters and incidents, or can be re-peopled by no extraordinary effort of memory or imagination with so many brilliant groups of statesmen, orators, poets, artists, beauties, wits—with the notabilities of both hemispheres during six or seven generations, including (not, we hope, terminating with) our own?

Then for what Henry Bulwer was thinking of at the moment, for what more peculiarly addresses itself to the sense of material enjoyment and the eye, for the combination of comfort with space, splendour, luxury and refinement in the interior arrangements, Holland House stands equally unmatched. There is a real charm, an irresistible attrac-

* 'Minutes of Evidence before Select Committee,' p. 126.

tion, in the proportions, harmony of colouring, and disposition of the rooms—in the exquisite tone and keeping of the pictures, busts, décorations, hangings, china, the Elizabethan staircase of dark oak, and the quaintly constructed hall. The late Lord de Mauley asked one of a party of excursionists whom he met in a gallery at Chatsworth, to tell him where he was, as, after a week's stay in the house, he had lost his way. This could hardly happen at Holland House; although it is large enough to have a winter and summer set of sitting-rooms and (without counting the library) ten or eleven reception-rooms open to the guests.

Considering the variety of almost indispensable qualifications, it required no common courage and self-reliance in a young woman settled abroad to undertake the exhaustive treatment of such a subject in all its aspects. But Princess Marie Liechtenstein had gifts and opportunities which, used as she was capable of using them, went far towards counterbalancing her disadvantages. Quick-witted and highly educated, observant, sympathising, appreciating, she had been cradled in Holland House, nurtured in its traditions, and imbued from infancy with the genius of the place. '*Je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu près d'elle.*' Although she had seen only a surviving relic or two of its celebrities, her impressions from constantly hearing about the rest of them, were vivid and lifelike: she had a speaking acquaintance with their portraits: her knowledge, if secondhand or hearsay, came from the best sources: the family archives were open to her; and she must be supposed to have laid under contribution all the best informed friends and connections of the house.

When Sir James Mackintosh was asked by a Frenchwoman what he had done that people should think him so superior, 'I was obliged,' he says, 'as usual to refer to my projects.' Among these was a history of Holland House, as well as a complete History of England. The notes made for the more ambitious project were turned to good account by Lord Macaulay: those on Holland House have been equally well employed by the Princess.

This accomplished lady has a cultivated taste for the fine arts, along with a keen sense of natural beauty; and she writes about objects of virtù with the ease and confidence of a connoisseur. Her industry and discriminating research are shown by the number and variety of scattered facts and notices she has brought together from every quarter; and although the amount of original matter is less than may have been anticipated and some of the moral reflec-

tions and sentimental touches might have been spared, she has produced a curious and valuable work; enabling us to do for almost every room in the mansion what the brilliant essayist has done for the gallery—make them the scenes of a succession of *tableaux vivants*, in which words reproduce character and expression as vividly as the pencil or the brush. It is a work which will lie long on the drawing-table before it is promoted to the library, for the illustrations are numerous and choice. They consist of five steel engravings of portraits, and between sixty and seventy woodcuts. The quarto edition also contains forty Heliotype illustrations, which are really beautiful specimens of the art.

The difficulty of writing a book, or even an essay, on an historic site, rises in exact proportion to the eminence of the celebrities that have flung a halo round the spot. What is best worth telling is familiarly known already: if we venture on the slightest digression, the chances are that we find ourselves on the beaten track of biography; and the utmost we can hope is, that some traits or incidents may acquire an air of novelty by being, so to speak, localised. The safest course, therefore, is to keep as strictly as possible to the subject, and place the minor notabilities, the 'associate forms' that have hither rested in comparative obscurity, in broad relief.

Despite of Pope's warning, when ladies get hold of a little learning, they experience no sense of danger. They are apt to think it new to others because it is new to them. In the course of her introductory account of Kensington, the Princess discourses trippingly about Domesday Book, Saxon derivations, allodial proprietors, hides and virgates of land, and the pedigree of the De Veres; who held the manor till 1526, when it passed through co-heiresses into the families of Neville, Wingfield, and Cornwallis. In 1610, we find it the property of Sir Walter Cope, gentleman of the bed-chamber to James I., who (in 1607), before acquiring the manor, had built the centre and turrets of what was then Cope Castle.

'As for the ancient Manor House, even its site is unknown; and Sir Walter Cope not mentioning such a habitation in his will, we may conclude that it was destroyed before the present house was built; in the building of which, indeed, some of its materials were perhaps used.

'The first stone is often lost sight of beneath what follows; so the name of Cope is superseded by that of Holland, and Cope Castle by Holland House. But it may be now time to say with Vidocq: *Trouvez-moi la femme.* We find her in Sir Walter Cope's daughter and

heiress, Isabel, who married Sir Henry Rich, created in 1622 Baron Kensington, sent to Spain by James I. to assist in negotiating a marriage between Prince Charles and the Infanta, and made Earl of Holland in 1624. He it was who added to the building its wings and arcades; and, more than this, he employed the best artists of the time in decorating the interior.'

This Earl of Holland, described by Clarendon as 'a very handsome man of a lovely and winning presence, and gentle conversation,' played a busy and conspicuous rather than a distinguished part during the reign of Charles I. and the commencement of the Great Rebellion. He stood so high in favour with the Court, especially with Queen Henrietta, whose marriage he had negotiated, that he was named General of the Horse in the army raised against the Scotch Covenanters in 1639. His retreat from Dunse having met with disapproval, he published, in 1643, 'A Declaration made to the Kingdom,' which has been called a bad apology for bad conduct; and in 1647, he fully justified the worst suspicions entertained of his disloyalty, by lending Holland House for a meeting between Fairfax and sundry disaffected Members of Parliament.

"*Perfect Diurnal*," Friday, August 6.—This morning the members of Parliament which were driven away by tumults from Westminster met the Generall at the Earle of Hollands house at Kensington, and subscribed the Declaration of the Army, and a further Declaration of their approving and joyning with the Army in their last proceedings, making null all acts passed by the Members at Westminster since July the 26 last. Afterwards his Excellency with the Lords, the Speaker of the House of Commons, with the Members of the said house, and many other Gentry, marched towards Westminster, a Guard of souldiers 3 deep standing from that place to the Forts; . . .

The year following, having rejoined the royalists, he was taken in arms for the king at St. Neots, imprisoned in Warwick Castle, and condemned to death by a high court of justice improvised for the trial of himself and others similarly situated. He was belcaded in Palace Yard on the 9th March, 1648-9, meeting death with a firmness which had been wanting in the leading passages of his life. Warburton (in a note on Clarendon's 'History') says that he lived like a knave and died like a fool. He appeared on the scaffold dressed in a white satin waistcoat and a white satin cap with silver lace. After 'some divine conference' with a clergyman for nearly a quarter of an hour, and an affectionate leave-taking with a friend, he turned to the executioner and said, 'Here my friend, let my Cloaths and my body alone, there is ten pounds for thee,

that is better than my cloaths, I am sure of it. And when you take up my head, do not take off my cap.'

'Then going to the front of the Scaffold, he said to the People, *God bless you all, God give all happiness, to this Kingdom, to this People, to this Nation.* Then laying himself down, he seemed to pray with much affection for a short space, and then lifting up his head (seeing the Executioner by him) he said, *stay while I give the signe* and presently after stretching out his hand, and saying, now, now; just as the words were coming out of his mouth, the Executioner at one blow severed his head from his body.'

'Such,' adds the Princess, 'was the end of Henry Rich, first Earl of Holland, who owed Holland House to his wife, and to whom Holland House owes its name. The portrait we give of him . . . is from an old print, and may excite more interest than admiration.' She says that he received all that was clever and fashionable at Holland House, not confining himself to his own countrymen; and Bassompierre, who came over in 1626 about some Court matter, thinks it worth recording that he dined at the Earl of Holland's—*à Stintinton*.'

It is surmised, rather than stated, that the next inhabitant of the house was Fairfax: that Lambert fixed his head-quarters there in July 1649; and that Cromwell and Ireton held conferences on State affairs in a field forming part of the property; choosing (on account of Ireton's deafness) a spot where there was no danger of their being overheard. "Eventually, however, the widowed Countess of Holland was allowed to live once more in her own home; and if devotion to a late husband can be proved by opposition to his enemies, Lady Holland was a devoted widow, for she encouraged acting in Holland House when theatres were shut by the Puritans." This was a somewhat anomalous mode of showing conjugal devotion to a dear deceased, and it would seem that the widowed Countess simply fell in with the practice prevalent among the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, of lending their houses to the players, who, without such connivance, must have starved. Her son, the second Earl of Holland, who became, by succession to a cousin, fifth Earl of Warwick in 1673, made Holland House his principal residence. His son and successor, Edward, married Charlotte, daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton, of Chirk Castle, and she was the Countess of Warwick who married Addison in 1716. The event was thus announced in the 'Political State of Great Britain' for that year:—

'About the beginning of August, Joseph Addison, Esq; famous for many excellent Works, both in Verse and Prose, was married to the Right Honourable Charlotte, Countess of Warwick, Relict of Edward late Earl of Warwick, who died in 1701, and Mother to the present Earl, a Minor.'

The marriage is thus mentioned by Johnson :—

'This year(1716) he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, whom he had solicited by a very long and anxious courtship, perhaps with behaviour not very unlike that of Sir Roger to his disdainful widow; and who, I am afraid, diverted herself often by playing with his passion. . . . His advances at first were certainly timorous, but grew bolder as his reputation and influence increased; till at last the lady was persuaded to marry him, on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, "Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave." The marriage, if uncontradicted report can be accredited, made no addition to his happiness. It neither found nor made them equal. She always remembered her own rank, and thought herself entitled to treat with very little ceremony the tutor of her son.'

That his advances were 'certainly timorous' is mere matter of inference. So little is known of the courtship and the prior relative position of the couple, that it is a disputed point whether Addison had been the young Earl's tutor. Johnson's sole authority was Spence's Anecdotes. Two letters from Addison to Lord Warwick in 1708 prove that he was not his domestic tutor. These are dated from Sandy End, a hamlet of Fulham. Macaulay, referring to the marriage, says that Addison had for some years occupied at Chelsea a small dwelling, once the abode of Nell Gwynn; and that he and the Countess, being country neighbours, became intimate friends. The son of a dignified clergyman, and at the height of literary celebrity, he was guilty of no extraordinary presumption in aspiring to her hand. He was made Secretary of State in 1717, and the traditions do not bear out the theory that he quietly accepted the humble part assigned him by the lexicographer. He is reported to have asserted his independence to the extent of joining the little senate to which he gave laws at Button's or of taking his ease at a neighbouring house of entertainment without her leave, and to have driven her, in her jealous or irritable moods, to the humiliating expedient of watching or keeping guard over him. The common belief that they did not live a very comfortable life is conveyed by the quaint remark, that their house, though large,

could not contain a single guest—Peace. But he left her the whole of his fortune, 'a proof,' (remarks Mackintosh) 'either that they lived on friendly terms, or that he was too generous to remember their differences.' He also confided his daughter to her affectionate care by his will.

He breathed his last in what is now the Dining Room. This was the scene of the parting interview with Gay, when, having sent for him, he implored his forgiveness—Gay never knew for what—and of the still more memorable one with the young Earl of Warwick, whom he summoned to his bedside to 'see how a Christian could die.' Walpole cynically remarks, 'Unluckily he died of brandy!' His complaints were asthma and dropsy; and he no more died of brandy than Pitt died of port, although his constitution equally required stimulants. There is a tradition that a bottle of wine was placed at each end of the gallery or dining-room when he paced up and down in the act of composition or meditation. The Princess says, a bottle of port at one end and a bottle of sherry at the other; in which case he might have been acting on the same principle as Sir Hercules Langrishe, who, on being asked, 'Have you finished all that port (three bottles) without assistance?' made answer, 'Not quite: I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira.'

Speaking of Addison's connexion with Holland House, Macaulay says, 'His portrait still hangs there. The features are pleasing; the complexion is remarkably fair; but in the expression we trace rather the gentleness of his disposition than the force and keenness of his intellect.' This was written in 1843. In 1858 there appeared a pamphlet raising a strong presumption that it is not a portrait of Addison.*

The young Earl of Warwick died in 1721, and the estates of the Rich family devolved on his cousin, William Edwardes, raised to the Irish peerage by the title of Baron Kensington in 1776. Between 1721 and 1749 Holland House was occupied by a succession of distinguished tenants:—Sir John Chardin, the Persian traveller; William Penn: Shippen, the downright Shippen of Pope; and Van Dyck, being those most known to fame. Penn, according to the Mackintosh MS., writes that, during his residence here in the reign of James II., 'he

* 'Joseph Addison and Sir Andrew Fountain; or, the Romance of a Portrait.' Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Macaulay makes no allusion to an original portrait painted by Kneller in 1716; although an engraving of it forms the frontispiece of the 'Life of Addison,' by Lucy Aikin, the book he was reviewing.

could hardly make his way down the front steps of the house, through the crowds of suitors, who besought him to use his good offices with the King.' It was during this affluence of visitors and inevitable notoriety that Macaulay supposes him to have made a secret journey into Somersetshire to negotiate the pardons of the maids of Taunton on behalf of the maids of honour. In the same MS. it is set down that Van Dyck resided two years at Holland House and painted two fine portraits here. Taking nothing upon trust, the Princess, after resorting to every available source of information, remarks:—

'Carpenter, in his *Life of Van Dyck*, does not mention the fact, and the authorities of the British Museum made energetic but fruitless researches. Meagre support to Sir James Mackintosh was to be found in Smith's *Catalogue raisonné*, to the effect that the portrait of Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, now in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch, was painted at Holland House, about the year 1635; and we hoped to find some writing on the canvas itself. The picture, by kind permission, was taken down, and examined carefully by the Director of the National Portrait-Gallery, Mr. Sharf. But all to no purpose. No writing was to be found either on back or front. We may assume, if we like, that Van Dyck was received as an honoured guest at Holland House while he painted the portrait. Otherwise, we must leave the question obscure as we found it.'

Atterbury's daughter, Mrs. Morice, once inhabited Holland House, in which a room was kept for the prelate and his library was deposited for safe custody. Another reminiscence, dating farther back, is that William III., soon after his arrival in England in 1689, came to look at Holland House, with a view to its conversion into a palace; and a wide field of speculation is laid open as to whether it would have gained or lost in renown or interest by being so honoured. Its connexion with the Fox family began in 1749, when it was let on lease, at a rent of 182*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*, to the first Lord Holland, who became the proprietor in 1767.

To show by how few links a tradition might be handed down for more than two hundred years, Lord Lansdowne (the third Marquis) used to say that his father had intimately known a man who had intimately known one who had witnessed the execution of Charles I. This was Stephen Fox, the founder of the family, alleged to have been one of the royal pages in 1648. But Richard, Lord Holland (the third), does not confirm the story. His clear and succinct account of his ancestor begins: 'Sir Stephen Fox, mentioned for his honesty by Clarendon and for his riches by Grammont, was the founder of our family, and seems, not-

withstanding some little venial endeavours of his posterity to conceal it, to have been of a very humble stock. He was born in 1627. He owed his introduction at Court to Lord Percy, his favour with Charles II. to Lord Clarendon, and his general success in the world to integrity, diligence, and abilities in business.* According to the Princess, 'he is said to have belonged to the children's choir in Salisbury Cathedral.'

There is a French story, entitled '*L'Art de Plaire*,' in which the hero wins all hearts, unites all voices, and succeeds in every undertaking by dint of a nameless fascination, without birth, fortune or even what are commonly understood by personal advantages. This might pass for a description of Stephen Fox:

'He was endowed, even in his youthful days, with a certain amount of that inexplicable power called charm, which attracted the notice, and thus gained him the protection, of Bishop Duppa. His next patron was the Earl of Northumberland's brother, Henry, Lord Percy, who entertained him in Paris after the battle of Worcester. Lord Percy was at that time Chamberlain of Charles's household; and through him Stephen became known to the exiled king, after whom he named one of his sons, and in whose service he discharged various financial and confidential commissions.'

By good luck, or most probably through superior energy in procuring intelligence, he was the first to announce the death of Cromwell to Charles the Second:—

'... Mr. Fox received the news of that Monster's Death, six Hours before any Express reach'd *Brussels*; and while the King was playing at Tennis with the Archduke *Leopold*, *Don John*, and other *Spanish* Grandees, he very dutifully accosted his Majesty, upon the Knee, with the grateful Message; and beg'd leave to call him really *King of Great Britain*, &c., since he that had caus'd him to be only *Titularly* so, was no longer to be number'd among the *Living*; which so ingratiated him afresh with that Prince, who received him with an Air of Plesantry, that from thenceforward he was admitted into the King's most secret Thoughts, and was advised with more like a Privy Counsellor, than a Servant of an inferior Rank.'

The prominent points of his career may be learned from the 'Diary' of his intimate friend, Evelyn, who makes frequent and always honourable mention of him. Besides several other lucrative appointments, he was

* 'Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox.' Edited by Lord John Russell; vol. i. p. 2. Lord Holland goes on to state as a usage in Sir Stephen's family, that during the whole of the 30th January, the wainscot of the house used to be hung with black, and no meal of any sort allowed till after midnight.

made Paymaster-General of the Forces, and managed to accumulate a large fortune, 'honestly got and unenvied; which is next to a miracle.' So says Evelyn, who adds that he was 'as humble and ready to do a courtesy as ever.' What is more, he was as ready to do good; it being mainly through his exertions that the project for the establishment of Chelsea Hospital, popularly attributed to Nell Gwynn, was taken up in good earnest by the *poco curante* king. After recapitulating the heads of the plan as communicated by Sir Stephen, Evelyn sets down:—

'I was therefore desired by Sir Stephen (who had not only the whole managing of this, but was, as I perceived, himself to be a grand benefactor, as well it became him, who had gotten so vast an estate by the soldiers) to assist him, and consult what method to cast it in, as to the government. . . .'

One reason he assigned for his labours in this work is reported to have been that 'he could not bear to see the common soldiers, who had spent their strength in our service, to beg at our doors.'

Sir Stephen held office under Charles II., James II., William III., and Queen Anne, without being a trimming politician; for he was excepted by name from the general pardon proffered by James II., in 1692. He died in 1716, in his eighty-ninth year, at his villa of Chiswick, where Charles James Fox died in 1806, and Canning in 1827. He was twice married, and left nine sons and two daughters. The second marriage took place in 1703, when he was seventy-six. His eldest son by this marriage afterwards became Earl of Ilchester, and the younger was Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, with whom we have next to deal as the first of the family brought into connexion with Holland House.

The Princess, with the allowable partiality of a biographer, is bent on making him out an eminent statesman, as well as a warm-hearted man, an affectionate husband and father, and a deservedly popular member of society. In point of fact he was a good debater, although a bad speaker; but his strength lay more in his shrewdness, his tact, his masculine good sense, his moral (or immoral) courage and his familiarity with the springs of parliamentary action, than in his debating powers. He had the very qualities most needed by a trading politician in corrupt, unsettled times; and it may be safely predicated that no arrangement or combination of his making or proposing was ever with his consent prevented or impeded by a principle. He broke off the treaty with the Duke of Newcastle for the management of

the House of Commons in 1754, because they could not come to terms touching the secret service money to be employed in bribery; and it was the promise of a peerage, not congeniality of views, that induced him to desert the Duke of Cumberland and join Lord Bute. There is no rival or competitor with whom he contrasts more disadvantageously than with the 'great commoner,' the born orator, the man of sudden impulses and electrical effects, the lofty model of proud disinterestedness. A single point of comparison is enough. Each was Paymaster of the Forces when the proceeds of the place were mainly regulated by the conscience of the holder. Pitt refused to receive more than the regular salary. Fox's profits were so exorbitant that he was denounced by the citizens of London, in an address, as the defaulter of unaccounted millions; and from what is known of his expenses and accumulations, he could not have pocketed less than half a million sterling in his eight years' tenure of the place. Macaulay calls him a needy political adventurer, and says that he was regarded by the nation as a man of insatiable rapacity. The public estimate of him was indicated by a couplet on the death of Wolfe:—

'All conqu'ring cruel death, more hard than rocks,
Thou shouldst have spared the Wolfe and took the Fox.'

Gray's satire (suppressed in the earlier editions of his works) on Lord Holland's seaside villa began:—

'Old, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here H—d form'd the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

'On this congenial spot he fixed his choice;
Earl Godwin trembled for his neighbouring sand;
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to land.'

The correspondence (printed from the Holland House MSS.), which grew out of his abortive treaty with the Duke of Newcastle, throws light on the still unsettled question of when the Cabinet was first constituted as now, or named by the Prime Minister without the direct personal interference of the Sovereign. The following letter from Fox, then Secretary of War, was delivered by Lord Waldegrave to the King, December 10th, 1754:—

'SIR,—Infinitely thankfull for Your Majesty's Command receiv'd by L^d Waldegrave to explain myself in writing; I must begin by

humbly asking Pardon for having mistaken Your Majesty. I now understand Your Majesty do's not intend to have any Leader in the House of Commons and I receive Your Majesty's Pleasure on this head with all that Duty and Submission that becomes me. What Your Majesty requires, I understand, is that on all occasions as well not relative as relative to the Army, I should act with Spirit in support of Your Majesty's Service in the H. of Commons; And, Your Majesty bids me put in writing what will enable me to obey these y' Commands.

'Thinking then no more of taking the Lead; but of obeying Your Majesty's Commands only, I answer—That, in the present State of the H. of Commons, I desire no Change of Employment, no pecuniary Advantage, but some such Mark only of Your Majesty's Favour as may enable me to speak like one well inform'd and honour'd with Your Majesty's Confidence in regard to the Matters I may be speaking of. This then, Sir, is what I desire, and can desire for no other purpose than to enable me to attempt what You command, confining myself to Your Majesty's own Views, and to the very Manner Your Majesty shall command me to pursue them in.

'I am, &c. &c. &c.'

The King's reply is dated Dec. 12th, 1754:—

'December 12th, 1754.

'It is the King's Pleasure, that Lord Waldegrave should acquaint Mr. Fox, that His Majesty is graciously pleased to condescend to His Request of being admitted into His Cabinet Council: But that, in order to avoid future Difficulties, and Inconveniences, His Lordship should acquaint Mr. Fox, that this Advancement to the Cabinet Council, is not intended, by the King, in the least, to interfere with, or derogate from, the Priority, belonging to His Majesty's Secretary of State in the House of Commons; And that It is not His Majesty's Intention, to confer any Power, or Confidence, independent of such Ministers, as His Majesty shall think fit to entrust with the Conduct of His Affairs.'

He had been sworn of the Privy Council on being made Secretary-at-War in 1746.

His marriage was the most remarkable episode of his private life. It made a noise such that it is hardly intelligible unless we bear in mind the social prejudices then in full force. When his engagement with Lady Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, became known to her noble parents, their indignation knew no bounds; they would not hear of such a *mésalliance*; and they took the most decided steps for compelling the young lady to break it off. She was peremptorily commanded to receive another suitor; and the hour for the formal introduction of the chosen individual had been fixed, when she adopted the perilous measure of cutting off

her eyebrows. There is an English novel ('Cyril Thornton'), in which the hero, returning from the Peninsular war with a terribly disfiguring wound across the face, is thrown over by his affianced bride on that account. There is a French novel ('La Vigie de Koatven,' by Sue), in which the heroine destroys her beauty in order to revenge herself on a treacherous lover, and, during a voyage in pursuit of him, gets thrown overboard as a witch. Lady Caroline was more fortunate. She escaped the presence of the hated suitor, and did not repel the favoured one. They eloped, and were secretly married on the 1st May, 1744. The letters of condolence, instead of congratulation, which poured in upon the Duke and Duchess from persons of social or political eminence, are amusing from their absurdly inflated professions of regret. A fortnight after the great event Sir Charles Hanbury Williams writes:—

'MY DEAR FOX,—Time that overcomes, eats up, or buries, all things Has not as yet made the least impression upon the story of the Loves of Henry Fox and Caroline. It still lives grows and flourishes under the Patronage of their Graces of Newcastle and Grafton, and Mr. Pelham. But in spite of them the Town grows cool and will take the tender Lovers' parts.

'L^d Carteret diverts himself with this. He says he was call'd up by the Duke of Newcastle to him by the D: of Dorset, as he was going thro' the rooms at Kensington, and told that they two were talking upon this most unfortunate affair, and that they should make no secret of it to him, that they were both greatly affected with it. Upon this says Carteret: I thought our fleets or our armies were beat, or Mons betrayed into the hands of the French. At last it came out that Harry Fox was married, which I knew before. This says He was the Unfortunate affair. This was what he was concerned about. Two people to neither of which he was any relation were married against their Parents' consent. And this Man is Secretary of State!'

* * * *

'Nobody has done Lady Caroline more justice than Miss Pelham. She says she is her friend and cant give her up. She speaks well of her and you to those that dont like it. Answers all their objections; and particularly upon its being said you was no Gentleman, She reply'd thus, "Upon that head I will appeal to the company whether if Lord Ilchester had been unmarried and had offer'd himself to the D: of R——'s daughter the D: and D^e would not have jump'd at the Match and How Mr. Fox comes to be a worse Gentleman than L^d Ilchester I cant tell."

The guilty, yet happy, pair were not forgiven till after the birth of a son in 1748, when (March 26th) the Duke indites a solemn epistle, beginning:—

'Whitehall, Saturday, 26 March [1748].

'MY DEAR CAROLINE,—Altho' the same reason for my displeasure with you, exists now, as much, as it did the day you offended me, and that the forgiving you is a bad example to my other Children, yett they are so young, that was I to stay till they were settled the consequence might in all likelihood be that wee should never see you so long as wee lived, which thoughts our hearts could not bear. So the conflict between reason and nature is over, and the tenderness of parents has gott the better and your Dear Mother and I have determin'd to see and forgive both you and Mr. Fox.'

His Grace stipulates, however, that their conduct is not to grow into an example or a precedent:—

'One thing more of the greatest consequence to the future hapiness of my family I must mention and recomend to you, which is that I trust to Mr. Fox's honor, probity, and good sense, as well as to yours, that your conversation ever hereafter with any of my children especially with my dear March may be such as not to lead them to thinke children independent of their parents.'

Henry Fox was raised to the peerage in 1763, Lady Caroline having been created Baroness Holland in 1762.

The Princess says that he had stipulated for an earldom, and that when only a barony was conferred upon him, he reproached Lord Bute for a breach of faith, who replied that it was only a pious fraud. 'I perceive the fraud, my Lord,' was the retort, 'but not the piety.' Lord Stanhope says that the subject of altercation was whether Fox should retain the office of Paymaster, which Lord Bute maintained he had promised to resign on being made a peer. 'Both parties now appealed to Lord Shelburne, who, in the preceding autumn, had been the negotiator between them. Lord Shelburne, much embarrassed, was obliged to own that he had in some degree extenuated or exaggerated the terms to each, from his anxiety to receive, at all events, the support of Fox, which he thought at that period essential to the Government. These misrepresentations Lord Bute, now forgiving, called "a pious fraud."* The lady's version agrees with Lord Russell's, but Lord Stanhope's strikes us to be the most probable; for we can hardly conceive Lord Bute admitting a palpable breach of faith and calling it a pious fraud. Moreover, Fox kept the place till he was compelled to surrender it by George Grenville in 1765.

Walpole, contrasting the father's style of speaking with the son's, says, that Lord Hol-

land 'was always confused before he could clear up the point, fluttered and hesitated, wanted diction, and laboured only for one forcible conclusion.' Yet in the debate on the Marriage Bill of 1753, inspired doubtless by personal recollections, he spoke with clearness and vivacity, breaking through all bounds of parliamentary or official restraint. The Bill was introduced by the Lord Chancellor (Hardwicke) with the approval of the Prime Minister (Pelham), and Fox was Secretary at War. But he attacked the measure and the framers in language that provoked Charles Yorke (the Chancellor's son) to exclaim: 'It is new in Parliament, it is new in politics, it is new in ambition.' Fox retorted, 'Is it new in Parliament to be conscientious? I hope not. Is it new in politics? I am afraid it is! Is it new in ambition? It certainly is to attack such authority.' He held up a copy of the Bill, in which he had marked the alterations with red ink; and on the observation of the Attorney-General 'How bloody it looks!' he retorted: 'Thou canst not say I did it. Look what a rent the *learned* Casca made' (pointing to the Attorney-General). 'Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed' (alluding to Mr. Pelham).

We need hardly say that these graphic details are not given in the meagre parliamentary reports. They are mostly taken by Coxe from the correspondence of Dr. Birch, as well as a note of Lord Hardwicke's counter-attack on Fox, who, finding he had gone too far, had endeavoured to deprecate the Chancellor's resentment by an apology.

'Yielding, then, to the impulse of wounded feelings, he repelled the attacks which had been levelled against him in the House of Commons. The conduct of Mr. Charles Townsend he ascribed to youth and inexperience, and directed the whole force of his invective against Mr. Fox.

"It is not, indeed, surprising," he said, "that young men in the warmth of their constitution should be averse to regulations which seem to interfere with their impassioned and sanguine pursuits; but it is extraordinary to see grave and solemn persons convert a law, so essential to the public good, into an engine of dark intrigue and faction, and into a pretext for forming a party, and trying its strength. Their opposition, however, has produced a result which they little expected; for it has raised a zeal in favour of the Bill, which has ensured its success."

'He then indignantly animadverted upon the profligacy of the principles avowed by the enemies of the measure. Alluding to the apology of Mr. Fox, he said, "With regard to my own share in this torrent of abuse, as I am obliged to those who have so honourably defended me, so I despise the invective, and I despise the re-

* 'History,' vol. v. p. 40.

cantation. I despise the scurrility, for scurrility I must call it, and I reject the adulation." * *

A few months after his elevation, October 5, 1763, Fox writes to Selwyn, that his object in going to the Upper House was to cut up any further views of ambition by the roots. The rest of his life (observes Lord Russell) was passed in some favour with the Court, but (after the resignation of his place) in no ostensible position in office or in the House of Lords. A singular remark is quoted of his dying hours, which at least shows composure and good humour: 'If Mr. Selwyn calls again,' he told his servant, 'let him in. If I am alive I shall be very glad to see him, and if I am dead he will be very glad to see me.' In allusion to what are aptly termed the mortuary tastes of Selwyn, who never missed an execution if he could help it, Lord Holland had written to him on a preceding occasion:

'Yorke was very ugly whilst he lived, how did he look when he was dead?

'Yours ever,

'HOLLAND.'

It would be superfluous to dwell on the public career of Charles James Fox; but there are a few particulars of his early life which are less familiarly known and strikingly illustrate the formation of his character. The boundless indulgence with which he was brought up, and the temptations to which he was systematically exposed from boyhood, not merely account for the errors of his maturer years, but greatly enhance our admiration of the qualities of head and heart that could go through such an ordeal essentially unimpaired. 'Mr. Fox's children were to receive no contradiction. Having promised Charles that he should be present when a garden wall was to be flung down, and having forgotten it, the wall was built up again, that he might perform his promise.' Lord Holland (Charles's uncle), after quoting this passage from the Reminiscences of Sir G. Colebrook, remarks: 'This was perhaps foolish, but the performance of a promise was the moral inculcated by the folly, and that, *ce me semble*, is no bad lesson.'

'Charles is dreadfully passionate; what shall we do with him?' said Lady Caroline. 'Oh, never mind,' replied Mr. Fox; 'he is a sensible little fellow, and will learn to curb himself.' Charles overheard this conversation, and adverting to it in after life, said: 'I will not deny that I was a very sensible little fellow, a very clever little boy, and what I heard made an impression on me, and

was of use to me afterwards.' This is related by Lord Russell. The three following instances are given, we take for granted on good authority, in the book before us:

'Once the *enfant terrible* wished to break a watch. "Well!" said the father, "if you must, I suppose you must."

'At another time, Lord Holland, as Secretary of State, was preparing some important papers, when Charles, going into the study, read, criticized, and burnt a despatch which was ready to be sealed. The father, without even reprimanding his boy, calmly got ready another copy of the despatch from the official draft.

'Charles James in his childhood does not seem to have shown his mother much more deference than he showed his father. One day he heard her make a mistake in Roman History, and, asking her, with utter contempt, what *she* knew about the Romans, he went on to explain how she was wrong.'

Before he was fourteen he was taken by his father to Paris and Spa, where he made his first acquaintance with the gaming-table. After a brief interval at Eton (where he was flogged) he was taken a second time to Paris, where (says Lord Russell), 'according to family traditions, he was indulged in all his youthful passions, and when he showed any signs of boyish modesty and shame, was ridiculed for his bashfulness by his injudicious and culpable father.' In a letter, dated July 25th, 1765, the father writes:— 'Charles has been here, but is now at Oxford, studying very hard, after two months at Paris, which he relished as much as ever. Such a mixture in education was never seen, but, extraordinary as it is, seems likely to do well.' It certainly enabled him to make himself familiar with foreign languages and literature, whilst becoming a good classic; but what were the odds that, with such desultory habits and in the midst of every variety of seduction, all power of steady application and solid acquirement would be lost? It was about this time that he and a fellow-student set out to walk from Oxford to Holland House without a penny in their pockets. On arriving, his first exclamation to his father, who was taking his coffee, was, 'You must send half-a-guinea, or a guinea, without loss of time, to the ale-house-keeper at Nettlebed, to redeem the gold watch you gave me some years ago, and which I have left in pawn there for a pot of porter.'

The mother was less confident than the father of the success of his system, and is reported by her sister, the Duchess of Leicester, to have said to him soon after Charles left Oxford: 'I have been this evening with Lady Hester Pitt, and there is little William Pitt, not eight years old, and really the

* 'Memoirs of the Pelham Administration; vol. ii. p. 267.

cleverest child I ever saw, and brought up so strictly and properly in his behaviour, that, mark my words, that little boy will be a thorn in Charles's side as long as he lives.' It was the apophthegm of Falstaff, 'There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof.' But the result in each of these contrasted systems equally sets all calculation at defiance.

On the 8th February, 1772, Gibbon writes to Holroyd in reference to a debate on the Church Establishment :—

'By-the-bye, Charles Fox prepared himself for that holy war by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of hazard : his devotion cost him only about 500*l.* per hour—in all 11,000*l.*'

On December 6th, 1773, the same to the same :—

'You know Lord Holland is paying Charles' debts. They amount to 140,000*l.* At a meeting of the creditors, his agent declared, that after deducting 6000*l.* a year settled on Ste. (the eldest son), and a decent provision for his old age, the residue of his wealth amounted to no more than 90,000*l.*'

Walpole mentions another separate payment of 20,000*l.* for the debts of Stephen and Charles. In April 1772, Charles brought in a Bill to amend the Marriage Bill which his father had so vehemently opposed ; and Walpole, after commending the ease, grace, and clearness of his speech, says :—

'He was that very morning returned from Newmarket, where he had lost some thousand pounds the preceding day. He had stopped at Hockeril, where he found company—had sat up all night drinking, and had not been in bed when he came to move his Bill, which he had not even drawn. This was genius, was almost inspiration.'

During the first three years of his parliamentary career Charles Fox, as if impatient (as Walpole remarks) to inherit his father's unpopularity, professed the same arbitrary principles ; and it was his motion to commit Woodfall, accompanied by a fierce denunciation against the City and the Press, that caused Lord North, at the King's suggestion, to send the well-known note :—

'His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of Treasury to be made out, in which I do not see your name.—NORTH.'

This dismissal was fortunate for his fame. It threw him into opposition, compelled him to take the Liberal side on all great questions, and eventually led to his being the chosen champion, the pride and boast of the Whig party.

He is the grand illustration of the Fox family, but if required to specify the persons

to whom Holland House is most indebted for its fame, we should name his nephew Henry Richard, Lord Holland, and Elizabeth Vassall, the Lady Holland, who has left a more marked impression of her individuality than any woman of her age. The distinctive qualities of both may be accurately learned from this work, although the authoress lies under the disadvantage of having never seen either of them ; and she has also hit off, with intuitive justness of appreciation, the composition, aspect, tone, and constantly-varying curiously-contrasted character of their society :—

'Lord Holland enjoyed the Continent, and, when he left it, was all the more fit for his own home. After enjoying, and profiting by his travels, he returned to England in 1796, and restored Holland House.

'He restored it in two ways : he restored it practically, under Mr. Saunders, fitting it up at great expense for his own habitation ; and he restored it intellectually by bringing together those wits and geniuses who invested it with greater brilliancy than it had enjoyed even in the days of Addison.

'The circle of Holland House was a cosmopolitan one, and Holland House was among houses what England is amongst nations—a common ground, where all opinions could freely breathe.

'Much as people are wont to regret the number of their years, who would not gladly now be half a century older to have formed part of that circle, and heard the brilliant passages of wit and intellect which passed, and too often passed away, within those walls ! A list furnished by Elizabeth, Lady Holland to Sir James Mackintosh, helps us in enumerating some of the names which have thus immortalized the house.'

This list includes almost all the celebrities of the Whig party, and most of the distinguished foreigners who visited England for half a century : with only one Tory, Lord Eldon, the very last whom we should have expected to find at Holland House. The Princess has attempted to range them in a kind of *catalogue raisonné*, in which the character, or chief title to fame, is dashed off in a pointed sentence or two, or at most a paragraph, e.g. :

'Talleyrand, the diplomatic wit and witty diplomatist, who cared not which party he supported, provided it was the stronger.

'Madame de Staël, who in graceful French painted Italy, and in solid French digested German literature.

'Whishaw, whose sense made his opinions valuable to have and difficult to obtain.'

Other are described by their *bons mots* :—

'Then there was Luttrell, whose idea of the English climate was, "On a fine day, like looking up a chimney ; on a rainy day, like

looking down it." Luttrell, the epicure, who once, marvellous to relate, let the side-dishes pass by; but it was in order to contemplate a man who had failed to laugh at Sydney Smith's jokes. He himself, too, had plenty of original wit: he expressed a dislike for monkeys because they reminded him so of poor relations; and upon being asked whether a well-known bore had made himself very disagreeable, he answered, musingly, "Why, he was as disagreeable as the occasion would permit."

These *mots* of Luttrell are quoted from familiar memoirs. But one at p. 158 is new:—

'She (Lady Holland) was rather fond of crowding her dinner-table. Once, when the company was already tightly packed, an unexpected guest arrived, and she instantly gave her imperious order: "Luttrell! make room!" "It must certainly be made," he answered, "for it does not exist."'

The range of knowledge, power of condensed thought, and command of language required for such an undertaking, are great; and there are characters which cannot be sketched in this cursory fashion.* It is no

* About the best specimens of condensed description of character we are acquainted with are the inscriptions on the busts in 'The Temple of British Worthies' at Stowe, printed in 'The History and Antiquities of the County of Buckingham.' By George Lipscomb, Esq., M.D., vol. iii. pp. 103, 104. It would be difficult to improve upon the following:—

'Alexander Pope: who, uniting the correctness of judgment to the fire of genius, by the melody and power of his numbers, gave sweetness to sense, and grace to philosophy. He employed the pointed brilliancy of wit, to chastise the vices, and the eloquence of poetry, to exalt the virtues of human nature; and, being without a rival in his own age, imitated and translated, with a spirit equal to the originals, the best poets of antiquity.

'Sir Thomas Gresham: who, by the honourable profession of a merchant, having enriched himself and his country for carrying on the commerce of the world, built the Royal Exchange.

'Ignatius Jones: who, to adorn his country, introduced and rivalled the Greek and Roman Architecture.

'John Milton: whose sublime and unbounded genius equalled a subject that carried him beyond the limits of the world.

'William Shakespeare: whose excellent genius opened to him the whole heart of man, all the mines of fancy, all the stores of Nature; and gave him power, beyond all other writers, to move, astonish, and delight mankind.

'John Locke: who, best of all philosophers, understood the powers of the human mind; the nature, end, and bounds of civil government; and, with equal courage and sagacity, refuted the slavish system of usurped authority over the rights, the consciences, or reason of mankind.

'Sir Isaac Newton: whom the God of Nature made to comprehend His Works.

'Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam: who, by

wonder, therefore, that several of these pen-and-ink outlines are incomplete and vague:—

'Lord Moira, whose fluent speaking Curran called "airing his vocabulary;" and who was afterwards Governor-General of India and Marquis of Hastings.

'Lord Macartney, who made an embassy to China. He is one of the people of whom it is said that, taking a hint from the King, he learnt Spanish, and informing his Majesty of the fact, was answered, that he would now be able to read *Don Quixote* in the original.'

Dr. Johnson relates that Rowe applied to Harley for some public employment, who enjoined him to study Spanish; and when, some time afterwards, he came again, and said that he had mastered it, dismissed him with this congratulation: 'Then, Sir, I envy you the pleasure of reading "*Don Quixote*" in the original.' It must be owing to a confused recollection of this story that Lord Macartney is described as one of the people who, taking a hint from the King, learnt Spanish. Still more puzzling is the following:—

'Mr. Frere (the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere), for some time, during the early part of the present century, British Minister in Spain. Like his host, he was an accomplished translator of Spanish. But his most popular claim to literary renown will probably be his joint authorship with Canning of "*The Needy Knife-grinder*," more so than his character of Whistlecraft, Lord Byron's confessed immediate model for "*Beppo*."

Taking 'his character of Whistlecraft' to mean the poem, purporting to be by William

the strength and light of a superior genius, rejected vain speculation and fallacious theory, taught to pursue truth, and improve philosophy, by the certain method of experiment.

'Sir Walter Raleigh: a valiant soldier, and an able statesman; who, endeavouring to rouse the spirit of his master, for the honour of his country, against the ambition of Spain, fell a sacrifice to the influence of that Court whose arms he had vanquished and whose designs he opposed.

'King Alfred: the mildest, justest, most beneficent of kings; who drove out the Danes, secured the seas, protected learning, established juries, crushed corruption, guarded liberty, and was the founder of the English Constitution.

'John Hampden: who, with great spirit and consummate abilities, began a noble opposition to an arbitrary court, in the defence of the liberties of his country; supported them in Parliament and died for them in the field.'

Dr. Lipscombe says that many of these inscriptions were written by George Lyttelton; but we believe the authorship to be uncertain, and it has been surmised by those who think they have tracked Junius to Stowe, that they are from the same pen as the famous Letters.

and Robert Whittlecraft,* from which Byron copied the metre of 'Beppo' and 'Don Juan,' can it be seriously contended that Frere is more popularly known to fame by the joint authorship of 'The Needy Knife-Grinder'—which, by the way, was wholly written by Canning?

One of the most graceful passages in the book is the tribute to Miss Fox, sister of the third lord. 'Simplicity and purity of heart were hers; her very contact imparted goodness; her presence, sunshine. A woman in the best sense of the word; such was the dear "Aunt" of that family.' She was the early, the only, love of Jeremy Bentham, who, in his eightieth year, wrote to her reminding her of a flower she had given him on the lawn at Bowood. 'From that day not a single one has passed (not to mention nights) in which you have not engrossed more of my thoughts than you could have wished.' Bowring, who was present when he received her answer, describes him as singularly mortified and depressed by its coldness. In the Yellow Drawing-room of Holland House may still be seen what the Princess terms 'souvenir d'amitié, understood though not expressed': a cameo ring, containing Jeremy Bentham's hair and profile, with the words, *Memento for Miss Fox* engraved upon it, with the dates of his birth and death:

'Not very unlike her, in goodness and kindness, was her brother, the master of Holland House. Devoted to literature and art, he welcomed authors and artists with cordial affability. Well versed in the politics of Europe, he entertained statesmen and diplomatists of all nations with cosmopolitan fairness. Himself a wit and a humorist, he greeted with fellow-feeling the most brilliant men of the day. But while he enjoyed and preferred the society of choice spirits, while with him absence could not extinguish friendship, his benevolence and courtesy made him extend a kind reception to all who came to Holland House.

* * * * *

'In a very different way did Lady Holland wield her sceptre. Beautiful, clever, and well informed, she exercised a natural authority over those around her. But a habit of contradiction—which, it is fair to add, she did not mind being reciprocated upon herself—occasionally lent animation, not to say animosity, to the arguments in which she engaged. It is easy for some natures to say a disagreeable thing, but it is not always easy to carry a disagreeable thing off cleverly. This Lady Holland could do.'

* 'Prospectus of an Intended National Work. By William and Robert Whittlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers, &c. &c.

Two years have not yet elapsed since we gave a sketch of her peculiarities;* but fresh instances are constantly recurring. Such was her strength of volition, that it required no slight degree of moral courage to resist her commands or refuse her most unreasonable wish. Returning by the Great Western from Chippenham, after a visit to Bowood, she took Brunel in the carriage with her, and made him slacken the pace of the express train to less than twenty miles an hour in spite of the protestations of the passengers. She insisted on Dickens telling her how 'Nicholas Nickleby' was to end, before he had half developed or haply conceived the plot. She had a superstitious dread of lightning; and there is a story of her dressing up her maid in her own clothes to attract the bolt intended for herself. She had an equal dread of fire, which induced Sydney Smith to hurry to her with the model of a fire-escape, the efficacy of which he was prepared to guarantee on condition that the person resorting to it was first reduced to a state of nudity. He recommended it by the example of a clerical friend who, haunted by the same fear, had provided himself with one, and being awakened in the dead of the night by a knocking and ringing which he took for an alarm of fire, let himself down after throwing off his night-shirt, on the steps before his door, where his wife and daughters (kept late at a ball) were knocking and ringing to be let in.

The excellence of Lady Holland's dinners was in no small respect owing to her habit of levying contributions on guests who inhabited districts famous for the vension, the poultry, the game, or any other edible. The praises of the *mouton des Ardennes* having been sounded at her table when M. van de Weyer was present, she commissioned him to procure her some. He sent an order for half a sheep, which was left at the Foreign Office in Brussels, directed to him and marked *très-pressé*. The clerks, taking it for a bundle of despatches, forwarded it by a special messenger. The affair got wind, and for more than a week the Belgian journals rang the changes on the Epicurean habits of his Excellency, who happens to be deservedly famous for his dinners.

We were present at a violent altercation between her and Motteux (the former proprietor of Sandringham) on the knotty point whether prunes are an improvement in cock-a-leeky soup: he *pro*, she *con*.

She made Byron seriously unhappy by

* 'Quarterly Review,' Jan. 1872. Art. 'Sir Henry Holland's Recollections,' reprinted by the writer.

telling him he was getting fat. 'But (he comforted himself by adding) *she* is fond of saying disagreeable things.' In the same spirit Talleyrand accounted for her inconveniently early dinner hour: '*C'est pour gêner tout le monde.*' She told Lord Porchester (the late Earl of Carnarvon), 'I am sorry to hear you are going to publish a poem. Can't you suppress it?' She had more sense than wit, but like most people who affect a saucy roughness, she occasionally said a good thing. Speaking of the 'Rejected Addresses,' Monk Lewis remarked to her: 'Many of them are very fair, but mine is not at all like: they have made me write burlesque, which I never do.' 'You don't know your own talent,' was the encouraging reply.

Jekyll was dining at Holland House in company with the Duke of York, when his Royal Highness showed strong symptoms of irritation at something said by Lady J. It was his well-known habit to resort to brandy as a restorative for his nervous system in such an emergency, and Jekyll, leaning across, said, 'Will your Royal Highness excuse the infirmity of an old man, and do me the honour of taking brandy with me instead of wine?' 'With the greatest pleasure, Mr. Jekyll: I feel very much obliged to you.' When the brandy was called for, it was not forthcoming: there was literally none in the house; and Lady Holland with difficulty suppressed her anger till His Royal Highness was gone, when she turned to Jekyll and burst out, 'You did it on purpose on the chance of finding that there was none.'—'I, Lady Holland! I suppose that anything could be wanting at Holland House! I fully believed that, if I had called for a slice of broiled rhinoceros with cobra sauce, it would have been brought to me on the instant.'

Among the reminiscences of that famed dinner table there is another which may be thought worth preserving.

Sir James Mackintosh was travelling in Switzerland when he got into a dispute about a change of horses with a German baron, who vowed he would have satisfaction on the spot were he not on his way to attend the deathbed of his wife, but insisted on Mackintosh's card that the demands of honour might be satisfied when the conjugal duty had been discharged. Mackintosh gave his card, glad to be quit of the business at so easy a rate, and thought no more of it, till, some three months afterwards when he was dining at Holland House, an envelope sealed with an enormous coat-of-arms was placed before him, and was found to contain a formal cartel from the Baron, who had

come all the way from the South of Germany to redeem his pledge. The party burst into a hearty laugh on learning the nature of the communication, and their merriment was not diminished by the lugubrious look of Mackintosh, who had no wish whatever to measure swords or exchange shot with the Teuton. As he was not to be put off, however, Sir Robert Wilson was deputed to wait upon him and arrange the matter amicably, which he did so successfully that the next day but one the two adversaries dined together with the same party at Holland House.

The following scene is given in the work:—

'On one occasion, however, at Holland House he (Sydney Smith) was himself set down by the Prince of Wales, then Prince Regent. The conversation having taken the turn of discussing who was the wickedest man that had ever lived, Sydney Smith, addressing himself to the Prince, said, "The Regent Orleans, and he was a Prince." The Prince's answer was short, quiet, and biting. Ignoring even his interlocutor's surname, he said, "I should give the preference to his tutor, the Abbé Dubois, and he was a priest, Mr. Sydney."

It may be doubted whether George IV., whose cordiality towards the Whigs had been cooling down since 1806, ever dined at Holland House after he became Regent; and it was not at all like Sydney Smith to provoke such a retort. But the repartee was well worth recording, whoever made or concocted it. Byron's attack on the Hollands, as he afterwards felt and admitted, was ill-directed and unjust.

'Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,

Where Scotchmen feed and critics may carouse!

Long, long beneath that hospitable roof
Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.'

There was never the slightest taint of Grub Street, and any notion of social inequality was set at rest by (to use Macaulay's words) 'that frank politeness which at once relieved all the embarrassment of the youngest and most timid writer or artist who found himself for the first time among ambassadors and earls.'

The Princess's impressions, inevitably traditional, are notwithstanding just and clear:—

'With such a host and such a circle, we are not astonished that Sydney Smith should have heard "five hundred travelled people assert that there is no such agreeable house in Europe as Holland House," or that he shared the opinion of the five hundred. With such

a host and such a circle, we are not astonished either to find that there was an absence of servility. There was no professional *daqueur*; there was none of that which the French play has so untranslatably rendered by the word *camaraderie*; no mutual puffing; no exchanged support. There, a man was not unanimously applauded because he was known to be clever, nor was a woman accepted as clever because she was known to receive clever people. There, praise was not always to be reckoned upon; hence it was valued when received. In short Holland House was the "proof house" of the literature of the day, and maintained its position from first to last.'

The lady's task becomes one of extreme difficulty when she arrives at the last Lord Holland and the widowed mistress of the domain, associated as they are with recent events and living contemporaries; but her execution is marked by fineness of touch and tact, and her frank tributes of gratitude and admiration are neither fulsome nor forced:—

'We may not perhaps speak of the fourth Lord Holland as of a great statesman, as of a great philosopher; but (we humbly crave pardon of those whose opinion is otherwise) fame is not the link we would care to place between ourselves and the loved ones we have lost. Suffice it for us that we loved and, alas! lost him; suffice it for all who had the happiness of knowing him that they were ever received by him with courteous kindness when they were happy; with noble generosity and graceful delicacy when fortune did not favour them.'

This is a noble panegyric; and by a rare felicity it may be applied to each successive proprietor and mistress of Holland House for three generations, especially to Elizabeth, Lady Holland, of whom Moore sets down in his journal: 'She is a warm and active friend, and I should think her capable of highmindedness upon occasions.' The occasions were when a friend was in trouble,—had undergone affliction or suffered wrong.

There is another entry in Moore's journal which, after what we have said of her eccentricities, it is no more than bare justice to her to quote:

'July 6th, 1821.—By the bye, I yesterday gave Lady Holland Lord Byron's "Memoirs" to read; and on my telling her that I rather feared he had mentioned her name in an unfair manner somewhere, she said, "Such things give me no uneasiness: I know perfectly well my station in the world; and I know all that can be said of me. As long as the few friends that I really am sure of speak kindly of me (and I would not believe the contrary if I saw it in black and white), all that the rest of the world can say is a matter of complete indifference to me."''

How much unhappiness would be avoided by resolving, like her, never to believe the alleged unkindness of a friend. All of us must be conscious of dissatisfied, uncongenial moments when we may let drop words utterly at variance with our genuine feelings. These are repeated without the modifying words or circumstances: then come complaints and explanations: the credulous hope of mutual minds is over; and a true, valued, really attached friend is irretrievably estranged,

'And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin,
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said,
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesss of love are gone.'

It will often be the same with friendship unless Lady Holland's wise maxim be uniformly observed.

In comparing periods there is an important peculiarity to be marked. During what is commonly deemed its brightest, the Holland House circle (besides its political complexion) was principally composed of men: the dinner was the rallying-point; and the number of guests on any given evening rarely exceeded what might have been casually collected at a country house. It was reserved for the present mistress of this historic mansion to throw it open to the whole of the great world without distinction of party; to invest it with a fresh set of associations; to blend female loveliness and grace with masculine sense, learning, genius and wit within its walls. Memorable as are the interchanges of mind between orators and statesmen, artists and authors, in the library, not less memorable will be more than one of those afternoon receptions, when the old Dutch Garden resembled the gardens of Florence in 'Boccaccio,' with its be vies of cavaliers and dames, in gayest of dresses and the most picturesque of attitudes: when a table, heaped with fruit and flowers, was placed for royalty and the representatives of royalty in the open air before the refreshment-room, where a genuine Neapolitan *acquaiuolo* was plying its craft with the shrill accompaniment of his cries: when the far-famed Countess of Castiglione moved through the brilliant throng with the air of a goddess: when the leaders of both houses were exchanging grave courtesies on the lawn: when Lord and Lady Russell and Lady Palmerston were talking to the Comte and Comtesse de Paris in a group, which the Prince of Wales had just quitted to engage in animated conversation with Longfellow.

We can understand why no allusion is made to these more modern doings in the work before us, but the omission leaves the general impression incomplete.

At the conclusion of the historical part the character of the book changes, and it assumes somewhat of the tone of a hand-book, but a hand-book like Ford's for Spain, or Palgrave's for Central Italy, in which we are conducted over classic or consecrated ground by the light of knowledge and taste. Indeed, no one could wish for a better cicerone than the Princess, if she could be induced to leave off moralising. Her descriptive accounts are so plentifully interspersed with anecdotes and biographical details, that the reader need never start back under the apprehension of being addressed in the language of George Robins or Messrs. Christie; whilst the pictured illustrations of almost every striking point of view, or object of interest, come most opportunely in aid of the text.

In the chapter entitled 'The Grounds,' after pausing in the avenue to catch a glimpse of the south front, our attention, on reaching the entrance-sweep, is directed to the two stone piers by Inigo Jones, through which, after ascending a double flight of steps, we reach a terraced walk. A few paces to the left bring us in front of a lawn which slopes up gradually into a hill crowned by an old cedar-tree struck by lightning. 'On the same lawn are other cedar-trees, younger and more strong; but the old cedar-tree crowning the hill stands there proud of its age, proud of its mutilations, like the veteran warrior, whose shattered arm and scarred brow command the sympathetic enthusiasm of those around him.'

There is in the grounds another venerable tree (not mentioned in this book), which Rogers thus addressed in verse (now published for the first time) :—

'Majestic tree, whose wrinkled form hast stood,
Age after age, the patriarch of the wood;
Thou who hast seen a thousand springs unfold
Their ravell'd buds, and dip their flowers in gold,
Ten thousand times yon moon relight her horn,
And that bright star of evening gild the morn.
Gigantic oak! thy hoary head sublime,
Erewhile must perish in the wreck of time,
Should round thy head innoxious lightnings shoot,
And no fierce whirlwinds shake thy steadfast root;
Yet shalt thou fall, thy leafy tresses fade,
And those bare scatter'd antlers strew the glade,

Arm after arm shall leave the mouldering bust,
And thy firm fibres crumble into dust;
The Muse alone shall consecrate thy name,
And by her powerful art prolong thy fame;
Green shall thy leaves expand, thy branches play,
And bloom for ever in the immortal lay.'

These lines provoked the following impromptu from Lord Wensleydale :

'I'll bet a thousand pounds—and Time will show it,
That this stout tree survives the feeble poet.'

There is a summer-house in another part of the grounds called 'Rogers' Seat,' with which his memory is more agreeably associated in complimentary verses by Luttrell and an inscription by Lord Holland :—

'Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell,
With me, those Pleasures that he sings so well.'

Flower-beds in frameworks of box, separated by zigzags, give an air of old-fashioned quaintness to the Dutch Garden :—

'Towards the end of this garden is a kind of evergreen curtain formed by an arcade covered with ivy. Through this arcade we notice another flower garden (also Dutch), in which the dahlia stands the monarch of all it surveys. And has it not the right to do so here? For though it owes its name in botany to Dahl, the Swede, does it not owe its existence in England to the third Lady Holland? She brought seeds of it from Spain, and had them sown in this very garden; whence it appears to have spread over our island.'

This statement is corrected by a note. Dahlias were first introduced into England by Lady Bute, in 1789, and failed. Lady Holland's attempt, in 1804, to acclimatise them was equally unsuccessful; and their effective introduction dates from 1815.* Her claim, however, affords a sufficient base for the verses of her spouse :—

'The Dahlia you brought to our isle,
Your praises for ever shall speak,
Mid gardens as sweet as your smile,
And in colours as bright as your cheek.'

We are next taken to a spot called the Moats, the scene of the fatal encounter between Captain Best and Lord Camelford. Best was reputed the best shot in England; and it was for this very reason that Lord Camelford forced on the duel, although consciously and confessedly in the wrong. It

* See Townsend's 'Manual of Dates,' and Haydn's 'Dictionary,' tit. *Dahlia*. Townsend says it is indigenous to Mexico; Haydn calls it a native of China. According to Townsend, the present British stock is chiefly derived from a large assortment of plants brought from France in 1815.

took place on the morning of the 7th March, 1804: he fell on receiving the first fire, and was carried to Little Holland House, where the wound was examined and declared mortal. He expired on the evening of Saturday the 10th. Before leaving his lodgings for the meeting he made this addition to his will:—

‘There are many other matters which, at another time, I might be inclined to mention; but I will say nothing more at present than that, in the present contest, I am fully and entirely the aggressor, as well in the spirit as the letter of the word; should I therefore lose my life in a contest of my own seeking, I most solemnly forbid any of my friends or relations, let them be of whatsoever description they may, from instituting any vexatious proceedings against my antagonist; and should, notwithstanding the above declaration on my part, the law of the land be put in force against him, I desire that this part of my will may be made known to the king, in order that his royal heart may be moved to extend his mercy towards him.’

Best always reverted to the catastrophe with regret. The late Hon. and Rev. Fitzroy Stanhope used to relate that, being second to a sporting friend in a duel that was to come off on a Sunday morning when the shops were shut, he asked Best (then in the rules of the King's Bench Prison for debt) to lend them his pistols, which he positively declined, saying: ‘No, no, my pistols have already more than enough to answer for.’

There is a piece of water belonging to the Moats in which the Duc and Duchesse d'Aumale used to fish with the last Lord Holland; and we arrive in due course at an alley called the ‘Alley Louis Philippe,’ the exiled King having lingered under the shelter of its trees during a visit to Holland House in 1848. At the end of the adjoining walk stands the statue of Charles James Fox (a cast of that in Bloomsbury Square), with the motto: *Cui Plurimæ consentiunt Gentis Populi Primarium fuisse Virum*. In the English translation *plurimæ* is rather freely rendered *all*.

The Green Lane, called Nightingale Lane so long as there was a tradition of a songster, ‘is a long avenue, like an immense gallery arched with trees and carpeted with grass, the distant light at the end softening down into that misty blue so peculiar to dear England.’ It has much of the wild charm of a forest glade, and the romance of its evening gloom is deepened by a touch of the supernatural:—

‘But we will avoid the possible charge of concocting a ghost story, by relating the event *verbatim* from “Aubrey's Miscellanies:”—

‘“The Beautiful Lady *Diana Rich*, Daughter to the Earl of *Holland*, as she was walking in her Father's Garden at *Kensington*, to take the fresh Air before Dinner, about Eleven a Clock, being then very well, met with her own Apparition, Habit, and every thing, as in a Looking-glass. About a Month after, she died of the Small-pox. And 'tis said, that her Sister, the Lady *Isabella* (*Thinne*), saw the like of her self also before she died. This Account I had from a Person of Honour.”

‘A third sister, *Mary*, was married to the first Earl of *Breadalbane*, and it has been recorded that she also, not long after her marriage, had some such warning of her approaching dissolution.

‘And so the old tradition has remained—and who would wish to remove it? Belonging to past times, it should be respected. But whether we respect tradition or not, it is as a received fact, that whenever the mistress of Holland House meets herself, Death is hovering about her.’

On entering the house we find almost every room invested with some special attraction, and a bare inventory of the contents calls up a throng of images. ‘Stop, for thy tread is on an empire's dust.’ Stop, for you cannot look around you without your gaze alighting on some memorial or relic of genius or greatness,—the writing-table of *Addison*; the watch and walking-stick of *Fox*; the candlesticks of *Mary*, Queen of Scots; the hair, ring, and snuff-box of *Napoleon*; the autographs of the Empress *Catherine*, *Voltaire*, *Rousseau*, *Petrarch*, *Savonarola*, *Lope de Vega*, *Gonsalvo de Cordova*. Then the pictures are something more than fine specimens of art. They point a moral or adorn a tale. Either the painter or the subject is commonly associated by some curious incident with the house. The ‘*Sir Joshua Room*’ (chap. xx.) contains eleven of his masterpieces. One of these is the portrait of the first Lord *Holland* mentioned by *Cotton*. It is said that Lord *Holland* when he received this portrait could not help remarking that it had been hastily executed, and making some demur about the price, asked *Reynolds* how long he had been painting it. The offended artist replied, ‘All my life, my Lord.’

Another is the picture of Lady *Sarah Lennox*, *Charles Fox*, and Lady *Susan Strangeways*. Lady *Sarah* is leaning out of a window at Holland House: Lady *Susan*, standing below with *Fox*, is offering her a dove; *Fox*, under fourteen at the time, in a blue coat and a paper in his hand, looks old for his age. But the ladies are the grand objects of interest; each of them being destined to play the part of a heroine of romance.

Lady *Susan*'s is soon told. In April

1764, she eloped with an actor, named O'Brien, with whom she had kept up a correspondence, occasionally sending him money, for eighteen months. He had learned to counterfeit Lady Sarah's (her cousin's) hand so well that her father (Lord Ilchester) had delivered several of his letters to her. The first discovery of the intrigue is described by Walpole:—

'Lord Cathcart went to Miss Read's, the paintress: she said softly to him, "My lord, there is a couple in the next room that I am sure ought not to be together, I wish your lordship would look in." He did, shut the door again, and went directly and informed Lord Ilchester. Lady Susan was examined, flung herself at her father's feet, confessed all, vowed to break off—but—what a *but*!—desired to see the loved object, and take a last leave. You will be amazed—even this was granted. The parting scene happened the beginning of the week. On Friday she came of age, and on Saturday morning—instead of being under lock and key in the country—walked downstairs, took her footman, said she was going to breakfast with Lady Sarah, but would call at Miss Read's; in the street, pretended to recollect a particular cap in which she was to be drawn, sent the footman back for it, whipped into a hackney chair, was married at Covent-garden church, and set out for Mr. O'Brien's villa at Dunstable. My lady—my Lady Hertford! what say *you* to permitting young ladies to act plays, and to go to painters by themselves?'

He goes on to say that Lord Ilchester was distracted: that it was the completion of disgrace: that even a footman were preferable. 'The publicity of the hero's profession perpetuates the mortification. *Il ne sera pas milord, tout comme un autre*. I could not have believed that Lady Susan would have stooped so low. She may, however, still keep good company, and say, "nos numeri sumus"—Lady Mary Duncan, Lady Caroline Adair, Lady Betty Gallini—the shopkeepers of next age will be mighty well born.'

The husbands of these three ladies respectively were Dr. Duncan, a physician, afterwards created a baronet; Mr. Adair, a surgeon; and Sir John Gallini, a professor of dancing. O'Brien was an amusing fellow, who, in the course of time, achieved the distinction of being made the butt of the wits. A practical joke they played on him may have originated the operation of tarring and feathering; one of the very few inventions to which the Americans can lay claim. Having made him dead drunk, they stripped him, smeared him all over with currant jelly, and rolled him in a feather-bed. Waking the next morning in a semi-intoxicated state, he staggered to a pier-glass, and gazing on

his own reflected image, exclaimed: 'A bird, by G—d.*'

Lady Susan also played the part of confidant in the romance of her cousin, the outline of which is familiar enough. But the true and complete story could not be told without the narratives of Mr. Henry Napier (her son) and the first Lord Holland (her brother-in-law), which form part of the Holland House MSS.†

Mr. Napier begins with the marriage of her mother, *née* Lady Sarah Cadogan, to the second Duke of Richmond:—

"This marriage was made to cancel a gambling debt, the young people's consent having been the last thing thought of: the Earl of March was sent for from school and the young Lady from her nursery; a clergyman was in attendance, and they were told that they were immediately to become man and wife! The young lady is not reported to have uttered a word; the gentleman exclaimed: '*They surely are not going to marry me to that dowdy!*' The ceremony, however, took place, a post-chaise was ready at the door, and Lord March was instantly packed off with his Tutor to make the 'Grand Tour,' while his young wife was returned to the care of her Mother, a Dutch-woman, daughter of William Munter, Counsellor of the Courts of Holland."

He returns after spending some years abroad, and instead of going to claim his bride, repairs to the Opera and amuses himself with examining the company through his glass:—

"He had not been long occupied in this manner, when a very young and beautiful woman more especially struck his fancy, and, turning to a gentleman beside him, he asked who she was. 'You must be a stranger in London,' replied the gentleman, 'not to know the toast of the Town, the beautiful Lady March!' Agreeably surprised at this intelligence, Lord March proceeded to the box, announced himself, and claimed his bride, the very dowdy whom he had so scornfully rejected some years before, but with whom he afterwards lived so happily that she died of a broken heart within the year of his decease, which took place at Godalming, in Surry, in

* Lord Stanhope speaks of tarring and feathering as first practised at Boston in 1770 ('Hist.' vol. v. p. 397). In Foote's 'Cozeners,' O'Flanagan is to have a tide-waiter's place in North America: 'And a word in your ear, if you discharge well your duty, you will be found in tar and feathers for nothing. . . . When properly mixed they make a genteel kind of dress, which is sometimes worn in that climate; it is very light, keeps out the rain, and sticks extremely close to the skin.'

† The story is told by Mr. Jesse as well as it could be told from the information within his reach. 'Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George III.' vol. i. ch. iv., his main authorities being Walpole and the Grenville Papers.

August 1750, when my mother was only five years and a few months old.”

Lady Sarah was in her sixteenth year and residing under her eldest sister's care at Holland House, when George the Third, who had been caught by her appearance before his accession to the throne, became seriously attached to her. Her charm in his eyes, in addition to her extraordinary loveliness, was her truthfulness. ‘Once he pressed her to say something, and she refused because it would have been telling an untruth. “But,” said the King, “you would not mind a white lie?” “Yes, I would, Sir.”’

She did not encourage his passion, nor, strange to say, appear to be much flattered by it. One evening at a private Court Ball, at which she was not present, the King entered into conversation with Lady Susan, and asked her when she meant to leave town. On her saying she intended to remain for the coronation, he told her: ‘There will be no coronation until there is a Queen, and I think your friend is the fittest person for it: tell your friend so from me.’ This was tolerably plain speaking. ‘When my mother next saw him at Court,’ Mr. Napier continues, ‘he took her alone into a recess of one of the large windows and said: “Has your friend told you of my conversation with her?” “Yes, Sir.” “And what do you think of it? Tell me, for my happiness depends on it!”—“Nothing, Sir,” was my mother's reply: upon which he left her abruptly, exclaiming pettishly, “*Nothing comes of Nothing.*”’

Walpole says: ‘Though he [Fox] went himself to bathe in the sea (possibly to disguise his intrigues), he left Lady Sarah at Holland House, where she appeared every morning in a field close to the great road (where the King passed on horseback) in a fancied habit, making hay.’

It is not at all probable that she would have exhibited herself in this fashion; and there is a story that the King once passed rather unexpectedly and inopportunistly when she was romping or flirting in this hayfield. Lord Holland says that about this time she was indulging in a silly flirtation with Lord Newbottle, afterwards Marquis of Lothian; who speedily lost all favour in her eyes by the want of feeling he betrayed when she fractured her leg out riding in Somersetshire. The King, on the other hand, manifested the most genuine anxiety, ‘and (adds Mr. Napier) had not the impropriety of such a proceeding been strongly urged, would instantly have set off to visit her!’ When told of this her heart was touched. ‘If she now (writes Lord Holland) ever thinks of

Newbottle, it is to vex and hate herself for the foolish transaction I have before related.’ Her chances of ascending a throne rose rapidly. One day she was entering the Presence Chamber when Lady Barrington, who was famous for her fine back, drew her aside, and said: ‘Do, my dear Lady Sarah, do let me take the lead and go in before you this once: for you will never have an opportunity of seeing my beautiful back again.’ She announces her disappointment in a letter to Lady Susan:—

‘[July 7, 1761.]’

‘MY DEAREST SUSAN, — . . . To begin to astonish you as much as I was I must tell you that the ——— is going to be married to a Princess of Mecklenbourg and that I am sure of it. There is a Council to-morrow on purpose. The orders for it are *urgent and important* business; does not your Chollar (*sic*) rise at hearing this? But you think I dare say that I have been doing some terrible thing to deserve it for you would [not] easily be brought to change so totally your opinion of any person, but I assure you I have not. . . . I shall take care to shew that I am not mortified to anybody, but if it is true that one can vex anybody with a reserved cold manner, he shall have it I promise him.’

Her information was correct. The intended marriage with the Princess Charlotte was announced to the Council on the 8th. The first time afterwards (July 16th), when she and the King met, ‘She answered short; with dignity and gravity, and a cross Look, neither of which things are at all natural to her.’ According to her brother-in-law, however, she was simply piqued:—

“‘To many a Girl H. M.’s Behaviour had been very vexatious. But L^y Sarah’s Temper and affections are happily so flexible and light that the sickness of her Squirrel immediately took up all her Attention, and when in spite of her nursing it dy’d I believe it gave her more concern than H. M. ever did. That Grief however soon gave way to the care of a little Hedge-Hog that She sav’d from destruction in the field and is now her favourite.”

She was one of the bridesmaids at the Royal wedding, and Walpole writes to Conway: ‘With neither features nor air, Lady Sarah was by far the chief angel.’ Her portraits do not convey the impression of perfect beauty; neither do those of the Gunningas. ‘Her Beauty (says her brother-in-law) is not easily describ’d, otherwise than by saying She had the finest Complexion, most beautiful Hair, and prettiest Person that ever was seen, with a sprightly and fine Air, a pretty Mouth, and remarkably fine Teeth, and excess of Bloom in Her Cheeks, little Eyes.’

Both were carefully watched during the

ceremony. The King was calm till the officiating Archbishop came to the words, 'And as Thou didst send Thy blessing upon Abraham and Sarah, to their great comfort, so vouchsafe,' &c., when his emotion was perceptibly betrayed. Mr. Napier, not noticing this incident, writes:—

'The King appeared mentally absent but never took his eyes off Lady Sarah during the whole ceremony; the Queen, then and ever after was very gracious and attentive to my mother; but as all the young Bridesmaids were drawn up in a line near her Majesty, with Lady Sarah at their head very richly dressed, Lord Westmoreland, a very old Jacobite follower of the Pretender's, who was purblind, and had never appeared at Court since the Hanoverian succession, was persuaded by his friends to honour the marriage of a *native* Monarch by his presence. Passing along the line of ladies, and seeing but dimly, he mistook my Mother for the Queen, plumped down on his knees and took her hand to kiss! She drew back startled, and deeply colouring, exclaimed, "I am not the Queen, Sir." This little incident created a laugh and a little gossip; and when George Selwyn heard of it, he comically enough observed, "O! you know he always loved *Pretenders*."

Many years afterwards, the King being present with the Queen at the theatre during a performance of Mrs. Pope, who had been thought to bear a strong resemblance to Lady Sarah, he murmured, half aloud, 'She is like Lady Sarah still.'*

The 'Sir Joshua Room' contains pictures by Murillo, Velasquez, Jacob Jansen, G. Morland, two Turners, a Wouvermans, and a Van de Velde—the four last-named having belonged to Charles Fox. We quote the Princess's remarks on the Murillo, 'The Vision of St. Antony of Padua,' as an admirable specimen of art-criticism:—

'According to tradition, St. Antony was expounding the mystery of the Incarnation, when the Infant Saviour came down and stood upon his book. In the present instance, though, St. Antony is praying, not expounding, and two features are to be particularly noticed in the picture: that St. Antony seems to ignore the *visible* Presence of Him whom he is adoring, and that the Divine Infant impresses no weight upon the book—as indeed a *spiritual* presence would not—yet Murillo is guilty of allowing the *spiritual* form to throw a *shadow*! Nor is this the only instance in which Murillo has fallen into this error, an error which, so far as we are aware, has escaped criticism. Curious indeed that one who so often shines forth as a heaven-inspired artist, one whose choice of subjects proves that

his thoughts dwelt constantly in another world, should have overlooked this essential and very beautiful distinction between the spirit and the flesh, and should have given to the one such a marked attribute of the other. But if the great painter has thus not always proved himself an accurate poet, a great poet has in similar circumstances proved himself a true painter. Dante, throughout his glorious journey, keeps in sight this spiritual indication:—

"Ora, se innanzi a me nulla s' adombra,
Non ti maravigliar, più che de' cieli,
Che l' uno all' altro 'l raggio non ingombra."

'Or as Longfellow renders it:—

"Now if in front of me no shadow fall,
Marvel not at it more than at the heavens,
Because one ray impedeth not another."

There is another art-criticism susceptible of practical application. The subject is a portrait of Mary Augusta, Lady Holland, by Watts:

'Watts pronounces this his finest piece of colouring. On a canvas which measures 83 inches by 61, Lady Holland is represented as standing in a corner of the Gilt Room. The massive plaits of her auburn hair are displayed, without rudeness, by her back being turned to a looking-glass! Utilizing a looking-glass thus, was, at that time, very new in painting; nor are there many artists to this day who, having the idea, would care to profit by it. But photography, which can afford to give details without making them *extras*, has hackneyed the looking-glass idea into a looking-glass trick, and reduced it to the condition of a fine melody popularized on barrel-organs. In the picture before us the looking-glass not only contributes a second view, but gives us variety in reflection. Everything is well managed. The drawing is good, the arrangement effective; and as for the colouring: what is dark, is rich; what is light, is pure; what is shade, is harmonious.'

The 'Fourth West Room' contains three pictures by Hogarth, one of which, a portrait of Henry, first Lord Holland, may be connected with an anecdote printed without the name. A nobleman having refused to take or pay for his portrait, painted to order, was thus addressed:—

'Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord —, finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's necessity for the money; if, therefore, his Lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other little appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild-beast man; Mr. Hogarth having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition of pictures, on his Lordship's refusal.'

The harshness and repulsiveness of Lord Holland's features are commemorated by more than one parliamentary sarcasm, and we have already seen him baggling with Rey-

* Lady Sarah was twice married. Her first husband (whom she married in June 1762) was Sir Charles Bunbury; her second (whom she married in 1781), the Honourable George Napier. She died in 1826.

nolds. A similar threat was actually put in execution by a painter named Du Bost, some sixty years since. Failing to extract an extravagant price for a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Hope, of Deepdene, he exhibited it for money in Pall Mall, as 'Beauty and the Beast,' till her brother entered the room and cut it to pieces. An action was brought, and tried before Lord Ellenborough, who held that the picture being a libel the plaintiff could only recover damages for the loss of the canvas and the paint. *Semble* (as the Year Books have it) that he was therefore entitled to no damages at all.*

The modern artist of whom we are most frequently reminded in Holland House is Watts; a painter whose best portraits, instinct with mind and character, are historic pictures as well as likenesses. 'About the year 1843 he arrived in Florence with a letter of introduction to the late Lord Holland, then English Minister at the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Lord Holland, ever ready with kind and generous hospitality, invited the young artist to stay at the Legation. At first Mr. Watts only intended to spend a short time in Florence, but he remained on from day to day for nearly four years, in an increasing intimacy agreeable to all parties. To this intimacy we owe some of the best portraits and restorations at Holland House.' There are portraits by him of Guizot, Thiers, Gerome Buonaparte, the Duc d'Aumale, Sir Antony Panizzi, Mr. Cotterell, Mr. Cheney, the Princess Lieven, the Countess Castiglione, the third Lord Holland, Elizabeth Lady Holland, and Mary Augusta (the present) Lady Holland, taken in a Nice hat at Florence in 1843. 'This picture is charmingly painted, and gives us the present hostess of Holland House presiding, as it were, over one of its most sociable rooms, with a smile which lights up her face as much as the ray of sunshine lights up the picture.'

In this same room hangs 'Mary Fox, an old-fashioned picture of an old-fashioned-looking little girl, with a fine Spanish pointer as big as herself, whose name must be mentioned for auld lang syne, Eliza.' A steel engraving of this picture forms the frontispiece of the first volume of the work.

The portrait of the Princess de Lieven is one of extraordinary merit, and it is added that Watts ranks it amongst his best. It gives occasion for a slight, but striking biographical notice, most of the particulars of which are taken from a manuscript in the possession of Lady Holland:—

'In appearance dignified, in manners simple, with the intellect of a man and the pliability of a woman; well dressed, and always suitably to her years, she presented in herself a general concentration of charms; and these, wherever she went, she seemed unwittingly to dispense without self-privation. Her style in writing harmonized with her other qualities, and was always in harmony with her subject. She could be grave, gay, learned, sarcastic. One generally loves doing what one does well; she wrote well and loved to use her pen. She has been very aptly said to combine "*la raison de la Rochefoucauld avec les manières de Madame de Sévigné*." But with all this she had no taste for reading, except the newspapers; and her ignorance upon some common subjects would have been marvellous even in a schoolboy.'

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'Her end was touching and dignified. Naturally nervous about herself, she had dreaded the slightest indisposition; but when she heard that her doom was sealed, she looked death calmly in the face, and conformed to the last rites of the Protestant Church. Feeling the supreme moment at hand, she requested that Guizot and his son would leave her bedside, in order that they might be spared the painful sight of her agony. She had, however, still strength enough to address Guizot, her old and devoted friend, tracing in pencil these words: "*Merci de vingt ans d'amitié et de bonheur*."

Speaking of Cleyn, in his 'Anecdotes of Painting,' Walpole says 'There is still extant a beautiful chamber adorned by him at Holland House with a ceiling in grotesque, and small compartments on the chimneys, in the style, and not unworthy, of Parmeggiano.' This is 'The Gilt Room.' All the decorations and paintings in it have been restored by Watts, who found no traces of any painting on the chimney-piece; and the old ceiling, having fallen in, was replaced during the minority of the third Lord Holland. On May-day, 1753, an entertainment was given in this room, of which a singular reminiscence has been preserved in the shape of a list of the company and an account of their proceedings. There were twenty-one couples of dancers: Mr. George Selwyn dancing with Miss Kitty Compton, the Earl of Hillsborough with Lady Caroline Fox, the Duke of Richmond with Miss Bishop, Captain Sandys with the Countess of Coventry, &c. Lady Albemarle, Lady Yarmouth, Mrs. Digby, and Mr. Fox played two pools at quadrille. Five gentlemen and four ladies 'cut in at whist,' including the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lady Townshend, and Mr. Digby. Five played cribbage. Eight including Mr. H. Walpole and Mr. Calcraft, 'only looked on.' Lord Bateman and the Earl of Holderness 'danced minuets only:—

'The Card Players play'd but a little while.
'The Card Tables (in Number three) were in

* Du Boste v. Beresford.—Campbell's 'Nisi Prius Reports,' vol. ii. p. 511.

Lady Caroline's Dressing Room. The Balcony, as well as the Gilt Room, was lighted up, and they Danced a little while in both.

'Tea, Negus, &c., at which Mrs. Fannen Presided, in the Tapestry Room. At One We all went down to a Cold Supper, at Three Tables in the Saloon, and three in the Dining Room.

'Supper was remov'd at each Table with a Desert (*sic*), and Ice.

'All sate down, Lady Townshend, Lady Fitzwilliams, Duke of Marlbro', and Mr. Legge, only Excepted who went before Supper.

'Danced after Supper.

'No Dancer went before three, or stay'd after Five.

'The Tables Prepar'd in the Supper Rooms held Fifty-six. A Corner Table was plac'd Extraordinary for Six Men, Besides. Sate down to Supper in all Sixty-two.

'Lord Digby, and Mr. Bateman, did not sup, but walk'd about admiring.'

After a bit of moralising in her manner, the Princess winds up her entertaining chapter of 'The Gilt Room' in these words:—

'And so the brilliant medal has its reverse: for now, in spite of being still sometimes filled by a joyous, laughing crowd, the Gilt Room is said to be tenanted by the solitary ghost of its first lord, who, according to tradition, issues forth at midnight from behind a secret door, and walks slowly through the scenes of former triumphs with his head in his hand. To add to this mystery, there is a tale of three spots of blood on the side of the recess whence he issues, three spots of blood which can never be effaced.'

Macaulay has said all that could be said for the Library, and he might have expatiated in much the same strain on 'The Library Passage,' where many an illustrious guest has lingered over the prints, portraits, photographs, and autographs on the walls. Here is the so-called portrait of Addison, with his last autograph; a miniature of the Empress Catherine, with her autograph; the miniature of Robespierre, on the back of which may be read, in the handwriting of Charles Fox: '*Un scélérat, un lâche et un fou.*'

'But before quite leaving the LIBRARY PASSAGE we must not forget to look at the windows. In the southern window is a pane of glass removed from the window of what we believe used to be Rogers's dressing-room in the East Turret. Upon this pane of glass are cut some lines by Hookham Frere. They date from October 1811, and run as follows:—

"May neither fire destroy nor waste impair
Nor time consume thee till the twentieth Heir,
May Taste respect thee and may Fashion spare."

'To which we add a devout Amen! and to which Rogers is reported to have said, "I wonder where he got the diamond."'

The 'Yellow Drawing-room' alone boasts relics and memorials enough to excite the

envy of the richest and most fortunate collector; and the chapter devoted to it contains matter of historical value, which we pass over with regret. 'The Miniature Room' and the 'Print Room' also, are eminently suggestive and rich. But it is as much as we can do to afford space for 'Allen's Room;' and Lady Holland's 'pet atheist' (as Allen was called) is an indispensable figure in our group. He was recommended, in 1801, by Sydney Smith to Lord Holland, who wanted a 'clever young Scotch medical man' to accompany him to Spain. They suited each other so well that he was domesticated in Holland House. 'To Lady Holland he must have been a friendly factotum. He almost always attended her on her drives, was usually invited out with her and Lord Holland to dinner, and in Holland House sat at the bottom of the table and carved. In this performance Lady Holland was apt to fidget him by giving him directions, and he would assert his independence by laying down the knife and fork and telling her she had better do it herself!'

His character has been carefully drawn by Lord Brougham, who raises the question why 'with his great talents, long experience, many rare accomplishments, and connexion with statesmen,' he was never brought into public life; an injustice or neglect which his lordship thinks can be accounted for 'in no other way than by considering it as a fixed and settled rule that there is a line drawn in this country between the ruling caste and the rest of the community.' May it not be accounted for by the habits and disposition of the man who was content to pass his whole life in a dependent position? Moreover, his intellectual efforts never attracted much attention beyond a limited circle. He died in 1843. The year before his death, Sydney Smith writes to Lady Holland:—

'I am sorry to hear Allen is not well; but the reduction of his legs is a pure and unmixed good; they are enormous,—they are clerical! He has the creed of a philosopher and the legs of a clergyman; I never saw such legs,—at least belonging to a layman.'

We must not forget to mention that some letters from Moore and Rogers form part of the hitherto unpublished MSS. of Holland House.

'Yet a few years, and the shades and structures may follow their illustrious masters. The wonderful city, which, ancient and gigantic as it is, still continues to grow as fast as a young town of logwood by a water privilege in Michigan, may soon displace those turrets and gardens which are associated with so much that is interesting and no-

ble, with the courtly magnificence of Rich, with the loves of Ormond, with the counsels of Cromwell, with the death of Addison.* If we are not misinformed, arrangements have been made that will prevent these turrets and gardens from being speedily displaced. But we tremble when we think of the fate impending over the Northumberland House lion: of Fonthill dismantled and coming down with a crash: of the ring of the Auctioneer's hammer in the princely halls of Stowe: of the dispersion of the art-treasures of Strawberry Hill, just as it was about to derive fresh lustre from taste and munificence. If, then, the stately fabric we have been commemorating, with its priceless contents, must perish, so much the greater will be the debt of gratitude due from future generations to those who afford the means of keeping it permanently present to the mind's eye. *Non omnis moriar.* Though lost to sight, to memory dear. Good copies are nearly as effective as originals in supplying food for reflection, in appealing to the imagination and the heart. Heinrich Heine said of a celebrated poem that, if suddenly destroyed, it might be completely reproduced from a translation which he named. Thanks to the work before us, with its graphic delineations and descriptions, if Holland House were to be burnt down or swallowed up to-morrow, its most inspiring elevating associations would survive, and everything in it or about it, capable of material reproduction, might be reproduced.

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- ART. V.—1. *A Dictionary of the English Language.* By Robert Gordon Latham, M.A., M.D., F.R.S. Founded on that of Dr. Samuel Johnson, as edited by the Rev. H. J. Todd, M.A. London, 1866–70.
2. *Dr. Webster's Complete Dictionary of the English Language.* Thoroughly revised and improved, by Chauncey A. Goodrich, D.D., LL.D., late Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, &c., in Yale College, and Noah Porter, D.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale College. London (cir. 1865).
3. *A Dictionary of the English Language.* By Joseph E. Worcester, LL.D. London (cir. 1860).

THE German Dictionary of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, of which the first volume was

* 'Lord Macaulay's Essays.' We have found no trace of the loves of Ormond at Holland House.

issued nineteen years ago, has been carried on by other hands since the last of the two brothers died, and next year may perhaps see completed its first five volumes, about half the entire work. The French Dictionary of Littré was completely published last year. It is high time to ask when and how we are to have an English Dictionary at the level of these admirable compilations. Old and mediæval English Literature, now risen into broad daylight again, must have their treasures inventoried, more fully and strictly than hitherto, for modern readers. New English Literature must not merely give account of its vaster possessions, but must register its title-deeds for all that it has inherited; must show its evidence for all that it has newly made at home or imported from abroad. Comparative philology has within the last two generations risen from rude and vague beginnings to the rank of a science, and far deeper linguistic knowledge is now required of the lexicographer than such as sufficed for the literary needs of a century ago. Beside this question of the great standard English Dictionary, there arises another not less important, how far do our smaller educational dictionaries answer to present requirements? The schoolroom lexicon ought not indeed to be a museum of far-fetched and outlandish words, nor should it confuse the schoolboy's mind with a crowd of speculative etymologies, but it should afford reasonable information as to those words whose derivation is most certain, showing plainly whether they belong to the original stock of English, or have since been introduced; what they meant at their first appearance in the language, and what they have come to mean since. In discussing these and other kindred questions as to what may be distinguished as the library dictionary and the schoolroom dictionary, we shall examine what such works actually are, with the view of showing what they ought to be. And seeing that dictionaries, of all books, are apt to come into existence by successive development from author to author, and from editor to editor, it will be helpful to glance over the whole history of English lexicography, tracing the series of works from the scanty and now almost forgotten vocabularies of the seventeenth century to the most voluminous and learned dictionaries which the modern bookseller has to offer. The comparison shows indeed great literary progress during the last quarter of our national history, yet we have to admit that this progress falls short of what might have been made, and we trust soon will be. Till late years, our dictionaries stood well in comparison with those of other countries, but at

present we have fallen somewhat behind. Our Philological Society is industriously collecting and classifying a huge museum of linguistic specimens, but with no promise of immediate result, while the separate labours of individual philologists are rather directed to special scientific work than to the production of a public book of reference. Critics, in the meantime, ill-satisfied with even the better dictionaries of England and America, must condemn the worse, which only keep a place in the book-market as educational works because the schoolmasters and parents who buy them are too ignorant of the science of language to know good from bad. It is needful to press this really important subject on public attention, for urgent demand will hasten supply. A few years hence, let us hope, we may have a more gratifying report to give. But dictionary making is a long labour, and for the moment we had rather see a limited work fairly up to the modern level, than the prospectus of a mighty lexicon that shall throw Grimm and Littré into the shade, and be published A.D. 1900.

Lexicons for the student learning French, Latin, and Greek, had been for many years in use before the plain Englishman was provided with a self-explaining vocabulary of his mother-tongue, an English Dictionary in rudimentary form. Few but book-collectors and philologists now ever see the two little volumes of Bullokar and Cockeram:—‘An English Expositor, teaching the Interpretation of the Hardest Words used in our Language. By J. B., Doctor of Physicke. London, 1621.’ And ‘The English Dictionarie, or, an Interpreter of Hard English Words. By H. C., Gent. London, 1632.’ These little books have an interest to us, as showing the humble beginnings of our lexicography, and as preserving in the compactest shape some noticeable passages in the history of English. They belong to an age when many a familiar English word kept an early sense which it has now lost, when *animositie* was still to be defined as ‘courage’; when to *edifie* meant ‘to builde, to frame, sometime to instruct’; when *miscreant* was simply ‘an Infidell’; and *prugmaticall* ‘one that understands the Law.’ After Bullokar and Cockeram came Edward Phillips, Milton’s nephew, with his ‘New World of Words,’ John Kersey with his ‘Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum,’ and various other compilers, who gradually improved upon the labours of their predecessors, until, about a century after the first crude attempts, a work which may be called a tolerable practical dictionary, aiming to

register and explain the language at large, was given to the English public.*

Nathan Bailey, a schoolmaster at Stepney, brought out, about 1720, his ‘Etymological English Dictionary,’ which not only superseded the earlier vocabularies, but was strong enough to hold a place through the time of Johnson, and even into that of Webster. In one or other of its twenty or thirty editions, it is still a staple of our bookstalls; a worthy old book which the student seldom opens without learning something, though most likely not the something he is looking for. Bailey, not content with a copious vocabulary of popular English, dived into technical books of law, alchemy, magic, and other such repositories of quaint terms, bringing up scores of out-of-the-way words, which later lexicographers prudently let drop again, but which still have their value, philological and historical. Thus the language of the occult sciences in full vogue three centuries ago, is represented in Bailey by such definitions as the following:—*Cacodæmon* ‘(in Astrology) the Twelfth House of a Figure of the Heavens, so called because of its dreadful Signification’; *Mercury* ‘(among Chymists) Quicksilver; and is taken for one of their active principles commonly called Spirits.’ Among the dwindling store of Arabic scientific words in English, some which later dictionary-writers discard, *almugia*, *alidada*, and the like, still remain clear and fresh to Bailey’s mind. The following is a curious case in point:—‘*Dulcarnon* (Arab.) a certain Proposition found out by Pythagoras, upon the account of which he sacrificed an Ox to the Gods, in Token of Thankfulness, whence Chaucer, &c., uses it to signify any knotty Point or Question. To be at *Dulcarnon*, to be nonplussed, to be at ones Wits end.’ To clear up the whole history of this word, which has puzzled many a reader of Chaucer, the modern critic has only to add that the proposition in question is that of the squares on the sides of a right-angled triangle, and that its well-known figure probably suggested the Arabic name, which *dulcarnon* is intended to represent, viz., *dhu’l karnain*, ‘lord of the two horns.’† Among old English law terms, again, Bailey includes such as these:—*abigevus*, ‘a thief who hath stolen cattle’ (this word is mediæval Latin, from *abigo*); *bairman*, ‘a poor insolvent Debtor, left bare

* An interesting sketch of the history and bibliography of English Dictionaries is prefixed to Worcester’s Dictionary.

† Diog. Laert. ‘Vit. Pythag.’ xi. See also the ‘Athenæum,’ Sept. 28rd, 1871, p. 393.

and naked, who was obliged to swear in Court that he was not worth more than five Shillings and five Pence.' Every now and then, as we turn over the leaves, we come upon strange words which set themselves to us like puzzles, impelling us to search out their origin. Thus *frampole-fence*, 'a Privilege belonging to the Inhabitants of the Manor of Writtle in Essex,' resolves itself on further enquiry into *franc-pole fence*, a local tenant's right of taking poles free. Again, *chechinquamins*, 'an Indian Fruit which resembles a Chesnut,' may, after due search, be traced to Captain John Smith's 'History of Virginia,' where the fruit and its American Indian name are native. It is true that Bailey's alphabetical vocabulary cannot be at all depended on as complete, even as to familiar language; for instance, such words as *cattle* and *puddle* are left out. Still the presence or absence of particular words and meanings, suggests at every turn some interesting point as to the history of English. Thus, in connection with *antick*, a buffoon or grotesque figure (*antique*), Bailey inserts the phrase 'to dance the *anticks*,' i.e., 'to dance after an odd and ridiculous manner, or in a ridiculous dress, like a Jack-pudding.' This phrase seems to show the transition of meaning whereby the word *antick* passed through the description of grotesque performances in *antique* guise, till it lost the sense of antiquity and retained only that of grotesqueness, or buffoonery, with which modern Englishmen speak of *antics*. In modern dictionaries this link in the chain of meaning is dropped, so that the etymology of the word hangs imperfectly together. To take another instance of historical evidence from Bailey's Dictionary, we find *tuna*, the West Indian name of the plant on which the cochineal insect is reared, but neither 'prickly pear' nor 'cactus' is given, so that it seems that neither had the English popular name of 'prickly pear' come into use to denote the plant, nor had botanists revived, as a designation for the whole genus it belongs to, the classical term *κactus*, cactus. So the insertion of *Abigail* as a personal name, but not as a sportive word for a lady's maid, reminds us that though the suggestion of this use is old enough, 'let thine handmaid be a servant to wash the feet of the servants of my lord,' yet the word had not made its way into English literature in Bailey's time, so as to justify him in inserting an *abigail* as a common noun. Again, modern English cooks know perfectly well, though modern English dictionaries do not give it, the name of the *bain Marie*, a hot-water bath in which stewpans are put to keep their contents at

cook's description, but that of the old chemists, who used the apparatus to heat their cucurbites, or, as we should say, retorts, and knew it by the name of *Balneum Mariæ*. Tradition says it was called after *Mary* the Jewess, an ancient alchemist, though the apparatus she invented was more like what our chemists call a sand-bath.*

Not to pursue these curious details further, we may look at Bailey's Dictionary from another point of view, as an example of a fairly learned eighteenth century Englishman's idea of the constitution of his own language. He has not reached the main principle of modern English philology, that there is a staple English, distinguishable through above a thousand years of history, during which it has at once undergone great internal increase and decrease, and been expanded by large absorption from other tongues. To Bailey, 'English Saxon' and 'Norman French' are alike fundamentals of modern English, which he defines as 'now a Mixture of Saxon, Teutonic, Dutch, Danish, Norman, and Modern French, imbellish'd with the Greek and Latin.' In his actual etymologies of words, he is scarcely trustworthy outside the very simplest and most direct. He can tell us more or less properly that to *eat* is from Anglo-Saxon *etan*, *easy* from French *aïse*, *Anthropology* from *ἄνθρωπος* and *λογία*. But accepting the authority of the 'great Names and approved Etymologists' of his time, he was not content to follow writers like Camden and Skinner, who (as times went) kept tolerably within the limits of secure and commonplace derivations. He was led astray by reckless speculators who felt at liberty to imagine derivations where evidence fell short, and who had thus been led to frame a regular system of laborious puns which they called etymologies. It shows the comparative strictness of etymology in our day, to read Bailey calmly citing Minshew's derivation of *gown* from *γόνυ*, 'because it reacheth below the knees,' of *sillabub* from *swilling bubbles*, of *herald* from *heirholden*, to put an end to, 'because they are sent to bring Wars to an End.' The distinction between the old and the new school of etymologists may be expressed in the criticism they might pass on such derivations as these. The old school, satisfied with the abstract possibility of such origins, would ask in their defence, 'how do you know that they are not true?' The new schools set little account by abstract possibility, and demand positive evidence

* See G. F. Rodwell in 'Nature,' Dec. 5th, 1872.

'how do we know that they are true?' Yet, with all Bailey's shortcomings, he did a great work for the science of language in England, by bringing out etymology from the special books it had been shut up in, and making it for the first time an element of the popular dictionary. In order at once to give a fair idea of the quality of an old-fashioned English dictionary, and to illustrate its value as a monument in the history of language, we have described this one at some length. But in noticing the well-known works which followed it, and were in fact more or less developed from it, we shall only briefly show their salient points, examining them not minutely and at length for purposes of literary history, but broadly and briefly in order to judge of their practical standing and the bearing of their principles on future schemes.

It was an important day in the history of English literature when Samuel Johnson had a copy of Bailey's Dictionary interleaved as a repository for new articles, and set himself to the huge task of lexicography, which he had calculated to execute in three years, and with vast industry did actually finish in seven, the first edition in two volumes folio appearing in 1755. His plan, an excellent one, was to read over for materials such standard English books as his own or his friends' libraries could supply, his amanuenses copying out the pencil-scored passages in slips, arranged under their proper headings, for him to provide the definitions and etymologies. There are fewer words in Johnson's Dictionary than in Bailey's, for Johnson's point of view was not that of the word-collector, with a fancy for whatever is archaic and quaint, but of the practical literary man, seeking to settle the use of a standard English, and to enable the public to understand such books as were read and written in his own time. As he says in his Preface, 'Obsolete words are admitted when they are found in authors not obsolete, or when they have any force or beauty that may deserve revival.' Johnson takes Elizabethan English as his basis; 'I have fixed *Sidney's* work for the boundary, beyond which I make few excursions. From the authors which rose in the time of *Elizabeth*, a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance. If the language of theology were extracted from *Hooker* and the translation of the Bible; the terms of natural knowledge from *Bacon*; the phrases of policy, war, and navigation from *Raleigh*; the dialect of poetry and fiction from *Spenser* and *Sidney*; and the diction of common life from *Shakespeare*, few ideas would be lost to mankind, for want

of *English* words, in which they might be expressed.' It need scarcely be said that Johnson here does injustice to his own age, in treating it as one of those torpid periods of thought and style, when language might bear the process of academical adjustment and limitation, so obviously absurd in an age like our own, when the growth of knowledge and the increasing organization of ideas demand an almost daily creation of new words. For the practical purposes of the school dictionary, however, it is necessary to set some limit between old and new English, and no better line can be drawn than Johnson's Elizabethan boundary. The comparative permanency of such English as Johnson, so to speak, authorized, has had the effect of almost stripping his vocabulary of linguistic curiosity. It is as a splendid monument of Johnson's thought and style that the modern student prizes the Great Dictionary. But if his quest is philological, he soon ceases to turn over pages filled with familiar modern words, used in familiar modern senses. Johnson's etymologies, which may be divided into tolerable and intolerable, are on a level with Bailey's. The study of derivation of words had scarcely yet become a serious subject. Instead of criticising Johnson's etymological results, it is enough to quote from Boswell his own account of his means, when Dr. Adams said to him, 'This is a great work, Sir; how are you to get all the etymologies?' And Dr. Johnson replies, 'Why, Sir, here is a shelf with Junius, and Skinner, and others; and there is a Welsh gentleman who had published a collection of Welsh proverbs, who will help me with the Welsh.' Every one knows that the main value of Johnson's Dictionary lies in the definitions, whose example has contributed so much to make common that solid precision of language which was Johnson's great gift, and in the quotations, which began the habit among English dictionary-makers of using this method to supplement the inevitable failures and shortcomings of definition.

We must refer to Johnson again on the general questions of definition and quotation in dictionaries, and have only to notice the attempts of editors to shape his dictionary into one sufficient for the use of the present century. A modern writer, who undertakes to continue and supplement Johnson, is hardly a man to be envied. If he is a servile follower, the philological reader blames him for not correcting Johnson. If he is an innovator, the literary reader blames him for mutilating Johnson. Todd, whose edition appeared first in 1818, aimed at supplementing rather than reforming. Opening it at hazard, in order to judge of the additions to

a page or two of the original work, we find many more or less necessary completions of groups of words, viz., *broiderer*, *broiler*, *brokenness*, *broken-bellied*, *broken-winded*, *brokerly*, *brookmint*, *brooky*, and also some obsolete or provincial words, as *broogle*, to snuggle for eels, *broid* (old form of *bruid*), *brodekin*, a buskin, &c. Though scarcely bettering Johnson's radically defective mode of treatment, for temporary practical use Todd's edition was an improvement, and was popular accordingly. But now-a-days it is neither satisfactory as Johnson nor as Dictionary, and for library purposes we confess to a preference for the original folio Johnson, even though the dealers value it at less than it cost to bind. Dr. Latham's recently published English Dictionary is a vigorous attempt, by a modern scholar, to make Todd's Johnson serve as the basis for a dictionary at the level of our time. Much of the rubbish of the older work is here removed; *babble* is no longer connected with *babel*, nor *choke* referred to a Hebrew root, nor *baggage*, a worthless woman, explained as so called because such follow camps. New terms, and such as have become prominent of late years, have attention paid to them, such as *cab*, *folklore*, *melodrama*. The numerous new quotations are not selected with equal judgment; thus an inapposite passage about the surveyor of the *meltings* is superfluous, but the extract from Macaulay concerning *newsletter* and *newspaper* is instructive, and readers of Tennyson will note with interest the early form, since altered, of a well-known line, cited by Dr. Latham to contrast the use of the words *folk* and *people* in the plural:—

'Let the *peoples* spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.'

On the whole, our experience in consulting Latham's Dictionary is, that it is a valuable library book, generally instructive, though seldom perfect. Its fundamental error lies in the very scheme of modernizing Johnson.

Seventy years elapsed before Johnson was followed by Webster, an American writer, who had indeed little of his genius, but who faced the task of the English Dictionary with a full appreciation of its requirements, leading to better practical result. An interesting sketch of Noah Webster's life will be found in the new edition of his dictionary (Goodrich and Porter's). About the time of the American War his father, a respectable farmer, started him in life with a Yale College degree and an eight-dollar bill. He maintained himself as a teacher while he studied law, and afterwards compil-

ed for school use a Spelling-book, Grammar, and Reading-book, the first published in the United States. As to the Spelling-book, the astonishing statement is made that twenty-four millions of it were sold up to 1847, the consequence of this comparative monopoly of orthography and orthoepy being the present almost mechanical uniformity of American spelling and pronunciation. The practice of the law, and political writing which he carried on with considerable influence, occupied much of Webster's time for some years, till in 1807 he brought out his 'Philosophical Grammar of the English Language.' This led on to the American Dictionary, on which he spent, not counting previous dictionary work, twenty years of his diligent life, during which he and his family lived on the income brought in by the Spelling-book, at a premium of something less than a cent a copy. It inspires no slight feeling of respect for Webster's literary conscience, to find that when, after years of labour, the fact dawned on him which had never dawned on Johnson, that his own ignorance of the derivation of words prevented him from successfully evolving their meanings, and when, furthermore, it became clear to his judgment that Bailey and Johnson the lexicographers, and Junius and Skinner the professed etymologists, were not the men to stand him in stead, he simply laid his dictionary-work aside for years, to explore according to such lights as he could see by, the origin and history of English and its relations to other languages. The new roads of Indo-European philology were then but just opening, and it is evident from his etymologies that he scarcely entered the lately discovered region. Yet his laborious comparison of twenty languages, though never published, bore fruit in his own mind, and his training placed him both in knowledge and judgment far in advance of Johnson as a philologist. Webster's 'American Dictionary of the English Language' was published in 1828, and of course appeared at once in England, where successive re-editing has as yet kept it the highest place as a practical dictionary. Webster's original plan raises several points, on some of which he or his successors had to change their minds, but which are none the less interesting for this. His modest plea for his own position in his Preface is that the American people need an American dictionary, and this because, in countries so remote as England and America, identity of ideas cannot be preserved, and therefore not identity of language. Thus, with a touch characteristic of the newly emancipated republican casting off the slough of Old

World institutions, he argues that, inasmuch as hawking and hunting, heraldry and the feudal system, originated terms which formed or form a necessary part of the language of England, these terms are no part of the language of the United States, and can only be known there as obsolete or foreign. Experience, however, has shown the real bearings of the case to be other than Webster supposed. Fortunately for both countries, social and literary influences have combined to prevent such severance of speech, and even to cause English archaisms to retain their place in American scholarship, and American neologisms to be recognized in English literature. The acceptance of an American dictionary in England has itself had immense effect in keeping up the community of speech, to break which would be a grievous harm, not to the English-speaking nations alone, but to mankind. The result of this has been that the common dictionary must suit both sides of the Atlantic, and it is no fault of Webster and his editors, if any New Englander fails to know the meaning of *bend dexter*, *socage*, *tally-ho*, *jess*, words which receive equal measure of justice with *prairie* and *canyon*, *pow-wow* and *mocassin*, *caucus* and *wire-puller*. Every dictionary-compiler, by the mere fact of his selection and treatment of words, is able to exalt some and degrade others, thus gaining a practical influence over the language he deals with. Fully conscious of this influence, Webster used it with intent in his dictionary. Thus it was his decision as a zealous purist that brought in the revived older spelling *traveler*, *worshiped*, &c., and substituted the Latin *favor*, *honor*, for the English *favour*, *honour*, &c., while, for the sake of uniformity, the old but unusual forms *center*, *niter*, are given precedence over *centre*, *nitre*, &c. These peculiarities, accepted by the American public, often enable the reader to distinguish at a glance an American from an English book. A bolder attempt of Webster's was to restore such archaic types as *bridegroom* for *bridegroom*, *fether* for *feather*, &c., but American English refused to go backward in history so far as this, and the reformer, though praised by German critics, had to appear in his later editions in the character of a relapser.

The good average business-like character of Webster's Dictionary, both in style and matter, made it as distinctly suited as Johnson's was distinctly unsuited to be expanded and re-edited by other hands. Professor Goodrich's edition of 1847 is not much more than enlarged and amended, but other revisions since have so much novelty of plan as to be described as distinct works, and, as

they are at present for sale, we take leave to point out their respective merits and defects. The 'Imperial Dictionary,' published in Scotland in 1850 and 1854, with a Supplement in 1855, is based on Goodrich's Webster, and introduced the plan, since so much followed, of illustrating a few words—one or two on a page perhaps—with woodcuts. Some words are omitted, and a number introduced, which, so far as a slight comparison serves us to judge, might as well have been left out, *dodrans*, *dog-legged stairs*, *glechoma*, *typhlops*, *Xangti* (this last a misunderstood reading of *Shang-ti*, the Chinese name of the Supreme Deity), &c. It is in the philological part that the editor, Dr. Ogilvie, has made the largest additions, which, unfortunately, at once add to the bulk of the work, and subtract from its value. A quasi-theological speculation on the origin of language, in which an 'original Chaldee' is set up as a primitive tongue whence both 'Shemitic' and 'Japhetic' languages are derived, serves to open an elaborate introduction of the crudest absurdity on the relations of language, and to display the state of knowledge which induced its author to tag on to the slight, but generally sober and reasonable etymologies of shrewd old Webster, a collection of fancies below the level of a 17th century etymologist. We quote, we have scarce patience to criticize, a few examples of the rubbish which defaces these two pretentious volumes. The Biblical *corban* connected with Latin *corbis*, French *corbeille*; *crony* with Arabic *karana*, to join or associate; to *pare* (really Latin *parare*) with Hebrew *bara*, to cut off. Even when the actual derivation stares this editor in the face, he can often escape it by a bold spring aside. Though knowing that a *lance* is Latin *lancea*, he calmly refers the verb to *lance* to Syriac *lanġza*, to shoot, vomit; though knowing that *jolly* is French *joli*, and that it signifies *jovial*, he flies off to suggest an origin not in the familiar astrological term, but (of all things imaginable) in the feast of *yule*. Inasmuch as *doff* is not explained as simple *do-off* (as of course it ought to be), but set down to Dutch *doffen*, to push or thrust, one is surprised to find no such outlandish derivation introduced into the other members of the group, to *don* and to *dup* ('*donn'd* his clothes, and *dupp'd* the chamber-door'). When we actually find the *jack* in *jackass* referred to Armoric *ozach*, a husband, it is quite disappointing to meet with no similar recondite origin for *tom-cat*. A concise so-called 'Student's Dictionary,' by the editor of this 'Imperial Dictionary,' bears date as late as 1865. We warn the public in plain

terms against these books, desiring to do all in our power to cause their prompt suppression.

The American revised Webster's Dictionary of 1864, published in America and England, is of an altogether higher order than these last. It bears on its title-page the names of Drs. Goodrich and Porter, but inasmuch as its especial improvement is in the etymological department, the care of which was committed to Dr. Mahn of Berlin, we prefer to describe it in short as the Webster-Mahn dictionary. Many other literary men, among them Professors Whitney and Dana, aided in the task of compilation and revision. On consideration it seems that the editors and contributors have gone far toward improving Webster to the utmost that he will bear improvement. The vocabulary has become almost complete as regards usual words, while the definitions keep throughout to Webster's simple careful style, and the derivations are assigned with the aid of good modern authorities. The philological editor, far from showing any tendency to refer English words to a primitive Chaldee, or otherwise to discover linguistic mare's-nests, has an even too strictly limited idea of his proper range. Not only does he judiciously avoid the attempt to trace remote connexion between Semitic and Aryan languages, but he scarcely even introduces a Sanskrit root. His plan is to give English words their place in the Teutonic family, if they are originally English, and to indicate their proximate source if borrowed, Greek, Latin, French, Welsh, Hindustani, Persian, Chinese, or what not, with such further etymology as may bring into view the original idea. Having stated the merits of the work, we may briefly point out its defects. The quotations, if quotations are to be admitted at all, are too few. As to the derivations of the words, in discussing presently the principles of dictionary-etymology, we shall have to show that the Webster-Mahn shares with others of less merit a radical failure in scientific arrangement. Glancing here and there over the etymological details, not curiously hunting through the volume for blunders, we come upon various slips and statements open to mending. Thus *battledore* is set down as a corruption of Spanish *batallador*, 'a great combatant, he who has fought a great many battles;' but a reference to the 'Promptorium Parvulorum' (circa 1440)* would have

shown the word to have no such far-fetched origin, for it there denotes the similar instrument called a *beetle*, *batler*, *batstaff*, &c., and used by washerwomen for beating clothes, '*batyldoure*, or *wasshyng betylle*.' Again, it is not to be doubted that the name of the fish *doree* or *dory* is French *dorée*, gilt, from its yellow colour; but when the derivation of *John Dory* from *jaune dorée*, golden yellow, is repeated in this careful dictionary, we must ask where is the proof of the fish ever having gone by the name of *jaune dorée* at all. The word is one which has been mystified by several of those ingenious guesses which are the pest of historical etymology. Latham does not indeed settle the matter, but at least he knows that *John Dory* was a hero of popular literature before the fish *dory* was identified with him:—

'As it fell upon a holiday,
And upon a holy tide-a,
John Dory bought him an ambling nag,
To Paris for to ride-a.'

Again the Webster-Mahn dictionary derives *pyramid* from Greek *πυραμς*, Egyptian *piromi*; but scholars would receive with no small interest any proof that such an Egyptian word with such a meaning ever existed. The etymologies of words taken from the languages of native American races, are sometimes ill considered in this American dictionary. Thus the term to *jerk* meat, *i. e.*, to cut it into thin slices or strips and dry it in the sun, is referred to the English verb, whereas it is more probably adapted from the Peruvian word *charqui*, denoting meat so prepared in native fashion. The ingenuity which derives *barbecue* from *barbe-à-queue* (quasi 'snout-to-tail') is quite superfluous, for the word is native West Indian, represented in Spanish *barbacoa*. Lastly, while *canoe* is properly referred to West-Indian *canoa*, it is a mistake to connect it with French *canot*, 'a little boat,' diminutive of *cane*, 'a boat;' the resemblance, curious as it is, may be shown by the evidence of dates to be accidental. On the whole, the Webster-Mahn dictionary as it stands, is most respectable, and certainly the best practical English dictionary extant, but to construct a much superior lexicon it will, we think, be necessary to set aside Webster's now somewhat antiquated framework, and begin to build on a new basis.

For some years before the publication of the last-named work, the title of best prac-

* This important vocabulary of fifteenth-century English has been reprinted by the Camden Society (London, 1865), edited with excellent notes by Mr. Albert Way. We gladly avail

ourselves of this opportunity of returning our best thanks to Mr. Albert Way for this valuable contribution to English Philology, and only regret that we have been unable to give it a separate notice.

tical English dictionary might plausibly have been claimed for another American lexicon, that of Dr. J. E. Worcester. Its author, from a boyhood passed in farm labour, struggled upwards to a college education and a literary life. His first publications in dictionary-work were abridgments of Johnson and Webster, and he afterwards brought out dictionaries in his own name, from that of 1830 to his completest work, which appeared in 1860. He considered these later works as entirely independent of Webster's, yet on internal evidence of similarity of method, and frequent close correspondence of the definitions and authorities chosen, it seems to us that he underrated his debt to his predecessor, guide, and model. A critic happening to open the volume without knowing anything of its authorship, would be apt to suppose that he had before him one of the series of revised and enlarged Webster's dictionaries. Worcester's 'Dictionary of the English Language' has also an English as well as an American publisher, and deserves the good reputation which it has in England. Looking it at from a 'practical point of view, it may be sufficient to define it as a vast, industrious, and careful work, superior to the 'Imperial Dictionary,' but inferior in most points to the Webster-Mahn.

Another English dictionary is to be mentioned, which has the peculiarity of lying almost off the line of literary succession so well marked hitherto. To understand how Richardson's Dictionary came into being, we must look not so much to Bailey and Johnson as to Horne Tooke. 'When I first embarked in this undertaking (Richardson says in his Preface) I was firmly persuaded that the undoubted chief of philosophical grammarians had not spoken either idly or untruly, when he asserted that a new dictionary ought to be written, and of a very different kind indeed from "anything yet attempted anywhere." . . . I further felt that the volumes of Horne Tooke had developed a new theory of language . . . and that upon those principles I must compose my work.' Richardson laboured a great part of his life at his task, and at last was able to dismiss from his mind the oft-felt fear lest like Vossius, Junius, and Lye, he should die and leave his work for a successor to publish. With the inscription of 'Thalatta, Thalatta,' to this announcement, he sent his two great volumes in 1837 into the world, which still prizes them, though not exactly at his valuation. Horne Tooke's 'Divisions of Purley,' which in great part is an essay of an etymological English dictionary, may be considered as Richardson's

type, and the thorough-going use of English to explain English caused the best as it did the worst qualities of both. To start with the etymology of each word as the main clue to its development into successive meanings is the fundamental principle of Richardson's Dictionary, and goes far to account for its unlikeness to others based on definition of practical meaning. Richardson does not define elaborately, but rather leaves the significations of each word to be settled between the etymology and the quotations. The method is well adapted to serve the progress of philology by incessantly exciting the student's interest in tracing the growth of this or that family of words. It is in his plan of compiling under word after word their admirable ladders of quotations, 'arranged chronologically from the earliest period to the beginning of the present century,' that Richardson's great merit lies. By thus arranging English along a definite historical line he did valuable and permanent work. Take for example his treatment of the word *sad*: it is indeed an open question how far he is right in connecting it with the verb to *set*; but its early sense of set, firm, is shown by the passage from Wiclif's Luke vi., 'and it myghte not move it, for it was founded on a *sad* stoon;' and again the transference from its material meaning to the metaphorical sense of grave, serious, is shown in the passage from Berners' 'Froissart,' 'whiche treaty was wysely handled by *sadde* and discreet counsaile of bothe parties;' and so on into the other senses of the word. Even in the multitude of cases where Richardson goes astray in his etymology, his quotations may often point out to the careful reader the surer track which the writer missed. Take his treatment of *primrose*, which he crudely interprets as the *prime rose*, first rose or flower of spring. Yet at the same time he cites the older form *primerole* as used by Chaucer:—

'Her shoon were laced on her legges hie,
She was a *primerole*, a piggesnie.'

This is a broad enough hint of the real derivation of the word, French *primeverole*, *primerole*, Mediæval Latin *primula veris*, words indicating what is still expressed in the Italian name, *fiore di primavera*, spring-flower. Dr. Prior, in his 'Popular Names of British Plants,' cites the name as given in the 'Grete Herball,' *pryme rolles*, showing a step by which popular language corrupted the outlandish unintelligible *primerole* into *primrose*, which had to an English ear a sort of nonsensical sense; the same authority states that the original claimant of the name

primrose, as shown by old botanical books, is the daisy. For once Johnson is right, and Webster-Mahn wrong, as to this word. Another case of Richardson's quotations, which may serve to correct his etymology, may be instanced from the word *clock*, which he fancies is 'so called because it *clicketh*.' Remembering how late was the invention of the escapement-clock which clicks, the dictionary-maker ought to have seen the mistake of his derivation, when he cited Stow's account of Pope Savianus (A.D. 606), who 'commanded *clockes* and dyals to be set up in churches, to distinguish the hours of the day,' and also when he showed the use of the word *clock* in a fifteenth-century document, Chaucer's delightful description of the old wife's cock Chaunteclere, who crew so accurately 'whan degrees fyftene were ascendid':—

'Wel sikerer was his crowing in his loge,
Than is a *clok*, or any abbey orloge.'

The English word *clock*, French *cloque*, *clocke*, denoted the bell on which the hours were first struck by hand (as the watchman to this day strikes at stated times the great bell in the campanile of St. Mark's at Venice), and in later ages by the machine which we now call the clock. These instances show at once the vast superiority of Richardson's evidence to his inferences, the entire unsuitableness of his volumes for a household authority, and their unsurpassed value to the educated student as a treasury of apt quotations illustrating the history of English.

It is clear, from this account of existing English dictionaries, that the Philological Society had good cause to set about constructing a new one. At the outset, however, their scheme was not devised to remedy the special defaults which we have as yet dwelt on. Their first intention, as their published papers record, was to complete the dictionary rather than to reform it. In 1857, they determined to form a collection of words hitherto unregistered in the dictionaries of Johnson and Richardson, with a view of publishing a supplementary volume which might be used with these. The idea was taken up energetically, and a committee was formed to carry it out, till the suggestion arose that the scheme should be extended to the compilation of a new complete dictionary, more scientific than any existing. Accordingly the Philological Society, at its meeting on January 7th, 1858, resolved that instead of a supplement to the standard English dictionaries, a New Dictionary of the English Language should be prepared under the authority of the So-

ciety. Two committees were appointed: one literary and historical, consisting of the then Dean of Westminster (Dr. Trench), Mr. F. J. Furnivall, and Mr. Herbert Coleridge; the other etymological, consisting of Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood and Professor Malden. Arrangements were made for the publication of the work in parts, but fifteen years have since passed, and though a really vast work has been done in collecting and editing materials, no part has reached the final stage of completeness. What the future of the undertaking may be, not even those most devoted to it can predict with much certainty, but meanwhile we have in print the Prospectus and Rules, with some subsidiary vocabularies, &c., and by the aid of these a brief account may be given of the scheme, and its merits judged of. The dictionary is to consist of three parts, viz., (i.) a 'Main Dictionary'; (ii.) a vocabulary of technical and scientific terms and proper names of persons and places; (iii.) and an etymological appendix. The 'Main Dictionary,' and the Supplement succeeding it, are to find room for all English words. 'According to our view (say the framers of the proposal) the first requirement of every lexicon is that it should contain every word occurring in the literature of the language it professes to illustrate.' It is not merely what may be called ordinary English that comes within the range of the programme. From the rules, it appears that the Main Dictionary is to admit obsolete, provincial, local, and slang words, where vouched for by some creditable authority. The treatment of these words, ordinary and extraordinary, is to be as thorough as the range is wide. The etymology is not only to give the proximate origin of each word, but also to exhibit several of its affinities in the related languages, always including that language (such as Sanskrit, &c.), which seems to present the radical element in its oldest form. The etymological appendix is to contain general philological information as to roots, affixes, &c., necessary to complete the special items of the vocabularies. The task of tracing the development of successive senses of words is fully faced by the committee, who lay it down thus: 'In the treatment of individual words the historical principle will be fully adopted; that is to say, we shall endeavour to show more clearly and fully than has hitherto been done, or even attempted, the development of the sense, or various senses, of each word from its etymology and from each other, so as to bring into clear light the common thread which unites all together.' Moreover, they design to produce evidence of this linguistic

growth, change, and decay, by a system of appropriate quotations, showing the epoch of the appearance of each word in the language, and the limits of its various phases of meaning.

To carry out this immense scheme, an elaborate co-operative system has been arranged. English is, for convenience, divided into three periods: the first from Henry III.'s time (1250) to the printing of an English New Testament (1526); the second extending to Milton's death (1674); the third, thence to our own time. All English words are to be classed in the periods they belong to; and, as aids in fixing their appearance and duration, standard lists are adopted or drawn up for the guidance of a volunteer army of readers, who undertake to overrun the field of English literature, amassing the linguistic material out of which a number of sub-editors have to select the items fit for actual use, upon which, by the laborious and critical processes of arrangement, definition, and derivation, the editing of the dictionary at large is to be at last accomplished. Directions for the use of readers willing to contribute materials may be had from the Society; and it is unnecessary to enter further into these details here. To judge from Mr. Furnivall's last reports of the position of the undertaking, which give the state of the sub-editing, letter by letter, it appears that this work, preparatory to the actual elaboration of the dictionary, may be now half or three-quarters done, but is almost at a stand. The question which arises is not so much When will the great work be done? as Will it ever be done? in our time at least. An effort as great, or greater than that which started the New English Dictionary fourteen years ago, will be needed to complete it fourteen years hence. Let us hope that, whether under the present or some new plan, English energy and skill will carry the undertaking through. As matters stand, a critical survey of the general principles of dictionary-compiling, with special reference to the Philological Society's scheme, seems suitably timed.

The foregoing brief examination of English lexicography, past, present, and prospective, might have been extended indefinitely without altering its bearing on the practical problem. In the first place, it seems clear that no dictionary in existence, can be converted, by mere revision and expansion, into a work satisfying the wants and expressing the knowledge of our time. New editions of dictionaries arrange their improved details on the old frame-work; and neither Bailey, Johnson, Webster, nor Richardson was competent to lay down the

lines of a structure fit to support the results of modern philology. There is nothing for it but to measure out the ground, lay the foundation, and raise the building afresh. Yet the old materials may be largely used, and, indeed, the earlier dictionaries supply by tens of thousands such definitions, citations, and etymologies as are perfect so far as they go, and will keep their place to all time beside the new materials which new research brings in, and new knowledge shapes. Even as to its details, the plan of the English dictionary of the future may be, in great measure, discussed by way of criticism on older works; for the able men who have so long toiled at the task have brought into prominence most principles of its execution, which now need only further development and organization.

The foremost question which has to be settled, is what words to include in the dictionary. The Philological Society hold it their duty to put on record every word occurring in English literature, even though the maker of the word be its only user. They argue that, as the Greek lexicon includes the *ἀπαξ λεγόμενα* of Lycophrone, and the experimental coinages of Aristophanes and other comedians, the English lexicon must do the same. As to this point, the Archbishop of Dublin's paper 'On some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries' seems to be the accepted manifesto of the society. This is a delightful essay, which every student of English should read for its delicate appreciation of language and the quaint quotations which illustrate it. Up to a certain point, it must be accepted as pointing out real deficiencies in the older dictionaries. The author claims that his English dictionary shall stand him in stead when he comes upon to *brangle* (i.e. to wrangle, &c.) in Swift; or *dorler* (dormitory) in Jeremy Taylor; or *umstroke* (outer line or limit, a word curious from its prefix) in Fuller; or *jackstraw* (a low fellow), in the passage where Milton (the Archbishop should rather have said the translators of Milton's Latin) calls Salmasius 'an inconsiderable fellow and a *jackstraw*;' or *hazle* (to dry) in Rogers's Naaman the Syrian: 'Thou, who by that happy wind of thine didst *hazle* and dry up the forlorn dregs and slime of Noah's deluge;' or the form *druggerman*, used by Pope, where we have the somewhat better form *dragoman*, an interpreter:—

'Pity you was not *druggerman* at Babel.'

These, and various others, are real deficiencies in Johnson, Richardson, &c.; though it is worth while to notice that some of them

are made good in Webster-Mahn. But we must join issue with Bishop Trench on the claim he puts forward or implies, to have a word necessarily received as English because he can find it in a single author, and even in a single passage of that author. Because Henry More writes of *mulierosity* and *subannation*, of the *coazations* of frogs, of *medioxymous* deities; because Holland tried to introduce the Greek *kumbia* for a curmudgeon, and Hacket railed at 'sharking prowleries,' and Stubs at 'gingerness tripping on toes,' and Rogers makes a verb to *fellow-feel*, are we to insert these words in the dictionary, and hundreds more on similar claims? It seems to us that to do so would be not merely superfluous, but subversive of the just conception of language. A word, we maintain, does not become English by being invented by one, but by being acknowledged by many. It is not enough to coin a word, the question is of its currency. An author, ancient or modern, makes a new word in jest or earnest. If there is evidence of its being taken up and passing into use between man and man, it has won a standing in the dictionary; but otherwise let it stay in the place where it grew, and if the reader needs an explanation when he comes upon it, let this be given in a note. Such matters belong to the commentary on the individual author, not to the dictionary of his language. Surely, a new word was not contributed to French by the title of the 'Questions Encyclopediques de Pantagruel, lesquelles seront disputées *sorbonicolificabilitudinisement* es escolles de Decret;' nor by the question therein contained, whether the Black Scorpion could suffer solution of continuity in his substance, and with his blood darken the Milky Way, 'au grand interest et dommaige des lifrelofrees *iacobipetes*.' The one word explains itself, the other needs merely a note that it means pilgrims to the shrine of St. James, the Milky Way being called in Spain the road of Santiago.

Again, *wiggery* and *doggery* are scarcely as yet English words, though Mr. Carlyle has devised them, and reviewers have quoted them from him with not admiring comments. Nor will Wendell Holmes expect to find in the next English dictionary the new words from his poem on intramural aestivation, or being shut up in town in summer, in which he takes off (unusually well, though the idea is hackneyed) the use of Latinized words. This is the first verse:—

'In candent ire the solar splendor flames,
The foles, languescient, pend from arid rames;
His humid front the cive, anhelung, wipes,
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes.'

Fortunately, it takes more than one to make a quarrel or a word, and any eccentric word-fashioneer will not receive a warm welcome from the Philological Society when he sends in a copy of his works, with 'Mr. Verbifex presents his compliments to the Archbishop of Dublin, and begs to call his attention to the thirty-seven new words which he has added to the English language.'

On the questions of local and slang words, the Philological Society seem to us to have come to a sound judgment in admitting these where their existence is properly vouched for. What is called literary or classical English is not enough for students of philology, or even of literature, who will expect to find in the new dictionary (so far as possible) every word which has, or has had, a place in the current English of any district. As to the registration of technical words, it is not quite clear that the projected complete English Dictionary should catalogue them apart from the rest of the language. As regards all concise dictionaries, however, there is no doubt of the practical convenience of relegating all exclusively technical words to a separate technical dictionary. Those which have passed into ordinary language, such as *oxygen* and *parabola*, *antiseptic* and *safety-valve*, belong to the common English dictionary as plainly as *kakodyle* and *tractrix*, *borborygmia* and *frisket*, do not.

Having thus considered the vocabulary of the complete English dictionary, we turn to its treatment. Etymology, as the primary key to the significations of words, and History, as showing their development of meaning, together have the principal part in determining their definition and arrangement in the lexicon. These principles have been long admitted in theory, though so imperfectly followed in practice. Richardson's maxim is, 'that a word has one meaning, and one only; that from it all usages must spring and be derived; and that in the etymology of each word must be found this single intrinsic meaning, and the cause of the application in those usages.' This may be supplemented by Johnson's older remarks in his Plan, that 'it seems necessary to sort the several senses of each word, and to exhibit first its natural and primitive signification.' These rules represent an ideal standard of perfection in the dictionary-maker's art, and it is only to a limited extent that they can, as yet at least, be realized in practice. The points of the problem may be shown best by taking separately the etymological formation of the word and the historical development of its sense.

Richardson's idea was to trace each word

back to its ultimate simple origin, as expressing the 'denomination of sensible objects, or actions, or operations.' To some extent he was able to do this himself, as in the commonplace instances where *sun-stead* or *solstice*, *moonstruck* or *lunatic*, show their derivation from sun and moon, or where *success* can be explained as 'coming up to,' and *sentiment* and *sentence* referred to bodily 'feeling,' or where *flighty*, *overbearing*, and *headstrong*, are carried in plain English back from their metaphorical to their material origins. It need scarcely be said that modern investigation of the root-words of Aryan speech has given etymologists of the new school at once a larger and a surer means of thus reducing English words to their simplest primary ideas, than was available in old times. Here, however, the question arises, should researches of this vast scope be introduced into the dictionary of a single language—should they not rather be left to special treatises on comparative philology? It must be clearly understood that the dictionary-writer's duty is not to teach the science of language at large, but to enable readers to follow the derivations of their own words so far back as may be toward their earliest forms and senses. The case appears to be one for practical compromise. So far as concerns genuine English words, and especially root-words, it is certainly not well to stop short at Anglo-Saxon, but by comparison with kindred languages, to give a view of their remote descent from an original Aryan type. To take obvious instances, under *flow* it is desirable to cite not only its original Anglo-Saxon *flowan*, but to point out its more or less remote connexion with Norse *flut*, Latin *fluere*, Sanskrit, *plu*, &c.; the verbs *stand* and *go*, should not only be traced from Anglo-Saxon *standan* and *gān*, but compared to Gothic *standan* and *gaggan* and Sanskrit *sthā* and *gā*. Here, it is true, we scarcely travel back to more primitive senses than English shows, nor when *six* and *seven* are traced from Anglo-Saxon *six* and *seofen*, and compared with Latin *sex* and *septem*, and Sanskrit *shash* and *saptan*, do we seem to come much nearer to the original ideas whence these numbers were named. Yet, at any rate, a clue is given to the hereditary descent of English, and in many cases this is already a clue to ancient meaning, as well as to ancient form. Thus *deal*, whether in the sense of a share or quantity, or in that of the fir-wood, from which *deal*-boards are especially made, has its first sense most perfectly shown in Sanskrit *dal*, to split (findi). Again, the evidence of a remotely ancient way of expression, such as ours when we

talk of 'an intelligent being' or a 'rational creature,' is forthcoming in the apparently sound derivation of English *man*, from a root represented in Sanskrit *man*, to think. Such words should be treated even in a concise educational English dictionary, much more in a complete one, as not merely English but Aryan words. How far the same treatment is to apply to words adopted into English from other languages, it is not quite so easy to decide. Thus, no doubt, *stable* has to be traced through French *estable*, Latin *stabulum*, to Latin *stare*, to stand; and the history of *squirrel* has to be made out among such forms as Old French *esquirel*, Low Latin *squirelus*, Classical Latin *sciurulus*, *sciurus*, till the sense-derivation is reached in Greek *σκιότροπος* or shade-tail. The English dictionary, having reached these significant Latin and Greek words, may perhaps fairly leave further examination to the Latin and Greek lexicon. Let us again insist that in all cases the main point is to carry the etymology so far back as to reach, if possible, an intelligible primitive meaning. It is not enough, with Webster, to tell the student that *shire* is from Anglo-Saxon *scire*, and *share* from Anglo-Saxon *scear*; he ought to be shown the relation of these words to the verb *sceran*, to cut off or divide; and when the same author is content to indicate the proximate sources whence English took such words as *priest* and *prince*, without going back to Greek and Latin to explain the train of ideas by which they obtained their meaning, we feel that no mere definition of their modern senses can make up for the suppression of their significant history.

On the whole, we advocate the introduction into the dictionary of the deepest-reaching etymology, down even to Aryan roots, so far as this enables the student to conceive the primary idea of a word or group of words, and thence to follow the successive ramifications of sound and sense. But protest must be made against the English dictionary being used as a receptacle for promiscuous philology, not bearing on this distinct issue. The protest is not against an imaginary evil. Of the scanty selection of philological evidence in our dictionaries, much has merely a collateral interest—the defective arrangement of this often making it not only superfluous, but misleading. The modern dictionaries, of course, display far higher knowledge than the earlier ones; but there is a vital difference between displaying knowledge and imparting it. It is really surprising to see how, from first to last, the fundamental distinction between derivation and connexion is ignored, or so imperfectly indicated that half-educated people must miss it. (Turn to a page of

Johnson, and we find *crinigerous* referred to Latin *criniger*, and then *crinkle* referred to Dutch *krinckelen*, without a hint that the two cases stand on an entirely different footing; the first as showing an English word directly derived from a Latin one, the second as showing an English word indirectly connected with a Dutch one. The Latin word stands in the history of English, while the Dutch one does not, and is a mere collateral illustration. The general absence of this distinction in dictionaries makes it even difficult to guess what the etymologies mean, where the author's scholarship is questionable. Perhaps Dr. Johnson seriously thought that *ape* was derived from the Icelandic, to which he refers it, in the same sense in which *anxious* is actually derived from the Latin, to which he refers it in the same manner. Perhaps Dr. Worcester really thought *pitchfork* to be derived from the Welsh *picfforch*, and *huckster* from Danish *höker*, or German *Höcker*; while even if he knew better himself, at any rate his placing of the words invites his readers to fall into such mistakes. Even in a dictionary so entirely based on etymology as Richardson's, masses of related words are heaped together, without any notice of their different relations to the English word they follow. Thus, under *explicate* he cites French *expliquer*, Italian *esplicare*; Spanish *explicar*, Latin *explicare*, to unfold, untwine, etc. Richardson is seldom consulted except by students, who can read between his lines well enough to know the real interpretation of such a group of references as this. But the best people's dictionary, the Webster-Mahn, has the same defect in a yet greater degree. This is the more vexatious, that the compiler no doubt has a meaning, and generally a good one, but habitually, through mere clumsiness, fails to express it. Of the words following the English word, some may be its originals in the direct line, some may be words related to these in other kindred languages, and some even words adopted in other languages—all these being tumbled together, leaving the reader to judge of their relation from their order as he best may. Take the etymological reference to the word *confusion*; it is 'Lat. *confusio*, Fr. *confusion*, Pr. *confusion*, *confusio*, Sp. *confusion*, It. *confusione*.' Here the editor knew, and we know, but the school-boy who consults the book for information is just the person who does not know, that English took the word through the French form from the Latin, and that the Spanish and Italian are collateral forms, which have no business whatever in an English dictionary. The relation among the languages here is, in fact, different from that in the previously mentioned case, where the derivation is

directly from the Latin; yet the Webster-Mahn etymologies of *explicate* and *confusion* show no such distinction, but stand as though their cases were similar. Take a more difficult word—the verb *cost*. Its etymology is given thus: 'Ger. and D. *kosten*, Dan. *koste*, Sw. *kosta*, It. *costare*, Pr. and Sp. *costar*, Pg. *custar*, O. Fr. *couster*, N. Fr. *coûter*, from Latin *constare*, to stand at, &c.' Looking over this list of words, one feels a certain gratitude to the lexicographer for withholding the Flemish *kosten* and the Engadine-Romansch *custar*, which would not have been more irrelevant than most of it. The correct etymology is half hidden in the maze; it is simply that Latin *constare* dropped its *n* in the middle ages, and passed through French into English *cost*. If the lexicographer has space to show also that the word appeared in Spanish and Portuguese, and was introduced into German and Skandinavian languages, let him do so; but he had better omit this extraneous lore than drop it as a stumbling-block in the way of the direct English derivation. Where derivations of the easier class are so ill handled, we may guess the fate of more difficult ones. Thus the account of the word *pint* is not only confused, but blundering, viz.: 'Anglo-Saxon *pynt*, D. *pint*, Ger. and Fr. *pinte*, from Sp. and Pg. *pinta*, spot, mark, pint, from *pintar*, to paint.' Surely the editor cannot mean that our early English ancestors took the word from Spain; its actual derivation from Latin *pingere* is represented in medieval Latin *pinta*, a measuring vessel for liquid, apparently as being graduated by painted lines. Again, under the word *scut*, a stump-tail, is given Icelandic *skott*, allied to Welsh *cwt*, a rump or tail, Latin *cauda*. Does this mean that the English word is allied to, or derived from, the Icelandic? If it is meant to leave the matter in doubt, as etymologists continually must do, why not say so? Thus there is nothing to be ashamed of in not being able to give a clear etymological account of the somewhat obscure word *scoff*. But to accumulate four lines of details respecting it, such as Danish *skuffe*, to deceive or delude, Icelandic *skuppa*, to laugh at, Old High German *scoph*, Old Frisian *schof*, sport, is to offer the reader a mass of undigested philological matter, out of which to elaborate his result. If he is capable of this difficult process, he will turn for information to some more advanced book, and try to settle whether, as has been thought, the word is a Norse importation into English. If he is not a philologist, he will be either bewildered or misled. It is necessary to insist that in future dictionaries, it shall be made clear for what purpose any word is cited in the etymology. The word 'from,' should be inserted to indi-

cate direct derivation, and words added as collateral, illustrative, or of doubtful bearing, should carry proper marks of their intention.

For philological purposes, special etymological dictionaries have been and will be found convenient, admitting, as they do, an elaborate collection and discussion of evidence which would be tedious in a general lexicon. Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood's 'Dictionary of English Etymology' is now re-issued in a second revised edition, in which the high merit of the first as to historical philology is maintained. We still think, however, that the author's theory of direct derivation of words from imitative sound might well have been more judiciously limited, inasmuch as its real and high value within proper bounds cannot save it from becoming destructive of sound philological method, and subversive of the reader's confidence, when these bounds are transgressed.* Edward Müller's 'Etymological Dictionary of the English Language'† is remarkable as being written by a German, and for Germans. The preface states that Webster and Worcester, Richardson and Wedgwood, being insufficient for the needs of German teachers and students of English, he undertakes to provide a better, not judging the task too difficult, with the help of the information supplied by German philologists such as Fiedler, Koch, Mätzner, Grimm, Diez, and others. We call attention to this preface, with the valuation it so calmly puts upon English students of the English language, as a hint likely to have a stimulating effect on English philologists. Dr. Müller, we are bound to say, has justified his claims. He has produced an etymological dictionary which, indeed, shows little original research, and no genius, but is highly commendable for the diligent labour and sober judgment which make it for the time being the most full and trustworthy book of its class. Detailed criticism of these works lies outside our present plan, but their bearing on the formation of the dictionary at large makes it needful to mention them.

Next, as to the historical development of the senses of a word, to which the dictionary arrangements must conform. The lexicographer's grasp of the etymology is an important element in his success or failure in starting with the primary sense, the 'significatio princeps,' as Scaliger calls it, and afterwards ranging the derived meanings in rational order. Actual documents must be compared to show at what dates new meanings grew out of older ones, thus displaying

the historical order. The two orders, rational and historical, have then to be worked in together. When there are several stages of meaning, the development can seldom be successive from first to last; nor is it easy to trace exactly the complex ramifications of a once simple meaning. Still, the arrangement may be so drawn up as to place the reader at the point of view which suggested each new meaning, and so to put him in possession of the actual cause, where the mere definer would be embarrassed in dealing with results whose cause is hidden. Take as an example the word *pipe*. It seems to have been originally an imitative word, signifying the simple musical instrument whose sound was imitated in Anglo-Saxon *pīp*, as it still is in French *pipe*, and Italian *pipa*. Thence it came to be used to express instruments resembling the musical pipe. Thus low Latin *pipa* seems to have been used also to denote the tube through which the sacramental wine was sucked up (*fistula qua sanguis Dominicus hauriebatur*). Europeans beheld the natives of America drawing the smoke of tobacco through an instrument which, as they said at first, was 'like a pipe;' and when this instrument became more familiar to themselves, they simply gave it the name of *pipe*. In like manner, the word came to express a tube for conveying water, a tube generally, and even a kind of cask. Johnson's ignorance of the philology of this word accounts for the weakness both of his arrangement and his definition. He seems to suppose the primary sense to be that of 'any long hollow body;' then follows 'a tube of clay, through which the fume of tobacco is drawn into the mouth;' then 'an instrument of wind musick;' and after this sundry other meanings. Worcester and Webster improve on this. It is true that they do not suggest the origin of the word from imitative sound, and that the disorderly crew of words from above a dozen languages which they huddle together by way of etymology, rather perplexes than unravels the idea of its origin. Yet they correctly put the musical instrument first, and state or suggest the development of the other senses. In justice to Johnson, it must be remembered that he arranges the order of his meanings with less regard to history than to practical prominence, even putting the secondary sense before the primary where he knows well enough which came first. Thus he sets down *coal* as meaning, 1, 'The common fossil fuel;' 2, 'The cinder of scorched wood, charcoal.' Again, under *musket*, he gives 1, 'A soldier's hand-gun;' 2, 'A male hawk of a small kind,' etc.

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cxix.

† 'Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Englischen Sprache,' by Edward Müller. Coethen, 1865-7.

'The musket and the coystrel were too weak.

Too fierce the falcon ; but above the rest,
The noble buzzard ever pleased me best.

Of course Johnson was aware that *coal* meant wood-coal ages before it came to mean *par excellence* stone-coal ; and he expressly notices that the gun was named after the hawk. But by missing the historical order of meaning, he at once upsets philology, and loses suggestive illustrations of two of the greatest events of modern times, the prevalence of mineral coal and of fire-arms. The modern dictionaries of Webster and Worcester are careful in this respect, and the attention they have paid to the point is proved by the difficulty of finding serious cases of misarrangement in either. Some which seem so are caused by the historical principle being interfered with for other reasons. Worcester, under the verb to *baffle*, puts first the later meanings to frustrate and foil, and afterwards the earlier meanings, to disgrace and mock ; but he does this intentionally, because the earlier sense is now antiquated. As to the word *coward* in Webster and Worcester, a curious point appears. If it is to be derived from French *couart*, and interpreted as referring to a dog with his tail (*coue*) between his legs, then the use of the word in heraldry, where 'lion coward' (French, 'lion *couard*') still means a lion with his tail between his legs, ought to stand as representing the primitive material meaning, before the secondary metaphorical sense of without courage. The dictionaries treat the ordinary sense as principal, putting the heraldic into the lower place, probably as being technical. Besides these cases, however, there are others which show unmistakable failure in working out the development of meanings. Thus Worcester can have no justification for arranging the meanings of the verb to *bake* as in the first place to dry or harden by heat, and in the second to cook, as in an oven ; surely the cook's use is the primitive one. Again from Bailey to Webster-Mahn, the dictionaries give to *clumsy* the sense of awkward, unhandy, as the original meaning, and etymologize the word accordingly. Richardson, whose great merit it is to produce proof of the early significations of his words, fails here, going no farther back than to such quotations as this from Ray on the Creation, 'formed or moulded into such shapes and machines, even by *clumsy* fingers.' But Archbishop Trench shows the word in its original meaning of stiff, numbed, especially with cold, as in this passage from Holland's 'Livy' : 'and returned to the camp so *clumsy* and frozen' (ita torpentes gelu in castra rediere) ; while earlier illustrative forms are given in his 'Glossary,' 'thou

clomsest for cold' (from the 'Promptorium'), and 'our bondis ben *aclumsid*' (from Wiclif). One further remark remains to be made as to the arrangement of derivative meanings. Mere succession, as hitherto used in dictionaries, often fails to tell the exact history of their evolution, and where there are several significations it should be stated as distinctly as the case allows which is derived from which.

Quotations appropriate for use in the dictionary should illustrate either development or definition. It is true that the pungency of a sharp-cut thought or phrase so stimulates the reader's mind, and the glory of a noble utterance so raises his mood, that the lexicographer willingly chooses a grand or acute passage where it aptly serves his special end. Yet, though the great dictionary can often set such gems as instances from their proper periods, so gaining beyond philological use the added interest of a literary museum, this is not the real object of the lexicon, and shorter dictionaries must set it aside. Johnson, founding in England the method of illustrative quotation, records experience for the benefit of his successors. 'When first I collected these authorities, I was desirous that every quotation should be useful to some other end than the illustration of a word ; I, therefore, extracted from philosophers principles of science ; from historians remarkable facts ; from chymists complete processes ; from divines striking exhortations ; and from poets beautiful descriptions. Such is design, while it is yet at a distance from execution. When the time called upon me to range this accumulation of elegance and wisdom into an alphabetical series, I soon discovered that the bulk of my volumes would fright away the student, and was forced to depart from my scheme of including all that was pleasing or useful in English literature, and reduce my transcripts very often to clusters of words, in which scarcely any meaning is retained ; thus to weariness of copying I was compelled to add the vexation of expunging. Some passages I have yet spared, which may relieve the labour of verbal searches, and intersperse with verdure and flowers the dusty deserts of barren philology.' With all the imperfections of Johnson's plan and range of quotation, the verdict of later generations has done justice to its general merit and to the fewness of passages totally dull and uninteresting, such as the scrap quoted from Swift *à propos* of rice—'if the snuff get out of the snuffers, it may fall into a dish of *rice* milk.' Richardson's long array of chronological extracts, obtained by systematic beating over the field of English

literature where Johnson had but opportunity for excursions hither and thither, more nearly approaches the completeness of the ideal English Dictionary. Still the contemptuous terms in which Richardson, in his Preface, speaks of Johnson's labours, may be avenged by the modern critic who looks back on both, and wishes that Richardson could have had the benefit of Johnson's unsparing pen to expunge superfluous and tedious matter from his own columns. In concise dictionaries, the small number of passages that can be reproduced must be chosen yet more scrupulously; but attempts to select such quintessences have hitherto been of unequal success, and, indeed, show a want of guiding principle. The editor of the 'Imperial Dictionary' finds fault with Johnson for quoting seven passages occupying nearly thirty lines, as exemplifications of the word *household*. Reading this condemnation, we naturally turn to the 'Imperial Dictionary' to see how the critic will deal with the case himself, and we find there Webster's single quotation, 'I baptised also the *household* of Stephanas.' Now, this passage is not an illustration at all, but a mere instance, and, indeed, an ill-chosen one. Johnson's citations at least illustrate the two significations of the word, in which the transition takes place from the primary sense of dwellers in one house to the secondary sense of the family, not necessarily living in one house. The lines from Swift limit the word to its first meaning:—

'In his own church he keeps a seat,
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His *household* twice a-day to prayers.'

The passage from Shakspeare as clearly implies the second meaning:—

'Two *households*, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny.'

But the passage concerning the *household* of Stephanas is just one of those in which the meaning of the word halts ambiguously between these two. It may serve here to exemplify a rule that of all quotations those are least to be prized which are bare instances of the use of a word at some intermediate period, neither recording its introduction nor pointedly illustrating its sense.

Of all quotations those are the most interesting which mark the first appearance of a word, or throw light on its etymology, or show its passage into new senses, or lay down accurate definitions of its several meanings. The method of a full English dictionary, and especially of the great work that shall one day set out in order the linguistic trea-

sures which English has inherited or acquired since the thirteenth century, requires an elaborate chronological series of passages marking the use and change of each word from period to period since its first appearance in our vocabulary. It is unnecessary to copy out here specimens of these date-quotations whose value lies in their relation to one another,—fragments of Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, or the poem of the Owl and Nightingale, to show the occurrence of a word in the thirteenth century; passages from More's Utopia or Sidney's Arcadia, to date it in the Tudor period; more modern extracts from historians, divines, naturalists, novelists, and reviewers. But of such quotations as can stand alone, each presenting some cogent point in the development of language or thought, some new growth of word or turn of sense, it is worth while to select a few examples. In our times, when public attention turns so eagerly to evidence of development through transitional forms, all readers will appreciate the curious felicity of a class of philological cases to which the Archbishop of Dublin and his colleagues of the Philological Society call particular attention. These occur where words immigrating into our language show during the period of transition certain 'marks of imperfect naturalization,' which disappear when the process of adoption is complete. A passage in which such a word still bears its alien form is thus the most neat and compact evidence of its time and manner of introduction. The following are from Trench, Wedgwood, &c.:—

Chasm.—'Observe how handsomely and naturally that hideous and unproportionate *chasma* betwixt the predictions in the eleventh chapter of Daniel, and the twelfth is in this way filled up with matters of weighty concernment.'—Henry More's 'Mystery of Iniquity.'

Automaton.—'The other was a picture of a gentlewoman, whose eyes were contrived with that singulartie of cunning, that they moved up and down of themselves, not after a seeming manner, but truly and indeed. For I did very exactly view it. But I believe it was done by a vice which the Grecians call *αὐτόματος*.'—Coryat's 'Crudities.'

Panic.—'Strange visions, which are also called *panici terrores*.'—Raleigh's 'History of the World.'

Kickshaw.—'There cannot be no more certain argument of a decayed stomach than the loathing of wholesome and solid food, and longing after fine *quelquechoses* of new and artificial composition.'—Bishop Hall.

A descriptive or historical passage is often the most perfect illustration of the

source, date, meaning, and even etymology of the word it turns on. Thus:—

Tobacco.—‘There is an herbe [in Virginia] which is sowed apart by itselfe, and is called by the inhabitants Yppowoc: in the West Indies it hath diuers names, according to the seuerall places and countreys where it groweth, and is vsed. The Spanyards call it *tobacco*.’—*Hakluyt’s ‘Voyages.’*

Shamrock.—‘Watercresses, which they [the Irish] tearme *shamrocks*, roots, and other herbs they feed upon.’—*Stanikurst*, in ‘*Holinshed’s Chronicle*.’

Livery.—‘What *livery* is, wee by common use in England knew well enough, namely, that it is allowance of horse-meate, as they commonly use the word in stabling, as to keepe horses at *livery*: the which word, I guesse, is deriued of *livering* or *delivering* forth their nightly foode. So in great houses the *livery* is said to be served up for all night, that is, their evenings allowance for drinke. And *livery* is also called the upper weede which a serving man weareth, so called (as I suppose) for that it was delivered and taken from him at pleasure.’—*Spenser ‘On Ireland.’*

Schooner.—‘The first *schooner* ever constructed is said to have been built in Gloucester, Mass., about the year 1713, by a Captain Andrew Robinson, and to have received its name from the following trivial circumstance: When the vessel went off the stocks into the water, a bystander cried out, “O, how she *scoons*!” Robinson instantly replied, “A *scooner* let her be;” and, from that time, vessels thus masted and rigged have gone by this name. The word *scoon* is popularly used in some parts of New England to denote the act of making stones skip along the surface of water.’—*Goodrich and Porter’s ed. of ‘Webster’s Dictionary.’*

Hitherto, on commenting on the various branches of work involved in the complete English Dictionary, we have commended to the future compiler an ambitious scheme, to take as a starting-point the extensive vocabulary of one predecessor, the careful etymology of another, the well-selected quotations of a third, and to strive to excel each in his own line. But in coming to the last point, that of the definition of words, it is desirable to suggest moderation of aim, where the very circumstances of the case forbid any approach to perfection. Inviting at first, the project will prove vain at last, to draw up a dictionary definition of each word precisely co-extensive with it in range and limit, a definition so elaborate and accurate that the lad who turns to a philosophical or technical word in his dictionary shall obtain not mere hints to guide him in its use, but its full and scientific explanation. The difficulty lies not so much in the lexicographer’s want of skill, as in the defective machinery of language. It is not that language fails now where it has fair play; that it even

fails now more than hitherto, to bring our thoughts to moderately precise utterance. Men do contrive to talk and write on most intricate and abstruse subjects so as to be understood. But consider for a moment under what conditions this feat is performed. Dr. Tyndall delivers and publishes a course of lectures on Sound. He begins each branch of his subject by appealing to facts we have all known from childhood, and he accompanies its study from first to last by a series of experiments performed in the theatre and depicted in the book. With such aids from familiar experience and sensible demonstration, he is able to explain in words difficult points, such as the generation of heat by alternate expansion and contraction of particles of air in the transmission of wave-impulses, or Helmholtz’s theory of the kind of animal pianoforte in the human ear, supposed to transmit the impression of musical tones to the sense. Or again, Mr. G. H. Lewes writes an account of metaphysics and metaphysicians. He indeed shows no diagrams and performs no experiments, yet contrives to tell, and make his readers think they know, matters on the verge of the untellable and unknowable. But his ideas are not packed completely all at once into concise definitions; he can take his time and opportunity to form and perfect them. He builds a metaphysical house and takes his readers in to lodge, till after a while they become used to the peculiar atmosphere and light, and can understand the furniture of the place. In some measure, an Encyclopædia, what in Germany is well called a *Realwörterbuch*, or Dictionary of Things, can thus impart absolute knowledge. It will have, for instance, a full systematic sketch of the general principles of Chemistry, with the aid of which scientific instruction can be gained from its special articles under the headings of *acid*, *base*, *salt*, &c., these articles being carefully written essays giving an account of the various and conflicting theories adopted to explain a mass of chemical phenomena, on which those who know most will be least apt to rush into hasty generalization. But such a task cannot be accomplished within the narrow limits of a dictionary, and we may take warning by the treatment of the words in Webster-Mahn and Worcester, where the attempt at scientific summary produces descriptions which none but a chemist can understand, and which are too meagre to be of any use to him. These volumes, with their sprinkling of poor little woodcuts, have probably prevented many a father from buying an encyclopædia for his family, under the delusive impression that the illustrated dic-

tionary would serve instead. Short definitions, where no pretension is made to the functions of a scientific text-book, answer best the special end of the dictionary. The considerations which apply so obviously to the treatment of scientific words, bear more or less fully on words denoting arts and instruments, rules of law and doctrines of philosophy; in short, to the terms belonging to all the more abstruse and complex products of civilization which lie beyond the simpler facts and principles, on the thorough knowledge of which education is or ought to be based. Nor is it the office of the dictionary to afford this rudimentary knowledge. Words fail to teach it, except in conjunction with specimens, diagrams, and experiments. In these days when elementary education so distinctly errs in relying too much on book-learning and too little on positive object-lessons, it is no superfluous hint to the dictionary-writer to ask him to keep his proper place in the field of knowledge.

How, then, is the lexicographer to make the best practical compromise in a task where, with Johnson, he will not always satisfy himself, and will find his readers not less hard to please. On the whole, a comparison of the best dictionaries favours the historical plan of passing through the derivation and development of a word to its definition. It may at first sight seem that the actual meaning of a word at a particular time and in a particular field has little to do with its origin and history, but that it is enough to compare passages in which it occurs, and so to frame a definition which, answering to them all, must be the true one. If language were a more accurate instrument than it is, this might be so, but in fact its rough and ready applications of simple old words to complex new senses can only be satisfactorily followed by students who can ideally place themselves at the points where, lately or long ago, new ideas have branched off from the old. In practice it will be found that recourse at every step to etymological development, as a guide not merely in mapping out but in actually defining English, will produce far better results than its treatment as a conventional collection of words, each with an arbitrary set of meanings. Thus Johnson defined *cloak*, as being 'the outer garment, with which the rest are covered;' this is a description which would equally apply to coverings quite unlike cloaks, such as a shawl or a surtout. Had Johnson known, what indeed his modern successors have not yet found out, that *cloak* has its name from its bell-shape, French *cloque*, *cloche*, the etymology would have helped him to the proper definition. Again,

the writer who connects *mischance* with a sense of its meaning 'falling out ill,' will use it more to the purpose than if he were only guided by the dictionary-synonyms, 'ill luck, ill fortune, &c.' So with the word *danger*. Such a definition as 'exposure to injury, loss, pain, or other evil,' supposing it perfectly to explain the modern use of the word (which by the way it fails to do) is incomplete without the information that the word was originally a feudal law term, *dangerium*, meaning exposure to the lord's power, as in liability to confiscation. Here is the key to what the English Bible means by being in *danger* of the council, which differs very perceptibly from the more usual modern acceptation; and here is at the same time a hint of the manner in which this common acceptation arose. Again, the fact of English having in so great measure a double vocabulary is on the whole an advantage to the definer. A scientific man, turning over the leaves of his ponderous dictionary, may smile to see how far the definitions of words are mere cross-translations between the English and the foreign element. He learns that a *flood* is an *inundation*, and that an *inundation* is a *flood*; and that to *wash* is to perform *ablution*, and that *ablution* is the act of *washing*. Yet, after all, this process of working backward and forward between the Teutonic and Latin elements in our speech is a continual and very profitable exercise in clearing and limiting our ideas. Where the primary rule of definition, to explain difficult and complex words by means of easy and simple ones, fails of full success, it is useful to supplement it by the method of translation. If proof be needed of the value of this method, we may find it in the dictionary of the brothers Grimm. Inasmuch as German is, roughly speaking, a simple language which has not like English the materials for translation within itself, this German Dictionary has recourse to Latin. We are told that *dampfen* means *vaporare*, that *Butterfliege* means *papilio*. In our dictionary we need not go outside English to say that to *steam* is to emit *vapour*, that a *butterfly* is a *papilionaceous* insect. While dwelling here on the importance of the philological department in the dictionary, it is well to remark that the other departments must not be too much subordinated to it. The great German Dictionary just mentioned affords a case in point. It is so much taken up with the philological origin and development of its words as to be rather a philologist's dictionary than a scholar's, and rather a scholar's than a practical man's. Important as it is to give each word its place in the realm of

words, this does not dispense with the use of the definition, that of giving the object or action described its place in the realm of ideas.

An indirect, but most valuable means of definition, is the distinction of synonymous terms which more or less correspond in meaning, and can to this extent be substituted for one another, but which are not absolute equivalents. Yet the unscientific vagueness of words is nowhere better illustrated than in the difficulty of bringing these comparisons to absolute correctness. Even good dictionaries here make the most glaring mis-statements. Thus, in comparing the word *danger* with its synonyms, the best modern edition of Webster observes that *hazard* arises from something fortuitous or beyond our control, as 'the *hazard* of the seas,' while *risk* is doubtful or uncertain danger, often incurred voluntarily, as 'to *risk* an engagement.' Yet *risk* is the very word our underwriters use for chance of shipwreck, and to *hazard* an engagement is a phrase that would strike no one as unusual. The same dictionary, distinguishing between *damage*, *harm*, and *mischief*, declares that *mischief* always springs from the perversity or folly of man. Our experience would lead us to say that *mischief* is also apt to spring from the natural instinct of mice, and that, for an old example, Gascoigne used the derivative term properly when he wrote 'Although in deede out of every flower the industrious bee maie gather honie, yet by prooffe the spider there-out suckes *mischeeous* poison.' It is, of course, easy to find fault with such attempts to lay down by line and rule absolute distinctions between words whose meaning overlaps so far as to make them interchangeable words or synonyms. But here, again, only reasonable care and industry must be asked for. It is well to adduce good passages from writers of credit to guide the student in distinguishing between synonyms in his reading, and to fix his own use of them. It is well, also, to state distinctions—even delicate ones—where they can be reduced to plain terms. Thus, in separating the use of two words just cited, the original sense of *hazard* as a gambler's word should be kept in view:—

'I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the *hazard* of the die.'

This original sense still underlies the use of the word, and should guide the careful writer in distinguishing it from *risk*, which less involves the appeal to blind chance. If choice is to be made between the phrases to *hazard* a battle, and to *risk* a battle, it is here that the distinction lies. In many cases

mere custom is the only guide in such distinctions. What is the difference between *machine* and *engine*? The modern Webster's dictionary points out that large and powerful *machines* are commonly called *engines*. This distinction is not a fundamental one. The *rose-engine*, with which watch-cases are *engine-turned*, is no very massive contrivance; nor is the spring-trap for catching mice, which we call a *gin* (contracted from *engine*)—a word which, by the way, the dictionary in question absurdly marks as obsolete. Still there is actually a tendency in modern English to make massiveness and power a distinction between *engine* and *machine*, and it is proper for this to be pointed out in the dictionary. Moreover, it seems to us that there is another important distinction that should also be noticed, namely, that *engine* is apt to be used for a contrivance to produce mechanical power, as a *steam-engine* or an *electro-magnetic engine*, while a *machine* is rather a contrivance for applying such power when produced, as a *combing-machine* or a *drilling-machine*. All such hints as these are worth giving, for what they are worth, in the English dictionary. But inasmuch as the meanings of words are not limited alike in the practice of even careful contemporary authors, the attempt to work out any logical scheme of synonyms appears chimerical. The lexicographer's information and discretion may be of real value in settling future usage, but his science will fail to define past usage where scientific precision is the very element wanting.

With this illustration of the combined strength and weakness of our language, we conclude a dissertation, lengthy indeed, yet we trust not lengthy out of proportion to the importance of its subject. Striving neither to underrate the real capabilities of our language, nor to ascribe to it an ideal perfection, we have endeavoured to discuss, point by point, the plan of a vast national English Dictionary, which shall be at once its practical inventory and its philological commentary. Yet, even supposing the immense labours of this undertaking to have been successfully accomplished, and the years necessary for its fulfilment to have elapsed, we have to bear in mind that the shelf of volumes forming the 'Thesaurus Linguae Anglicanae' will be too costly for small libraries, and too cumbrous for ready use. In the meantime it is desirable that the present needs of the average Englishman should be promptly supplied. He should be provided with a Concise Dictionary in a single volume, neither too heavy nor too costly, close shorn of superfluous detail and

speculative fancy, registering compact precise information from the best sources, and always ready to keep him straight and firm in handling the most copious, versatile, and powerful language of the modern world.

ART. VI.—*The Land of Moab. Travels and Discoveries on the East Side of the Dead Sea and the Jordan.* By H. B. Tristram, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Hon. Canon of Durham. *With a Chapter on the Persian Palace of Mashita.* By Jas. Fergusson, F.R.S. *With Map and Illustrations.* By C. L. Buxton and R. C. Johnson. London, 1873.

WHEN that many-sided individual, Nasr-ed-deen, the hero of so many good jokes, had assumed for the nonce the office of Imám, he one Friday ascended the *mimbar* or pulpit of the principal mosk of the city of Cairo, and thus addressed the assembled congregation. 'O my people! do you know what I am about to say to you?' And the people naturally cried in reply, 'No, O Imám, we do not!' 'Then,' said Nasr-ed-deen, 'it is useless for me to try to teach people so ignorant.' And he descended the steps of the pulpit. On the following Friday the mosk was crowded with the faithful, when Nasr-ed-deen again began, 'O my people! do you know what I am about to say to you?' And the people, mindful of the previous experience, replied, 'Yes, O Imám, we do.'—'Then,' said Nasr-ed-deen, 'it is needless that I should repeat it to you.' And he descended the steps of the pulpit. On the third Friday Nasr-ed-deen addressed a yet more numerous audience than before with the same question, 'O my people! do you know what I am about to say to you?' And the people, after some hesitation, cried in reply, 'O Imám, some of us do, and some of us do not.'—'Then,' said Nasr-ed-deen, 'let those who know tell those who do not know.' And he descended the steps of the pulpit. So runs the story, and it is highly suggestive not only to the preacher, but to the author and the critic. It would be well if as good reasons could be always given for saying one's say as Nasr-ed-deen had for not saying his. We are inclined to think, that were Dr. Tristram able to put the Imám's question to his intending readers, their answer, whichever of the three it might be, would not prevent him from telling them his story. And as he has got something worth saying,

which perhaps Nasr-ed-deen had not, he would be right.

The country east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea has for the last few years been a veritable land of promise for the traveller, the antiquary, and the Biblical student. 'Who,' says Dean Stanley, 'that has ever travelled in Palestine, has not longed to cross the Jordan valley to those mysterious hills which close every eastward view with their long horizontal outline, their overshadowing height, their deep purple shade? the one solemn and elevating background of all that is poor and mean in the scenery of Palestine properly so called.' What antiquary too is there, it may be added, that has heard of the three hundred and odd ruined cities that lie scattered over the highlands stretching behind those hills that has not longed to revel in heaps of stone, eloquent it might well be hoped of bygone peoples and their story? Or what Biblical student that has not thirsted to find in that *terra incognita* a Bible equivalent for each local name, and to see in every hill and valley the fit and appropriate scene for some event related in the Scripture narrative? It may be questioned, however, whether the inaccessibility and consequent mysteriousness of the country has not had a good deal to do with the halo of archæological and historical glory cast around it. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico* is a trite, but constantly true saying, and when we find the distinguished author and divine we have just quoted acknowledging in his speech at the annual meeting of the Palestine Exploration Fund this year, that to him the western part of Palestine is the least interesting, because he knows it best, and that what he wants particularly, and is 'burning' to see explored, is not the west which he knows, but the east of the Jordan which he does not know, we think we have found the keynote to a good deal of the enthusiasm which is evoked at the prospect of survey and exploration in that unknown region. When the English Palestine Exploration Fund gave to the sister American society the choice of its scene of operations, and the younger body chose the east country, it was felt by many that the elder had acted somewhat unnecessarily the part of Abraham, and yielded up the richer and more popular field of investigation. And so no doubt it had in some respects. But yet if the subject be looked at rightly, surely Jerusalem must more than counterbalance any number of ruined cities, unascertained sites, possible Moabite stones, and problematical Moabite pottery; to say nothing of the fact that the scene of the greater part of the history of

the Old Testament, and of the whole of the New, lies in Western Palestine. There is no intention, however, in making these remarks, of implying that the eastern country is deficient in interest, or of depreciating the work that has been, and still remains to be done there. We would only utter a word of protest against a tendency, somewhat prevalent among those interested in Palestine work, to glorify the more unknown country at the expense of the one that is better known; and to express our conviction that as much good work remains to be done in Samaria and Judæa as in Edom and Moab.

Of the countries east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, Moab has had the reputation of being at once the most interesting and the least accessible. Its history for us begins in one of the earliest pages of the Bible, and it is the scene of some of the wildest, the most picturesque, and the most affecting incidents recorded in the Old Testament. Lot taking refuge in Zoar, the prophecies of Balaam, Moses viewing the Promised Land from the heights of Pisgah, the touching story of Ruth the Moabitess, 'the gentle ancestress of David and of the Messiah, the weird incidents of the war between Jehoram and Mesha, are some of the most striking points brought before us in connection with a country whose name is constantly recurring in the accounts of the sacred historians. All the references to Moab in the prophets seem to show that its inhabitants were a well-known, numerous, and wealthy people, next to Israel in point of status and civilisation. In Josephus and the Roman historians, constant reference is made to the fertility of the soil, while the accounts they give of the great fortresses and flourishing cities which existed previous to and under the Roman rule are sufficient to show—did no evidence of it exist at the present day—the importance of the country at the beginning of the Christian era. It is not mentioned by name as the scene of any incident in the New Testament history, but we know from the account given by Josephus, that the prison in which John the Baptist was shut up by Herod, and where he was afterwards beheaded, was the fortress of Machærus on the east side of the Dead Sea. This same fortress was also the scene, so graphically described by Josephus, of one of the last struggles of the Jews against the Romans. Mention is made of Moab as a district by Eusebius, and of Characmoab as the see of a bishop in 536 A.D., while evidence of this Christian epoch is seen in the vestiges of churches found in so many of the ruins. In the next century the wave of Mohammedan conquest swept over Moab, and with the exception of a brief

interval during the Crusades, when Kerak became, under the name of Mons Regalis, famous as the stronghold of Reginald of Châtillon, 'the whole of this region,' as Dr. Tristram says, 'disappears altogether from the page of history. Retired from the route of armies, it has been without fortress, town, or inhabitants, to invite a conqueror: inaccessible to ordinary troops on the west, it has remained without the record of one single event on its soil. From what we now know of the country, it may be concluded that its inhabitants were occupied during all these years much as they are now, their "hand against every man, and every man's hand against" them cattle-lifting, plundering, and fighting, cultivating just so much land as was absolutely necessary, but doing it sword in hand, always quarrelling with one another, but ready to forget their squabbles and unite together to keep out any settled and lawful rule.'

The first traveller to visit, in comparatively modern times, this long-forgotten country, was Seetzen, who in 1806 and 1807, made two journeys from north to south along the upper road over the highlands of Moab, returning on the second occasion by the shore of the Dead Sea. He was followed in 1812 by Burckhardt, who took very much the same upper route. Next came Irby and Mangles in 1818, along a similar tract of country, but from south to north. From this time there is no record of any traveller having traversed Moab proper till 1851, when the journey was made by M. de Saulcy; and in 1864, the Duc de Luynes accomplished a scientific examination of a great part of the country, the full account of which has unfortunately not yet been published. Some others, as Lieutenant Lynch in 1848, Dr. Tristram in 1864, Captain Warren in 1867 and 1868, Messrs. Palmer and Drake in 1870, besides one or two whose experiences have not been published, have visited certain portions of the region.

In 1870, the Geographical Section of the British Association granted, we believe, the sum of 100*l.* to Dr. Tristram, Dr. Ginsburg, and Mr. Hepworth Dixon, to be employed by them in exploration to the east of the Dead Sea. Nothing, however, was done in that year, but, in 1871, the grant was renewed to the two former gentlemen, and another 100*l.* added. The object, as stated by Dr. Tristram, was 'the undertaking a *Geographical* exploration of Moab'—the italics are his. The result of this grant was the expedition, the account of which, as the latest contribution to our knowledge of the country, we have placed at the head of this article.

In the notices of Moab in the Old Testament we find the country spoken of as the 'field of Moab,' the 'land of Moab,' and the 'plains of Moab.' Modern criticism refers these three names to three distinct districts. The plains of Moab—Arboth Moab, or the Plain of Shittim—was the low valley to the northeast of the Dead Sea, opposite Jericho, now called the Ghor ez Seisabán; the land of Moab was the upland open country lying between Gilead and the Arnon, the modern Wády Mojib, and now known as El Belka; while the continuation of these uplands from Wády Mojib to Wády Kerak, or perhaps Wády Sáfiéh, now called by the Arabs El Kerak, was the field of Moab. This last may be called Moab proper, as it was the original possession of the descendants of Lot's eldest daughter, and the district to which they were often, in the course of their history, compelled to retire by hostile invaders, such as the Amorites and the Israelites. The whole length of the country from Wády Kerak to Mount Gilead, is about 50 or 60 miles, and the width from the Dead Sea to the eastern plains of Arabia from 20 to 30. The western edge of the plateau rises abruptly in a series of steeply sloping hills from the edge of the Dead Sea to a height of more than 4000 feet, or 3000 feet above the level of the sea. It is seamed with deep ravines or wádies, which from wild precipitous chasms of 2000 feet deep gradually rise, and are lost in the upland plain. The peculiarity of these valleys is well brought out by Dr. Tristram:—

'An opposite rule to that which obtains elsewhere, holds good in this country as to the scenery of the watercourses. The valleys all begin in flat plains, or mere depressions, and increase in wildness and grandeur as they approach the wall of the Moab mountains; and then, instead of rolling sluggishly to the end of their course, the streamlets burst through the range in a series of rapids and cascades to the very edge of the sea.'—*Land of Moab*, p. 229.

The plateau itself is an open undulating plain, which has been compared to the downs in the south of England. It is chiefly pasture land, with here and there patches of cultivation. The soil is generally described as rich and fertile, though travellers are not quite agreed as to the aspect which it presents, some speaking of it as covered with a rich and luxuriant vegetation, and others as being more or less barren and unproductive. This discrepancy is no doubt to be partly explained by the differences in the time of year at which the respective journeys were made; no part of that region would present any thing but a bare and barren aspect dur-

ing the latter half of the year. A notable instance, indeed, is given by Dr. Tristram of the different aspect that may be presented by the country even at the same period in different years. In his former expedition he had collected in the Wády Zuweirah, at the south-west end of the Dead Sea,—

'in the very same week of the year, more than seventy species of plants in flower. The gravel was then literally carpeted with colour; now scarcely a blade of green or a blossom could be seen. The lateness, or the non-arrival of the rains, had made all this difference between barrenness and fertility.'—*Land of Moab*, pp. 86, 87.

The population of the country consists of a few scattered Arab tribes, some living in the villages and cultivating the soil, and others wandering from place to place with their flocks and herds in search of pasture. These latter (the Bedaween) arrogate to themselves the right to be considered the lords of the soil, and look on the villagers (the Fellaheen) as merely their vassals, who till the ground and pay tribute in kind, each feudal lord undertaking in return that no one but himself shall have the right to plunder. Some writers describe the Fellaheen as mean and contemptible, and the Bedawee as the type of a chivalrous gentleman, whose only defects arise from not having been properly baptized and educated. 'Such,' says Dr. Tristram, after describing a picturesque story of murder and theft committed by a hoary-headed old blackguard, who, in a properly-governed country, would have been hanged long ago, 'such is Arab morality.' Other travellers, like Professor Palmer, have not a good word to say for the Bedawee, who, 'wherever he goes, brings with him ruin, violence, and neglect. To call him a "son of the desert" is a misnomer: half the desert owes its existence to him, and many a fertile plain, from which he has driven its useful and industrious inhabitants, becomes in his hands . . . a parched and barren wilderness.' ('Desert of the Exodus,' ii. 297.) He also adds, what is quite true, that the Bedawee is hated and feared in the towns and villages of Palestine. But though the philanthropist may desire the material and moral improvement of the Bedaween and the Fellaheen, the antiquary may express a fear lest, in the process, old manners and customs should be obliterated, and old names and traditions lost, which now serve as guides and landmarks in the study of the ancient peoples whose descendants, however mixed may be the race, these Arabs are. A rich harvest awaits the investigator who shall be properly qualified for the task, by possessing not only great philological ex-

perience, but an intimate acquaintance with Arabic dialects and with Hebrew, acquisitions which, coupled with great care, can alone prevent him from being misled by fallacious resemblances. Remarkable instances of the value of popular tradition are shown in the discovery, by M. Clermont-Ganneau, of the 'Stone of Bohan,' i. e. 'of the Thumb,' one of the points marking the boundary-line between Judah and Benjamin, under its modern appellation of *Hajar el Asbah*, the 'Stone of the Finger,' and of the 'Stone of Zohelath,' under the identical name of *Zehweileh*. Here, in Moab, Professor Palmer found the name of the Moabitish idol Baal-Peor, represented in the name of one of his guides, *Fa'ur*; and the tract of country called the Belka is letter for letter the same as *Balak*.*

The flora and the temperature, as may be imagined in a country which varies from 1300 feet below the sea to 3000 feet above it, are extremely diversified:—

"One night," says Mr. Hayne, in his Appendix to the "Land of Moab," "clad in every available vestment, we shivered between our blankets, whilst the water froze into block-ice in the basins at our feet, and the thermometer registered 24° F. The next we sat out round a camp-fire, and enjoyed the open air and warmth at the same time; and the third I wrote my journal with my coat off, with the thermometer at 76° at midnight."—*Land of Moab*, p. 389.

Making allowance for a little exaggeration—eight degrees of frost is hardly enough to form 'block-ice'—this passage gives a fair idea of the three zones of temperature, each of which is marked by a different flora, the richest and most interesting being that of the low-lying basin of the Dead Sea. Comparing, however, his own collection with that made on a former occasion by Dr. Tristram and Mr. Lowne on the western shore, Mr. Hayne found but little difference in the flora of the two sides of the sea, the only exception being the palm, which, hardly existent on the west shore, is found in abundance on the east. But though the flora of the two sides are identical, they are distributed much more profusely on the east than on the west. The contrast is thus marked by Mr. Hayne:—

'Owing partly to a much larger supply of water, partly to the almost entire absence of the marl deposit, which is nearly always absolutely

bare of vegetation where it occurs, the whole of the east side is comparatively fertile, and abounds, not only in smaller plants, but has a fair allowance of trees and large shrubs; nowhere is the eye pained by the frightful desolation of the western shore, where a solitary tamarisk or salicornia looks like a signal of distress hung out at a distance of a mile or two from its next neighbours. Even the oases on the west, as Engedi and Zuweirah, are sparse, barren, and sandy, compared with Zara and the Sáfieh, to which they exactly correspond in point of position. This well-watered and fertile condition, speaking comparatively, of the eastern side, results in a much greater commingling of the flora of more temperate regions with that of the desert, which needs such special conditions of soil and climate as the Dead Sea affords, than occurs on the western side.'—*Land of Moab*, pp. 398, 399.

The geological formation of the east side of the Dead Sea differs considerably from that of the west. The cliffs that rise at an abrupt angle from the immediate shore are red sandstone—never found on the other side—covered superficially on the higher plateaux with the usual limestone of Western Palestine. Here and there are traces of basaltic eruptions. M. Lartet, who accompanied the Duc de Luynes, enumerates three principal ones; the northernmost, starting from a conical peak, pointed out to him under the name of Mergab es Suweimeh, and running into the sea near the mouth of the Wády Ghuweir; a second, starting from near Jebel Ataroos, and following the bed of the Zerka Ma'in to the plain of Zarah; and the southernmost, a very short one, starting from a point above Zarah, and debouching to the south of that plain. All the basaltic outbreaks are, according to M. Lartet, much later than the convulsions which caused the fissure now occupied by the Jordan valley, the Dead Sea, and the northern end of the Arabah.

We now propose to notice, in company with Dr. Tristram, some of the more remarkable ruined remains and natural features of the country, whose general characteristics we have endeavoured to lay before the reader. The starting-point of the expedition, was Hebron. On the way through the wilderness of Judæa, the party witnessed the remarkable effect of twenty-four hours' continuous rain:—

'It rained for the greater part of the day, lifting occasionally, but never sufficiently to show the sky. At least we had the fortune to see what can have fallen to the lot of but few European travellers, the bare rugged hill-sides, and the deep ravines of the wilderness of Judah, covered with torrents, and rolling down tiny cascades from every rock, while each valley was a pool of water. The tremendous force of sud-

* This latter identification has been pointed out to the writer by M. Clermont-Ganneau, who also remarks upon the curious meaning of the root from which both the Arab word *Belka* and the Hebrew *Balak* are derived, "desert land," especially in connection with the fact that *Balak* was the son of Zippor, the Moabite king, who was defeated by Sihon, and lost that part of the country now called *el Belka*.

den rain on a thirsty, stony soil was well exemplified; and the rapidity with which the loosened stones and large fragments of rock, split by the combined action of sun and water, were hurried down the tiny glens, scooped out many a channel, and gathered ever-increasing masses of débris, in the course of the torrents. So easily disintegrated is the soft limestone of these wadys, that the rain of a few hours, probably the first heavy down-pour since last winter, did more to deepen and widen the channels than the storms of several years could effect on a Northumbrian hill-side. No geologist could watch the effect of this storm without being convinced that in calculating the progress of denudation, other factors than that of time must be taken into account, and that denudation may proceed most rapidly where rains are most uncertain.—*Land of Moab*, pp. 23, 24.

The western shore of the Dead Sea has been explored by several recent travellers, but there are few who have approached it by the pass of Ain Jidy (Engedi). The view from the crest of the ridge at the head of the pass as you suddenly emerge upon it, and see the deep chasm of the Dead Sea far down below, is one of the most striking scenes of brilliant desolation that can be imagined. Captain Warren well describes it:—

‘The view from this point was magnificent; the view was clear, we were 2000 feet above the Dead Sea, and yet as it were hanging over it, with here and there dark moving spots passing along, as if floating islands; the hills beyond were thrown by the setting sun into striking contrast of light and shade, the rocks being of a rosy tint; below, on the narrow strip of the Ghor, a vivid green struck the eye, which we could almost conjure into the palm and other tropical trees we knew to be growing there. The hills were not in one monotonous line, as seen from Jerusalem, but collected into masses of different heights, broken by deep and narrow gorges, above one of which Kerak was to be seen, the houses and battlements coming out most plainly in the glowing sunset.’—*Quarterly Statement, Palestine Exploration Fund*, 1867.

Descending to the edge of the sea, and turning southwards, we pass the Birket el Khaleel, a depression in the shore covered with acacia and other bushes, to which, according to an Arab tradition, Abraham used to come to collect salt; and then reach the precipitous rock, Sebbeh, on which stand the ruins of the fortress of Masada, never yet satisfactorily described in detail. Dr. Tristram suggests that one of the buildings in the center of the enclosure, hitherto called a chapel, may have been a synagogue. It is probable that, like most similar buildings in Palestine, it has served the purposes in turn of synagogue, chapel, and mosk. At

the south-west end of the sea stands the remarkable salt ridge called Jebel or Khashm Usdum.

The latest scientific contribution to our knowledge of the Dead Sea basin is the pamphlet of M. Lartet, who accompanied the expedition of the Duc de Luynes. His investigations all lead him to support the theory that the depression now occupied by the Jordan valley, the Dead Sea, and the northern portion of the Arabah, was formed during some convulsion of nature long anterior to the historic period; into this reservoir poured the pluvial torrents, cutting their passage through the surrounding hills, and forming the present wadies, and depositing at the bottom of the depression the sediment gathered from the rocks through which they passed. At first the inland lake thus formed was probably fresh water, but gradually the deposit from the mineral springs, and the gypsum and salt-beds of which the Jebel Usdum is still an example, impregnated it, and as the supply of water, owing to changes in the surrounding atmospheric conditions diminished, and fell short of the amount absorbed in evaporation, the quantity of saline matter held in solution increased by degrees in proportion to the diminished volume of water, till the present exceptional degree of saltiness was reached. M. Lartet supports this opinion as to the origin of the saltiness of the water of the Dead Sea by a reference to the salt lakes in Southern Russia, Asia Minor, Algeria, and America, in the neighbourhood of all of which are to be found gypsum and salt banks similar to Jebel Usdum. That the level of the Dead Sea was once considerably higher is shown by the fact that the character of the soil at its bottom, as proved by the soundings of Lieutenant Lynch and the Duc de Luynes, is analogous to the marly deposits of which the promontory, called by the Arabs El Lisán, ‘the Tongue,’ is entirely composed, and which occur frequently on the western shore, in the Arabah, and along the whole course of the Jordan Valley.

One of the largest of the many pillars of rock-salt formed by the action of the sun and of moisture on the salt mountain of Usdum is usually pointed out as the traditional ‘Lot’s wife;’ but it is an easy task in riding along the beach for the eye to single out group after group of pinnacles which might represent Lot with a daughter on each arm, bent forward, as though fleeing in hot haste, and the laggard wife a short distance behind, brought up short, with her head turned over her shoulder. Messrs. Palmer and Drake claim to have discovered the real legendary ‘Lot’s wife’ in an isolated needle

of rock on the *east* side of the Dead Sea, 1000 feet above the shore, called by the Arabs 'Bint Shaykh Lot,' and 'bearing a curious resemblance to an Arab woman with a child upon her shoulder.' As, however, Arab tradition is as rich as Christian in the matter of localities, a good many Bints Shaykh Lot still, no doubt, remain to be found for the edification of travellers.

To the south of the Dead Sea stretches a desolate sand swamp, called the Sebkah, intersected by several watercourses, which drain the northern slope of the Arabah, the principal of which is the Wády ed Jeib. Dr. Tristram speaks of them as 'shallow beds, and . . . lesser drains from the Arabah, whose united contributions to the lake are very small;' but other authors describe the Wády ed Jeib as the principal outlet of the vast drainage northwards into the lake, and as 'a huge channel . . . not far from half a mile wide, bearing traces of an immense volume of water rushing along with violence, and covering the whole width of the valley.' No difference in the season of the year or the amount of rainfall can account for this discrepancy. The flow of the wádies into the sea is probably not very correctly given in the map that accompanies 'The Land of Moab.' We should be more inclined to trust that of M. Vignes, the naval officer who accompanied the expedition of the Duc de Luynes, and which makes the Wády ed Jeib and the Wády es Sáfiéh the great southern drains into the lake. Of these the Wády es Sáfiéh appears to have more the character of a perennial river, as Dr. Tristram who found the Wády ed Jeib a shallow bed, speaks of the Sáfiéh the day after as 'a tolerably sized stream.' To its waters, fed by many affluents from the east, is chiefly due the fertility of the belt of soil known as the Ghor es Sáfiéh, which, stretching along the south-east shore of the lake, and for some distance down the Arabah, answers, though in a much smaller degree, to the Ghor es Seisabán on the north.

It has been conjectured that the Sáfiéh may be the 'valley of Zared' mentioned in Numbers xxi. 12; the Wády es Sáfiéh, which seems to be called in different parts of its course the Seil Garáhi, the Wády Seddiyeh, and the Wády el Ahsa, and by Irby and Mangles the Nahr el Hussan, being the 'brook Zered' of Deut. ii. 13. At the north end of the Sáfiéh are some ruins called Nemeirah at the mouth of the Wády of the same name. If 'an intelligent Kerak Christian,' interrogated by Mr. Klein, is to be trusted, these ruins are not to be identified with the 'waters of Nimrim' mentioned

in the prophecy against Moab (Is. xv. 6); there are other ruins near the source of the Wády called the 'Springs of N'meirah, and with many watered gardens still cultivated.' Dr. Tristram also seeks to find another identification in a wády 'pointed out to Mr. Klein,' but not, by the way, marked on the map, called Safsaf, 'the willow stream,' with the 'brook of the willows' occurring in the same chapter of Isaiah immediately after the mention of Nimrim. Beyond the Wády Nemeirah, M. Vignes marks a large wády and calls it Wády Ketherabba, but it does not occur in any of the other maps; is it another name for the Wády Asal?

The nomenclature of these wádies is a most puzzling thing. There is generally one recognised name for each principal wády from its source to its mouth; but during its course it receives a variety of appellations deriving their *raison d'être* from some local feature in the scenery, or some local event which has taken place at a particular spot. The result is, that the name given to the enquiring traveller will entirely depend on the point at which he crosses the wády. This instance is in itself enough to show that anything like a correct map of the country can only be produced by a regular, careful, and systematic survey, carried on with full time and leisure. An accurate knowledge of Arabic is another necessary qualification.

We must now leave the Dead Sea and mount with Dr. Tristram to the highlands of Moab. But we need not pause with him to discuss the identity of the ruins of Dra'a with either the scriptural or mediæval Zoar, a point on which he throws no fresh light, merely repeating the conclusion already arrived at by others before him, that such a site for Zoar would be too far distant from any possible situation in which the cities of the plain could be placed. Is it not, however, rather misleading to speak afterwards of having 'climbed . . . to the brow of the platform above our camp, among the heaps of old Zoar' (p. 63)? It required five and a half hours steady climbing up the wild ravine of the Wády el Kerak to reach the town of that name, situated according to Dr. Tristram's calculations, 3070 feet above the Mediterranean, and consequently 4370 above the Dead Sea.

Kerak has been visited by few travellers, and the only ones who have given any detailed account of the place are Irby and Mangles, to whose modest and singularly accurate narrative Dr. Tristram bears willing testimony. Seldom indeed, if ever, has so much information so pleasantly conveyed been included in so small a compass, and travellers who make big books out of very

little matter would do well to ponder over the fact, that Messrs. Irby and Mangles have contrived to narrate fourteen months' wanderings and adventures in 150 pages, and that their account is still consulted as a text book. The description of Dr. Tristram differs but little from that of his predecessors; but if we may believe Mr. Pritchett, no description published up to the present time does anything like full justice to Kerak and its ancient artificers in stone. The position of the town is remarkable, and well calculated to render it from the time of Mesha to that of the Crusades an impregnable fortress. A triangular platform of rock, each side of the triangle measuring about 1000 yards, separated from the surrounding heights which command it by deep gullies, whose naturally precipitous sides have in some parts been cut away and thus artificially rendered still more abrupt and steep, and their inequalities filled in with masonry—such seems to be the general outline of Kir of Moab, Kir-heres, Kir-haraseth, or Kir-harash, the various names under which, as there is every reason to suppose, this rocky fortress is spoken of in the Old Testament. Its first mention is in connection with the weird incidents of the rebellion of Moab related in the third chapter of II. Kings, when the King of Moab took refuge in Kir-haraseth from the victorious Israelites, and as an earnest of his determination to hold out to the last, and also as a propitiatory offering to the Moabite divinity, Chemosh, he sacrificed his eldest-born son on the wall of the city within whose impregnable heights he had been driven to bay. No mention is made of this place in the supposed contemporary record called the Stele of Mesha or the Moabite Stone, nor is there any reference to Mesha's crowning act of despair. Indeed, the Stele gives such a totally different version of the struggle between Israel and Moab, that we can hardly believe the sacred writer and the local triumphant record to be describing the same event. No history appears to attach to Kerak either in Jewish or Roman times, but there is, according to our author, some evidence of 'Herodian, or a yet earlier epoch,' in the 'shallow bevel' of the lower courses of the stones that fill in the inequalities of the wall; and traces of the Roman occupation exist in the reservoir, the remains of baths, and the arch at the entrance of the tunnel leading into the town, which is considered by Mr. Fergusson as 'though slightly pointed, yet Roman.' The last historical appearance of this border-keep is as the stronghold of Reginald of Châtillon, whence he used to sally forth to pillage the caravans of pil-

grims and merchants, and plunder the surrounding country almost to the very gates of Mecca and Medina. A speedy revenge for this violation of the truce between Christian and Mussulman was taken by Saladin at the battle of Hattin. Of the Saracenic and crusading times there is abundant evidence in the forts, one of which is called the 'Castle of Bybars,' or of 'El Melek,' from an Arabic inscription of great size let into its walls, ascribing its erection to El Melek (the king), and another the 'Crusaders' Fort,' which Dr. Tristram considers 'the grandest monument of crusading energy now existing,' and which he tells us, though as usual without citing his authority, 'was built under King Fulco, by one of the predecessors of Raynald of Châtillon, about A.D. 1131, and strengthened under the auspices of Godfrey of Bouillon, and in A.D. 1183 it baffled the assaults of Saladin.' In this fort is a church or 'crypt chapel' with an 'eastern apse.' The frescos on the walls of this building described by Irby and Mangles have now almost completely disappeared; but as 'some remains of inscription' are spoken of, it would have been interesting to have known whether any of these remains formed part of the 'imperfect inscription with letters of the Gothic form' mentioned by the earlier travellers. Here however, as throughout the journey, no attempt seems to have been made to take copies, or even squeezes of inscriptions.

The modern inhabitants of Kerak have an evil reputation among travellers. They seem, however, to have deteriorated since the days of Burckhardt and of Irby and Mangles, who met with no treatment similar to that experienced by Lynch, De Sauley, and Dr. Tristram. Burckhardt relates several stories of their peculiar manners and customs, and of their remarkable hospitality to their own countrymen, a hospitality which they do not seem to be willing to extend to strangers. They first demanded 75*l.* for granting permission to Dr. Tristram and his party to enter their town, and then 600*l.* for allowing them to leave it; but they are evidently without the courage of their intentions, and with every disposition to rob are not prepared to resort to violence to enforce acquiescence in their demands. Overawed by the arrival of the son of the head Shaykh of the Beni Sakher Bedaween, who took the travellers under his protection, they let them quietly depart without having exacted either the ransom, or any bodily pledges in its stead in the shape of ears, noses, fingers, or toes. Previous to the arrival of Zadam a messenger had been secretly despatched to the British Consul at

Jerusalem, and a few days after the party had made their escape, they heard that Mr. Moore had not only promptly got ready the 600*l.*, but had roused the Turkish authorities to the point of sending '170 infantry, 120 cavalry, two field-pieces, and 150 mounted irregulars,' under the command of the Pasha of Nabloos, in whose district Kerak lies, to root out the robbers' nest. The Turks have made some geographical progress since 1818, when, as Irby and Mangles relate, on being applied to to have Kerak and Wady Moosa inserted in a firman, the Government returned for answer, 'that they knew of no such place within the Grand Seignior's dominions.'

Dr. Tristram gives us some interesting details of the Christian population which appears to have been established at Kerak at a very early period, and to have survived through all the vicissitudes of the Mussulman conquest and occupation.

From the description of the hurried day's ride to the south of Kerak, there would appear to be a richer field for the explorer in that direction than to the north. Ruin after ruin is mentioned; but of most of them little is told except their names. One of the best preserved places visited was 'Mahk' henah,' the Mahannah of Irby and Mangles.

'The plan of many of the buildings, and especially of an old Byzantine church, can be distinctly traced. It stands on a slightly elevated mamelon, covering several acres. Not only are there the usual number of old wells, as though there had been one for every house, according to the command given by Mesha in the Moabite stone, "Make for yourselves every man a cistern in his house," but there are many caves which have been used as dwellings, and several crypt-houses quite perfect. Large dressed stones were lying about in all directions. The only present inhabitants were Greek partridges; but though we found no Bedouin here, both the caves and arches had lately been inhabited by men and flocks.'—*Land of Moab*, pp. 102, 103.

The plain north of Kerak is said to be not nearly so much crowded with cities as that to the south, owing to there being fewer limestone knolls offering facilities for making cisterns for the storage of water. As, however, nearly all travellers appear to have followed the direct road between Kerak and Rabba without diverging either right or left, we must wait for a systematic survey to assure us of the fact.

Rabba is generally supposed to be identical with the Ar of the Bible, which, according to Eusebius, was called Rabbath-Moab in the fourth century. The Romans, perhaps from some lingering tradition of its

old name, called it Areopolis, and it has now gone back to its other post-Biblical name of Rabba. The visible remains of the town do not seem to be particularly interesting, and belong to the late Roman period, but 'there are several huge grass-grown mounds,' which, it is conjectured, 'might well repay excavation.' As to the 'abundant traces of an earlier epoch,' there is nothing but the mere assertion of the fact to prove their existence.

On leaving Rabba the party seems to have continued to follow for some way the old Roman road. Hameitât and Bayt Kurm, the former identified by Schwarz with Ham, where Chedorlaomer defeated the Zuzims (Gen. xiv. 5), both seem places of interest. Bayt Kurm—'House of Vineyards'—is a record of the time when the vine was cultivated in the country; as is also Kurm Dhibân, 'the Vineyards of Dhibân':—

'A shallow depression scarcely to be called a valley, with traces of terraces and walls, now grass-grown ridges, running across it many hundred yards up the hill-sides. . . . The name has been preserved by men who probably never saw a vine in their lives.'—*Land of Moab*, p. 139.

North of Bayt Kurm is a rounded eminence, called Shihân, perhaps the 'Sheikh Harn' of Irby and Mangles, and if so, a good example of how differently names may be spelt by ear. Shihân is naturally suggestive of Sihon, the Amorite king defeated by the Israelites; but it is carrying the love of picturesque identification a little too far to say—

'as we read the tradition handed down by Josephus, of the Amorites endeavouring to escape for shelter to their walls, and then the mass of them struggling in their thirst to get down to the Arnon for water, and slaughtered in their confusion, we are led to fancy that perhaps this hill marks the battle-field—that it was behind that labyrinth of black stone walls the Amorites sought to shelter themselves, and the plain between this hill and the brow of Arnon's bank is that across which they strove to escape, in their headlong rush to the river.'—*Land of Moab*, pp. 122, 123.

Indeed, as Dr. Tristram himself points out farther on, Jahaz, which is the name given in Numb. xxi. 23, Deut. ii. 32, and Judges xi. 20, to the place at which the battle was fought, is one of the cities of Reuben whose southern boundary was the Arnon. And if we look at the account in Judges xi. 18, we find that the Israelites 'compassed the land of Edom, and the land of Moab, and came by the east side of the land of Moab, and pitched on the other side of Arnon, but came not within the border of Moab; for

Arnon was the border of Moab.' The small enclosures of basalt, which are said to cover many acres, mark probably the site of gardens and vineyards, and remind us of the 'path of the vineyards, a wall being on this side, and a wall on that side,' where Balaam met the angel. Close to Shibán is a place not visited by Dr. Tristram, nor even marked in his map—Figou—where M. de Sauley found the mutilated bas-relief in basalt of a warrior-king, spear in hand, afterwards carried off by the Duke de Luynes, and now in the Louvre.

The Arnon, which was the boundary first between Moab and Ammon, and afterwards between Moab and Reuben, is in all probability to be identified with the Wády Mojib, one of the most remarkable natural features of the country. The depth of the ravine at the point where it is crossed by the old road is about 2000 feet; the width from bank to bank, at the same spot, is calculated by Burckhardt at two miles, and by Dr. Tristram at three miles. The sides are described as very steep:—

'The rolling slopes come close to the precipitous descent, the plain being perfectly level on either side, breaking away abruptly in limestone precipices to a great depth. No idea of the rift can be formed till the very edge is reached.'—*Land of Moab*, pp. 125, 126.

In M. Lartet's map the lower sides of the ravine are coloured to represent red sandstone, and no basalt is shown answering to the basaltic dyke spoken of by Dr. Tristram as overlying the limestone on the south side. At the bottom of the ravine runs the river Arnon, formerly crossed by a bridge, of which nothing but the piers remain. Irby and Mangles describe the valley of the Arnon as 'less covered with shrubs than most of the other streams in this country, which is probably owing to the violence and frequency of the torrents.' Dr. Tristram, on the other hand, speaks of 'rich tropical vegetation.' And again, in suggesting an identification of 'some faint remains of early buildings with the city that is in the midst of the river' (Josh. xiii. 16), he adds—

'it is scarcely possible that such exuberant vegetation, with perennial moisture, should have remained unappropriated in the time of Israel's greatness, and whether the place so vaguely spoken of were above or below the fords;—"cities" or villages there were sure to be in the midst of the "river" or wady.'—*Land of Moab*, pp. 128, 129.

On the other hand we read:—

'As far as the eye could follow the course of the stream from the height, the valley is

neither of a size or nature that could ever have admitted of cultivation, or have given room for the placing of any village or city on its banks, which makes it probable that the places supposed to have stood upon the river, were in reality in the adjacent district.'—*Irby and Mangles*, p. 142.

As yet we have no account of the ravine of Wády Mojib except at this one pass. Messrs. Pritchett and Hamilton crossed it further east at the junction of the three wádies which flow into it—the Seideh, M'Kharas, and Balhua—and the former describes it as 'the best place to cross, not being so precipitous as the more westerly pass.' The Duc de Luynes appears to have followed it down to its junction with the Wády Heidán, and to have taken soundings in the Dead Sea at its mouth. The 'featureless' ruins of Ará'ir or Ara'ar, at the head of the pass on the north side of the ravine, first noted by Burckhardt, are conjectured to mark the site of Aroer, mentioned in the Bible and on the Stele of Mesha; and the more extensive ones of Dhibán, a short distance farther north, have been recognised in turn by Seetzen, Burckhardt, and Irby and Mangles, as in all probability those of Dibon, the name having been handed down through Eusebius and Jerome. One objection has been raised to this identification, on the ground that it is called in Micah xv. 2, a 'high place,' and in Jer. xlviii. 18, the expression 'come down' is made use of in speaking of it, whereas it has been described as being on low ground; but Dr. Tristram remarked, that though appearing to lie low when looked at from the west, it looks, on the contrary, high when viewed from the east.

Dhibán has become famous in the last few years in connection with the Moabite Stone, or Stele, of Mesha, found in the valley between the two hills on which are the ruins. It is not necessary here to repeat the now well-known story of this stone, the most remarkable thing about which perhaps is that it should have remained unnoticed till 1869, and that no vestige of a similar one should have been since discovered in any other part of the country. The explanation generally given is that it was buried beneath the soil until a recent date, Dr. Tristram assigning the earthquake of 1837 as the means of bringing it to light, and that consequently other similar records may yet be found by excavation. Messrs. Palmer and Drake affirm that 'above ground, at least, there does not exist another Moabite stone;' but the premises on which this conclusion is founded are not quite sound, for the account of their journeyings in Moab

hardly justifies them in saying that they 'succeeded in inspecting every known "written stone" in the country.' Like many other places in Eastern and Western Palestine, Dhibán is situated on twin hills, a position which explains the constant occurrence of the dual termination in the names of Jewish towns. The word Dhibán is either a dual or plural form, and M. Ganneau thinks that it is so written on the Stele of Mesha.*

From Dhibán the party turned eastwards to Um Rasás. On the road is Kurn Dhibán, 'the vineyards of Dhibán,' already alluded to, and first noticed by M. de Sauley. Dr. Tristram suggests its connexion with the text: 'And he smote them from Aroer, even till thou come to Minnith, even twenty cities, and unto the plain of the vineyards' (Judg. xi. 38). The ruins of Um Rasás appear to be very extensive and more perfect than usual; though that perfection cannot be anything very great, when we are told that 'it is difficult to clamber amongst the mass of ruins, not grass-grown, but as if the massive stones had, as soon as dressed, been turned promiscuously out of a wheelbarrow over acres of land.' The principal ruins seem to be two or three churches, and a tower similar apparently to that at Ramleh, and called 'the tower of the Christian Lady,' by which is meant, we suppose, the Virgin Mary. There is said to be 'some very neat sculpture and ornament about the caves of the tower, and of a plinth lower down;' but we are not told to what period they may be assigned. The legend attached to the tower which was told to Mr. Palmer and Dr. Tristram is, that it was built by a Christian Shaykh, in order to save his son from the fulfilment of a prophecy which predicted that the latter would be devoured by a wild beast on his marriage night. The precaution, however, was unavailing, for when the newly-married pair were, as was hoped, safe within the tower, the bride revealed herself as a ghou! and proceeded to accomplish the foretold doom. Mr. Palmer is inclined to identify Um Rasás with an archiepiscopal city, called Μέρον or Μέρον, mentioned in a MS. in the Library of the Patriarchate at Jerusalem, and whose jurisdiction is there said to extend as far as the tower of Syllitus and the boundary line of the see of Ausitis, which see is separated from that of Petra by the river Μουζιτ

(Wády Mojib). These indications would seem to agree with the site of Um Rasás, and the tower of Syllitus may be that still standing. It is at any rate a curious coincidence that the Arab tribe in the neighbourhood is called Es Saleeteh. It will be remembered that the spurious 'stone of Moses,' which turned out to be a common Nabathæan inscription, was found at Rasás in 1872.

Here at Um Rasás we are in the very midst of the highlands of Moab. A good deal of fresh ground was broken by Dr. Tristram's party in this neighbourhood. Khan Zebib, to the east of the Haj route, appears to have been a place of some importance, and was probably another Roman station. Our author discovered 'artificial mounds and circles of stones,' which he speaks of as the 'unquestionable evidence of primæval inhabitants.' If only some attempt had been made in any one instance to prove this assumption by digging, the finding of a 'cist' with 'ornaments and flint implements' would have been more conclusive than pages of mere assertion. Greek buildings are also spoken of, and one which is supposed to have been a temple for Chemosh or Baal-worship; though on what grounds it is not easy to see. The plan of a similar building at Um Welced, a town not far from Zebib, throws no light on the subject; and as these buildings do not seem to be on a hill—a marked characteristic of the shrines of all the deities worshipped by the nations surrounding the Israelites, and especially of the Moabitish Chemosh (cf. Is. xv. 2; xvi. 12; Jer. xlviii. 35)—it is impossible to consent to see in them representatives of any of the veritable 'high places' in which that deity was worshipped. In speaking, however, of another 'temple' at M'Kaur, Dr. Tristram says:—

'It is plain, therefore, that up to a period not far removed from its (the temple's) final destruction, fanatic as may have been its Jewish population, there must have been a large proportion, either Greek or Syrian, who enjoyed full liberty to practise the rites of the Sun-god worship.'—*Land of Moab*, p. 258.

This sentence seems to refer the buildings to some period not very distant from the Christian era; but if we agree to assume that at the later epoch the custom of erecting shrines in conspicuous places had fallen into disuse, there remains the objection that it is hardly probable Josephus would have omitted all mention of the existence of temples for the worship of Baal, had there been a large population regularly practising such idolatrous rites. It is, we suspect, with Moab as with the Hauran, there is no building, the plan of which can be traced above ground,

* The greater portion of this stone, formerly in the possession of M. Ganneau, is now at the Louvre, and that learned Semitic scholar is engaged, with the help of the fragments belonging to the Palestine Fund and the squeeze obtained by him of the entire stone before it was broken up, in a complete restoration of the monument.

anterior to the Roman occupation. Whether there is anything below ground remains to be proved. Eastward of Zebib, for three days' journey through the 'white' or limestone country, there are, according to Shaykh Zadam, no ruins; but then begins a 'land of black stones,' full of ruined cities—El Ihurreh—beyond which are two more days of white ground, and then the desert.

Space will not allow of our noticing many of the other ruins visited by Dr. Tristram north of Um Rasás. They all seem very much alike, and to present no remarkable feature except 'the vast number of wells, all now dry,' and the 'huge cisterns or underground storehouses, some for water, and others with a bell-shaped neck and small mouth for storing corn.' Ziza, the name of which is identical with one of the stations mentioned in the 'Notitia,' appears to have been an important Roman town, and to have been provided with means of water storage superior to any of the other towns visited. A tank one hundred and forty yards by one hundred and ten, wider consequently than any of 'Solomon's pools,' is spoken of, and the artificial sluices and the system of collecting the water are compared to the ancient works of irrigation in India and Ceylon. If Shaykh Zadam is again to be trusted, many of the buildings of Ziza had their roofs entire up to the time of the war between Mohammed Ali and the Turks in 1832, and the present ruined state of the town is due in great measure to the Egyptian garrison left there by Ibrahim Pasha.

It was fortunate, however, for Dr. Tristram and his party that they did not always place implicit confidence in the assertions of the faithful Zadam, since, had they done so, the most important and interesting result of the expedition would have been wanting. From Ziza could be descried a ruin known to the Arabs as Um Shita or Mashita, and said to contain nothing in particular. It was determined, however, to visit it, and a ride of one hour and a quarter brought the party just across the Haj route and in front of a building totally unlike anything they had seen before:—

'unknown to history and unnamed in the maps. It has evidently been a palace of some ancient prince. There is no trace of any town or buildings round it. The only remains outside the walls are those of a deep well near the south-west corner. It must have stood out on the waste, in solitary grandeur, a marvellous example of the sumptuousness and selfishness of ancient princes. We were at first perfectly bewildered by the variety and magnificence of the architectural decorations. The richness of the arabesque carvings, and their perfect preservation, is not equalled even by those of the Al-

hambra, though in somewhat the same style. The whole consists of a large square quadrangle, facing due north and south, 170 yards in extent on each face, with round bastions at each angle, and five others, semicircular, between them, on the east, north, and west faces, all, like the wall, built of finely-dressed hard stone. But it is on the south face that the resources of Eastern art have been most lavishly expended. There are here six bastions, besides the corner ones; for the fretted front, which extends for 52 yards in the centre of the face, has a bold octagonal bastion on either side of the gateway. This gateway is the only entrance to the palace, and on either side is the most splendid façade imaginable, of which our photographs alone can convey a correct idea. The wall is 18 feet high, and covered with the most elaborate and beautiful carving, nearly intact, and hardly injured either by time or man. On the flat wall itself runs a large pattern, like a continued W, with a large rose boss between each angle. These stand out boldly from the plane of the wall. Every inch of their surface, and all the interstices are carved with fretted work, representing animals, fruit, and foliage in endless variety. The birds and beasts are fully represented, and not, as in Arab sculpture, melting into fruit and flowers, but correctly drawn. There are upwards of fifty animals in all sorts of attitudes, but generally drinking together on opposite sides of the same vase. Lions, winged lions, buffaloes, gazelle, panthers, lynx, men, in one case a man with a basket of fruit, in another a man's head with a dog below; peacocks, partridges, parrots, and other birds; more than fifty figures stand in line, with vases, on the west side of the gateway. All are enclosed in cornices and mouldings of conventional patterns, and the interstices filled in with very beautiful adaptations of leaves. The side east of the gateway is without animal figures excepting two on the panel next the gate. The façade is even more delicately sculptured than the other side, but with fruits and flowers only, festoons of vine leaves and grapes predominating.'—*Land of Moab*, pp. 197–201.

This description is admirably illustrated by photographs, which bring out all the rich sculptured details with great precision and clearness. Mr. Fergusson believes this remarkable and unique specimen of architecture to be a palace erected by Chosroes II. in the year A.D. 614, when that Persian King carried his victorious arms through Syria and Palestine to the banks of the Nile. In a separate chapter Mr. Fergusson gives his reasons for assigning this origin to the building, and the motives and precedents which guided him in the restoration of the external façade, the beautiful design of which occupies the frontispiece of Dr. Tristram's book. The architectural part of Mr. Fergusson's argument is perhaps conclusive for those who are learned in such matters, but it appears to us to leave untouched the historical question: this building may perfectly well present every

feature of Persian architecture without being necessarily the work of Chosroes II., who only swept through Palestine as a conqueror. Might one not, for example, with equal probability assign the palace, if palace it be, to the dynasty of the Gassanides, who ruled a part of Syria from the time of Pompey to that of Omar, and had probably frequent intercourse with the Persians either as tributaries or allies? If, however, Dr. Tristram, or one of his party, had only taken drawings and surveys of the 'long lines of inscriptions, in a character quite undecipherable by us, but still very distinct and unmutated,' which covered the stone courses of the façade, the problem, instead of being ingeniously guessed at by the architect, might have been solved with certainty by the palæographer. To trust to photographs, which, in this instance, unfortunately failed, for preserving such important inscriptions, shows a want of precaution in a body of scientific explorers. As to the assertion that 'the existence of the human and animal figures proves its ante-Moslem origin,' we are astonished to find Dr. Tristram repeating such an exploded fallacy. It is well known that the productions of early Arab art, which owe their existence to Persian or Byzantine influence, often contain representations of animal life. Though we have studied attentively Dr. Tristram's argument as to the date of this building, we are forced to confess that until some stronger and more convincing reasons are adduced, we must hold the connexion between Chosroes and Mashita to be not proven.*

The fact that Captain Warren in 1867 saw both Mashita, or, as it should be called, Um Shutta, and Ziza from a distance, and that Dr. Tristram nearly missed going to the former, shows that a satisfactory investigation of the country can only be undertaken by those who have full time and leisure, and whose business and duty it is to examine every ruin whether promising or not. Kirbet el Ah'la, seen by both the above-named travellers from a distance, may contain as much unexpected magnificence as Mashita, or be of a totally different character from anything else, like El Kustul, a few miles north of Ziza, where the party found fragments of fine white marble and structural evidences which seemed to point to the time of 'Herod' or of 'the Syrian successors of Alexander.'

We must now hurry westward past Jebel

Jilul, Sufa, where the party had the honour of entertaining Fendi el Faiz, the chief shaykh of the Beni Sakher, Habis, and other ruins, and, leaving the highlands of Moab, enter the mountainous region that descends from them to the Dead Sea. 'The transition from the highlands to the mountain is very sudden. Climate and vegetation at once are changed. At first, at the bottom of the valleys are many patches of flat ground, covered with the richest herbage.' Here graze the cattle and asses of the Beni Hamidah, whose open-handed profuseness, especially in the matter of butter, is so feelingly celebrated by our author. We doubt whether the most hospitably inclined modern farmer of the west would see without regret a numerous party of hungry wayfarers consume half a pound of butter apiece. Perhaps the custom which Burckhardt confines to Kerak may be in force among the Hamidah:—

'It is considered at Kerak an unpardonable meanness to sell butter, or to exchange it for any necessary or convenience of life; so that, as the property of the people chiefly consists in cattle, and every family possesses large flocks of goats and sheep, which produce great quantities of butter, they supply this article very liberally to their guests. If a man is known to have sold or exchanged this article, his daughter or sister remains unmarried, for no one dares to connect himself with the family of a Baya-el-Samin, or seller of butter, the most insulting epithet that can be applied to a man of Kerak.'—*Travels in Syria*, p. 385.

The principal places as yet signalled by travellers on the mountainous edge of the plateau between the two great rivers of Moab, the Zerka Ma'in and the Mojib, are Ataroos, Kureiyat, and M'Kaur. The first-named has been identified with Ataroth, mentioned in Numbers xxxii. 3, 34, in connexion with Dibon, Aroer, Heshbon, and other towns whose sites have been recovered in the neighbourhood. It is also named in the Stele of Mesha as a city fortified by that monarch, and also as captured by him with great slaughter, all the people being killed as a pleasing sight to Chemosh and Moab. Kureiyat, built on twin hillocks, is very likely the Krijathaim of the same monument, mentioned in immediate connexion with Ataroth, and in the above named chapter of Numbers as one of the towns of Gad.

M'Kaur is possessed of exceptional interest as being the probable site of Machærus, the fortress where John the Baptist was imprisoned and beheaded. It was first discovered and identified in 1807 by Seetzen, who gives a detailed account of its position

* When at Jerusalem in 1871, the writer was shown some rude sketches taken by a Bedawee, of sculptures, at a place called by him Um Shutta, and described as being just where Dr. Tristram found this building. One sketch represented two animals, a bear and an ostrich, according to the Arab, drinking out of a bowl.

(ii. 350), and the Duc de Luynes visited it in 1864; so that the claim advanced by Dr. Tristram that he and his party are 'the first Western travellers since the Roman times who have ever explored it,' can only be excused on the assumption that he neglected to make himself acquainted with the labours of previous travellers and writers in the same field. The description given by Josephus of the position of the place in connection with its siege by the Romans under Bassus seems to accord very well with that of M'Kaur, and adds another link to the gradually increasing chain of testimony in favour of the accuracy of that much doubted historian.

Close by M'Kaur is a gorge called the Wady Z'garu, 'beginning most abruptly from a scarped cleft in the Moab range,' and suddenly becoming 'a sheer precipice,' slightly overhanging, 800 feet high, and which must in rainy weather be a magnificent waterfall.' The Arabs may well call such a sight a *jebel moia*, 'water mountain.' At the mouth of this ravine, which in a course of 4 or 5 miles descends by a series of steps 3800 feet to the Dead Sea, is a wide open belt of land called Zara, covered with tropical vegetation. Whether or not the few featureless ruins that strew the plain can be identified with 'the old Hebrew town of Zareth-Shahar' as Dr. Tristram unhesitatingly assumes, is extremely doubtful. The particular specification of it in the only place where it is mentioned, Joshua xiii. 19, as being in 'Mount Ha-Emek,' or, as in the Authorised Version, 'the mount of the valleys,' does not very well agree with the position of these ruins in the middle of a plain. Dr. Tristram is again in error in saying that 'neither Lynch nor any other explorer appears to have visited Zara.' M. Lartet, in speaking of the volcanic outbreaks visible on the east side of the Dead Sea—the two principal of which are those issuing by Wady Ghuweir and Wady Zerka Ma'in—says of the third,—

'La troisième coulée semble sortir d'un cône aigu . . . désigné par le nom Moutar es Zarah; elle paraît très-courte et se trouve au sud de cette petite plaine de Zarah, limitée au nord et au sud par deux coulées volcaniques et encore sillonnée de toutes parts de sources chaudes qui l'ont couverte de dépôts d'incrustations d'une épaisseur considérable.—*Bulletin de la Société Géologique*, 2me sér. t. xxii. p. 429.

The route from Zara to the mouth of the Zerka Ma'in across this volcanic plain is well described by Dr. Tristram; but we can only find room for his account of the scenery of

the Wady Zerka Ma'in, which appears to be the finest in Palestine:—

'Wild and broken, the views on this pass increase in beauty and attractiveness on acquaintance. Black basalt on the southern, white and yellow limestone, over red sandstone, on the northern side—each formation broken and furrowed in a different way—scarped rocks, and nullahs, like the cañons of Western America, green with waving date-palms and reeds, far down the southern exposure, and a winding line of cane-brake among rocks 1000 feet below, with one specially magnificent basaltic precipice barring the valley on its way westward to the Dead Sea, such are the chief features from the top. As we descended, right upon the famous baths of Herod, we looked down on a scene of strange enchantment. The iron red rock facing us was gnarled and contorted into fantastic shapes. The tall palms shaded an exuberant undergrowth of semi-tropical foliage. The stream itself is completely hidden by cane-brakes and oleanders, but we could see the bright cascades leaping down the rocks from the hot sulphur springs; and the cloud of vapour rising in long lines told the temperature of the heated waters . . . When we had reached the bottom of the pass, no easy task—the upper part nearly as steep as the cliff of Ziz, and strewn with basaltic boulders, the lower portion of our descent down the sloping sides of limestone detritus steep as a high pitched Gothic roof—we next had to force our way through a tangle of trees and canes, and over the rough boulders left by winter torrents. Then we had to scramble over thin sulphur deposits, across hot streams, through sharp and dense cane-brakes, or to stumble over rocks, knee-deep in water as hot as could be endured.'—*Land of Moab*, pp. 237, 239.

These hot springs of Callirrhoe had a great reputation in former times, and Josephus speaks of them as having been visited by Herod. There are now, apparently, no remains of baths or other buildings, though Irby and Mangles, in 1818, found 'the whole surface of the shelf, where the springs are, strewed over with tiles and pottery;' and 'four ancient copper medals' were found in 'a very few minutes.' The heat of the principal springs is variously estimated, Captain Warren reckoning it at 167° Fahr. and Dr. Tristram at 143°. Their medicinal properties are appreciated by the Arabs, who have an ingenious method of taking a vapour bath by sitting covered up in their cloaks on a raised bed of twigs over one of the springs from which the hot sulphurous stream issues. But though they avail themselves of them, they do not consider these natural baths to have been placed there with any beneficent intention; on the contrary 'they have a firm belief that

the evil spirits let out the water from the lower regions, because of their healing properties, lest it should assuage the pains of the condemned.' Another tradition ascribes the discovery of these springs to a deaf servant of King Solomon, selected by that monarch 'because of his deafness, lest he should be deterred by the threats of the evil one.' Accordingly, on Sunday, the muleteers and Arabs offered a lamb in propitiatory sacrifice to the said deaf servant in order to procure his good offices in keeping the spirits away. This practice of sacrifice is not uncommon among the Bedaween, though Dr. Tristram says that it was the only instance of it he met with. The Mohammedan law, indeed, forbids all sacrifices except those that take place during the visit of the pilgrims to Mecca, but the Bedaween are in the habit of sacrificing at the tombs of renowned shaykhs or saints: take, for example, as a well-known instance—the sheep offered yearly on Mount Hor to Shaykh Haroon (Aaron).

Not far from the north side of Wády Zerka Ma'in are some extensive ruins, which, from their modern name Ma'in, were first conjectured by Seetzen to mark the site of Baal-Meon, one of the towns built by Reuben, and afterwards, according to the Stele of Mesha, taken, and rebuilt by that Moabite king, and mentioned by Ezekiel (xxxv. 9) with Beth-Jeshimoth and Kiriathaim as 'the glory of the country.' Eusebius and Jerome call it Balmano. Another town, Medeba, a short distance north of Ma'in, has a somewhat similar history, though it appears to have been perhaps an older city and of more importance, as it is mentioned by name in the account of the original conquest of the country from Moab by the Amorites. Its ruins, which are still called Madeba, cover a considerable space of ground, but, with the exception of the usual Roman remains, they appear to offer nothing of interest.

Almost the last remaining well-known place within the ancient border of Moab is Heshbon, the capital at one time of the Amorite King Sihon, and subsequently on the border line between Reuben and Gad. The ruins of Heshbân evidently mark its site, and date, like the others, from the Roman period. The 'fishpools of Heshbon,' to which the eyes of the beloved are likened in Cant. vii. 4, still exist in the 'little sparkling pool, alive with fish' in the bed of the stream that runs down the Wády Heshbân.

Before taking leave of the 'land of Moab,' there are two places which deserve especial attention, as being the scenes of perhaps the most interesting events connected with

that country related in the Bible—Zoar, the birthplace of Moab and Aunmon, and Nebo, the top of Pisgah, whence Moses viewed the promised land, and in the neighbourhood of which he was probably buried. The sites of Zoar and Nebo have been and still continue *quæstiones vexatæ*. Jebel Ataroos between the Zerka Ma'in and the Arnon, and Jebel 'Osha or Jilád, farther north, have both been candidates for representing Nebo; but neither of them was 'facing Jericho,' nor did they fulfil the requirements of the view seen by Moses, though Seetzen has Nebo and Ain Musa in his map, and Robinson in his list of places in the Belka gives 'Neba (Nebo?).' The first suggestion of the name as being in connexion with Mount Nebo seems to have been made by M. de Sauley, who had 'Djebel-Neba' pointed out to him in 1863, and passed at its foot 'Ayoun-Mousa, Sources de Moïse.' In the following year the Duc de Luynes appears to have encamped at 'Ain Musa' on the 13th and 14th April, and to have ascended 'Djebel Musa.' Ten days afterwards the springs were visited, and the mountain ascended by Dr. Tristram, who gives a description of the view in his book, 'The Land of Israel.' In July, 1867, Captain Warren examined the neighbourhood carefully, and found the hill to be about 2670 feet above the sea (about therefore on a level with the Mount of Olives), and that it was the only point between Jebel 'Osha and Jebel Ataroos which commanded the high lands to the west of the Jordan. Dr. Tristram paid a second visit to Nebo or Nebah during his last journey, and confirmed himself in the belief that there is no view in the neighbourhood 'which equals in extent that from Nebo.' Though there was a heat haze which dimmed the distant point,

'still we had a clear distant view of Western Palestine and the whole Judæan range from the south of Hebron up to Galilee. We could see the west side of the Dead Sea from Engedi northwards, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and Nebi-Samwil (Mizpeh). Ebal and Gerizim were very easily made out, and the opening of the Vale of Shechim. Carmel could be recognised, but we never were able to make out the sea to the north of it, and though it is certainly possible that it might be seen from this elevation, I could not satisfy myself that I saw more than the haze over the Plain of Esdraelon.'—*Land of Moab*, pp. 325, 326.

One objection then still remains to this identification, that the view does not include the 'utmost sea;' but certainly the existence so near of a spot called the 'Well of Moses' is a strong point in its favour. We understand that Professor Paine, now with the

surveying party in Moab, is prepared with a new site for Nebo. It was too from the top of Pisgah that Balaam pronounced one of his unwilling blessings, and uttered the first recorded prophecy of the destinies of the world. Meeting Balak at 'a city of Moab, which is in the border of Arnon,' he proceeds with him to Kirjath-buzoth, thence to 'the high places of Baal,' and on to 'the field of Zophim, to the top of Pisgah.' The prospect that lay spread out before him was the same as Moses saw not long afterwards; but, to quote Dean Stanley, 'with eyes how different: the view of Balaam has been long forgotten; but the view of Moses has become the proverbial view of all time.'

A fresh and final identification of Zoar is claimed by Dr. Tristram as one of the chief points of his expedition. The site selected by him is the brow of a hill below and to the west of Jebel Nebah, and called by the Arabs, according to Dr. Tristram's writing, Zi'ara. On this brow are the usual remains of temples, churches, and tombs. With regard to the identification of the Hebrew word Zoar with the name given to this place, we should like to ask Dr. Tristram whether he is quite sure that the Arabs pronounced the word with an Ain, for there is a similar sounding word with an Alif—Ziára, the meaning of which—'pilgrimage'—would render it a peculiarly appropriate appellation for a place close to Ain Moosa and Jebel Nebah, spots which have no doubt been objects of veneration from an early period. In this case the Arabic word Ziára would have no connexion whatever with the Hebrew Zoar, whose etymology, as given in the Book of Genesis, fixes very precisely the orthography and the pronunciation. Apart, however, from the onomastical (if we may be allowed the word) identification, it is difficult to make such a position for Zoar agree with the Bible narrative; for even if we place Sodom at the nearest possible point in the plain to the mountains, it is not easy, as has been already pointed out by a previous critic, to suppose that Lot and his daughters can have reached between daylight and sunrise a place which must be considerably more than 3000 feet above the plain.

Of course the position of Zoar at all in this part of Moab depends on the acceptance of the theory first advanced by Mr. Grove in Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' that the cities of the plain were to the north of the Dead Sea. The arguments in favour of this theory are duly made use of by Dr. Tristram to support his identification of Zoar.

And here we must take our leave of the 'Land of Moab.' We have to thank Dr. Tristram for many a graphic description of

scenery, invaluable as helping to illustrate incidents in the Bible narrative, and for having told the story of his forty days' journeying in a manner which will lead on many a reader to gain information, which he would never otherwise have possessed, and to take an interest in a subject from which a drier narrative might have repelled him.

Of Moab and its ruins we may expect, through the instrumentality of the American surveying party, to obtain in a few years a full and accurate account; and if more 'Moabite stones' be found, and 'Moabite pottery' prove to be genuine, fresh light will soon be thrown on the ancient history of the country, and its ancient religion and art be explained and illustrated.

The physical and the historical condition of Moab, as seen from afar by the traveller and the student, are at present closely similar. Ascend the Mount of Olives during certain periods of the year, and the eye will seek in vain to pierce the luminous haze with which the summer heat has clothed the eastern horizon: come again when the atmosphere, laden with the moisture of approaching rain, is limpid and transparent, and the wondrous outline of that 'long purple wall' will stand out in marvellous detail, only, however, soon again to hide itself behind its mysterious veil of mist. So the long darkness which obscured the history of Moab was suddenly pierced by the discovery of the Stele of Mesha, opening out an unexpected historical perspective: but it was only a momentary revelation, and we are again, to use an astronomical term, in a period of occultation. It cannot, however, we may hope, last long, and the soil of Eastern Palestine, untouched as yet by the spade and pickaxe of the excavator, will, no doubt, soon yield up some fresh historical meteor; and the hidden riches, vaguely pointed at by the Arabic legend, that 'Between Kefraz and Kefruz (two hillocks near Kerak), are buried 100,000 jars, containing the wealth of Hakmon the Jew,' may prove to be monuments and relics of that ancient people, who, though not Israelites, were yet Hebrews.

ART. VII.—1. *Principles of Psychology.*

By Herbert Spencer. London, 1872.

2. *First Principles.* By Herbert Spencer. London, 1867.

3. *Essays.* By Herbert Spencer. London, 1868.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER has been termed by Mr. Darwin 'our great philosopher;' and

there is no doubt that he is regarded by a select body of admiring disciples as the paramount authority on all philosophical questions. Nor are we disposed to question his intellectual achievements. Possessing as he does an acquaintance with almost all branches of physical science, together with a singular quickness in the detection of analogies, and much analytic power, he has the good fortune to be also able to manifest his wealth of thought by a corresponding richness of diction, his style being clear and forcible, abounding in picturesque illustrations, aptly chosen for the purposes they are intended to subserve, and often possessing even a poetical beauty. Vigorous and well-exercised natural faculties have enabled him to gather up within his delicate yet nervous grasp, not only the multitudinous threads spun by the various discoverers in physical science, but also those yet more subtle fibres which our recent best known psychologists have drawn forth; weaving the whole, with dexterous skill, into an intellectual fabric of great delicacy and apparent cohesion.

Mr. Spencer has indeed so co-ordinated, supplemented, and developed the doctrines of his contemporaries and immediate predecessors that the philosophy he sets before us is the very culmination of their efforts—the bloom and fructification resulting from long-continued anterior processes of growth. Not only if his philosophy is true should we be thankful to him, but also if it is false; since we may be sure that if he fails to convince, it is from no deficiency of his, but from a fatal defect in his cause—a defect only made the more patent by the ability of its advocate.

The prolonged dispute, between those who assert and those who deny that all our ideas are modified sensations and no more, has undergone a strange transformation within the last quarter of a century, and with this transformation we witness as strange a reaction. The ambiguity of Locke caused his system to be developed by Hume, through Berkeley, into scepticism, and by Condillac into unmitigated materialism. These results were the occasion of that Kantian resurrection hailed throughout the Continent as a philosophical system finally and triumphantly refuting the school of empiricism. They were also the occasion of the parallel movement in Great Britain of Reid and his followers—a movement less developed and less conspicuous than was the reaction under Kant on the European mainland. The event has shown, however, that sensationalism was scotched, not killed. In spite of Royer-Collard, Maine-de-Biran, Jouffroy, and Cousin, the grossest sensationalism has reappeared in France through Auguste

Comte. In Britain, the successors of Reid—Sir William Hamilton, Mansel, and McCosh—have all been unsuccessful in exorcising the sensational spirit, and though Mr. John Stuart Mill (as almost a pure Lockian) may be regarded as an instance of philosophical ‘survival,’ yet Hume lives again in Huxley and in Lewes; and indeed (however they may differ as to subordinate questions) Messrs. Spencer, Bain, Mill, Huxley, and Lewes, unite in an essential and fundamental agreement with the great sceptic of Scotland.

Thus though fifty years ago the world of thought pronounced Hume for ever defeated by Kant, we find Hume once more in possession of the field; and even the extreme sensationalism of Condillac is justified, nay demonstrated to be inevitable truth, by the author who here concerns us. Indeed Mr. Spencer may, in a certain sense, be deemed the legitimate descendant and representative of Locke, as understood by those who refuse to attribute to the term ‘reflexion,’ as used by him, a meaning which would stultify him as to his whole philosophical position.

An inquiry into the causes of this untoward resurrection would be full of interest, but cannot, as too remote from the matter in hand, be here pursued. The mere existence, however, of such a revival would seem to demonstrate that the Professor of Königsberg did not dig deeply enough in his attempted process of eradication. But Mr. Spencer is far from being a mere reviver of Hume, of Locke, or of any other philosopher. Indeed, as we shall presently see, he differs from Locke in admitting, in a certain sense, ‘innate ideas,’ while he combats Hume with vigour and efficiency, and may not improbably quite repudiate the imputation of being a disciple of that philosopher.

It is as the philosophical embodiment of modern physical science, that Mr. Spencer is pre-eminently distinguished. Science has indeed made vast acquisitions since the time of Hume, and the stored-up accumulation of its facts contains materials calculated to affect powerfully the imagination of mankind. Now Mr. Spencer’s philosophy is replete with conceptions and inferences derived from that accumulated treasure. It is by such scientific progress, by the indirect influences of physical science on philosophy, that this development of reactionary sensationalism must be explained. New issues have been joined, and the point of view having been shifted, controversies deemed closed have to be reconsidered. This reconsideration has become requisite, not through want of conclusiveness in the earlier replies to the argument as then conducted, but

through the fresh lights now let in at apertures in dividing walls which then seemed of unbreachable solidity, and which give to old facts a quite new aspect.

The dispute as to our possession of ideas and conceptions which no experience of any single life however prolonged can explain—the existence, that is, of an *a priori* element in our knowledge—may be considered to have ended in the nineteenth century with the triumphant refutation of those sensationists who denied the existence of such an element. This refutation Mr. Spencer not only fully accepts as valid, but he actively co-operates in demonstrating the absurdity of the belief that the mental phenomena of any one life, however prolonged, are sufficient to account for such conceptions as extension, causation, objectivity, and existence.

The opponents of sensism, however, must be prepared to take small comfort from such acceptance and seeming aid, for Mr. Spencer is really one of their most formidable enemies; and he claims to have demonstrated by a combined system of *a priori* and *a posteriori* proof that sensation and all intellectual action are fundamentally one and the same, and that (sense being primary) every idea is made up of transformed sensations. This demonstration is accomplished by means of the doctrine of Evolution, which has of late attained so wide a currency and such general acceptance. According to this doctrine all the varied organisms inhabiting this planet have been gradually produced one from another by merely natural processes, and, as Mr. Darwin would fain have us believe, mainly by the action of 'Natural Selection.' In this way Mr. Spencer conceives that what is *a priori* to the individual is but *a posteriori* to the race, and he thus claims to have reconciled the two schools of thought, namely, those who assert and those who deny the derivation of all our ideas exclusively from sensation and experience. As is manifest, however, he gives the substantial victory entirely to the sensists, and denies to all ideas any higher origin than mere incipient sentiency. It is plain then that the old battle has to be fought again on new ground, and no argument can be henceforth admitted as valid until it has stood the test of examination in the light of the theory of evolution.

The effect which this theory has had on philosophy is small compared with that which may be yet to come. Its most modern advocates, such as Dr. Bastian, are not content with driving back 'experience' to the lowest forms of animal or even of vegetable life, but teach that one physical process of change—redistribution of matter and mo-

tion—results successively in chemical integration and aggregation, the formation of organisms, life, feeling, thought, memory, love, and will. Even Professor Tyndall, in spite of his opposition to Dr. Bastian, is fundamentally at one with him, and speaks of the genius of Plato, Shakespare, Newton, and Raffaele, as latent and potentially existing in the fires of the Sun, and being the ultimate outcome of an uncscious primeval mist.

Mr. Spencer exhibits to his readers the evolutionary theory (as understood by the school which identifies man with brutes) in its most attractive and most persuasive form. All, probably, that can be well said for it by anyone is said by him; every objection that can be made against it by those who do not share the views advocated in this Review seems to have been foreseen and replied to with a wealth of illustration and a force of logic hardly to be exceeded. If therefore he fails, the theory he so ably advocates is indeed discredited. If it can be shown that his whole system reposes upon fatal and fundamental error, the same defect, of course, vitiates the argument of the whole school he represents, in so far as that school rests on the same basis. Hence it is of great importance that the foundations of his system should be tested with all possible care; for if those foundations are solid, the skill of the architect is too great for us to expect to find weakness and insecurity in any portion of the superstructure.

No one who knows anything of philosophy will for a moment suppose that a general examination of Mr. Spencer's whole system can be effected within the limits of this article: it will be only possible for us to glance at a few of its more obvious features. We would especially direct attention to two points, to both of which we are confident objections may be made; and although Mr. Spencer has himself doubtless considered such objections (and they may well have struck many of his readers also), we nevertheless do not observe that he has anywhere noticed or provided for them.

The two points we so select are:—

(1) *That his system involves the denial of all truth.*

(2) *That it is radically and necessarily opposed to all sound principles of morals.*

In proceeding to establish these points, we would repeat our high admiration for Mr. Spencer's intellectual and moral character, and would repudiate in the strongest terms the slightest intention of making any reflection upon Mr. Spencer personally, while we state the grave objections to which his philosophical system seems to us open.

If there is one fundamental characteristic of Mr. Spencer's philosophy, it is its emphatic assertion of the *relativity*—the merely phenomenal character—of all our knowledge. But this fundamental position is not by any means special and peculiar to Mr. Spencer, but is the common property of the whole school of modern Humists, such as Messrs. Mill, Lewes, Bain, and Huxley. With Mr. Spencer the relativity of knowledge is the theme of two successive chapters in the early part* of his 'Psychology'—as also under the head of 'Transfigured Realism,' towards the end of that work—and it is fully enunciated in his 'First Principles.' That we can know nothing but phenomena, that everything absolute escapes us—as being for ever unknowable and beyond the ken of the human intellect—is a cardinal principle with Mr. Spencer, who distinctly tells us† that all 'objective agencies' productive of 'subjective affections' are not only 'unknown' but also 'unknowable.'

But every philosophy, every system of knowledge, must start with the assumption (implied or expressed) that something is really 'knowable'—that something is 'absolutely true'; and in the present instance it is evidently intended to imply that the doctrine of the 'relativity of all our knowledge' is a doctrine which is really and absolutely true. But if nothing that we can know corresponds with reality, if nothing we can assert has a more than relative or phenomenal value, why does not this character also appertain to the doctrine of the relativity of all our knowledge? Either this system of philosophy itself is relative and phenomenal only, or it is absolutely and objectively true. But it must be merely phenomenal if everything known is merely phenomenal. Its value, then, can be only relative and phenomenal—that is, it has no absolute value, does not correspond with objective reality, and is therefore false. But if it is false that our knowledge is only relative, then some of our knowledge must be absolute; but this negates the fundamental position of the whole philosophy.

Any philosophy then which starts with the assertion that all our knowledge is merely phenomenal refutes itself, and is necessarily suicidal. Every asserter of such a philosophy must be in the position of a man who saws across the branch of a tree on which he actually sits, at a point between himself and the trunk. If he would save himself, he must refrain from destroying

that which alone sustains him in his elevated position. The validity of human reason, then, by a just retribution, asserts itself by the very reasoning of those who would explicitly deny its competency to apprehend what is 'absolutely true,' and who would confine it to the 'relative' and the 'phenomenal.'

Our readers will very reasonably suspect that we must have misread Mr. Spencer; they will hardly deem it possible that he can have involved himself in what, when thus nakedly put before them, seems so obvious a self-contradiction. But it will perhaps appear less incredible that he has fallen into this error when we have compared together different parts of one and the same of Mr. Spencer's works, so as to be able to realise how completely he seems to contradict himself. We shall see, indeed, that our author, in spite of the general clearness of his style, has in his 'Psychology' the appearance, as it were, of playing 'fast and loose' with the fundamental question of the objective validity of our cognitions, and this necessarily results in such obscurity as may well be the occasion of involuntary misrepresentations on the part of the most benevolent of critics.

In the seventh part of that work Mr. Spencer justifies in several ways what he calls 'realism' that is, the belief that the external, material world really exists objectively, and 'in such a way that each change in the objective reality causes in the subjective state a change *exactly answering to it*—so answering as to constitute a *cognition* of it.* This view he justifies by an argument from 'priority,' i.e. from the fact that the realistic conception is prior to the idealistic conception, so that† 'in no mind whatever can the Idealistic conception be reached except through the Realistic one.' He also justifies it by an 'argument from simplicity,' which consists of a demonstration that, if our conviction of the world's existence be not an intuition but an *inference*, then the system of Idealism is an inference indefinitely more cumbrous and complex and therefore *more liable to error*. He says :‡

'While the first involves but a single mediate act, the second involves a succession of mediate acts, each of which is itself made up of several mediate acts. Hence, if the one mediate act of Realism is to be invalidated by the multitudinous acts of Idealism, it must be on the supposition . . . that if there is doubtfulness in

* Vol. i. part ii. chaps. iii. and iv. pp. 193–227.

† Vol. iii. p. 493.

* 'Psychology,' vol. ii. pp. 497. The italics are ours.

† *Op. cit.* p. 374.

‡ *Op. cit.* p. 378.

a single step of a given kind, there is less doubtfulness in many steps of this kind.'

Finally, he advances an 'argument from distinctness,' which reposes on the far greater vividness of sensations than of ideas, which, according to Mr. Spencer, are but plexuses of faint sensations. He also* opposes thinkers of the schools of Hume, Berkeley, and Kant, and asserts that their very expositions of idealism cannot be made without the use of terms which imply that very realism they deny. Here, then, we are led to infer that the common belief is valid, and that Space, Time, Figure, Number, Extension, Motion, &c., really exist objectively, as they are subjectively apprehended. It must be so, since no system can be deemed either *primitive, simple, or distinct*, which asserts that neither extension, nor figure, nor number is in reality what it appears, or that the objective connexions amongst these properties are what they seem to us to be, and that 'what we are conscious of as properties of matter, even down to its weight and resistance, are but subjective affections produced by objective agencies which are unknown and unknowable.' Yet this is the result actually arrived at by our author—a result which to most will appear little distinguished from scepticism, since it is admitted by him to agree with idealism and scepticism in affirming that the subjective modification of consciousness in the perception of any external body 'contains no element, relation, or law that is like any element, relation, or law' in such external body. Thus the universe as we know it disappears not merely from our gaze, but from our every thought. Not only the song of the nightingale, the brilliancy of the diamond, the perfume of the rose, and the savour of the peach lose for us all objective reality—these we might spare and live—but the solidity of the very ground we tread on, nay, even the coherence and integrity of our own material frame, dissolve from us, and leave us vaguely floating in an insensible ocean of unknowable potentiality. And *this is REALISM*; this is what is justified to us by being primitive, simple, and distinct, as being prior to idealism, 'everywhere and always, in child, in savage, in rustic, in the metaphysician himself.†'

Mr. Spencer may well call this 'Transfigured Realism.' If he were to invite hungry men to a feast, and, having discoursed to them on the digestibility of sauces and meats, the relations of appetite, digestion,

nutrition, were afterwards to lead them into a room garnished with tables of the chemical formulæ of animal substances, the disappointment of his guests would hardly be less great than that of many readers who, having read his arguments from priority, simplicity, and distinctness, come finally upon 'transfigured realism' as the result. We are, of course, quite aware of the distinctions drawn by Mr. Spencer between what he calls crude realism and the realism adopted by him, but whether or not his metaphysical position be tenable, we are quite certain it cannot be defended by arguments which are valid only to support that dualism, that distinctness, yet true correspondence between matter and mind, which has been, and ever will be, the natural and practically ineradicable, spontaneous conviction of mankind.

Mr. Spencer would probably have avoided this and other ambiguities and more or less seeming contradictions if the method of his 'Psychology' had been less faulty. That work consists of two volumes, divided into eight parts (five of the eight being contained in the first volume), the distribution of which is such that the reader is led to and from objectivity to subjectivity in a way which it is perplexing to follow. After an opening, treating of the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system, we are taken in the second part to pure subjective psychology. The third part reverts to anatomy and physiology, and the various adjustments found, in different groups of animals, between their nervous structure and the conditions of their life; while in the fourth part these adjustments are brought into relation with pure or subjective psychology. In the fifth part he connects his psychological facts and doctrines with the general law of the evolution of the whole universe as conceived by Mr. Spencer. In the sixth part we are once more in subjectivity, logical relations, the fundamental and ultimate relations of states of consciousness. The seventh part is frankly metaphysical, and we have already referred to its outcome—Mr. Spencer's 'transfigured realism'; while the eighth and last part deals with the emotions, and considers psychology in such a manner as to serve as an introduction to his work on Sociology, which is soon to follow.

In this arrangement Mr. Spencer has departed from the order he adopted in the first edition of his 'Psychology,' wherein he treated of the subjective phenomena of mind before proceeding to the consideration of physiology. Under the existing conditions of philosophical controversy, we cannot but think the change unfortunate. As long as

* *Op. cit.* pp. 312–366. † *Op. cit.* p. 493.

‡ *Psychology*, vol. ii. p. 374.

the objective validity of subjective conceptions is in dispute, objective truths should not first appear in the field. In a controversy wherein 'states of consciousness' are the ultimate criteria, it must be a mistake to begin with considering the structure and functions of nerve fibres and nerve cells, the very objective existence of which is as yet unjustified. We fully agree with a declaration elsewhere* made by Mr. Spencer when he says—'Clearly, then, the metaphysician's first step must be to shut out from his investigation everything but what is subjective; not taking for granted the existence of anything objective corresponding to his ideas, until he has ascertained what property of his ideas it is which he predicates by calling them true.' It seems to us manifest that the psychologist's first business is to settle an ultimate criterion, and to show what must necessarily be postulated if we would rise from utter and absolute scepticism. Were it not for the prevalent cavils against human intelligence we should heartily approve of starting from objectivity, and so making a progressive ascent from mere nutrition to the most abstract intellectual action, according to the great example of psychological investigation given to us by Aristotle. But such a process cannot now be followed without falling into a *petitio principii*. Now, it is necessary first to justify our perceptions and our reasonings, and only after such an introduction can we logically proceed to investigate the universe of objective being.

We may now pass to matters supplementary to our first point, and consider the bearing upon our perception of truth, of some positions more peculiar to Mr. Spencer himself and not shared by all those who generally agree with him. And here we would express hearty thanks to our author for the vigour, persistency, and skill with which he has exhibited the question as to the ultimate foundation of philosophy and the true basis of certitude. Although, as we have seen, in order to be perfectly consistent, Mr. Spencer ought to deny the existence of any basis of certitude, or of any absolute and fundamental truth, yet, by a happy inconsistency he lays down the necessity of primary undemonstrable truths underlying the whole fabric of knowledge. We cite with pleasure the following statements, which seem to us to be as true and valid as they are admirably expressed. In criticising 'Empiricism' or 'Experientialism,' he says:†

'Throughout its argument there runs the

* 'Essays' (stereotyped edition, 1860), vol. ii. p. 400.

† 'Psychology,' vol. ii. p. 391.

tacit assumption that there may be a philosophy in which nothing is asserted but what is proved. It proposes to admit into the coherent fabric of its conclusions, no conclusion that is incapable of being established by evidence; and thus it takes for granted that not only may all derivative truths be proved, but also that proof may be given of the truths from which they are derived, down to the very deepest. The consequence of this refusal to recognise some fundamental unproved truth, is that its fabric of conclusions is left without a base. Giving proof of any special proposition, is assimilating it to some class of propositions known to be true. If any doubt arises respecting the general proposition cited in justification of this special proposition, the course is to show that this general proposition is deducible from a proposition of still greater generality; and if pressed for proof of such still more general proposition, the only resource is to repeat the process. Is this process endless? If so, nothing can be proved—the whole series of propositions depends on some unassignable proposition. Has the process an end? If so, there must eventually be reached a widest proposition—one which cannot be justified by showing that it is included by any wider—one which cannot be proved. Or to put the argument otherwise:—Every inference depends on premises; every premise, if it admits of proof, depends on other premises; and if the proof of the proof be continually demanded, it must either end in an unproved premise, or in the acknowledgment that there cannot be reached any premise on which the entire series of proofs depends.

'Hence Philosophy, if it does not avowedly stand on some datum underlying reason, must acknowledge that it has nothing on which to stand—must confess itself to be baseless.'

But the question immediately arises, 'How are unproved and unprovable self-evident truths to be sought?' Manifestly by introspection alone—the careful analysis of consciousness by each one for himself. In order successfully to combat with those who accept idealism, we must, for the sake of those who do not accept the nature-given bridge between object and subject, begin from a purely subjective basis. This, as we have already seen, is the method declared necessary by Mr. Spencer himself, and he also tells us* to the same effect:—

'The first step in a metaphysical argument, rightly carried on, must be an examination of propositions for the purpose of ascertaining what character is common to those which we call unquestionably true, and is implied by asserting their unquestionable truth. Further, to carry on this inquiry legitimately, we must restrict our analysis rigorously to states of consciousness considered in their relations to one another: wholly ignoring anything beyond consciousness to which these states and their relations may be supposed to refer. For if, before

* 'Essays,' vol. ii. p. 400 (stereotyped edition).

we have ascertained by comparing propositions what is the trait that leads us to class some of them as certainly true, we avowedly or tacitly take for granted the existence of something beyond consciousness; then, a particular proposition is assumed to be certainly true before we have ascertained what is the distinctive character of the propositions which we call certainly true, and the analysis is vitiated. If we cannot transcend consciousness—if, therefore, what we know as truth must be some mental state, or some combination of mental states: it must be possible for us to say in what way we distinguish this state or these states. The definition of truth must be expressible in terms of consciousness; and, indeed, cannot otherwise be expressed if consciousness cannot be transcended.

Now, although we have the good fortune to agree, to a certain extent, with Mr. Herbert Spencer as to the limits and necessary conditions of inquiry, yet our view as to the ultimate and final test of all truth whatever differs profoundly and fundamentally from his. We differ from him, and deem his conception of this test to be inadequate and false, because he makes that test a purely negative one. He asserts that 'inconceivability' is the ultimate and supreme test of truth. He tells us: *

'A discussion in consciousness proves to be simply a trial of strength between different connexions in consciousness—a systematized struggle serving to determine which are the least coherent states of consciousness. And the result of the struggle is, that the least coherent states of consciousness separate, while the most coherent remain together; forming a proposition of which the predicate persists in the mind along with its subject. . . . If there are any indissoluble connexions, he is compelled to accept them. If certain states of consciousness absolutely cohere in certain ways, he is obliged to think them in those ways. . . . Here, then, the inquirer comes down to an ultimate uniformity—a universal law of thinking.'

We have said we consider Mr. Spencer's test inadequate, and we do so because we are convinced that his analysis of consciousness is incomplete and misleading. He fails to distinguish between two distinct classes of ultimate psychical phenomena, and consequently does not really accept, as he professes to do, the absolute dicta of consciousness for the basis of his philosophy. He fails to distinguish between merely negative mental impotencies or simple inconceivabilities and positive 'convictions' or 'intuitions.' He fails to note the utterly different classes of judgments which severally affirm either that they simply *cannot* conceive a given proposition to be true, or that they *positively* do see that the opposite of a given

proposition cannot be true. Negative perceptions of simple inconceivability are reflex, but positive intuitions (as when we gaze at a picture on the wall before us) are direct.

Mr. Spencer distinguishes between two classes of unbelievable propositions, namely: (1) the simply unbelievable or *incredible*, and (2) the *inconceivable*. He defines* the former as a proposition 'which admits of being framed in thought, but is so much at variance with experience' 'that its terms cannot be put in the alleged relation without effort'; and he gives as an example—a cannon-ball fired from England to America. An inconceivable proposition is defined by him as 'one of which the terms cannot, by any effort, be brought before consciousness in that relation which the proposition asserts between them;' and he gives as examples of inconceivability 'that one side of a triangle is equal to the sum of the other two sides;' and a little before † the idea of resistance, disconnected from the idea of extension in the resisting object.

Now, in the first place, it must be presumed that with Mr. Herbert Spencer the term 'framed in thought' is equivalent to 'represented in the imagination,' and the distinction he draws is as true as obvious, between propositions which can be imagined but are not to be believed, and those which cannot be imagined at all. He does not, however, as we have said, distinguish sufficiently between propositions, as a little introspection will convince any unprejudiced experimenter. There are, in fact, not one, but two classes of unimaginable propositions, and it is the second of these (utterly neglected by him) which alone compels the mind to absolute, unconditional, universal, and necessary assent to their contradictories, because their contradictories are seen to be absolutely, unconditionally, universally, and necessarily true.

There are altogether four kinds of propositions in consciousness:—

1. Those which can be both imagined and believed.
2. Those which can be imagined but cannot be believed.
3. Those which cannot be imagined but can be believed.
4. Those which cannot be imagined and are not believed, because they are positively known to be absolutely impossible.

We need not occupy time with a consideration of the first two kinds, but the latter two require careful discrimination. It is surely somewhat surprising that Mr. Spencer

* 'Psychology,' vol. ii. p. 480.

* Psychology,' vol. ii. p. 408.
† Op. cit. pp. 406, 407.

does not discuss the two meanings of the word 'inconceivable,' pointed out long ago in the controversy between Mill and Whewell. The word 'inconceivable' is sometimes taken to denote simply that which the mind cannot picture in a distinct mental image. At other times it is made use of to signify that which is 'unintelligible' or 'un-thinkable.' But a great number of things which cannot be pictured to the imagination can most certainly be thought and understood, and none of those who uphold the validity of our intuitions of objective necessary truth pretend that that which cannot be *imagined* is necessarily untrue. Fortunately in this matter of the declarations of consciousness, the appeal is to facts and experiments—facts that can be observed, experiments that can be carried on by everyone a little advanced in philosophy, and therefore possessing that which is a necessary condition of such advance, namely, a habit of careful introspection. We venture confidently to affirm that we have as certain evidence for this distinction of kind between our own thoughts as we have for the very being of those thoughts themselves. The existence of this distinction as a *fact* is incontrovertible, and the actual presence in consciousness of this declaration should be first carefully noted; its *validity* may be considered afterwards.

The first class of Mr. Spencer's inconceivable propositions (our simply unimaginable ones) are, or, for all we see, may be, the mere results of mental impotence; they are but negatively and passively inconceivable. The second class of inconceivable propositions (our necessarily false ones) are those which are positively and actively inconceivable, because they are clearly known by the mind to be absolutely and universally impossible. At present we have not to consider whether such perceptions are objectively true and valid, but to point out that, as a fact, they subjectively *exist*.

Let us, then, first note certain propositions which the mind seems impotent to imagine, but which the intellect can both understand and believe. The intellect clearly conceives a force varying inversely as the square of the distance between two bodies it reciprocally affects; yet this variation cannot be adequately represented by any image to the imagination. We can, again, conceive an infinite addition of fractions, which shall yet never attain to unity; but such a conception is utterly beyond the power of the imagination. Again, we can not only conceive but it is evidently a necessary truth that $(a^2 + a b + x) + (a b - x + b^2) = (a + b)$

$\times (a + b)$, let a , b , and x , represent whatever whole numbers they may; but this can by no means be directly represented by the imagination.

But conceptions may be formed as to modes of existence of which we have had no experience whatever, and *necessary* deductions can even be drawn from such deductions. Thus Professor Helmholtz has conceived * 'beings living and moving along the surface of a solid body, who are able to perceive nothing but what exists on this surface, and insensible to all beyond it;' and he adds, 'if such beings lived on the surface of a sphere, their space would be without a limit, but it would not be infinitely extended; and the axioms of geometry would turn out very different from ours, and from those of the inhabitants of a plane. The shortest lines which the inhabitants of a spherical surface could draw would be arcs of greater circles;' also there would be many shorter lines between the same two points if there were two poles. Moreover, he tells us, such beings 'would not be able to form the notion of parallel geodetical lines, because every pair of their geodetical lines, when sufficiently prolonged, would intersect in two points,' &c. This passage is not only interesting as demonstrating our power of transcending experience by conception, but even more so as the solemn enunciation of a transparent fallacy by a man of eminence. Professor Helmholtz concludes:—'We may resume the results of these investigations by saying that the axioms on which our geometrical system is based are no necessary truths.' And Professor Clifford † cites with approval the article here quoted, and adopts its conclusions. Nevertheless the fallacy is surely transparent. Unless geometrical axioms were necessary truths, it would be impossible for these professors to declare what would or would not be the necessary results attending such imaginary conditions. And 'other systems' could not, as Professor Helmholtz admits ‡ they may, 'be developed analytically with perfect logical consistency.' If such beings as are supposed called the lines referred to 'straight,' they would *mean* by that word what we should call 'arcs of great circles.' Whether such beings could conceive parallel lines or not, there is no evidence to show, but there is no shadow of foundation for asserting that, if they *could* conceive them, they would not perceive the impossibility of their ever meeting, as we

* 'The Academy,' vol. i. p. 128.

† 'Macmillan's Magazine,' Oct. 1872, p. 501.

‡ 'The Academy,' vol. i. p. 180.

can perceive the necessary relations of their supposed space conditions which, by the hypothesis, are not ours.

Our author, as we have seen, deems it absolutely inconceivable that an unextended object can offer resistance or exercise pressure. Nevertheless Mr. Spencer himself is able to conceive 'body' as really apart from extension, and in terms of force only—since that which is described must be conceived; and he tells us* it is 'manifest that our experience of *force*, is that out of which the idea of matter is built. Matter as opposing our muscular energies, being immediately present to consciousness in terms of force; and its occupancy of Space being known by an abstract of experiences originally given in terms of force; it follows that forces, standing in certain correlations, form the whole content of our idea of matter.' But however much it is to be regretted, it is undeniably the fact that very many persons who conceive a pure spirit to be unextended and not to occupy space, find at the same time no difficulty in very distinctly converting in thought that which to Mr. Spencer is inconceivable. Again, the doctrine that the soul is whole and entire in every part of the body is a conception utterly transcending imagination, but one which has been and is accepted, believed, and reasoned about by thousands of the most acute and cultivated intellects. Some not only avow their power of conceiving that space may be bounded, but even announce that we may be shortly enabled to assert its actual extent.†

But that perception of necessary truth is not limited by experience may be shown by the fact that we are not compelled to conceive that of which we have, and our ancestors, however remote, have ever had, uniform and unvarying experience. We have ever seen with our eyes and heard with our ears, yet we can conceive of vision and audition taking place in quite other parts of the body instead. We have experience but of the five senses, apart from the muscular sense, yet we can not only believe in the possibility of other senses but conceive the existence of a sense directly revealing to us the actinic properties of light, or the chemical composition of crystals, by special modifications of consciousness, which modifications are now, of course, unimaginable to us. We have never experienced colour apart from extension, nor an extended object not coloured, and yet these properties can be conceived as distinct though they cannot be so imagined.

* 'First Principles' (2nd edition), p. 167.

† See Professor Clifford's article in 'Macmillan's Magazine' of Oct. 1872, p. 511.

But an effective *argumentum ad hominem* may be addressed to Mr. Mill, who tells us he can conceive of 2 and 2 making 5, for most assuredly such a power transcends the experience of all his ancestors, and will transcend that of his successors to their latest posterity. Indeed, as Mr. Martineau observes,* 'Experience proceeds and intellect is trained, not by association but by *Dissociation*, not by reduction of pluralities of impression to one, but by the opening out of one into many; and a true psychological history must expound itself in analytic rather than synthetic terms.' But what is experience? A stone cannot 'experience,' nor can experience be taken as ultimate. The very acquisition of experience implies innate laws or principles. Instead of experience being able to account for innate principles, innate principles are needed to explain the acquisition of experience.

Let us now consider those propositions which are deemed by the mind to be necessary and universal, not from a passive impotence to dissociate two mental images † (such as those of colour and extension), but from an active power of positive perception of which the intellect is self-conscious. It requires but a little candid introspection to see how different is the mental declaration with regard to those unimaginable conceivabilities we have noticed, and such propositions as that 'things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other;' 'a thing cannot both be and not be at the same time in the same sense.' The subjective difference is surely plain enough. Every sane man must admit that he clearly sees—sees borne in on him ‡ as *necessary* truths—that two straight lines can never enclose a space; that twice five must always be ten; and that ingratitude can under no circumstances be a virtue. If a man denies that he perceives these judgments as necessarily true in any conceivable case as it arises, then he either does not understand the real meaning of such judgments—in Mr. Spencer's † words, 'they have not clearly represented to themselves the propositions they assert'—or his mental condition is pathological.

The judgment that the three angles of a triangle should be together equal to two right angles, we perceive to be a mental fact of quite a different kind from our inability to imagine unextended colour or a boundary to space.

* 'Essays,' p. 271.

† There is not space in this article to consider the statements of those who deny that they have such intuitions. There will not be the slightest difficulty, however, in showing, on another occasion, that they contradict themselves.

‡ 'Essays,' p. 392.

Such a judgment we see, if we can see anything, to be one the falsehood of which is not negatively unthinkable, but absolutely and positively impossible even to Omnipotence itself, and this because we see the affirmative to be absolutely and necessarily true. Moreover of all our subjective certainties none are to each one so certain as that which affirms those judgments which (rightly or wrongly) we deem absolutely and universally necessary. If then subjective certainty is our ultimate test, such judgments override all others; and to deny them invalidates every possible judgment, and logically plunges the doubter, if he is consistent, into absolute, unqualified scepticism. The actual presence of these supreme and active perceptions as to necessity and impossibility (the existence of which as distinguished from negative inconceivabilities is ignored by Mr. Spencer) may be taken as one of the most certain and indubitable facts of consciousness.

If there was but the one kind of inconceivable propositions—namely those negatively inconceivable, we should be driven, as Mr. Spencer says, to accept them as limits for us whether objectively or universally valid or not. But the recognition of the quite other kind of active, positive perceptions of inconceivability (of perceived universal impossibility), together with the recognition that these looked at from the point of view of pure subjectivity assert themselves as supreme, either give us full warrant to assert universally necessary truth or logically force us if we decline to accept such truth, into the chaos of universal doubt.

Mr. Spencer has justly observed that the passive inconceivabilities are necessities of thought to us, and that by refusing to accept them we pass into a state of mental confusion, and even more or less physical impotence must result from a refusal to act as if they were valid. This confusion and this impotence can be remedied only by a practical acceptance of their objective validity. In the same way the convictions forced upon us by our supreme intuitions as to impossibility and necessity are practically active necessities of thought. Every man is spontaneously convinced of their necessary truth, and acts on such conviction in every case as it arises seriatim to his mind, by a spontaneous judgment accordingly. If in reflecting on such spontaneous active judgments we begin to doubt as to their objective validity, we begin *ipso facto* to undergo a process of mental disintegration and intellectual paralysis, only to be remedied by the acceptance of the objective validity of such truths. The objective validity of these perceptions is given in

the very substance of each such perception itself. To doubt of the objective truth of each is to doubt that of which we are directly and supremely certain. If two straight lines can inclose a space, if a whole may be less than its part, then we have no certainty but that the same thing cannot both 'be' and 'not be' at the same time and in the same sense, and we are landed in utter and complete scepticism. But Mr. Spencer himself has implicitly admitted this very distinction which he explicitly ignores, and not only recognises an active power of positively perceiving necessary truths, but also the distinction between actual and possible being. He says*—speaking of the inquiry after fundamental truth—'Hence he has no appeal from this ultimate dictum; and seeing this, he sees that THE ONLY POSSIBLE further achievement is the reconciliation of the dicta of consciousness with one another.' Anyone, however, who should deny that we have, as a fact, an intuition of 'objective, universal, and absolute necessity' may be confuted by bringing forward the simple fact that some men assert that they have that idea, and that the very opponents of such asserters must themselves have it also, since they could not argue against and controvert that of which they have no knowledge. Mr. J. Martineau, in criticising Mr. Mill, observes:†

'When he' [Mr. Mill] 'says outright that *a priori* beliefs really inherent in the mind are totally unworthy of trust, however imperiously they may compel submission; and when he casts about for some appeal against them—either from thought to "fact" or from faculty to faculty—he seems to lose all his logical bearings, and forget the base he had measured. What security can there be for any truth—of "*fact*" or of thought—*a posteriori* or *a priori*—if the positive and primary affirmations of our mental nature may be suspected of making fools of us? The assumption of unveracity once made, cannot arbitrarily stop with the province which Mr. Mill wishes to discredit. He himself also must, somewhere or other, come to an end of his "evidence" and "proof," and be landed on principles not derivative but primary: and then he must either accept their coercion "because there is no use in appealing from it," or unconditionally rely on them as the report of truthful faculties; and in either case is on the same footing as his *a priori* neighbour. Be the "proof" what it may which authenticates the belief, it is the faculty which, in the last resort, authenticates the proof.'

In the controversy, therefore, between Mr. Spencer and Mr. Mill it appears to us to be clear that both are right and both are wrong. Mr. Mill we deem right in affirming that

* 'Essays,' vol. ii. p. 407.

† 'Essays,' p. 103

there are inconceivabilities which may yet be believed, but wrong in denying that our subjective judgments as to impossibility and necessity are both objectively valid and supreme criteria of truth. Mr. Spencer seems to us right in affirming that the ultimate declarations of our intellect are such supreme criteria of truth, but wrong in declining to attribute to such declarations absolute necessity and universal objective validity. But we are convinced that both Mr. Mill and Mr. Spencer err in failing to distinguish between (1) that negative inconceivability which comes from impotence or lack of experience; and (2) that positive, active, perception of impossibility which comes from intellectual power and light. It is this active perception which reveals to us truths, neither the result of mere experience nor of logical ratiocination; since they are no sooner thought of than we assent to them, and the validity of all generalisation and deduction rests upon them as upon original and fundamental principles.

The following propositions seem then to be incontrovertible:—

1. Knowledge must rest on truths which are incapable of being proved, but are evident by their own intrinsic light, otherwise we have either absolute scepticism or a *regressus ad infinitum*.

2. These fundamental truths must be subjectively evident.

3. Such fundamental subjective truths declare their objective, absolute, and universal truth.

4. The intellect is thus carried by its own force from subjectivity to objectivity.

From this it follows that we have a supreme degree of certainty as regards a variety of objective truths which the intellect has the power of apprehending by the aid of sensible phenomena. Our rational nature is thus seen to be capable of knowing truly what is within its range, and is justified in its conviction as to metaphysical certainty. The same degree of inevitable certainty, guarded by the same penalty of absolute scepticism, attends other dicta. That 'whatever thinks exists' is known to us as a necessary *a priori* truth by its own evidence, but that I myself exist is known to me, not by evidence of any kind, but by consciousness, to be a particular contingent fact of supreme certainty.

Mr. Spencer is hardly clear in his enunciations as to our knowledge of our own continued personal existence. In his chapter on 'The Substance of Mind,*' he remarks:—

'If by the phrase "substance of mind" is to be understood Mind as qualitatively differen-

tiated in each portion that is separable by introspection but seems homogeneous and undecomposable; then we do know something about the substance of kind, and may eventually know more. Assuming* an underlying something, it is possible in some cases to see, and in the rest to conceive, how these multitudinous modifications of it arise. But if the phrase is taken to mean the underlying something of which these distinguishable portions are formed, or of which they are modifications; then we know nothing about it, and never can know anything about it.'

Now if by this Mr. Spencer means we cannot know our own soul otherwise than in and by its acts, he only asserts what has been ever taught by the schools to which he is the most opposed. No rational metaphysician ever taught that the soul could be known by us in its essence or otherwise than by its acts. But if by the passage quoted he would deny that we have direct consciousness of an enduring and persistent self known to us by its acts, as the author of our volitions and the subject of our feelings and cognitions, then we might equally deny that Mr. Spencer has, or ever can have, any knowledge of any friend as, *e. g.*, of Professor Tyndall. If by Professor Tyndall is to be understood a plexus of sensible accidents—an entity 'qualitatively differentiated in each portion that is separable by thought'—then Mr. Spencer may 'know something' about Professor Tyndall, 'and may eventually know more.' But if the name is taken to mean the underlying something which is now speaking, now silent, now on the Alps, now at the Royal Institution, at one time a boy, at another a man, which has a certain expression of face, a certain habit of dress, a certain mode of carriage, a certain cast of thought—then Mr. Spencer knows 'nothing about it, and never can know anything about it,' since he can never know his friend but by and through some act, were it only by action on the retina of Mr. Spencer or by some active impressions on his auditory nerves. But we have said Mr. Spencer is hardly clear in this matter, and, we may add, he is hardly consistent. He is not so, because if there is one prominent feature of his teaching, it is the supreme certainty borne in on us of the existence of what he calls the absolute and unmodified 'Unknowable.' Yet all that Mr. Spencer brings against our consciousness of the Ego may be brought against his Unknowable. If everything that we know is a form of the Unknowable, then the Unknowable is modified, and the absolute or unmodified Unknowable is an absurdity. Similarly that we

* 'Psychology,' vol. i. p. 145.

* It may well be asked, On what ground?

cannot know the Ego except as 'qualitatively differentiated' is most true, but it is true for the very simple reason that it never *exists* except in some state. A qualitatively undifferentiated Ego is a pure absurdity and an impossibility. No great wonder, then, that our intellects do not apprehend it. But an attempt to deny our knowledge of the substantial Ego without at the same time implicitly asserting that knowledge, is really an effort to escape self-consciousness, which can be but very inadequately represented by the conception of a man trying to jump away from his own shadow.

Before passing from our first point (the relation of Mr. Spencer's philosophy to our perception of truth) there is another matter which should not be passed over, namely, the 'law of contradiction.' One would have thought that this law would have been fully admitted by Mr. Spencer, as it has been by almost every other philosopher. It is strange that anyone should think that the law of contradiction is derivative, or that it reposes on anything stronger and more fundamental than itself. Yet this is what Mr. Spencer appears to do. That the same thing cannot both 'be' and 'not be' at the same time and in the same sense (*i.e.* the law of contradiction), we maintain to be an *a priori* necessity of thought—not negative, the mere result of a mental impotence, but given positively, and known to us by its own evidence. If anything may both be and not be at the same time, the whole world beyond conscious self-existence is at once a chaos, and all argument unmeaning. Yet though Mr. Spencer denies* the validity, as an ultimate truth, of the principle of contradiction, he unconsciously affirms it. He affirms it, moreover, in that which he represents to be absolutely fundamental and ultimate, namely, our inability to dis sever certain conceptions. For, supposing we know that we *have* tried to dis sever such conceptions and *failed*, how can we be certain that we have not at the same time *not* tried and yet succeeded—except upon that very principle of contradiction itself?

Leaving now the question of the relation of this philosophy to our perception of truth, we may pass to our second main point—namely, its relation to morality. In the first place, the process of Evolution, as understood by Mr. Spencer, compels him to be at one with Mr. Darwin in his denial of the existence of any fundamental and essential distinction between Duty and Pleasure. Virtuous lives are represented as mere results of

the continuation of that same process which has produced the association of wolves in packs or hornets in a nest. Brutal passions—the desire to pursue and prey upon a victim or to escape such pursuit, or the gross appetite of sex, are given to us as the ultimate components at once of our loftiest aspirations and of our tenderest feelings—of the most refined human affection and of our sense of awe at the Divine Majesty itself. We yield with much reluctance to the necessity of affirming that Mr. Spencer gives no evidence of ever having acquired a knowledge of the meaning of the term 'morality,' according to the true sense of the word. Nevertheless this defect, on his part, ought not to surprise our readers, since 'Virtue' and 'Goodness' are words which can have no rational or logical place in the vocabulary of anyone who accepts Mr. Spencer's views. This is the case, since he explicitly and utterly denies every element of freedom to the human will—a fatal but necessary consequence of his denial of the persistent and substantial Ego. He says:*

'Considered as an internal perception, the illusion' [of human freedom] 'consists in supposing that at each moment the *ego* is something more than the aggregate of feelings and ideas actual and nascent, which then exists.' 'This composite psychical state which excites the action is at the same time the *ego* which is said to will the action. Naturally enough, then, the subject of such psychical changes says that he wills the action; since, psychically considered, he is at that moment nothing more than the composite state of consciousness by which the action is excited. But to say that the performance of the action is, therefore, the result of his free will, is to say that he determines the cohesions of the psychical states which arouse the action; and as these psychical states constitute himself at that moment, this is to say that these psychical states determine their own cohesions, which is absurd. Their cohesions have been determined by experiences—the greater part of them, constituting what we call his natural character, by the experiences of antecedent organisms; and the rest by his own experience. The changes which at each moment take place in his consciousness, and among others those which he is said to will, are produced by this infinitude of previous experiences registered in his nervous structure, co-operating with the immediate impressions on his senses: the effects of these combined factors being in every case qualified by the physical state, general or local, of his organism.'

Our doctrine is that the will indeed necessarily follows the stronger motive, but that the soul has, on certain occasions, the power of intensifying one motive at will, and so making that motive, for the time, the stron-

* 'Psychology,' vol. ii. pp. 424–425, from "But even" to "invalidity."

* 'Psychology,' vol. i. p. 600. 

ger. As Dr. Carpenter has justly observed, much of the mind's work is done by its 'automatic faculties,' but 'their direction is given by the Will, in virtue of its power of *intensifying* any idea or feeling that is actually present to consciousness by fixing the attention upon it.' Asserting, as we do, the substantial and persistent Ego, we have no hesitation in affirming that that Ego occasionally *does* 'determine the cohesions of the psychical states which arouse' an action, and, at the same time, in denying 'that these psychical states determine their own cohesions.' Mr. Spencer's error lies in not distinguishing between perceptions and emotional states which cannot but produce an effect in direct proportion to their strength, and that faculty of will which our consciousness tells us is not, when in act, a mere impotence arising from incomplete adjustment; but a conscious exertion of power adding to the strength of such emotional states or such perceptions as may be selected for intensification. But the want in Mr. Spencer's mind of any perception of true morality is so complete that he looks upon the absence of moral freedom as a positive gain. He says:—

'I will only further say that freedom of the will, did it exist, would be at variance with the beneficent necessity displayed in the evolution of the correspondence between the organism and the environment.' . . . 'were the inner relations partly determined by some other agency, the harmony at any moment existing would be disturbed, and the advance to a higher harmony impeded. There would be a retardation of that grand progress which is bearing Humanity onwards to a higher intelligence and a nobler character.*'

In blaming Mr. Spencer for this passage, we would protest against being charged with the absurdity of denying merit and beauty to spontaneous acts of voluntary adhesion to good. Such acts may be highly *meritorious*, and at the same time eminently *free*. All that we mean is that for an act to be 'moral,' the doer of it must directly or indirectly be moved by the idea of 'right' present to his mind then or antecedently, so as to have become mentally habitual. Such habitual actions may be eminently 'free,' since freedom consists in the unhindered power of following the dictates of intelligence concerning what is best and most desirable. In proportion as less worthy motives have more power over us, just so far are we less free.

It would be a superfluous task here to expatiate upon the defective morality of a philosophy which denies to man's will any

more power of choice than a fragment of paper thrown into a furnace has a choice concerning its ignition. But Mr. Spencer's moral system is even yet more profoundly defective, as it denies any objective distinction between right and wrong in any being, whether men are or are not responsible for their actions. According to our author, the laws of Nature are ultimately reducible to one force not necessarily moral, and therefore all laws and all actions must be, in ultimate analysis, equally moral or equally immoral. Every action whatever is, according to him, a mode of the Unknowable, and the stab of the assassin and the traffic of the courtesan are as much the necessary results and outcome of that ultimate principle as are the charity of a Howard and the self-devotion of 'Marseilles' good Bishop.'

The prevalence of such a philosophy then is no mere question of speculative interest, but is one of the highest practical importance. No mistake can be greater than that of supposing that philosophy is but a mental luxury for the few. The many become rapidly subjected to its influence. As explicitly declared and consciously pursued, metaphysics may indeed be a luxury; but an implicit, unconscious philosophy possesses the mind and influences the conduct of every peasant. No efforts, then, can well be more practical than those directed against metaphysical error, for philosophical doctrines filter down from the cultured few to the lower social strata. Such doctrines, for good or ill, come to be, as it were, the very marrow of the bones first of a special school—then of a general society—ultimately of a nation.

At a period when calamitous social and political changes are urged upon us with the reckless but pertinacious zeal of democratic passion, earnestness of defence is a necessity of political existence. But what earnestness is to be expected from men imbued with the conviction, not only that their wills are utterly powerless, but with the debilitating persuasion that actions the most opposed and all political results are in the last analysis of equal worth as but divergent actions of one common force, and equally manifestations of the Unknown and Unknowable? Utility is not of course our direct object of pursuit when we investigate metaphysical truth, but it may reasonably intensify our efforts. If any system in addition to being philosophically false, has social consequences which are manifestly evil in the highest degree, then surely these consequences peremptorily call upon us not to regard such a system with idle indifference, but to examine it with a keen and searching scrutiny.

* 'Psychology,' vol. ii. p. 503.

Before summarising the results of our considerations concerning the two points to which we have specially directed attention, it will, we think, be desirable to refer to one or two additional matters. First, then, it is nothing less than wonderful to note how completely Mr. Spencer ignores all the highest faculties of the soul. We have the most ingenious and interesting constructions of sensible perceptions of increasing degrees of complexity wrought out with an abundance of illustration and a facility of research truly admirable. But what is the outcome? We feel indeed we have an insight into the power of mere sensation and the consequent faculties of brutes, such as we never had before, as also into the *materials* of our own thoughts; but we have no increased knowledge of our own *intelligence* itself. Our cat's mind is indeed made clear to us, but not our own. Those supreme conceptions and perceptions of our minds—Truth and Goodness—reflexly contemplated as Truth and Goodness, are simply passed over. Even the same thing must be said of 'relation.' The relativity of our knowledge is indeed a constant theme, and the 'relativity of feelings' and of 'relations' occupies, as before said, two chapters.* Yet of our perceptions of relations as relations, we have not one word.

It is easy work to account for the evolution of the intellect of a Leibnitz from the psychical faculties of an oyster, if the gulf, which separates direct sensible perceptions of particular phenomena from reflex intellectual apprehensions of general conceptions, be quietly ignored. This evolutionary process is treated of in the third part,† and in its first three chapters we find the same assumption that pervades Mr. Spencer's 'Principles of Biology.' The assumption is that whenever the structures of animals and the actions such structures perform correspond with the environments (*i. e.* with the surrounding conditions), such structures must be due to such environments. But there is not even an attempt to show *how* the environment produces such structures, nor any proof that it does so produce them.

Mr. Spencer, however, not only evolves the intellect from sensation, but he evolves the various special senses from a common root, *i. e.* from slight nervous shocks. He says: ‡ 'There is reason to believe that the susceptibilities to odours, colours, and sounds, arise by degrees out of that irritability which animal tissue, in its lowest

forms, possesses.' Now, there is a certain ambiguity in the phrase 'out of,' as here employed. Many who would be willing enough to 'accept it with the signification 'from amongst' would utterly deny it in the sense of 'originating from.' For how can a smell, a colour, or a sound, be a modification of touch, however they may be *conditioned* by some form of touching—whether etherial undulations or what not? As Aristotle pointed out * two thousand years ago, the special aptitudes of the several special senses must be innate before the least particle of such special senses become actual. And what must be asserted of sense may be declared as unhesitatingly of intellect. The special faculty of apprehending truth and goodness must be innate before the expressions 'true' and 'good' can in any way be made use of.

The absence of an adequately refined analysis is amusingly illustrated by the following sentence: † 'The ability to discriminate between organic and inorganic matter appears to be possessed in some degree even by the simplest animals.' In a certain sense this is most true; but such a form of expression would lend itself to a confusion between the sorting faculty of the apertures of a sieve and the sorting faculty of the man who employs it for sorting.

This is not the place in which to examine, *seriatim*, the facts adduced by Mr. Spencer as exemplifications of intellectual evolution (to do so would require a volume at the least), but the effect upon our minds of reading these chapters has been to bring home to us with a force we never felt before how man is the one only intellectual animal 'looking before and after.' Moreover, though Mr. Spencer is a master in biology, all his facts are not always accurate. For example he has, we think, made a slight oversight in the following passage. Speaking of the order containing Man and Apes, he says: 'The prehensile and manipulatory powers of the lower kinds are as inferior as are their mental powers. On ascending to the very intelligent anthropoid apes, we find the hands so modified as to admit of more complete opposition of the thumb and fingers.' Now, it is notorious that in the American apes the thumb is very imperfectly opposable, bending round about in the same place with the four fingers. Nevertheless, it is the common ring-tailed American apes or Sapajous (*Cebus*) which are habitually selected by itinerant Italians as the best adapted, by their psychical powers, for the

* 'Psychology,' chapters iii. and iv. in second part of vol. i.

† 'Psychology,' vol. i. p. 291.

‡ 'Psychology,' vol. i. p. 304.

* 'De Anima,' book ii.

† 'Psychology,' vol. i. p. 307.

acquisition of numerous and complicated tricks.

Were it not the case, as we have before * pointed out, that we can, by means of language, draw a sharp line between rational and irrational animals, it would none the less be exceedingly unreasonable to deny the existence of an absolute distinction, though unable to clearly point it out. The animal and vegetable kingdoms have different natures, although we are unable satisfactorily to discriminate between the lowest forms of both.

When Mr. Spencer, in the 'Special Analysis,' † passes to a consideration of reasoning, we have again to complain of a total elusion of the main question. We have elaborate expositions of mathematical processes, but, as everyone knows, such processes can be carried on by a mere machine. Mr. Spencer explains reasoning by considering only its lower kinds. The apprehension of truth as 'true,' of related things as related, he altogether ignores. Comparisons of relations are no doubt the materials of our reasoning—the means of which we make use—just as the intelligence makes use of sensible perceptions. Thus the highest and most important truth is neglected by our author, and attention directed exclusively to subordinate considerations.

We have lately heard much concerning the inability of certain savages to count more than five, or even three; and this fact has been advanced, with surprising shallowness, as an indication of transition from the physical powers of brutes to the intelligence of man. But the slightest reflection is enough to show that the real gulf lies between the animal able to count two and the animal *not able to count at all*. The difference between being able to count two and having the integral calculus at one's fingers' ends is but a difference of degree. That between the process of counting two consciously and an automatic quantitative segregation of objects is one of kind. We have not the slightest difficulty in conceiving that a mere irrational ape might be created with its nervous ganglia and nerve fibres so connected as to turn out quadratic equations or to solve all the problems of Euclid with ease and facility. But such a creature would of course have no rational knowledge of the action he performed—no intellectual apprehension of his own psychical processes, or of problems and equations as problems and equations.

We may now attempt to summarise the

results of such an examination of Mr. Spencer's philosophy as we have found compatible with our limits.

It seems to us that that philosophy, in spite of the genius of its expositor, possesses the following grave defects:—

1. It fails to account for or harmonize with the dicta of consciousness as to the substantiality and persistence of the Ego.

2. It fails correctly to interpret the ultimate and fundamental declarations of consciousness as to necessary truth.

3. It denies the validity of that power of intensifying a motive by a voluntary act of selective attention of which power our own minds are conscious.

4. It does not (as put forward by himself) accept as valid the principle of contradiction, deprived of which our intellectual state becomes necessarily chaotic.

5. It negatives the declarations of idealist philosophers upon grounds which would justify the popular beliefs as to objectivity, and yet it denies to such beliefs all truth and reality.

6. It makes no essential distinction between the self-conscious intellect of man, manifested by a language expressing general conceptions, and the acquisition of sensible perceptions, as cognised by the sentient faculties of animals which are capable of expressing themselves by emotional signs only.

7. It takes no cognisance of our perceptions of truth, goodness, and beauty, as such, nor of our apprehension of the relatedness of relations.

8. It is absolutely fatal to every germ of morality.

9. It entirely negatives every form of religion.

10. It absolutely stultifies itself by proclaiming its own untruth, as included in its assertion that all our knowledge is but phenomenal and relative.

The theory of Evolution is of the very essence of Mr. Spencer's philosophy. Seeing, then, the widespread acceptance of the evolutionary theory, it may well be asked, is there any necessary connexion between that theory and Mr. Spencer's philosophy? Do such consequences necessarily follow from that theory, however understood, or are they confined to the Spencerian and Darwinian forms of it?

It is, indeed, certain that any view of Evolution which should deny every distinction of *kind* between the mind of man and the psychical faculties of brutes would necessarily involve all the consequences here deprecated. But no such bar exists to the acceptance of evolution as applied to the

* See 'Quarterly Review' for July 1871, p. 87.

† 'Psychology,' vol. ii. part vi.

'unfolding' from potential into real existence of constantly new forms of animals and plants. Even the actualisation (upon the occurrence of the requisite conditions) of latent life and sentience in inorganic matter—so far as such life and sentience be conceived as depending upon and consequently united with material substance—may be affirmed without involving the results objected to by us. Such a theory of Evolution perfectly harmonizes with the presence in man of that substantial and persistent soul which, as we have seen, the voice of consciousness agrees with those of reason and volition in demanding. If the existence of that distinct intellectual principle in man be conceded, then all the objections above given fall to the ground. Such a theory—

1. Accounts for and harmonizes with the dicta of consciousness as to the Ego.

2. It readily accepts the declarations of reason as to ultimate and necessary truths.

3. It asserts that power of election which our reason and perception of responsibility make known to us.

4. It, of course, fully accepts the principle of contradiction, and thereby induces order into our intellectual cognitions.

5. It accords with the teaching of common sense without being bound down within its limits.

6. It establishes the distinction between reason and instinct, and between language and emotional expressions.

7. It takes cognisances of our highest perceptions, including those of truth, goodness, and beauty as such.

8. It supports and enforces moral teaching.

9. It harmonizes with the declarations of religion, both natural and revealed.

10. It asserts its own truth in affirming the validity of our primary intentions.

What, then, is the motive for rejecting a single theory which accords with the facts of experience, co-ordinates and explains them, and for accepting one so laboured yet so inadequate as the one here criticised? It is much to be feared that with many the objection lies in the last point but one enumerated by us in its favour. The sting lies in the fact of its harmony with religion. A passionate hatred of religion, however discreetly or astutely veiled, lies at the bottom of much of the popular metaphysical teaching now in vogue. *Delenda est Carthago!* No system is to be tolerated which will lead men to accept a personal God, moral responsibility, and a future state of rewards and punishments. Let these un-

welcome truths be once eliminated, and no system is deemed undeserving of a candid, if not a sympathetic, consideration, and, *cæteris paribus*, that system which excludes them the most efficaciously becomes the most acceptable.

Our appeal, however, is not to religion but to reason, not to authority but to intelligence, not to any dogmatic system, but to the pure, unadulterated, and unprejudiced human reason if haply anywhere it may be obtained for our use. By that we are prepared to stand or fall.

In these days of theological and anti-theological strife, it would be vain to look for an unprejudiced metaphysical teacher. To find such, we must revert to pre-Christian times, and the best example that can be adduced of pure, unprejudiced, and yet learned and cultivated human reason, is furnished by the mind of Aristotle. It is a grave misfortune that philosophy at Oxford should no longer be represented by the genius of Aristotle, but by a motley crew of incongruous writers of yesterday, from Hegel to Mill and Spencer.

There are many signs that we are now on the eve of a philosophic revival which will once more bring into vogue the strangely overlooked or misunderstood peripatetic system. To the actual commencement of such a renaissance Ueberweg bore witness ere he died, and more recently we have been assured of its existence by no less qualified a witness than Professor Brentano, of Würzburg. Paradoxical as it may at first appear, it is not impossible to regard Mr. Spencer's system, when examined from a certain standpoint, as nothing less than the morning star of such a day of revival in England. His very inconsistencies, and the lacunæ of his system, indirectly tend to occasion the more rapid advent of that renaissance by the imperative demand they make for corrective and complementary truths.

In philosophy we find Mr. Spencer asserting or allowing that the ultimate and fundamental dicta of our intellectual faculties must be accepted as objectively true, and that our spontaneous perception of a real external world is a valid intuition. Also, in spite of his seeming denial of the substantial Ego, he admits that we are compelled to think that something 'persists, in spite of all changes,' and he 'maintains the unity of the aggregate in spite of all efforts to divide it.' Even as regards recognition of time relations, he admits* that these are 'scarcely more than foreshadowed among

the higher animals,' and as to acts in anticipation of future events he allows* that 'only when we come to the human race are correspondences of this degree of speciality exhibited with distinctness and frequency.' Mr. Spencer's arguments against realism fail indeed, but they do so mainly because he does not distinguish between 'sensible perception' and 'intellectual apprehension.'

It is the presence of the positive elements in Mr. Spencer's philosophy which makes us hopeful as to some of its results in one direction, while deploring its fatal effects generally. The truths he admits, or explicitly maintains, are pregnant with far-reaching consequences which may result in strange transformations. Indeed we are not sure but that the judicious application of a little 'transverse vibration' to Mr. Spencer's system might convert it, rapidly and without violence, into an 'allotropic state,' in which its conspicuous characters would be startlingly diverse from those that it exhibits at present. Parallel statements may be made respecting Mr. Spencer's theology. Although his system is most thoroughly and completely pantheistic, he every now and then makes admissions or assertions of a much more positive character. Thus he refers to an 'ultimate cause,' most mysterious and most incomprehensible, to which he gives the self-contradictory name 'the Unknowable.' To this supreme and inscrutable Being we must assign no limits whatever,† and (most important of all) if Mr. Spencer declines to affirm 'personality' of this Being, it is because‡ any conception we can form of 'personality' is inadequate and below, rather than above, the unspeakable reality.

Considerations such as these lend an interest to Mr. Spencer's writings yet deeper than their own merits, many and great though they be, would justify. His system is not a final resting-place, but a halting-station in the philosopher's progress, and one at which several roads meet and diverge. Spencerism, like Lockism, may form a landmark in the history of Philosophy. Like Locke, Mr. Spencer has enunciated an ambiguous system—one capable of two distinct interpretations. It has been the fate of Locke to have been accepted and developed mainly according to the negative and irrational interpretation. It may be that it is Mr. Spencer's happier lot to be accepted and developed mainly according to the more positive of his enunciations, and in support

of the validity of human reason; and thus, as an unconscious herald of the dawn, he may come hereafter to occupy one of the most important positions among the supporters of true Philosophy.

ART. VIII.—*The Liberal Party and its Leaders.* By Joseph Chamberlain. 'Fortnightly Review.' London, September, 1873.

IN spite of occasional vicissitudes of fortune, the elections of the autumn have left to the Government a gloomier prospect, even than that which lay before them when the Session closed. The vessel is among the breakers, and spectators scarcely are at the trouble to discuss whether she will founder: the only question is how long the inevitable moment can be put off. It is interesting to watch from the shore the desperate struggles of the gallant crew who have navigated her with so much hardihood for so long. They are ready to throw all the cargo overboard, upon either side, and even to send some of their comrades after it. In the excitement of despair, the captain even imagines he can mend his position by mastheading the first lieutenant, and putting the purser in his place. But everyone believes that she cannot get off, and that the time of the famous rover, whose depredations have been so audacious, and whose terror has been so widespread, has come at last.

The prevalent conviction does not rest on any trivial grounds. The loss of a balance of twenty seats, counting forty on a division, is serious enough, even to those who began their career with a majority of one hundred and eighteen; and the importance of the numbers is much aggravated by the fact that for the last three years all the electoral conversions have been one way. No confident calculation as to the state of things next year can be hazarded: for it would be as great a mistake to count upon any settled state of politics in this country as upon any settled state of weather. English popularity, like an English summer, consists of two fine days and a thunderstorm; but thunderstorms do not last for ever. Still, with whatever qualifications, the gloom which overcasts Ministerial prospects is threatening enough. The universal conviction of impending doom is in itself a formidable danger. Friends become dull and hopeless, and blunder interminably: enemies become elated, and develop resources of which, in their depres-

* *Op. cit.* p. 338.

† 'First Principles,' p. 99.

‡ *Op. cit.* p. 100.

sion, they had not been conscious: and the enterprising host of waiters on Providence begins to move. The great commerce of political support begins. Some prefer the export trade, and take their allegiance to a foreign market, where by selecting the precise moment of crisis a high price may be obtained. Others find that the price of their wares has risen at home, and that a profitable business is to be done without moving. One of the sorrows of a beaten Minister is that he must accept the service of swords and the patronage of causes, which in his happier hours he would have despised. And yet they bring much future embarrassment and little present help when the stress of battle comes; for then those who stand by him heartily and without conditions are apt in practice to sell their adhesion dear. Among the many trials of an unexpected reverse, undoubtedly the hardest to bear is that it opens upon the sufferer a long stream of admonitions and commentaries from his devoted friends. His misfortunes are never absent from their minds, and generally present in their discourse—serving chiefly as the shocking example of the end to which a neglect of the speaker's particular hobby will lead. The Government have not escaped this aggravated form of friendship. Their disaster has pointed innumerable morals, and served as demonstrative proof of diametrically opposite denunciations. It has been made to show that Mr. Gladstone has gone too fast, and that he has gone too slow: that he is suspected of being too fond of the Church, and of yielding too readily to the Dissenters: that he has quarrelled with the moderate Liberals when he ought to have quarrelled with the Radicals; and, on the other hand, that he has deserted the Radicals when he ought to have resisted the pressure of the moderate Liberals. It is clear that Mr. Gladstone cannot have been guilty of all the imprudences which his admiring friends lay to his charge; neither can he accept all their counsels, unless he has the faculty of walking two ways at once. But, if it is safe to judge from the failure of Mr. Baxter Langley at Greenwich, and of Mr. Jaffray in East Worcestershire, men whose fame has never been darkened by the faintest shade of moderation, we should doubt whether Mr. Gladstone's reign has been cut short in consequence of the undue reserve and timidity of his policy. Liberal writers are painfully inquiring into the causes that have divided the Liberal party, and the best means of restoring its shattered cohesion. The latter is a purely domestic question which we have no vocation to discuss. If its present disasters are merely due

to personal blunders, or accidental misunderstandings, they are phenomena of a very transitory interest. An absurd importance has been attached to peculiarities of manner. They have an effect on the politicians of the clubs, and on the predilections of 'society.' They may not be without weight in the House of Commons; they may even turn half-a-dozen votes on a critical division. But the present difficulties of the Liberal party do not arise in either of these quarters. Society has never loved Mr. Gladstone's Ministry; and the only action taken against him by the House of Commons was caused by the sudden operation upon Irish members of a force, foreign to England, and certainly not put in motion by failures in politeness. The striking phenomenon of the time is the conversion of the constituencies; and all the architects, artists, or scientific men, ever snubbed by Mr. Ayrton—all the deputations that have ever smarted under the sarcasms of Mr. Lowe—would not have together made up the numbers that have deserted the Government in any single constituency; and beyond their own social circle their wrongs excite little commiseration. A change in electoral feeling which is sensible throughout the kingdom, and which is now in its third year of progress, must rest upon a wider basis than the wounded feelings of individuals. It indicates a movement of opinion that may be a change of current, or may be a mere eddy, but which at least concerns matters of wide practical range and of interest to the community at large.

No doubt it has not been due to any single cause. It has needed the coincidence of many potent forces to produce so marvellous a contrast as that between the despotism of 1869 and the impotence of 1873. We attach comparatively little importance to the administrative mistakes. They form an easy theme for party polemics, and, therefore, they have been much insisted on. But to the mass of the people they scarcely appeal more forcibly than personal defects of manner. It is only a minority of the electors who read the newspapers; and of that remnant it is a still smaller minority who read any newspapers but those of their own side. To them—if such matters have penetrated at all—the Collier appointment, the indirect claims, the loss of the 'Megæra,' the telegraph scandal, and the Zanzibar contract, have only sounded like the dim echo of a distant quarrel. The legislative errors have been far more important. The interests of Englishmen are not threatened with impunity: and the danger of molesting them does not disclose itself till the threat has

been uttered, and their enmity has been irrevocably incurred. They have a habit of sleeping up to the very moment of danger, which is equally embarrassing to their champions and their assailants. Politicians imagine them to be meek, and submissive, and easily despoiled, because they are insensible to the warnings which drive politicians themselves to frenzy. The sinister phantoms that haunt St. Stephen's—'the admission of the principle,' 'the thin end of the wedge,' '*proximus Ucalegon*'—exert no spell upon the mind of the average Englishman. His imagination is not active, and his esteem for political logic is small. Very seldom can he be induced to see an impending danger. He watches its approach with a complacent apathy which drives his political defenders to despair. He is wholly impenetrable to the argument that one change, to which he is indifferent, logically involves another which he detests. In spite of all exhortations he allows the precedent to be made, the fatal principle to be established. But the very dulness of apprehension, which has accepted the premises, fortifies him against submitting to the conclusion. Precedents are very useful as raw material for a Parliamentary argument; it might be very difficult to conduct a constitutional debate without them. But it would be wholly misconceiving their province to imagine that they encumber the political judgment of an elector about to vote. The fact that some other people elsewhere have permitted themselves to be robbed is no sort of argument to him for parting with one tittle of his rights. This contempt for inconvenient analogies, natural to unsophisticated man, is so foreign to the artificial forms of thought which the habit of debate has bred at Westminster, that it is perpetually preparing disagreeable surprises for politicians; especially for the ever-verdant innocents known as 'advanced thinkers.' They proceed in all confidence with the work of symmetrical destruction, relying upon the plea that they are 'only carrying out a principle well established by previous Acts of Parliament.' They are startled by discovering that to have established a principle in a case where the victim was weak is of very little assistance towards applying it where the victim happens to be strong; and whether the strength is derived from the lofty sympathies to which a Church can appeal, or from the less exalted associations which hang around the public-house, it is equally an obstacle to spoliation.

Into this pitfall the Government have fallen. Observing how little the interests about to be attacked sympathised with the

anticipatory outcry of their Parliamentary friends, Ministers imagined that there was nothing but a party resistance to overcome. Of that illusion they have probably by this time been disabused. They are doubtless now satisfied that officers, publicans, squires, and Churchmen, have still a certain political vitality, which at least retains unimpaired the functions of feeling and of kicking. But the resentment of these classes only partially explains the phenomena of the present year. Their power, even in their utmost alarm, is limited: and a large proportion of them was hostile to the Liberals even in 1868. Moreover, the Government for the last two years have been obviously anxious to avoid further cause of offence: and under ordinary circumstances political memories in England are not so long. There are causes of yet wider range, which have removed the reproach from Conservatism, and have shorn Liberal theories of their fascination. Any one who compares the present state of opinion with that which existed at the great liberal outburst of 1830 cannot refuse to admit that a vast change has taken place. The Toryism of that year has of course no counterpart now. It applied to a state of things which, for good or evil, has passed away, and its existence would be unmeaning now. But the authority of Liberal opinions and sympathies is very different from that which they then wielded, and the ardour they inspire is far feebler. The old formulas may be recited, but the old belief in them has gone. The contrast between the tone of feeling then and now stretches over almost as wide an interval as between the illusions of youth and the disenchantment of middle age. If this generation has before it stupendous political problems which it must solve on pain of anarchy, it has at least this qualification for the task, that it has shaken free of many sweet but perilous superstitions. In the course of the last half-century the sore experience of Europe has shattered a whole Pantheon of political idols. The natural goodness of man has gone the way of the Divine right of kings. The peculiar virtues of the horny-handed sons of toil received a severe shock in 1848, and finally collapsed in 1871. *Ce cher peuple*, as Robespierre used to say, is no longer the object of a very enthusiastic worship: it is a saint whose legend is discredited, and whose halo has been chipped off in many a street row. The necessity of 'faith' in politics was a favourite topic a few years ago—not the theological virtue known for eighteen centuries under that name, but a modern travesty, which consists in believing

not in God but in street mobs. Since the Commune this Radical grace has been less earnestly enforced. In short, the optimist dreams which were so rife in the period of Louis Philippe have lost their charm. Men are coming to recognise the intense difficulty which the growth of modern cities has added to the task of government—huge masses of toiling, hopeless poverty, covered in by a thin crust of gorgeous luxury. Even minds of a very Liberal cast are no longer blind to the dangers of implicitly trusting masses exposed to temptations such as these, if they be once emancipated from the restraints of habitual order and traditional submission. Mr. Bright himself seemed inclined, in a letter recently published, to accept the central doctrine of Conservatism, that it is better to endure almost any political evil than to risk a breach of the historic continuity of government.

This happy loss of 'faith' has increasingly coloured the political thought of this country, in proportion as the revolutionary experiment, tried out upon the Continent of Europe, has broken down; and the altered feeling has naturally gained ground with an accelerated speed during the last two years. The impression, so marked in much of the French literature of the present day, that the movement of 1789 has been a failure, has spread, though with less force, to England, and has exerted a marked influence on our internal politics. England, in truth, is enjoying at this moment one of those periods of political repose which she owes occasionally to the troubles of other countries. Insular as the nation is in genius, as much as in position, there is no people whose opinions reflect so quickly the lessons of foreign experience. Its language betrays little of this sensitiveness. The tone of our writers and speakers is rather that of oracles with whom has been deposited the one infallible secret of political construction, and to whom the vain struggles of the rest of the world to attain to a safe freedom are matters of curious observation and complacent pity. It is flattering to be portrayed as looking down with Lucretian security on the storms of political error on which the rest of the world is tossing, and it is a picture which our self-esteem would gladly cherish. But as a matter of fact such is not the mental attitude which our history, recent or distant, exhibits. It has been disturbed and chequered enough; but its vicissitudes would often present an insoluble enigma if an explanation were not to be found in the mighty working of foreign events on English feeling. As the movements of an unknown planet were calculated

from disturbances in the known solar system, so an historical student, to whom no other history than that of England was accessible, might almost fix the dates of great commotions abroad from the sympathetic perturbations of public opinion here. In older times this operation was principally shown by the stimulus which the extremer forms of Protestantism received in England from the misdeeds of Roman Catholic potentates elsewhere. Protestantism had made but little way under the patronage of Henry and Edward; and even at Elizabeth's accession its fortunes were doubtful. But the contemplation of the Catholic persecutions of Alva and the Guises made England a Protestant nation. The sudden growth of the popular party during the later years of James I. and the reign of his son is, taken by itself, not easy to understand. The nation seemed to grow suddenly sensitive to assertions of royal authority, which, under Elizabeth, would have been thought mild and scrupulous. The increase of irritability and alarm is far too rapid to be attributed to any supposed development of Liberal ideas. But the cause of it is evident enough when it is remembered that at this time the German Emperor, under Jesuit guidance, was executing in Bohemia the violation of a constitution not unlike that of England, and that his success was followed by the unnumbered horrors inflicted upon Protestants by Wallenstein and Tilly. English politicians, to whom dynastic associations just then made Bohemia a familiar name, might almost be pardoned if their panic saw a new Wallenstein in Strafford.

In our own times the same law has prevailed. With increased intercourse the English have become more docile to the lessons offered in rich abundance by the vicissitudes of Continental politics. It was the French revolution of 1830 which gave the signal for the Reform agitation of that year: and favoured by apparent success of the 'three glorious days' of July in France, radical ideas enjoyed in this country a season of almost unquestioned supremacy. The exactly opposite lesson taught by the failure of the movements of 1848 and the temporary success of the *coup d'état* of 1851 was learnt with the same facility; and as the prosperity of Napoleon grew, the power of Radical ideas waned. During the first ten years of his reign no efforts and no eloquence could arouse a second Reform agitation in England. Mr. Bright devoted two years of toilsome strolling in provincial towns to the task of inflaming discontent, and he is reported to have gloomily described his undertaking as that of 'flogging a dead horse.'

The reactionary feeling culminated on the outbreak of the American civil war, when the belief gained ground, somewhat prematurely, that 'the republican bubble had burst.' In 1860 Lord Russell's mild offer of a 6l. rating franchise was ignominiously refused, and the next year a proposal to renew it was received 'with loud laughter' by the House of Commons. But as time went on it became evident that the relative force of the combatants in America had been miscalculated; and almost simultaneously the fortune of Napoleon began to fail him. The vane of English opinion veered slowly round again. Lord Russell's unlucky admonition to 'rest and be thankful,' in the autumn of 1863, shortly after the battle of Gettysburgh, marks, with approximate accuracy, the moment of the change of wind. The next year, the last of the Confederate struggle, the new Reform agitation began to shape itself. Mr. Odger, in the course of it, achieved two great successes. He founded the International, and he converted Mr. Gladstone. From that time forward the Reform current flowed apace. It was barely stemmed for a few months by Lord Palmerston's failing hand; and when the Northern Republicans had shown themselves finally victorious, and Lord Palmerston's opposition had been removed by death, its strength became irresistible. As early as the winter of 1865 it had roused Lord Russell from his rest and dissipated his thankfulness, and by 1867 it had gained force enough to create that general stampede of politicians of all colours which will ever make that year memorable in the history of political pledges. How far the impetus would have carried us is a matter of barren speculation. By 1870 it had abolished the Irish Establishment, and had made, upon the *corpus vile* of Ireland, the first experiment in agrarian legislation to be found on the English statute-book. There was no external sign that its force was spent. Mr. Gladstone's huge majority still voted like one man, and occasional elections had so far rather tended to augment than to weaken it. To all appearance its power for subversion was unimpaired. It might have lost itself by the mere lapse of time and the growing number of its victims; it might have been embarrassed by the inability of individual convictions, however nimble, to keep pace with the rapid march of the party as a whole. As a matter of fact, however, the change came again from the outside. The progress of English legislators was arrested by the over-rapid movements of still more progressive politicians elsewhere. Early in 1871 came the Commune, and with it another sharp turn in

public feeling here. The force of the Government was suddenly paralysed as by a blow from an unseen hand. Even inside Parliament the Ministry had so much lost their strength that the most important measures of that session were compulsorily postponed or withdrawn, and Mr. Cardwell's plan for disorganizing the army never passed through Parliament at all, but was imposed upon the country by a rare stretch of royal prerogative. In the constituencies the effect was prompter and more decided. The election for Durham was the first that took place under the light of the teachings of the Commune, and it was the first important check the Ministry received. From that time forward their electoral history has been one of almost uninterrupted defeat.

In both England and France the designs avowed by the artisans have produced a profound modification in the political feelings of all classes of employers. The change has been brought to light somewhat suddenly by the Commune: for such startling tragedies dissipate the hesitations and perfect the half-formed resolutions of men who habitually are too busy to think out their logical position. But the process had been in operation for some time. The political antagonism of the middle class pointed formerly towards the gentry. The old contempt of the town for the country was sharpened by the jealousy which new-made wealth always feels of anything approaching to caste privilege. Difference of party, handed down from the old days of dynastic struggle, in many cases differences of religion, and more recently conflicts of interest on fiscal questions, kept the antagonism alive. In France it was infinitely more bitter, because the caste privileges had been more odious and more exclusive, and far less worthily enjoyed. During the long battle in both countries the workmen had taken at first no independent part, but had acted as a contingent of the forces of the *bourgeoisie*: and with one or two startling exceptions, in which, for a while, they were felt as an independent power, they were in the main content, up to 1848, to act in a subordinate position, and to fight that the *bourgeoisie* might win. In 1830 the mob burnt Nottingham and Bristol, in order that the middle classes, not the lower, might be admitted to power. In 1789 and 1830 it was chiefly the middle classes of the French towns who were discontented: but it was the workmen who took the Bastille and stood behind the barricade. In the elections in both countries the same close connection subsisted. The workmen, whenever they had a chance, voted, and, when they could not vote, rioted against

the common enemy. They were the rod with which the middle classes threatened, and in case of need chastised, their adversaries of the Church, and the Court, and the Manor-house. This alliance was powerful—in the end irresistible—but its fruits were unequally divided. The middle classes obtained the solid results of favourable legislation: the workmen had the satisfaction of suffering for Liberal principles.

This arrangement lasted so long, and was so convenient, that the one class came to look upon the other as a species of political property. But in 1848 the first serious symptoms appeared of the political property thinking for itself. The workmen had by that time arrived at the conviction that they had interests of their own diametrically opposed to those of their employers; and the contest with Courts and Churches, which was the mere gratification of a sentiment, began to give place to the more deadly struggle between labour and capital. The Revolution of 1848 was commenced, like its predecessors, by the *bourgeoisie*; but they were thrust aside by the Socialists at a very early stage, and betook themselves to such refuge as first Cavaignac and then Napoleon could offer. From that time forth the divergence has been increasing. The workmen have become more independent, more obstinate, more extravagant. Their policy, a wild and bloody dream, has been expressed in action of the most practical kind—in each country according to the genius of the nation. In England and Belgium they have tried to operate through the fear of pecuniary loss: in France and Spain they have appealed to physical force. But in all these countries, whether through strikes or through revolutionary outbreaks, every opportunity has been used, during the last twenty years, with unremitting vigilance, to accomplish the wild visions of triumph over capital, upon which the workman, undiscouraged by failure, still resolutely broods.

The change produced in the political position of the middle classes by this revolt of their friends is fundamental. Their polarity has been suddenly reversed. They are attracted on the side where they were formerly repelled, and repelled on the side where they were formerly attracted. All their class relations are turned upside down. They have worked their will upon the upper classes, having gained almost everything for which they fought: but in the hour of victory they are confronted with a new enemy, once their fast and most serviceable ally. They have taken some little time to appreciate the fact; for a class does not change its course at a short notice. It can only do

so as the older minds are replaced by younger, open to the perception of new circumstances, and ready to meet them by a new policy. But in both countries the conviction seems to be coming home to them at last that their old store of political maxims, ideals, antipathies, and attachments has no application to the new world that surrounds them now. How far this persuasion has operated on the recent elections we cannot accurately tell. The Ballot has evidently covered a large number of Liberal desertions: we are left to conjecture, from numerous expressions of opinion on other occasions, to which section of the party the unfaithful electors belong. But the state of middle-class feeling on the labour movement and its leaders is sufficiently notorious, and is not disputed by the opponents of Conservatism. Even Mr. Chamberlain, who takes a sanguine view of revolutionary prospects, is obliged to admit it:—

‘There are many Liberals unfortunately belonging to the middle class who share with the Tories the alarm and disgust inspired by the growing power of trades’ unions in this country.’

This admission of altered feeling in the middle classes was not made without sufficient cause. That the President of a Chamber of Commerce should have formally proposed in a paper read at the British Association at Bradford to organise a league of capital against labour shows how deeply the alarm of which Mr. Chamberlain speaks has penetrated. It seems difficult to exaggerate the political importance of this terror. We do not venture to predict what party or what class it will benefit, or whether it will benefit any. But it points to conditions of conflict which are absolutely new. The same process seems to be going forward on the field of politics as on the field of religion. All minor controversies, all secondary issues whose interest is chiefly traditional, are being abandoned, and men are arraying themselves for the main conflict where reconciliation seems impossible. That the aspirations and interests of the middle and lower classes should be recognised on both sides as essentially antagonistic is, at all events, a condition of internal conflict of which modern society has never had experience before.

In France the crisis has arisen in an acuter form than with us, because the continuity of their government has been broken. There are no traditions of habitual order, or local attachment, or hereditary respect to shade off the sharp division which is separating France into two camps—the employers and the employed. That the estrangement be-

tween the two can be soon healed, and good feeling grow up in spite of the collision of interests, seems beyond hope. On the one side there is the resentment of defeat and the sting of poverty, irritating into frenzy the delusions which a guilty school of shallow theorists has inculcated; on the other side there is terror that cannot be soothed, because it rests on cruel and reiterated experience. The problem that lies before French statesmen would be hopeless enough even if it included no other elements of danger than the madness of the artisans and the terror they inspire. But as a crown to all other calamities, the championship of order itself is travestied by dreams as wild and pretensions as perilous as those of the International itself. The Roman Catholic clergy, not satisfied with the other difficulties which in this sceptical age they must affront, have staked the hopes of their cause upon the visionary project of replacing the Pope upon his temporal throne. It involves, among other difficulties, the task of accomplishing a revolution against the feelings of the population concerned, against the desperate resistance of the Italian kingdom which is in possession, and against the wishes of the whole of Europe with the possible exception of France herself. If it is done, it can only be done against the most terrible odds, and at the risk of national extinction. But the clergy neither count the cost nor measure the obstacles. They seem to be making adhesion to this promising enterprise a condition of their support; and unless their support is freely given to the party of order, there is no doubt that M. Gambetta and his '*nouvelles couches sociales*' will be the next occupants of power.

In England the tradition of order is not yet broken, and our difficulties are trivial compared to those of France. But we also are passing through a crisis on which much of our future destiny depends. We have no new institutions to discover and set up, but within their boundary our politics are scarcely less chaotic. Our political geography has to be reconstructed. The old frontiers separate those who in opinion are not divided, and classify under one name men who have now no principle in common. There is this analogy between our condition and that of France, that an exceptional responsibility lies at this juncture upon those who in that country are called the Centres, but whom for want of a less clumsy vocabulary we are compelled to designate as moderate Liberals. It is to their uncertain policy and their unnatural alliances that much of our embarrassment is due, and upon them it depends whether political conflict shall be restored to the

dignity of a war of principles, or shall sink, as in America, to a reckless struggle for personal advancement. The decision of this school of politicians is at all times looked for with all the interest and all the varying speculations belonging to the unknown. Like the electors who vote towards four o'clock, their vote exceeds all other and more calculable votes in value, simply because their course is doubtful. Their choice is looked for with additional anxiety, because the flow of opinion can be better judged by their movements than by any other. Steadied by no strong political belief, they yield more smoothly and promptly to the prevailing current than their better moored neighbours on the right and on the left. Their influence is specially remarkable in countries where change is made slowly, and political passions are not extravagant. In Spain no one cares what the Centres think. They are normally captives of the bow and spear; their supple fidelity is one of the easiest and least valued prizes of a successful pronunciamiento. In France they are only of importance in a strange juncture like the present, where the predominance of the army is neutralised by the exceptional loyalty of the ruling General. But in England their influence has generally been commanding. It disappears during periods of strong political belief, such as that of the Restoration, or of the great revolutionary war, or of the first Reform Bill. But these epochs in England are few and far between; and during the intervals the power of the Central school of politicians, and especially of the Left Centre, resumes its importance. And in proportion as faith in all political dogmas grows dim, and enthusiasm is frozen by disappointment, the national course will be guided by those to whom this cheerless climate is familiar.

During the half-century of breathless change from which we are apparently at last to have a respite, the position of these moderate Liberals has been very remarkable. While the torrent was passing, they did not keep their feet better than other people. It has constantly happened to them to find themselves voting for that which they had denounced: accepting logical conclusions, the fear of which they had once derided as the 'hobgoblin argument'; proposing a first step as absolutely final, and then, some years later, proposing the second as a necessary corollary of the first. A forecast in 1820 of their proceedings during the following fifty years would have surprised no one so much as themselves. Like John Gilpin, 'they little thought, when they set out, of running such a rig.' But still they were marked off from the bold companions by whose side

they marched, and whose ends they unwittingly served, by one strong distinction. They genuinely believed in 'finality.' The particular reform in hand was on each occasion desired by them for its own sake only—as the exceptional remedy of an exceptional abuse—as a close of controversy—as a step towards political repose. They looked forward to no vista of perpetual subversion. They did not imagine their party to exist for the purpose of eternally devising new changes, and agitating the public mind to carry them out. They would never have recognised it as a reproach that their budget of reforms was exhausted, and that they had no fresh institution to suggest for attack. It would never have occurred to them that it was the duty of a Liberal leader to collect his party, as if he were collecting moths and bats, by the exhibition of a 'blazing principle.' If they formed a party of change, it was because in their judgment great changes were required. It would not have entered into their philosophy that great changes ought to be proposed for the purpose of keeping the party of change together. The difference between the two sections is this: the moderate Liberals are Radicals *ad hoc*: the others are Radicals permanently. The one section mark trees to be cut down because they think a clearance is required; the others mark them because cutting down trees is their business; and when they have finished one job, they clamour against their leaders until they are conducted to another. It is the business of their leaders to find trees to be cut down. There lies the difficulty of the present moment. The Liberal leaders are in danger of being dethroned because they have not a fresh 'policy'—in other words, because they cannot find new and yet safe materials to gratify the destructive instincts of their followers.

To the latter section of the party it is idle to talk of political repose. They believe what they call 'progress' to be the condition of political vitality; and their definition of 'progress' is destruction. But to those Liberals who believe in finality, whose views of reform have a fixed horizon, the present is a juncture of supreme importance. The political aims of the party of movement are undergoing an entire revolution, which would have forced itself more prominently upon public attention if it had not been so far carried on with singularly little change of persons. The battle-field is changing, and the colours, and the objective point of the assailant's strategy: but a large proportion of the combatants remains the same. It is still the parson and the squire, and in the background the king and noble, who are the

first objects of attack: though now there are associated with them a large class of employers of labour who used to be fighting on the other side, and who feel themselves in strange company. The assault is still conducted chiefly by poverty and philosophy; academical dreamers furnish to the movement its brains, and the Have-nots, who would gladly have without industry or thrift, supply its force. The Dissenters still contribute a large contingent; but, so far as they are not included in either of these two categories—so far as they are not hungry for endowment, or impatient of Christian belief—their alliance is traditional, depending more on habit than on present sympathy: and the same may be said of other classes of well-to-do auxiliaries, who are watching the motions of their allies with a not very friendly vigilance. But though there is in this country no very marked change in the composition of each host, the cause of battle is not the less rapidly changing.

The objects for which the moderate Liberals have contended during the last half-century may be summed up with sufficient accuracy by the word 'enfranchisement.' It is not a complete description. There was the curious struggle of Protection, when the Conservatives, under the guidance of Sir Robert Peel, were induced to take up the opinions which had been advocated by Mr. Fox; whereupon the Whigs, and after them Sir Robert Peel himself, with much discernment, and amid great public applause, appropriated to themselves the abandoned mantle of Mr. Pitt. But engrossing as this controversy was at the time, it was a mere episode in the political drama; a family quarrel between two classes who are naturally Conservative. Nor will the word enfranchisement include the violent measures with which the present Government commenced their career, and which the moderate Liberals rather acquiesced in than supported. But on the whole, enfranchisement sufficiently describes their policy. They sought to remove all political disqualification arising out of religious opinions, and—within certain limits, prescribed by the condition of popular education—all political disqualifications arising out of social rank. This was the object of their half-century's campaign. They were successful all along the line. They successively procured the admission to political equality of the Dissenters, the Roman Catholics, and the Jews, who had been professedly excluded on religious grounds, and large portions of the middle and lower classes, who had been practically, though not theoretically, excluded by the working of the Constitution. The Conservatives steadily

resisted these successive relaxations; save that in the two cases of the Roman Catholics and the lower classes they came in at the end, and consented to be the instruments of passing the measures they had up to that time opposed. There was, naturally, no difference of opinion between these two opposing parties, either as to the immediate advantages of this enfranchising policy or as to the ultimate result which both desired it should produce. The Conservatives did not differ from their Liberal opponents as to the advantage of removing a source of discontent from the minds of powerful classes, but they feared the advantage might be bought too dearly if the Church Establishment were to be endangered by one set of measures, or the rights of property by the other. The moderate Liberals were sincere in desiring to uphold both the Church Establishment and the rights of property; but they utterly refused to believe that either would be jeopardised by their proposal of enfranchisement. The time is at hand when the value of this victorious confidence, or of these disregarded warnings, will be tested by experience. Now that the controversy is over, and the decision irrevocably taken, the only object of the Conservatives can be to prove in practice that their own alarms were baseless, and that the confidence of their Liberal opponents was wise. It surely cannot be the object of those opponents to prove exactly the opposite proposition.

Such, nevertheless, would be the result if the more violent half of the Liberal party had its way. If the views of the late Mr. Stuart Mill upon land, or of Mr. Bright upon the Church, or of Sir Charles Dilke upon the Monarchy, or of Mr. Trevelyan upon the House of Lords, were to prevail, the sinister prophecies of the Tories and Conservatives of the last fifty years would be more than justified. If it were possible to believe that the moderate Liberals, who work with these men, design and always have designed to lead the nation by insincere professions of aversion to the results they have all along repudiated, no one could deny them the praise of a very Machiavellian intelligence. But no one believes it. The Whigs and their political congeners are not the stuff out of which sincere revolutionists are made. They are not in that position in the world in which the 'nationalisation' of property, or even the confiscation of its 'unearned increment,' presents an alluring future to the mind. Their attachment to the Church is, no doubt, of a discriminating kind; but even those who are most inclined to abandon her in minor controversies shrink from the convulsion which must accompany so stu-

pendous a confiscation as that which Disestablishment would bring with it. Yet the moderate Liberals are working heartily with the men to whom all these things are objects of intense aspiration. They, in common with Miall and Odger, and Bradlaugh and Dilke, belong to the great Liberal party. They accept the support of these men, seek to conciliate their votes, and on a pinch use their help for purposes of agitation: and they do this for the sole purpose of resisting the Conservatives, from whom, in opinion, they are separated by an almost invisible line. What is the explanation of this mysterious policy? They must clearly have some other object in view than to satisfy the political appetites of their wild auxiliaries. It is plain that the two parties to this strange alliance expect from it diametrically opposite results; and that one section or the other must consequently be deceived in the end.

It may seem a truism to assert that progress means going somewhere. Yet no one has been able to extract from the spokesmen of the 'party of progress' where in their case that somewhere is. As to some sections of the party the answer is clear enough; but by the party as a whole, these special objects are repudiated. Mr. Stuart Mill and the other philosophical Radicals knew perfectly well what the word progress meant for them; they desired to 'overthrow the principle of aristocracy;' and Mr. Mill's aims with respect to land were probably a portion of this policy. Mr. Miall and the Dissenters have a distinct object in view as their journey's end—to strip the Church of its endowments, the State of its ecclesiastical prerogatives. There are a host of smaller cliques who have peculiar views with respect to Republicanism, Intemperance, Contagious Disease, and so forth; progress for them has a very distinct, though it may be a very narrow, meaning. But what does the word express to the Liberal party as a whole? It does not adopt all or any of the definitions recognised by these various subdivisions. Its authorised exponents would repudiate them with horror. Even Mr. Gladstone would think thrice before abolishing the House of Lords, and kindly bequeaths the Disestablishment of the Church to his successors. To none of the objects that we have indicated would the assent of half the Liberal party be obtained. But whither is their progress going? Progress signifies going forward; which road is forward? and what is at the end of it? Progress in the abstract, with no itinerary and no goal, is as reasonable an idea as a pilgrimage to nowhere in particular. To these questions no answer has even been given by the Liberal party as a whole—that

is, by the moderate Liberals, who till recently have ruled it, and whom it is still essential to conciliate and reassure. As long as finality was politically tenable, progress in the abstract was little thought of. The world had heard little of 'onward marches,' or 'the increasing purpose of the age.' In the Palmerstonian era—the golden age of moderate Liberals—they knew very well that this class of phrases, though useful to writers, and conducive to a majority, were not likely to mislead the practical acuteness of their wary chief. There is no danger of a medium being taken in by his own spirits. But the state of things has changed. The Radicals have seen some of their proposals accepted, and for others they have obtained formidable encouragement from Parliament or from Liberal statesmen. What is progress? and whither is it leading? are questions which moderate Liberals, by whose aid alone the march can be continued, are bound to answer clearly to their own minds.

The Government have been in trouble during the past year: and they have accordingly been much blessed with advisers. The constant burden of the advice has been, 'Have a policy;' by which, of course, is meant a policy of change. It is of no use, they are told, to rely on past achievements; they must go forward 'to fresh fields and pastures new;' and the Government, to judge by recent appointments, are prepared to follow this advice. The moderate Liberals, who are possibly doubting in their minds as to what the progress of which they hear so much may mean, may be anxious to know which these pastures are. But on that subject they receive no information. The demand is, not that any particular pastures shall be selected, but only that the pastures shall be new. It may be worth while to inquire what pastures there are available. A map of them, for the benefit of those disciples of progress who yet retain sufficient common sense to wish to know whether they are progressing, would be a very useful Liberal publication. In default of it we will attempt such a brief survey as Radical outpourings enable us to construct. It may at least serve as an anticipatory chronology of the Liberal Ministries of the future. If it is a law of their being that in each session of Parliament they must on pain of extinction offer fresh fields for their flocks to consume and trample down, it may be interesting to know how much there is still unconsumed; and how soon we shall have reached those pleasant pastures in which the Liberals of France and Spain are happily reposing.

In surveying the Radical programme of

the future, it is needless to refer to a large category of legislation on which parties do not quarrel. It is necessary to notice this class of measures because it is a favourite Radical device of the party of movement to accuse those who deprecate organic change of desiring legislative stagnation. We have been accused of hostility to all improvement, because, in pleading for repose at last from the incessant demolitions of recent years, we have made no reservation in favour of legislative changes which, unchallenged by class or party, are unquestionably needed. It would be as reasonable to blame a preacher for depreciating mathematics because he had made no allusion to Euclid in his sermon. In dealing with the contention of parties it seems irrelevant to refer to those matters on which parties do not contend. We hold them to be so far from objectionable that they, and they alone, are the proper work of Parliament, and that it is detained from its normal labours by the perpetual intrusion of revolutionary projects. To uproot institutions, to sow bitter resentments, to give to class or sect the spoliation of a rival by the brute force of a legislative majority, may possibly, in cases of extreme emergency, be a task from which governments cannot escape, but it is a field of duty to be entered with sorrow, and to be quitted with the utmost speed. In the improvement of law, of local government, of sanitary arrangements, in the alleviation, so far as statutes can procure it, of the sufferings of the poor—matters which give triumph to no class and no denomination—there is much material for the labour of Parliament, little for the manufacture of cries or the excitement of politicians. It is not for these that wire-pullers work, or party-bonds are formed, or close divisions taken. They will never be more than the obligatory garnish of the programme of the Radicals.

Fiscal measures occupy an ambiguous position. They are a favourite field for passages of arms between Ministry and Opposition; but for the last twelve years they have seldom touched the great questions which are in issue between Conservatives and Radicals. They could hardly do so unless they were prostituted to the purpose of favouring some class whose votes are valuable, at the expense of another class, or to the detriment of the exchequer. Rumour, ever unkind to falling Ministers, imputes to them a project of this kind. Recent arrangements have encouraged the belief that next April is to be an epoch in finance; that the great enchanter, who has resumed the wand he had buried fathoms deep, will wave it once more over the elictors, and that

the popularity of 1853 and 1860 will rise again at his call. But rumour goes one step further, and even unveils the plan of his future triumph. It is to be nothing more ingenious or refined than that onslaught on indirect taxation known as the 'free breakfast-table.' If the state of the finances shall be such as to justify a general reduction of taxation, extending to both branches, direct and indirect, the nation will accept the boon with gladness from whatever hands it comes; nor will any one grudge the benefit that will accrue to the Ministers as the messengers of such pleasant news. But if the relief is given to the indirect taxpayer alone, the proposal will cease to have a purely financial character; it will become a political transaction of the most objectionable kind. The class who only pay indirect taxation are already specially favoured in England; they bear a lighter share of the common burden than in the Republic of America or the Republic of France. To give them a special advantage in any scheme of taxation will be to aggravate an already offensive inequality. The advantages, again, of indirect taxation are already too much ignored in our actual arrangements. The fact that they are scarcely recognised by those who pay them, will outweigh to a statesman many purely economical disadvantages. It is a good thing that a tax should not be wasteful; it is better that it should not be galling. A tax may be costly in collection; it may even tend seriously to discourage the trade to which it applies: yet it will be less pernicious than one which is constructed according to the strictest rules of economical orthodoxy, but leaves a bitter resentment in the hearts of those who have to pay it. If taxes, which in policy are the least inexpedient and in equity have no special claim to remission, are taken off, a political motive for the proceeding must be assumed; and it will be readily found in the fact, that the class which is to be relieved is the most numerous at the poll. It is a pecuniary mode of appeasing discontent, to which, as we know to our cost, the Government are much attached. The method of reconciliation they pursued with the Americans is the one they are said to be preparing for their own followers. Being accused of sundry unfriendly and disloyal proceedings towards their democratic supporters, they propose, instead of disproving the accusation, to settle the difficulty by paying down damages in hard cash out of the taxes. The device is so transparent, that the House of Commons could not sanction it, even if the Ministry—which we cannot believe—could stoop so low as to suggest it.

Neither is it necessary now to dwell on those questions which are occasionally discussed by speculative politicians, but which, in the present state of opinion, are either too small or too large to be regarded as a plank in any party's platform. Of the first kind the Game Laws are a fair instance. They might, with more propriety, be called the Hare Laws: for to that important quadruped alone the serious discussion is apparently confined. No one seems to quarrel with the winged game; and no one advocates the preservation of rabbits upon cultivated land. We do not anticipate that the destiny of the British Constitution will, to any great extent, turn on the destiny of the hare. This, and two or three other questions, which are referable to no general principle, excite a keen interest in particular constituencies. Pledges of a peculiarly ferrid character are exacted by the electors and freely given by the candidate. But the fervour evaporates in the air of Westminster, which is fatal to sporadic enthusiasm. Hares, Hypothec, and the Deceased Wife's Sister may occasionally form the subject of a party division: but whatever happens to them, their fate will not affect the political history of the country. On the other side, there are questions which are too large for partisans at present to touch. No English Radical has ventured to support the disintegration of the Empire demanded in Ireland under the name of Home Rule. A few adventurous 'fellow-labourers' of the Government, inspired no doubt by good example (it was in 1871, the year of the Commune), thought that the time was come for an assault upon the monarchy. Their eccentricities were suppressed with more vigour than politeness: and their miserable fate will probably warn off imitators for at least many sessions to come. The House of Lords stands in a very peculiar position. Though not unpopular in the country, there are many theorists who would be glad to attack it, if they only knew what to do with it. Any alteration of its structure must inevitably make it more self-reliant, and more tenacious of its own opinions than it is now; and this is not exactly the result which Radicals desire to obtain. Its abolition would add largely to the territorial interest in the House of Commons. Moreover, the nation would shrink from surrendering its interests, without check or makeweight, to the absolute disposal of the latter body. Some substitute, therefore, for the House of Lords must be discovered: and the receipt for making a new second chamber in an old country is as hard to find as the philosopher's stone. □ For the present, at all events

the constitution of the House of Lords is either considered too unimportant or too perplexing to find a place in the manifestoes of the disaffected Liberals.

There are still remaining a few outlying bits which belong to the old Liberal domain, portions of political territory on which it is possible to raise the standard of enfranchisement. Efforts have been made to construct a useful cry out of the condition of the County franchise. It does not seem a hopeful enterprise. Some day it may be practicable to inspire the agricultural labourer with so much political ambition that he will agitate earnestly for a household franchise that shall admit him to the vote. If such an agitation should arise, and if the Tories should be strongly opposed to it, it will be possible for the Liberals to enter upon the campaign with an unbroken organisation, and all the advantages of a traditional battle-cry. But there is good reason to doubt whether either of the two parties is ready to take up the position necessary for giving battle upon this question. It will be hard to inspire the Liberals with enthusiasm for an extension of the County franchise. They have tried it already, and it has brought them no luck. Mr. Locke King's leadership has been utterly disastrous. The lower we have gone into the depths of rural society, the more Conservative the strata have hitherto proved to be. Their character may change as you go deeper; but there is little ground for either asserting or denying it. It is a sheer matter of speculation, with only this one element of certainty, that the poor rural householders are and must remain the most dependent class existing among us. The Ballot in sparse districts is utterly futile, and the labourer who cultivates Radicalism, amid Tory farmers, squires, and clergy, will pass a stormy existence. On the other hand an equalisation of the Town and County franchise must carry with it a large re-arrangement of electoral districts, and every approach to equality of electoral power will be to the advantage of the country and the detriment of the towns. We are sceptical therefore of a great Liberal movement in favour of a County Reform Bill. Still less is it probable that a converse enthusiasm will develop itself among their opponents. The Conservatives will never be brought into line again upon a franchise question. The recollections of the year 1867, whatever else they may have done, have at least secured this result during the lifetime of the present generation. There is no great political future for the County franchise. Whatever legislation may ulti-

mately take place upon it, it is not here that the 'new pastures' are to be found.

This is the last political controversy belonging to the old era. Beyond it every question on which serious controversy can arise belongs to one or other of the two great conflicts of the future, the battle of Property, or the battle of the Church. Every cry that has more than a local interest excites attention only as part of these two great controversies. The Burials Bill, and the Endowed Schools agitation, would sink into questions of secondary detail if they were not part of a wide-reaching plan. Like a battlefield in actual war, they derive their significance not from the value of the ground itself, but from the importance of the country to which they open an access. After half a century of struggle, Conservatives have learned to distinguish the twofold character of grievances. There are grievance of suffering, and there are grievances of strategy. The grievance of suffering is urged in good faith by those who smart under it: and the object of their remonstrances, or their agitations, is simply to obtain redress. When redress is granted, the grievance ceases, and the agitation is heard of no more. In these days such grievances are rare: for they have been one by one detected in the course of discussion, and killed by concession. The grievance of strategy is of a very different type, and enjoys a far more tenacious life. Its characteristic is that the discontent it indicates is not cured but aggravated by concession. It is urged, not for its own sake, but for the sake of something that lies beyond. It is part of a great plan in which each move prepares the way for the move that is to follow. Success does not soothe agitation, but quickens it by giving to it an earnest of ultimate triumph. These two forms of grievance naturally call for diametrically opposite treatment. It may be worth the while of a party, or a class, to make many sacrifices for the purpose of appeasing a genuine discontent. By surrendering a portion they may save the rest: and, at all events, may cure a disaffection that menaces the whole community. But to make sacrifices to a grievance of strategy is to feed the evil which you seek to cure. It is to remove a difficulty from the enemy's way, to facilitate his progress to more distant objects, and to inspire him with fresh confidence in his ultimate triumph. A general who should have tried to keep the Prussians from taking Paris by surrendering to them Mont Valérien would not have been more foolish than

the statesman who tries to meet a grievance of strategy by concession.

It is on this ground that the Burials Bill and other similar measures have been resisted. Had they been based on genuine grievances, had they been called for by the real wants of a considerable number of persons, it would have been for the interest of the Church to make concessions in order that the discontent might be removed. But they were worked by men who did not conceal the motive of their efforts. The various measures which with more or less success have been levelled of late years against the Church have issued from one manufactory, and have borne the same well-known stamp. Such agitation as there was for them was called into existence by the Liberation Society, and has been sustained by their exertions. The Bills have been supported by their brigade, advocated in their newspapers, put forward as test questions in every borough by their agents. They and their following are the only people upon whom the grievance has pressed with sufficient weight to provoke political action. Was it ever pretended that concession on these points would satisfy them? or that it would make their hostility less enterprising or less tenacious? On the other hand, it would have removed obstacles from their path. Parliament will not take more than one step at a time. The longer any step is made to last, the longer the next project of attack must be deferred. Even if in the result it should turn out that nothing has been gained except time, yet it is no small matter to gain time: especially for the upholders of an ancient institution whose members have become sluggish from long security, and who need many and sharp shocks of alarm before they will bestir themselves in their own defence. The Conscience Clause is a curious instance of the value of this policy. For many years the Dissenters devoted their utmost efforts to the establishment of the Conscience Clause in all State-aided schools. As far as education went, it was the sum and substance of their aggressive efforts. Churchmen were pretty well aware that it would not give the Dissenters what they wanted; and, holding it to be called for by no genuine grievance, they opposed it stoutly. The battle raged for many years, during which the educational organisation of the Church was rapidly growing. At last, in 1870, it was carried. But no sooner had the Dissenters gained their object than they saw that their object was worthless. They turned round fiercely to attack the whole principle of Denominational Education. But they were too late. They had wasted many years upon the Conscience

Clause, while the educational organisation of the Church was growing; and now it is too strong to be disturbed.

Those smaller Church questions, which now for twenty years have occupied a large share of the Wednesdays of the House of Commons, cannot be rightly appreciated unless they are considered together with the proclaimed designs of those who moot them. They are but small fractions of the whole: but the power which succeeds in one of them will be all the stronger to carry through its avowed intention of raising all the others in succession. The smaller issues that surround the land question must be considered in the same light. The laws which in popular discussion are honoured with the names of Primogeniture and Entail are not in themselves of the first importance. Stated in more accurate but more modest language, they only concern the disposal of the estates of intestates, and power of settlers to extend their settlements over twenty-one years of unborn life. If without controversy or legislation both the proposed changes were by some fairy's intervention to make their appearance on the statute-book to-morrow, we doubt if any palpable effect for either good or evil would result. Intestates are a scanty and diminishing class of people; and the existence of such a law would diminish their number further. The notion that a change in the law would make a change in public feeling on the subject, and induce men not to leave the bulk of their land to their eldest sons, is a Radical illusion, due, no doubt, to that extravagant exaltation of the State which is the peculiarity of their school. We see no reason to believe that the moral influence of the law would be greater in behalf of younger sons than it has been in behalf of widows. For centuries the law has declared that, failing other provisions, a widow shall enjoy for life one-third of her husband's lands. For centuries instruments have been uniformly executed setting the law aside, and making other, and generally much slenderer, provision in its place. A change in the law as to intestacy would not influence landowners more in the case of primogeniture than the ancient law of the country has done in the case of dower. The other proposed change would be equally ineffective for its intended object, the scattering of landed property. The law of Entail, as it has existed for the last forty years, is not particularly favourable to the maintenance of large estates. It works thus. A landowner executing a marriage settlement for his son settles the estate upon the son for life, and upon his unborn grandson absolutely. Of course this provision pre-

vents the son from squandering the estate : but what about the grandson ? All that the landowner has done is to tie the hands of his son whose character he knows, and who possibly may be quite trustworthy, and leave the estate utterly at the mercy of the unborn grandson, of whose character he can know nothing. In practice the danger is met, if necessary, by putting pressure, when the time comes, upon the grandson. When he grows up, or when he marries, he wants a secured allowance, and a re-settlement of the estate is the price of his allowance. But if he should for any reason prove recalcitrant, or if he should succeed to the estate early, he is free to dissipate it, and the effect of the law of entail has been to prevent his father from imposing by will any restraint upon his extravagance. The power of settling upon the unborn might be a protection if it were used exceptionally as a restraint upon sons whose extravagance had betrayed itself during their father's lifetime ; but systematically employed as it is now, in marriage settlements, it tends rather to endanger than to secure the cohesion of landed estates. But the fact that these proposed changes—the distribution of land in intestacy, and the restriction of settlement to living persons—are not in themselves of great significance tells both ways. It is more fatal to the attack than to the defence. This weakness, we believe, will show itself when, if ever, they become practical propositions. They have no strength to stand alone. They will benefit no one, except perhaps the lawyers ; they will remedy no grievance and relieve no suffering ; they will not alter any man's social position, or ease the life of any man who is now embarrassed. All they can possibly do is to gratify the class hatreds of a clique of philosophers. If ever the cry for them becomes powerful enough to make them matter of party battle, it will be not for what they can do but for what they may prepare. They will only acquire the force necessary for political vitality when they become parts of some much larger attack upon property in land. They will then deserve to be judged by the programme of those who urge them. The only circumstance which will give them a chance of discussion will probably make their rejection certain. In the meantime their comparative insignificance must not be allowed to conceal the fact that one of them gratuitously reverses an ancient usage, and that the other is a restriction of that right of free testamentary disposition which is one of the most valued of all the incidents of property and the fair prize of industry and thrift.

There are two lines by which the free en-

joyment of landed property may be assailed. It may be done by limiting the dying man's right of free bequest, or the living man's right of free contract. It may restrict either his settlements or his leases. The first method has been followed to its utmost logical extent across the Channel. As an instrument for reducing society to a dead level, and exterminating the principle of aristocracy it is unrivalled. Whether the gratification of democratic sensibilities achieved by that process is worth the loss of national cohesion which it involves, is a question which may be answered by the present experience of France. But whatever its merits in that respect, it will never be adopted in England. It would irritate to the utmost the feelings of every landowner, and it would have none but theoretic friends : for it would benefit only the rising generation of younger sons, not the generation which has a practical voice in public affairs. The proposal to abolish what are called 'primogeniture and entail' is a timid and hesitating step on the road upon which France has travelled so far. This is the utmost length to which, in view of our national prepossessions, our philosophers venture to go. We do not believe that when they come to look at it more closely, they will think this inconclusive effort worth the trouble it will cause them. They will prefer to advance in another line and seek their precedents in a different legislation. The Irish Land Act has sanctioned the principle that when two parties have made a contract as to land, the State may lawfully step in and wrest it aside in favour of one of them ; presenting him with a contingent right to money payments of which, when he made the contract, he never dreamed. The only claim to this act of violence, committed on its behalf, that could be pleaded by the favoured class was that it was organised, unscrupulous, and politically strong. This is a precedent upon British soil which the assailants of the landowner are more likely to follow than any French example. It is capable of being pushed much further. The Irish Land Act reduces the landlord to the condition of a ward, forbidding him in effect to alter the occupancy of the mass of his land without the permission of a barrister appointed by the Government in each county. The Irish are clamouring for a further reform which they call Fixity of Tenure. They propose to reduce the landlords further from the condition of wards to the condition of mortgagees. Whether they will ever obtain this exaction, it is hard to conjecture. If we were merely to judge of the future by the past, it would be rash to attribute any limit to the pliancy of the Imperial Parliament. We would

rather hope that the lessons of experience have not been lost on us, and that the days of pulpy statesmanship are past. Parliament seems at last to have parted from the maxim that everything is to be given to those who bluster for it. But in any case they will agitate for it long and loudly: and Irish agitation is the English Radical's opportunity. The demand has been echoed at more than one meeting of Scotch farmers. The leaders of the labourers' unions have done their best to use it as an instrument for combining labourers and farmers in a common campaign against the landlords. The sympathy with which they meet at present is not extensive: and their labours have hitherto made more Tories by alarm than Radicals by persuasion. But at least it is politically practical. It ensures friends by offering a bait to the acquisitiveness of a large number of persons. It satisfies the Revolutionist's standing strategy—the bribery of one class by the spoliation of another. And therefore we confidently predict that it is in this direction that the meditations of our philosophers will gravitate. Certain it is that short of this they will not find, upon the subject of land, the materials of an effective agitation or even of a good working cry. They must cross the Communist frontier before, in this direction, any 'pastures new' will reward their pilgrimage.

In the direction of the Church the same prospect lies before them. The ground around them is eaten up, and they must move: and the ground immediately in front of them is barren. There is no political nutriment to be derived from Burial Bills or Clerical Fellowships, or the School Pence of little pauper boys. The fair meadows of Disestablishment are already upon the horizon: and thither those who mean to move any further must make up their minds to go. The active members of the Radical party are fully aware, and in no wise anxious to conceal, that this must be the next stage of 'progress.' Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, speaking apparently on behalf of the Birmingham League, proposes it as the main plank in the new platform, *Free Church, Free Schools, Free Labour, and Free Land*. The two first objects, and the satisfaction of several minor grievances, are to be obtained by the one process of Disestablishment.

'The working class, which has no sympathy with the theological side of such controversies, caring little for the issue, so long as it is presented as a question of sectarian supremacy, will speedily recognise the importance of its political aspects, and will be eager enough to claim for the nation as a whole the control and management of the vast funds which have been mo-

nopolised and misappropriated by an ecclesiastical organisation. The agitation for the secularisation of Church endowments and for de-throning the Establishment as a great political engine for repressing the freest intellectual life and thought, and for opposing the manifestation and fulfilment of the popular will and aspirations, will supersede and include all the minor subjects, such as the 25th clause, the Burials question, and the abolition of clerical fellowships. It is impossible to rouse any enthusiasm on matters of detail with such limited interest for the great mass of the electorate, and it will be easier, as well as bolder and more honest, to fight the battle on the main issue rather than to go on perpetually skirmishing with the enemy, losing heart and courage in petty contests in which defeat can hardly be avoided. After the fall of the citadel the outworks can scarcely be worth defence, and when the nation has resumed its rights over the immense property which has been so long administered by the Church, it may be anticipated that the Commissioners who now regulate the affairs of Charities and Endowed Schools will cease to be guided by sectarian considerations in the management of their trusts.'—*J. Chamberlain, Fortnightly Review*.

Mr. George Potter and some of his principal associates, two year ago, pledged the trades' unions to the same course: and three of the Ministers, Mr. Bright, Mr. Stansfeld, and Mr. Winterbotham, have voted for it. Even Mr. Gladstone, who, in the spring, spoke out against it manfully, appears to contemplate it more favourably now. If Mr. William Gladstone's knowledge of his father's opinions is accurate, the Prime Minister neither dissuades his followers from seeking it nor doubts that they will reach it. His limbs, indeed, are too stiff to make the journey with them: but he sees the promised land from afar, and points their course out to them as 'the work of the new era.'

There is one feature in the new programme which is remarkable, as showing the increasing community of purpose that knits together English and Continental Radicals. The agitation for a godless education—'l'instruction laïque, gratuite et obligatoire'—does not on the Continent proceed from those who dissent from the dominant religion. The Protestants take little part in it. It is the distinguishing cry of those who are hostile to all religion—those who have had the lamentable courage to banish not only the ministers, but the barest mention, of religion from the grave-side of their friends, and to make this wretched bravado a point of party orthodoxy. So it is coming to be in England. The agitation against denominational education, which was commenced by the Dissenters, is gliding gradually into stronger hands. The Birmingham League began by advocating 'unsectarian education': which in its vocabulary

means to say, a religious education in which the English Church shall have no share. But the compromise was soon found to be politically unworkable : and the Dissenters, in the teeth of their whole religious history, allowed themselves to be pledged to the cause of secular education. But, in changing its flag, the League is changing its spirit. It appeals to free-thinking, not to Dissenting, sympathies. Its most earnest advocates are prominent writers in the 'Fortnightly Review.' Their arguments are political and philosophical, not religious. Their antipathy to the Church is not based upon her errors in those points wherein Dissenting bodies differ from her : but on her opposition to the free-thinking and subversive tendencies of the 'party of action.' Mr. Chamberlain, in the passage we have cited, strives to inflame the working classes against the Church expressly not upon theological but upon political grounds. The argument that endowments paralyse the spiritual activity of the Church has disappeared ; on the contrary, her activity is the one thing to be deprecated now. It is not the endowments of the Church, but the Church itself as a body teaching dogmatic religion, and supporting the cause of social order, that is the object of antipathy to the Liberals of the League. Mr. Morley writes in the same sense :—

'The State Church stands for a *decaying order of ideas*, and for ideas that grow narrower and more intense in proportion as they fall more out of harmony with the intellectual life of the time. What statesmanship is that which at a time like this, and with such an outlook, invests its priests with a new function, and entrusts a fresh and holy army of misologists with the control of national instruction ?'

This union of the Dissenters and the Infidels is one among the many unnatural alliances which are so potent an instrument for destruction in our day. It is easy to combine on a mere negative. Numbers who have no liking in common can agree upon what they hate : and they seem to think that such a bond of union is sufficient to justify political combination. In such monstrous partnerships there is always an element of treachery. There is always on each side a full intention that at the close of the operation the other side of the alliance shall not keep the chestnuts. The fruits of victory cannot be divided between parties who are diametrically opposed : they must be appropriated wholly for the benefit of one ally or the other. The only interesting question is, Which will succeed in deceiving his friend ? The honest Dissenter does not wish for the success of the Infidel : the Infidel assuredly has no intention of promoting the religious doctrines

of the Dissenter. But they combine to assail the Church, which for different reasons is in their way ; and each party flatters itself that the other has miscalculated, and that the reward of their combined efforts will fall to it. No student of history can have any doubt which of these two calculations will prove correct. In a combined movement against established institutions it is not the Girondins who win.

But the combination of Sceptics and Dissenters is not the most conspicuous of unnatural alliances. One that is wider in range, and therefore more pernicious in its results, is now being brought forcibly before us. The language which the Radicals are at the present juncture holding to the moderate Liberals who have been acting with them so long suggests the question, What have these two parties in common now ? Mr. Chamberlain is of opinion that there is nothing :—

'The agreement on some primary and essential points is an absolute postulate of union. At the present time, unfortunately, no such ground of union seems to exist, one section of the Liberals being content to stand still, or even, as in the case of education, to go back, and the other anxious and determined to push on with accelerated speed.'

This at least is candid. The official representatives of the party, who see many practical inconveniences in the threatened revolt, try to make things pleasant to both sides by assuring them that they can combine in a common ardour for 'progress.' They do rightly to use the word ; no word has ever achieved so brilliant a success in bamboozling mankind. But surely its career of deception is nearly run. At this time of day, even the most simple-minded politician, when exhorted to agitate for progress—especially if it is to be progress at 'accelerated speed'—will ask whither this rapid progress is to take him. The radical programme is so plainly before the world that no one can deceive himself on that head. If you translate their 'Free Church, Free School, Free Land, Free Labour' from their dialect into ordinary English, it means legislation against the employer, legislation against the landlord, legislation against the Church. By the nature of things, it must be so. Progress must inevitably lead them to an assault on property, or an assault on the Church Establishment, simply because all, or nearly all, the intermediate ground has been already passed. The moderate Liberals are bound to face and answer the question whether this kind of progress is to their taste. Have they that 'agreement on primary and essential points' which Mr. Chamberlain justly declares is an absolute postulate of union ? If they have not, the

time must inevitably come when they and their former supporters must part. What good do they hope for their country or for themselves from the longer continuance of an alliance which both sides know to be hollow, and which neither believes can last?

But to whom, it will be asked, are they to go? Party ties are hard to snap. Personal attachments cannot be laid aside like a suit of clothes: personal distrust may be too deeply rooted to yield to the strongest political exigency. Is it to be expected that they who for the last forty years have been almost always successful, and, in their own judgment, always right, should, to avoid possible error in the future, do penance by suing to be admitted to the fellowship of those, who, in their judgment, have been always wrong? We certainly should not venture to urge upon them any such advice, if for no other reason, at all events for this, that such advice would certainly be futile. Formal transfers of allegiance on the part of large political sections have not been common in the history of English parties: and even if more frequent precedents existed, there would be much to urge against their application in the present case. The moderate Liberals, if inclined for such a course, could hardly but exact such personal arrangements as would proclaim to the world that in changing their allies they had not struck their colours or abandoned their old convictions, but were only meeting circumstances that were wholly new. They might fairly require some security that the system of undercutting had been for ever abandoned; and that they should run no risk of being put into the ridiculous position of having been frightened by the innovations of their friends into promoting the greater innovations of their opponents. Though we believe that a heavy responsibility lies upon the moderate Liberals at the present juncture, it is not necessarily by the adoption of a new party allegiance that that responsibility will be best fulfilled. The question for their consideration is whether a line of political action is not required of them now somewhat higher in its aims than the ordinary rules of party drill. The English Intransigents have no special respect for the party tie. It never hampers or retards their own action; they only use it to drag along their reluctant allies. Men who are invited for the sake of party connexions to accept a new policy which they utterly detest must ask themselves what is the value of the party tie—whether it is only the means to an end, or the supreme end for which all others must be sacrificed.

The party system, with all its anomalies, worked as it must be by contrivances and

accommodations, which constantly verge on insincerity, yet has this unquestioned title to our respect—that in practice it has secured us a safe and decent Government for many generations; and in the present age of the world even this achievement is no slight distinction. But it has its peculiarities; and one of them is that it is full of pitfalls for sincere politicians. It invites to the struggle for places; it professes to honour the battle for principles; but it will not allow any set of men to be successful in both these fields of political achievement. Of course those who are not in sympathy with the prevailing opinions of the day will succeed in neither one object nor the other. They will neither attain to place nor sustain their principles. But among the sections who constitute a dominant party the two kinds of success will always be allotted in inverse proportion. It must needs be so. *Ceteris paribus*, those who give their whole strength to one object will be more likely to succeed than those who distribute it between two. A Minister has other things to think of besides his own convictions. He must get votes—especially the votes of that portion of his supporters who least agree with him—and the votes of sincere men can only be purchased by concession. When a period of ministerial distress comes round, their price rises to famine point. A Minister in straits can only obtain the votes of his extreme supporters by throwing over, to a great extent, his own convictions, and those of his moderate supporters. Sometimes he has stood firm; on many occasions he has yielded to temptation. Whenever he does yield, the result of the bargain is that he obtains an extension of official life as the price of his indifference to principle; and they obtain some great step in their scheme of policy as the price of their indifference to office. Thus it is that the section which stamps its own convictions upon the nation's policy will seldom attain to office; and the statesmen who struggle for what is called 'power' must be content to believe in several different sets of principles in the course of their career. It would be needless as well as invidious to cite illustrations of this rule. They stand out upon the history of our time. The first class almost always have belonged to the section of advanced Radicals; the office bearers have till recently been almost exclusively drawn from the ranks of the moderate Liberals. Accordingly the outsiders, at first despised, in the end triumphant, have been throughout consistent in their opinions; while the principles of the office-bearers have been in a condition of constant, though reluctant, change.

The office-bearers have chosen this arrangement freely; no doubt they like it; and therefore they are not fit objects for compassion. But the condition of that large number of unofficial persons, who give to the office-bearers a steady support, does seem to us somewhat forlorn. They get neither the triumph of principle nor the gratification of place. It is pleasanter, perhaps, to consider them as patterns of pure unselfishness. They work hard and pay highly for their seats; they sustain the Minister stoutly so long as he is staunch; when he eats his principles, they go through the same meal as gracefully as is compatible with the necessary speed: they are too faithful to be worth buying; their advice is not listened to because their discontent is not feared: and their only reward is the reflection that they are procuring for their friends the subtle gratification which office apparently bestows.

This is admirable, this is beautiful, so long as the amount of principle sacrificed is small compared to the claims of friendship. But when fundamental principles and interests of the first magnitude are at stake, the position needs to be reconsidered. We have reached one of those periods of crisis in the market of political support. The adhesion of the Radicals is valuable, and they propose to sell it high. They have given the Government open notice that a fresh contract is necessary, and they have shown themselves in earnest by imposing a portion of their terms, on pain of desertion, upon the Liberal candidates at the recent elections. They do not doubt that this pressure will succeed. They calculate that the moderate Liberals will balance the surrender of principles on the one hand, and the risk of sacrificing office on the other, and, after a short interval of coy reluctance, will take the new banners in their hands and lead the Radicals to victory as before. Mr. Leatham only a fortnight ago avowed the hopes of his section with great frankness, and strikingly illustrated the estimate entertained by him and them of their moderate Liberal allies:—

‘While he was sensible, however, of the great services rendered by the Premier, his warmest admirers must feel that on ecclesiastical questions he was going in one direction and they in another, casting his lot more and more with the advocates of Church monopoly, while they were more and more resolved on a policy of justice, even at the price of party leaders or of party itself. Experience proved that if the advanced section remained firm, the Whigs would be once more prevailed upon, and that those most indignant at there being any new banners to wave would be most active in waving them. . . . He

predicted that the measures which were now the bugbears of the Whigs would be looked back on ten years hence among the respectable monuments of Whig legislation. The Whigs would crow as lustily over the disestablishment of the English Church as if it had been their pet project since 1688, describing it as the inevitable result of Whig policy ever since the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. A nation which prided itself on its logic and exulted in its justice could not stop short of the conclusion pointed at by that logic and reason. With their faculty of seeing things after they had happened, and of appropriating the glory of other men’s labours, the Whigs would describe the disestablishment of the English Church as the crowning achievement of their policy. They must choose between movement and death, and had always shown a healthy repugnance to the latter. Far from feeling dismay at the commotion in the Liberal ranks and the consequent effects upon Toryism here and there, he hailed it as a symptom that the spirit of progress, hated by Toryism and “funkt” at by Whiggism, was coming to the front, demanding new campaigns, new watchwords, new leaders, and new victories. We were getting among real questions now—a free Church, a free school, free labour, and free land.’—*Speech at Halifax, Sept. 27.*

It is for the moderate Liberals to consider whether the position thus assigned to them is honourable to them, or useful to their country; and whether the pleasure of keeping some of their friends in office sufficiently repays them for the indignity of belonging to the same party with such men as these. The moderate Liberals, and they alone, give to Radicalism its power. In what does that power consist? Can the Radicals return a majority to the House of Commons? Can they seat their own Ministry in power? They have never been more than a slender minority in Parliament even in their most prosperous days. They have a large following in some of our great towns, and in the Lowlands of Scotland; and they have many adherents among literary men, to whom they are commended by the sharpness and symmetry of their abstract theories. But for all purposes of practical politics their power has simply lain in their dexterous manipulation of the moderate Liberals. They can threaten to secede: they can make office dependent on their goodwill. And where the questions involved have seemed of secondary moment, the moderate Liberals have yielded. But now—when no secondary questions remain, and we have come, by common consent, to what Mr. Leatham calls ‘real questions’—will they still continue to yield? Will they even consent to be called members of the same party with men who avowedly reckon on cajoling them,

and with whom they have no longer any cause in common ?

It certainly seems sufficiently grotesque that, on the one hand, earnest supporters of the Church Establishment, on the other territorial and commercial magnates profoundly interested in the rights of property, should be designated under the same political name as Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Leatham, Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Odger. If it were nothing more than a case of eccentric classification, it would only be absurd. Unfortunately the name carries with it very practical results. The moderate Liberals give money, men, above all, respectability and credit to whatever cause the party, as a whole, sustains : and the Radicals now insist that they shall select the cause which this assistance is to promote. The Radicals owe a large portion of such influence as they possess to the countenance given to them by those whom they threaten. Numbers would refuse to trust them, who trust them now, if their operations were not masked by the patronage of men who are beyond the suspicion of intentionally favouring revolutionary schemes. But, it is asked, to what party are the moderate Liberals to go ? And this question is thought to dispose completely of the idea that they can ever escape from the chain by which the Radicals pull them along. Shall we never escape from the Party superstition ? Is absolute submission to one of two leaders the only condition under which humanity in this island may presume to express or act upon a political opinion ? To sacrifice smaller objects in order that by union greater objects may be attained, is to put the party-system to its proper use, and to give to it all the authority it can claim. To lend your name and aid to revolutionary projects which you abhor, merely that you may be 'true to your party,' is to elevate the means above the end, and to degrade a reasonable usage into a pernicious superstition. A more independent bearing is required by the dangers of the time. Unless the opponents of revolutionary change will consent to wear their party trammels as lightly as their friends—unless they will learn on their side too, to bargain, and to exact, as the consideration of their support, the advancement, not of their friends, but of their principles—our institutions will always be more feebly defended and will seem to be weaker in popular support than they really are.

In truth the code of party loyalty belongs to periods in which the subjects of political conflict are well settled, and have been long defined. They have little application in face of the announcement that we are entering

on 'an epoch of 'new watchwords and new leaders.' Let the new leaders enlist fresh troops for their new cause. Veterans cannot suffer their military allegiance to be tossed over, as a matter of course, from one standard to another—least of all at a time when the very existence of our present social order depends on the fortunes of the war. Look abroad upon the kingdoms of Europe, and see what battle it is that is raging amongst them. We may follow there, in lurid intensity, the outline of the strife which more dimly threatens us at home. It is true that the watchwords used are not precisely the same. A more delicate perception of the meaning of words would prevent a Continental audience from accepting the declamatory rubbish which is in vogue upon many English platforms. They cannot imitate our bold treatment of the fascinating adjective 'free.' They would not understand how compulsory secular education could be advocated under the name of 'free school ;' they would not designate a measure for restricting the rights of landowners, as 'free land ;' nor would it occur to them to preach as 'free labour' provisions for facilitating the breach of contracts, and the coercion of independent labourers into involuntary strikes. But though the words they use are less misleading and more apt, the meaning is the same. Instruction from which religion shall be banished ; legislation, which in some fashion or other shall bestow upon the artisan a share of the land and of the capital he envies, are the dream of vast multitudes abroad ; and they are the chimeras towards which the new agitators would mislead our working classes here. The only difference is that portions of the Radical programme, which are only a hope to the Radicals of England, are a reality there. The Church in France has been for three generations disendowed ; the great properties, which Mr. Chamberlain denounces, have there ceased to exist. The Church has not been stripped of her power by the process of disendowment. On the contrary, she is more powerful now than she was a century ago ; but she has ceased to be national. Her Gallican sympathies are rooted out. She uses the power of the State, when she can borrow it, for her own purposes ; but she is no longer its fast ally. The clergy live their life apart, using their great popular influence for no national objects, knowing no citizenship, and no interests, but those of their Church, and shaping their foreign and their internal politics solely by their regard for that one end. The comminution of landed property has not mitigated the inequalities of fortune. Nowhere do

they exist more glaringly, or are felt more keenly. But it has left the supreme power of the country in the hands of a petty peasantry too ignorant to wield it, deprived of leaders to guide them, and left at the mercy of every cunning delusion contrived by the professors of political legerdemain. The doctrines hostile to capital are younger, and have not yet obtained legislative recognition; but they have been zealously propagated, and in one direction they have achieved a sinister success. They have bred a deep fanaticism of hatred in the minds of the employed against the employers, far keener than that which divides hostile creeds or races, comparable only to the bitterness of a conquered people in the first years of their subjugation towards their oppressors. Such has been the working of these articles of the Radical programme—'free Church, free land, free labour'—in the country where they have met with the most acceptance. The effects of their operation among ourselves—if they were allowed to operate—would differ less in substance than in form. We have a right to hope that their acceptance here is an improbable contingency. As long as the Continent is content to perform, for our benefit, the dangerous experi-

ments which are necessary to the development of physical science, England may look on, and be warned in safety. Englishmen justly rely on the sound political instinct which is their natural inheritance; but if it is to save us it must be honestly followed. It must not be paltered with for any secondary end. If men of influence and position consent to stifle their true convictions in a vain attempt to cling to a political nomenclature which has lost its meaning, and to preserve a party connexion which no longer expresses any unity of sentiment or of aim, the defence of our common cause is greatly enfeebled, and in the moment of danger may be paralysed. If the new Radical Party survives and becomes formidable, its strength will be due to the support and countenance which the Moderate Liberals have given to it by consenting to endure its political alliance. And if, during the passage of any tempest of excited feeling, the Radicals should succeed in extorting confiscatory or socialist measures, no class will suffer more than the well-to-do triflers with Revolution—the allies whose hesitating patronage they are fain to use, but whom in using they openly despise.

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